







Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/harpersmagazine217jula/de>



✓161832







JULY 1958 ▶ SIXTY CENTS

# Harper's *magazine*

Veterans: Our Biggest  
Privileged Class

John E. Booth

Time on Our Hands

Russell Lynes

A Grass-roots Guide  
to '58 and '60

William G. Carleton

The Catskills:  
Still Having Wonderful Time

David Boroff

School for Statesmen

Joseph Kraft

The Article as Art

Norman Podhoretz

SOUTHERNERS WHO SET THE  
WOODS ON FIRE by Ed Kerr







FROM THE JOHNNIE WALKER COLLECTION

# Fuss and Feathers" by ALBERT DORNE



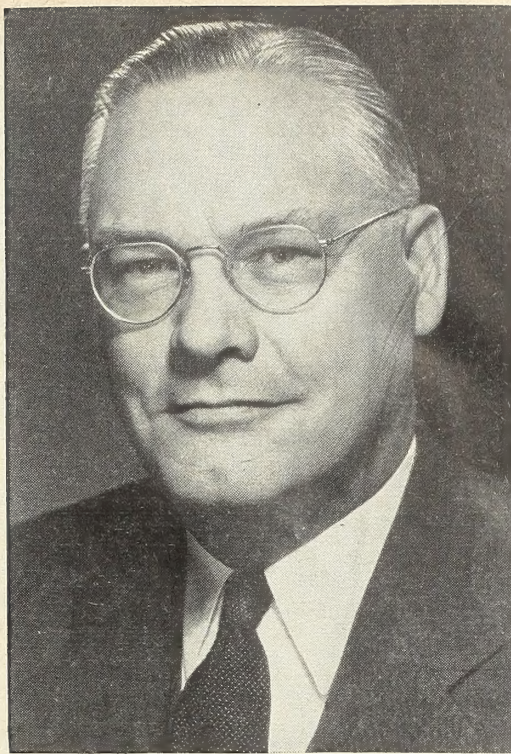
ist-Teacher-Lecturer

That's literally what it took to make a golf ball, in the early 1800's. They'd fill a Lum hat (stovepipe, to you) brimful of feathers, boil them over a twig fire, and stuff them into a bull's-hide cover. About the same era, the Johnnie Walker people were being equally fussy about the whisky that went into their bottles. It had to be Scotch whisky of incomparable quality, of matchless flavour, of superb lightness. And they are every bit as fussy today. That's why no other Scotch whisky in the world is held in higher esteem by people whose judgment counts.



JOHNNIE WALKER  
Born 1820  
still going strong





161892

## **THIS YEAR**

# **THE BELL SYSTEM IS PUTTING MORE THAN TWO BILLION DOLLARS IN NEW FACILITIES**

We are doing this because we are confident that growing America will need, buy, and use more telephone service tomorrow than today.

We are doing it to improve our service further and make the telephone even more convenient. This we are sure will stimulate more use.

These 1958 expenditures are higher than the average in the post-war years—and close to the highest in any year.

### **A stimulus to the economy of the whole country**

Our goal, as I have said, is to serve you better than ever. In addition, the way this money flows out to other businesses stimulates the economy of the whole country.

Wherever there are new telephone buildings going up, or jobs of maintenance, there is work for local builders, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, painters and many others.

Our spending means business too for thousands of other companies and workers in those companies. Last year the Bell System through Western Electric, its manufacturing and purchasing unit, bought from 33,000 firms throughout the country. Nearly nine out of ten of these are small businesses, each with fewer than 500 employees. This year again we expect to buy about a billion dollars worth of goods and services from other industries.

To go ahead with our 1958 construction, we in the Bell System have raised nearly a billion dollars of new capital in the last six months. Obviously, in-

vestors will continue to entrust their savings to us only if they can expect reasonable earnings on the money they risk.

### **Good service at reasonable profit keeps the road to progress open**

So telephone progress—and the advantage to all that comes from our pushing ahead—begins with our faith that Americans want good and improving service at prices which allow a fair profit.

This is the way of life which in our country has stimulated invention, nourished enterprise, created jobs, raised living standards, and built our national strength. As long as we live by this principle, the future of the telephone is almost limitless in new possibilities for service to you.

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, PRESIDENT  
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY





HARPER & BROTHERS  
PUBLISHERS

Chairman of the Executive  
Committee: CASS CANFIELD

Chairman of the Board:  
FRANK S. MACGREGOR

President and Treasurer:  
RAYMOND C. HARWOOD

Vice-Presidents:

EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.,  
EUGENE EXMAN, ORDWAY TEAD,  
DANIEL F. BRADLEY,  
JOHN FISCHER, EVAN W. THOMAS

Assistant to the Publisher  
and Circulation Director:  
JOHN JAY HUGHES

#### EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief: JOHN FISCHER  
Managing Editor: RUSSELL LYNES

Editors:

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON  
ERIC LARRABEE  
CATHARINE MEYER  
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD  
ROBERT B. SILVERS  
LUCY DONALDSON

Washington Correspondent:  
WILLIAM S. WHITE

Editorial Secretary: ROSE DALY  
Editorial Assistant:  
VIRGINIA HUGHES

ADVERTISING DATA: consult  
HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.  
49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.  
Telephone MUrray Hill 3-5225.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE issue for  
July 1958. Vol. 217. Serial No. 1298.  
Copyright© 1958 by Harper & Brothers  
in the United States and Great Britain.

All rights, including translation into  
other languages, reserved by the  
Publisher in the United States, Great  
Britain, Mexico and all countries  
participating in the International  
Copyright Convention and the  
Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Published monthly by Harper &  
Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16,  
N.Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A.  
by union labor by the Williams Press,  
99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter at  
the post office at Albany, N. Y.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 60¢ per copy;  
\$6.00 one year; \$11.00 two years;  
\$15.00 three years. Foreign postage—  
except Canada and Pan America—  
\$1.50 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Six weeks'  
advance notice, and old address as  
well as new, are necessary.  
Address all correspondence relating  
to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept.,  
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

# Harper's MAGAZINE®

JULY 1958



VOL. 217, NO. 1298

## ARTICLES

- 19 VETERANS: OUR BIGGEST PRIVILEGED CLASS, John E. Booth  
*Drawings by Robert Osborn*
- 26 MRS. GOPUL DIDN'T MAKE IT, Raymond A. McConnell Jr.  
*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*
- 28 SOUTHERNERS WHO SET THE WOODS ON FIRE, Ed Kerr  
*Drawings by Bernard Perlin*
- 34 TIME ON OUR HANDS, Russell Lynes  
*Cartoon by Ed Fisher*
- 48 A GRASS-ROOTS GUIDE TO '58 AND '60,  
William G. Carleton
- 56 THE CATSKILLS: STILL HAVING WONDERFUL TIME,  
David Boroff  
*Drawings by David Omar White*
- 64 SCHOOL FOR STATESMEN, Joseph Kraft
- 69 SUCH NICE FINNS, Chad Walsh  
*Drawing by Arthur Marokvia*
- 74 THE ARTICLE AS ART, Norman Podhoretz
- 81 DICTIONARY OF CHARLESTONESE

## FICTION

- 40 THE IOWAN'S CURSE, Charles G. Finney  
*Drawings by Reese Brandt*

## VERSE

- 21 ON MINDING ONE'S OWN BUSINESS, James Wright

## DEPARTMENTS

- 4 LETTERS
- 10 THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR—*Recipe for a Fast Million*,  
John Fischer
- 15 PERSONAL & OTHERWISE—*Among Our Contributors*
- 82 AFTER HOURS, Mr. Harper and Richard Edes Harrison  
*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*
- 86 THE NEW BOOKS, Paul Pickrel
- 91 BOOKS IN BRIEF, Katherine Gauss Jackson
- 94 THE NEW RECORDINGS, Edward Tatnall Canby
- 96 JAZZ NOTES, Eric Larrabee  
*COVER by Bernard Perlin*



# THE YALE UNIVERSITY Complete Shakespeare

**40 VOLUMES**

RETAIL PRICE \$60

**FOR ONLY \$6**

—IF YOU JOIN THE Book-of-the-Month Club NOW  
AND AGREE TO BUY SIX BOOKS DURING THE NEXT YEAR

**"MUCH THE BEST  
WAY TO OWN  
AND READ  
SHAKESPEARE"**

—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

ROMEO AND JULIET

The single portable volumes are particularly useful when traveling, for bedtime reading — and for students. The type is large and the binding durable cloth. The set, with highly illuminating notes, was prepared by the English Department of Yale University. Appendices explain the source and history of each play.

## AN EXPERIMENTAL OFFER

Its purpose is to demonstrate in a dramatic way the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying books they would buy anyway. The Club has limited its first printing to 5000 sets—enough to meet the expected demand from a few "pilot" advertisements. If the results justify a larger edition one will be ordered, but these additional sets cannot be ready until the early fall. Consequently, if you are interested, immediate action is advisable.

\* The complete Shakespeare set will be sent with the first book you purchase (see coupon). The five additional books you agree to buy later can be chosen from at least 200 selections and alternates available during the coming twelve months.

\* You will pay—on the average—20% less for them than otherwise.

\* After your sixth purchase—if you continue—with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend, averaging around \$7 in retail value.

THIS IS THE  
ACTUAL SIZE

## BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE

- |   |                     |  |
|---|---------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>ANATOMY OF A MURDER</b><br>by Robert Traver<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95   | Double<br>Selection | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>A DEATH IN THE FAMILY</b><br>and <b>THE WAPSHOTT CHRONICLE</b><br>by James Agee<br>Combined price (to members only) \$4.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY</b><br>by John Gunther<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50  |                     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES</b><br>by Jean Kerr \$3.00  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MASTERS OF DECEIT</b><br>by J. Edgar Hoover<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50   |                     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>BELOW THE SALT</b><br>by Thomas R. Costain \$3.95  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE WINTHROP WOMAN</b><br>by James Gould Cozzens<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50  |                     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE NEW CLASS</b><br>by Milovan Djilas \$3.95  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>BY LOVE POSSESSED</b><br>by James Gould Cozzens<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95   |                     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE FBI STORY</b><br>by Don Whitehead \$4.95   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE MOUNTAIN ROAD</b><br>by Theodore H. White<br>and <b>SEIDMAN AND SON</b><br>by Eliek Moll<br>Combined price (to members only) \$4.95 | Double<br>Selection | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>A STUDY OF HISTORY</b><br>The two-volume abridgement of the Toynbee work<br>Price (to members only) 2 vols. \$5.95         |
|   |                     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS</b><br>by Millar Burrows<br>Price (to members only) \$4.95  |

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

A37

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club\* and send the Yale University Complete Shakespeare in 40 volumes, billing me \$6.00 (plus a small mailing charge) with the purchase of my first selection, checked above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend\* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

**PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. }  
Mrs. }  
Miss } (Please print plainly)

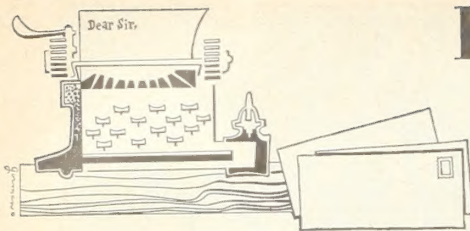
Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto duty free, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

\*Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada





# LETTERS

Case for the Classics

## Keeping Congress Honest

TO THE EDITORS:

As one humble, sovereign citizen who has contributed many a "thin dime" in political campaigns . . . I wish to express appreciation of the plain facts and strong terms in the May Easy Chair. . . .

Every American of voting age should be happy to subscribe to the principle of a monetary interest in self-government and gladly pay an annual tax of, say, \$5.00 to establish and maintain a stringless campaign fund to be audited and divided equally between the two great heterogeneous parties. . . .

C. H. MASSIE  
Grants Pass, Ore.

John Fischer's Easy Chair points up a real problem of public-private conflicts of interest, but his prescriptions, while worthy in themselves and a move in the right direction, will not do the job he expects of them. . . .

The prescription must include two other ingredients: a disciplined party system and public acceptance of the superiority of national need to local need when the two conflict. Since Mr. Fischer is author of an excellent article attacking both of these notions—"Unwritten Rules of American Politics"—it is not surprising that he ignores them in his present analysis. Yet it is primarily the theory of "concurrent majorities" which he commends in the "Unwritten Rules" piece that lies at the base of the problem he is now concerned with. . . .

Mr. Fischer, you can't have it both ways. If you want a system of concurrent majorities in which "no important bloc shall ever be voted down—under normal circumstances—on any matter which touches its own vital interests" ("Unwritten Rules"), then you will have to accept an emphasis on accountability to special interests at the expense of the public interest. If you want to "Keep Congress Honest," you will have to favor a system which is oriented to majority action, not minority inaction.

MICHAEL D. REAGAN  
Williamstown, Mass.

. . . For the past two years I have been sponsoring a set of proposals . . . that the federal government should underwrite the major campaign expenditures of candidates who have substantial public following (mainly of the two major

parties) in order to avoid undesirable private obligations. . . .

In a thoroughly documented Senate speech I pointed out the basic error of one idea Mr. Fischer endorses: the \$100 tax deduction for campaign contributions. Upon reflection it becomes immediately obvious that a tax deduction results in the federal government underwriting a larger share of the campaign donations of a wealthy citizen than those of his poorer fellow voter. . . . Instead I advocate a \$10 tax *credit* for campaign contributions. This would be share and share alike, on the same general idea as "one man, one vote." It would benefit each tax-paying citizen equally, rather than proportionately to his income as a deduction would. . . .

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER  
U. S. Senate, Ore.

. . . Not only do I hope that the voters will ask me all the questions Mr. Fischer suggests at the end of the Easy Chair, but also I am delighted to be able to say that some weeks ago I asked myself, and answered, the first question: Why should the government give away valuable public properties such as TV channels?

My bill, H.R.11893, to amend the Federal Communications Act, is not only designed to get the FCC out of politics, enact a strong code of ethics for the Commission, and make all contacts with the FCC a matter of public record, but also provides that where there are two or more equally qualified applicants for a TV or radio license, the award shall be made to the *highest bidder*, with the money going into the U. S. Treasury for the benefit of taxpayers.

HENRY S. REUSS  
U. S. Congress, Wisc.

. . . Although you say that no agency can check up effectively on the behavior of Congress, let me hasten to add that *Congressional Quarterly* tries. CQ serves daily (despite the name "Quarterly") hundreds of newspapers and others interested in Congress. One study of Congress (April 18) brought up the very questions you ask your readers to ask their Congressmen: Should regulatory agencies operate in the open for all to see who is trying to influence them? Should Congressmen disclose sources of income? . . .

T. N. SCHROTH  
Exec. Ed. *Congressional Quarterly*  
Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS:

Surely Werner Heisenberg's discovery concerning the relevance of Greek thought to modern technology ["A Scientist's Case for the Classics," May] could be paralleled by a discovery of [the relevance of] the Greek way of life to modern happy living. How we have poked fun at them, these strange ancients, for being "treaders of the clouds." Yet their record shows they were practical, thoughtful, capable of enjoying without guilt the pleasures of the moment. Will our record show as much for us?

LEE LOWELL  
Silverdale, Wash.

. . . Long ago Cicero pointed out the versatile nature of Greek studies: "These studies nourish youth and delight old age. They are a hallmark in success and a comfortable refuge in adversity. Whether traveling abroad or journeying to the country, you have them as companions." We have since learned that his words also apply to the Latin curriculum. Friends of the classics in this country, yielding to the practical outlook of Americans, often try to argue that Latin is useful for this or that profession; but they seem to argue in vain. Werner Heisenberg has shown that the values are deeper. . . .

LLOYD B. URDAHL  
Chicago, Ill.

## Canada and the U. S.

TO THE EDITORS:

May 1, as a Canadian, thank you for publishing Bruce Hutchison's exposition of the irritations which are ruffling the neighborly feelings of our mutual relations ["Why Canadians Are Turning Anti-American," May].

Although I do not believe we can overstate the importance of persuading the American people to learn something of our affairs and our currency . . . I think Mr. Hutchison lays too much emphasis on Mr. Dulles as a focal point of Canadian dissatisfaction. Mr. Dulles is a private, not a national, phenomenon, and though we occasionally deprecate his approach to problems, we are as frequently thankful for his habit of not beating about the bush. His methods may be lumbering, but his aims are sure, and the Canadian people wholly support them.

However in other respects the psychology which usually seems to motivate Mr. Dulles is a very sore matter with Canadians. The tendency of American business, labor unions, and to a certain degree private citizens to attempt to direct us in ways which (*cont. on p. 8*)



# ANY FIVE

of these superb **Classical High-Fidelity**

**COLUMBIA and EPIC RECORDS** FOR ONLY

**\$3.98**

if you join the Columbia (Lp) Record Club now — and agree to purchase 5 selections during the coming 12 months



Members regularly enjoy performances by great artists like these:



Amsterdam Concertgebouw  
Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart.  
Eduard van Beinum  
Leonard Bernstein  
E. Power Biggs  
Budapest String Quartet  
Robert Casadesus  
Pablo Casals  
Cleveland Orch.  
Zino Francescatti  
Glenn Gould  
Arthur Grumiaux  
Clara Haskil  
I Musici  
Paul van Kempen  
Metropolitan Opera Assn.  
Dimitri Mitropoulos  
New York Philharm.  
David Oistrakh  
Eugene Ormandy  
Philadelphia Orch.  
Royal Philharmonic  
Albert Schweitzer  
Rudolf Serkin  
Isaac Stern  
George Szell  
Vienna Symphony  
Bruno Walter

The finest selection of American and European classical records ever offered by the world's largest record club



**WHY PAY MORE?**  
Columbia and Epic Records  
world's finest high-fidelity records  
Still **\$3.98** only

... a convenient method of acquiring, systematically and with expert guidance, an outstanding record library of the world's finest music — at far less than the usual cost

- ★ You receive, at once, ANY 5 of the Columbia and Epic records shown above for only \$3.98
- ★ Your only obligation as a member is to purchase five selections from the more than 100 high-fidelity Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months. Thus, you receive ten records for the price of six — a saving of more than one-third on your record purchases
- ★ After purchasing only five records, you receive a Columbia or Epic Bonus record of your choice free for every two additional selections you buy
- ★ Each month the Club's staff of musical experts selects a classical recording that will be a distinguished addition to your record library. In addition, at least seven other exceptionally fine recordings, both classical and popular, will be available to you as alternate selections. All are fully described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month
- ★ You may accept or reject the regular Classical Selection, take any of the other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month
- ★ You may discontinue membership at any time after purchasing five records
- ★ The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price, now only \$3.98, plus a small mailing charge
- ★ You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel by returning the five records within 10 days

**COLUMBIA (Lp) RECORD CLUB**  
Terre Haute, Indiana

**SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON TO RECEIVE 5 RECORDS FOR \$3.98**

**COLUMBIA (Lp) RECORD CLUB, Dept. 221-1**  
Terre Haute, Indiana

Please send me the 5 records whose numbers I have circled at the right, for which I am to be billed only \$3.98 plus small mailing charge — and enroll me in the Classical Division of the Club.

My only obligation is to purchase five selections from the more than 100 to be offered during the coming 12 months... at regular list price, plus small mailing charge. For every two additional selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of my choice FREE.

Name.....  
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE.....State.....

CANADA: Prices slightly higher, address 11-13 Soho St., Tor., 2B  
If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, please fill in the following:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....111

© Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1958 © "Columbia," "Epic," "Maceo Reg.

**CIRCLE 5 NUMBERS BELOW:**

1. Levant Plays Gershwin
2. Beethoven: Emperor Concerto
3. Beethoven: Quartets 9 and 11
4. Mozart: Requiem
5. Sibelius: Finlandia, etc.
6. Beethoven: 3 piano sonatas
7. Beethoven: "Eroica" Symphony
8. Vivaldi: The Seasons
9. Tchaikovsky: "Pathétique" Symphony
10. Dvorak: "New World" Symphony
11. Bach: Goldberg Variations
12. Schweitzer Plays Bach, Vol. 1
13. Rossini: William Tell Overture, etc.
14. Strauss Waltzes and Overtures
15. Mendelssohn: Midsummer Night's Dream; Schubert: "Unfinished" Symphony
16. Firebird: Romeo and Juliet
17. Vivaldi and Bach: Violin Concertos
18. Haydn: "Surprise", "Drum-Roll" Sym.
19. Brahms: Symphony No. 4
20. Ports of Call
21. Debussy: La Mer; Ravel: La Valse, etc.
22. Bach: Brandenburg Conc. 1, 2, 3
23. Paganini and Saint-Saens Concertos
24. Strings of Philadelphia Orchestra M-22



# MARBORO

## NEW YORK'S MOST EXCITING BOOKSTORES

important

**NEW!** Volumes never before available at less than original prices.

**5859. THE ENGINEERING PROFESSION.** By Theodore J. Hoover & John C. Lounsbury. Revised edition. A practical book that defines the nature and scope of engineering, describes the nature of the profession, and discusses the future of the profession. "Everybody interested in the engineering profession should have a copy of this book."—*The Professional Engineer*. Charts & diagrams, 486 pp. Pub. at \$7.50. **Only 1.98**

**6405. DEBUSSY: Musician of France.** By Victor Seroff. The personal and artistic life of this musical iconoclast, an enigmatic figure whose unconventional life as a musician was paralleled in his life, is here revealed with impressive skill in one of the most thorough studies yet published. This excellent book is, at the same time, a comprehensive guide to the understanding of Debussy's music. Illus. Pub. at \$6.50. **Only 2.98**

**6456. MAN IN SEARCH OF HIS ANCESTORS.** By Andre Senet. A popular and scholarly study of man's absorbing search for his ancestors in all parts of the world, for the remains of creatures long since gone from the face of the earth, and for a picture of how life on this planet began and the forms it first took. Over 100 illustrations. Pub. at \$5.50. **Only 1.98**

**6263. CHINESE ART.** A concise and lucid survey of painting, sculpture, ceramics, textiles, bronzes and the minor arts of China, by such eminent authorities as Roger Fry, Laurence Binyon, Bernard Rackham and others. Many of the masterpieces illustrated in the 23 full color and 64 monochrome plates have never before been reproduced. 10 1/2" x 7". Pub. at \$7.50. **Only 2.98**

**6293. SARTRE—BEING AND NOTHINGNESS.** Trans. & intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Available for the first time in English, Jean-Paul Sartre's major opus is a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of the 20th Century. Over 700 pp. Pub. at \$10.00. **Only 2.98**

**6307. THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF AMBROSE BIERCE.** Ed. and introduced by Clifton Fadiman. The strange tales and epigrams of the fantastic American writer, "Bitter Bierce," whose tone and style are unique among writers of his or any time. 810 pp. Pub. at \$4.95. **Only 1.98**

**6134. GUIDE TO EARLY AMERICAN HOMES: North.** By Dorothy & Richard Pratt. Complete coverage of 950 rewarding old houses from Maine to Delaware, from Cape Cod to Wisconsin, including Strickland, Shickel, and other renowned villages as well as highly individual private homes. A treasury of over 160 pictures and interesting descriptive reading, with full information on how, when and what to see for utmost enjoyment. Pub. at \$6.95. **Only 4.98**

**5772. ALEXANDER HAMILTON.** By Nathan Schachner. A distinguished writer, acclaimed as "the most comprehensive and meticulously accurate of all the biographies of Hamilton," this book brings to life the real Hamilton, not the school-book legend. Here is a fabulous life story that swings from peaks of dazzling accomplishment to depths of tragedy. Pub. at \$6.00. **Only 2.98**

**4786. IN SEARCH OF ADAM.** By Herbert Wendt. The greatest detective story of all time—the search for the truth about the origins of Man in the mists of the unrecorded past. Here, in one 550-page volume, is everything that is known about the kinship between humans and apes, the "missing link," and the mysterious lost races who may have been our first human ancestors. 48 pages of photos. Pub. at \$6.50. **Only 1.00**

**5957. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC.** By Francis Jourdain. The desirable "Tisne" edition imported from Paris, containing a splendid gallery of 128 gravure reproductions, including 24 tip-on plates in full color of Lautrec's most famous works. Noted art savant Francis Jourdain has contributed a definitive essay on the artist and Jean Adhemar has compiled a complete catalogue of Lautrec's art. Text in French & English. 8 1/2" x 11 1/2". Orig. pub. at \$14.95. **Only 4.88**

**5537. THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV.** By Feodor Dostoevsky. A handsome permanent edition for your library of one of the enduring masterpieces of literature. A great novelist's revelation of the summits and depths of the human spirit, written with compassion and unequalled psychological insight. 877 pages. **Special 1.98**

**6406. A Pictorial History of BURLESQUE.** By Bernard Sobel. Here in lively text and a wealth of pictures is the history of burlesque from Aristophanes to Minsky, from Lydia Thompson and her British Blondes, who delightfully shocked N.Y. in the 1860's, to Gypsy Rose Lee and Margie Hart. Here too are Bobby Clark, Smith and Dale, W. C. Fields and the other great comedians who graduated from burlesque. This is a treasure house of facts and figures (of more than one kind) that recaptures all the hurly-burly of a great art form. Pub. at \$5.95. **Only 2.98**

**6432. THE LORE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.** By Joseph Gaer. Through selections from the rich folklore of the literally thousands of legends which have grown up around the New Testament, chronologically arranged in a stirring progression of events, this book presents the Life of Jesus, as reflected in folk imagination. Much of it will come as a surprise to the layman, particularly the legends on the so-called Unknown Life of Jesus. Pub. at \$6.00. **Only 1.98**

**5783. EGYPTIAN MAGIC.** By Sir Wallis Budge. An elaborate magic ritual played the main part in the ancient Egyptian religion. This clear, lively exposition of its darker side has never been bettered. Here are stories, spells, the black magic, and re-creations of the world of the Egyptian priests, and footnotes on the curious modern survivals of "black" magic. Pub. at \$5.00. **Only 2.98**

**5944. James Reynolds—PANORAMA OF AUSTRIA with Glances of Bavaria and Switzerland.** A splendid addition to Mr. Reynolds' books on England, Spain and Italy. Here he wanders agreeably through one of Europe's most fabled regions: Bavaria, the Danube region, Vienna, the Tyrol. A personal guidebook by a most engaging writer and artist, with numerous illustrations by the author. Pub. at \$8.50. **Only 2.98**

**6400. THE SHAPING OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA.** By T. J. Wertenbaker. A classic volume in Americana, consisting of the three famous books: *Patrician and Plebeian in Virginia*, *The Planters of Colonial Virginia* and *Virginia Under the Stuarts*. In addition to its great historical value, this work contains an important contribution in Genealogy by including the complete Rent Roll of 1704-1705, covering every county of Colonial Virginia. Indexed. Over 800 pp. To be pub. at \$12.50. **Special pre-pub. offer 9.95**

**5073. TRUMAN MEMOIRS.** By Harry S. Truman. The history making memoirs of a man who forged some of our era's most momentous decisions, the most important presidential biography ever written. These volumes are a remarkable record of the former President's tumultuous years as the nation's Chief Executive. Two-volume set; almost 1,200 pages! Pub. at \$10.00. **Only 1.98**

**P-304. UTRILLO: MONTMARTRE STREET SCENES.** Portfolio of 8 Parisian scenes in the delicately colored tonalities that have made his moody landscapes collectors' favorites. Each full-color plate measures 16" x 20". Includes—*Montmartre Street*, *Place de Tertre*, *The Garden of Montmartre*, *Rue de Montmartre*, *Montmartre Corner*, *Montmartre Scene*, *Le Lapin Agile* and *Village Road*. Pub. at \$10.00. **Only 2.98**

**6344. LIBRARY OF JUVENILE CLASSICS.** Magnificently bound set of 12 masterpieces for children in six matching volumes: *Robin Hood*, *Last of the Mohicans*, *Treasure Island*, *Captains Courageous*, *Lorna Doone*, *Pride & Prejudice*, *Count of Monte Cristo*, *House of 7 Gables*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kidnapped*, *Red Badge of Courage*, *Connecticut Yankee*. Selected, edited and re-written by distinguished educators to conform to the approved vocabulary for children up to 16 years old. Large, clear type; enduring luxury bindings stamped with rich gold. Over 2,000 pp. Each volume 5 1/2" x 8 1/2". **Set of 6 vols., special 3.88**

**5815. THE MAPMAKER'S ART.** By Edward Lynam. Essays on the history of maps by a famous authority on early maps and the history of geographical discovery. A fascinating book, written with learning and wit, that contains over 50 delightful illustrations. 7 1/2" x 10". **Special 1.98**

**6413. Life of HILAIRE BELLOC.** By Robert Speaight. Written at the request of Belloc's literary executors by the biographer of their choice, based on published and unpublished papers and personal interviews, the fruit of two years of intensive research, this book presents a portrait of a great personality who brought a new sense of the European and Catholic tradition to English life. Many photos. 552 pp. Pub. at \$6.50. **Only 2.98**

**6617. Four Thousand Years of Beautiful Women: THE CHANGING FACE OF BEAUTY.** By Maudie Garland. A magnificent picture book presenting the most dazzling beauties of the past 4,000 years. A collection of the most beautiful women of the ever-changing fashions and forms of feminine beauty from the ancient world to the modern. A gallery of Greek goddesses, the luxuriant nudity of Venice in its golden age, the fresh look of today. A gallery of forms divine, draped, bustled, exposed and emancipated. 8 1/2" x 11". Pub. at \$10.00. **Only 3.95**

**5536. LOVE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.** By Bengt Danielsson, anthropologist on the Kon-Tiki voyage. A complete, accurate, frankly written account of the family and sex life of the Polynesians, that deals with sex instruction, marriage customs, sexual freedom and prohibitions, attitudes toward nudity, abortion and virginity, and the basic concepts of a Polynesian life. Photos. Pub. at \$4.00. **Only 1.98**

**6444. THE MOSCOW KREMLIN: Its History, Architecture and Art Treasures.** By Arthur Voyce. A comprehensive, richly illustrated study of the Kremlin, one of the most impressive cities in the world, tracing it from a rude wooden-palisaded compound to a medieval stone citadel with such modern additions as the Lenin Mausoleum. Its unique collection of art treasures is discussed and illustrated in great detail. Included are biographical studies of the autocrats, architects and others who contributed to its building. Over 100 photos, engravings, plans and elevations, some in color, most of them published for the first time in the West. Pub. at \$10.00. **Only 3.95**

**P-348. MEXICAN BULLFIGHT POSTERS.** Two striking bullfight scenes, done in broad, sketchy lines that catch the immediacy of the flashing cape, the charging bull and the graceful matador. Vivid reds, blues, black, yellow and green, against a deliberately indeterminate background, heighten the impact of the figures; by C. Ruano Llopi, world's foremost artist of the *corrida*. 36" wide x 27" high. **Special 1.98**

**5650. Frazer's GOLDEN BOUGH.** The standard one-volume edition, prepared by Sir James G. Frazer from his monumental 12-volume work, of this world famous study in magic and religion. Based on remarkably broad and reliable knowledge and written with fine literary skill, it traces many myths and rites to the prehistoric beginnings of agriculture. 880 pp. Reprint edition. **3.95**

**5978. COLLECTED PAPERS OF OTTO FENICHEL: First Series.** Highly significant essays exploring subjects only touched on in his books, many of these discussions are comprehensive monographs in themselves and have become classics in their fields. These papers, by one of the most brilliant scholars in the world of psychoanalysis, were written between 1922 and 1936. Some are published in English for the first time. Pub. at \$8.50. **Only 2.98**

**5699. COLLECTED PAPERS OF OTTO FENICHEL: Second Series.** A further collection of essays that mark a significant contribution to psychoanalysis; written between 1936 and the author's death in 1946. Pub. at \$8.50. **Only 2.98**

**6548. ASPECTS OF MODERN ART: The Selective Eye 3.** Authoritative, exciting, a visual delight—an unorthodox anthology of writings on modern art from L'Oeil, Europe's leading art review. Lautrec, Bonnard, Rouault, the Bauhaus, Brancusi, Arp, Braque, Pevsner, Kokoschka and many others are the subjects of the brilliant series of articles illustrated by 225 plates in monochrome and 40 pages in color. Many new works of the School of Paris are shown in color for the first time. 9 1/2" x 12 1/2". No dust jacket. Pub. at \$9.75. **Only 4.95**

**6556. HOMAGE TO PICASSO on His 70th Birthday.** A magnificent collection of 80 drawings and watercolors—three in full color—done since 1893. Appreciations by Roland Penrose and Paul Eluard. Photos of Picasso in his studio. Self-binding, with a Picasso lithograph reproduced in full color on the cover. Printed in London, 9 3/4" x 12 1/4". Pub. at \$7.00. **Only 1.98**

**5219. Bertrand Russell: UNDERSTANDING HIS THEORY.** A world-renowned iconoclastic philosopher contributes a biting analysis of current misconceptions of historical events. Hardbound. **Special 1.49**



# new listings of

# BARGAINS

## NEW!

Imports from great publishing houses of England and the Continent.

## NEW!

Fabulous savings on books in every field if you order promptly.

# SAVE

## 35% TO 85%

**6135. THE COLUMBUS ATLAS.** By John Bartholomew. Prepared by one of the world's finest cartographers, this new regional atlas of the world contains 160 pages of fully colored maps and an index of nearly 50,000 place names, with populations, keyed to the maps. All the plates have been handmade by a highly intricate special color process, and their clarity, precision and complete accuracy make this atlas invaluable for everyone wishing to keep up with the complex affairs of today's world. 8½" x 11". Pub. at \$10.00. **Only 5.49**

### THE MASTERWORKS LIBRARY

Prized volumes of the collected works of the world's greatest writers. These handsomely bound, uniformly sized books average 500 pages each; they are printed in clear, easily readable type, and contain (except where noted) complete texts of the outstanding novels, plays, poems and essays that make up our literary and cultural heritage.

#### EACH VOLUME, ONLY 1.00

**5867. CARLYLE.** Two great works complete, *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero Worship*, plus three other major essays by this Victorian giant famed for his dynamic writings.

**5869. DEFOE.** Both parts of *Robinson Crusoe*, the greatest of all shipwreck adventures, and *A Journal of the Plague Year*, considered more fascinating than *Pepys*.

**5870. DICKENS.** Three major works complete, *A Tale of Two Cities*, the Christmas tale *Cricket on the Hearth*, and *American Notes*, the fascinating record of a trip to the U.S.

**5871. EMERSON.** The famous *Essays*, First and Second Series, complete, plus his important writings on *Nature*, *Conduct of Life*, *English Traits*.

**5872. FLAUBERT.** Three complete novels, *Madame Bovary*, *Salammbô* and *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, by one of the greatest stylists and most influential writers in French literature.

**5873. HAWTHORNE.** Both *The Scarlet Letter* and *The House of the Seven Gables*, complete, plus the best of the *Twice-Told Tales*, including *The Great Stone Face*.

**5874. IBSEN.** *Peer Gynt*, *A Doll's House* and seven other plays, all complete, that form the very cornerstone of the modern drama; some of the most influential plays ever written.

**5876. PLATO.** The most famous dialogues of the great Greek philosopher; *The Republic* and *Symposium* complete, plus full texts or important passages of many others.

**5877. POE.** The best of the famous tales and poems, including *The Raven*, *The Bells*, *Anabel Lee*, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, etc., 100 selections in all.

**5878. SCOTT.** The complete novel *Rob Roy*, plus his most popular songs and poems, including *Lochinvar*, *The Lady of the Lake* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

**5879. SHAKESPEARE.** Fourteen favorite plays, including *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II*, *The Tempest*, each with an introduction plus all 154 Sonnets.

**5880. STEVENSON.** All three of his greatest novels complete, *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, plus the new *Arabian Nights* and five other thrilling stories.

**5881. THACKERAY.** Famous essays, *The Four Georges* and *London Travels and Sketches*, plus the complete novel *Henry Esmond*, a masterpiece of vivid historical fiction.

**5882. TURGENEV.** Two complete novels, *Fathers and Sons* and *Smoke*, and nine of the best short stories of this great writer who is one of the three giants of Russian literature.

**5883. VOLTAIRE.** *Candide* and all the other *Romances* complete, plus his witty *Dialogues* and *Philosophic Criticisms*, in all more than 25 of his most important writings.

**5884. WILDE.** The complete novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, five great plays, including *Salome* and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and his best known poems, essays and fairy tales.

**5885. ZOLA.** Seven stories and a complete novel, *Nana*; compelling glimpses of life in the raw that are world famous examples of the Naturalistic school of writing.

**6328. MEMOIRS OF A REVOLUTIONIST: Essays in Political Criticism.** By Dwight Macdonald. One of our liveliest intellectual journalists has gathered together the best of his political writing, from the myth of war guilt to General Patton's pearl-handled revolvers, providing excellent reading fare and intellectual stimulation. Pub. at \$4.75. **Only 1.98**

**6485. ARTS YEARBOOK #1.** The first in an annual series of brilliant art books. Distinguished articles on Primitive Art, Modern Art at the Turn of the Century, "The Eight", Old Masters, Pre-Raphaelitism to Bloomsbury, Discovery of Primitive Art. Profusely illustrated, 24 magnificent color plates. Calendar of Events 1890-1913. Hard-bound. 9¼" x 12½". Pub. at \$3.95. **Only 1.00**

**6131. Guide to EARLY AMERICAN HOMES: South.** By Dorothy & Richard Pratt. The breathless beauty of more than 850 historic homes, from Maryland to Arkansas, from Missouri to Florida, including Mount Vernon, Monticello and the Hermitage as well as fascinating private homes and mansions. A treasury of over 160 pictures and interesting descriptive reading, with full information on how, when and what to see for utmost enjoyment. Pub. at \$6.95. **Only 4.98**

**4930. THE SECOND SEX.** By Simone de Beauvoir. A masterpiece of documentary writing that is a profound and unique analysis of what it means to be a woman—in body, in mind, in spirit, sexual life, social position, love and marriage. The author employs the resources of biology, psychology, sociology, history, literature and philosophy, to provide a total picture of modern woman. "One of the few great books of our era."—Philip Wylie. Reprint ed. Orig. pub. at \$10.00. **Only 4.95**

**6371. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE: The Making of a Statesman.** By J. H. Plum. The amazing career of a debt-encumbered squire who rose to become 18th century England's most influential statesman, fascinatingly told against the background of one of England's most absorbingly interesting eras. Illus. Pub. at \$5.50. **Only 1.98**

**6259. THE SPLENDOR THAT WAS EGYPT.** By Dr. Margaret Murray, F.S.A., F.R.A.I. A comprehensive, colorful survey of the grandeur that was Egypt, covering both its history and prehistory, its social conditions, religion, arts and sciences, language and literature. End-paper maps, over 200 illustrations in line, halftone, color. Pub. at \$10.00. **Only 5.88**

**6402. THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES: A History in Text and Pictures.** By Marjorie Farnsworth. Intro. by Billie Burke Ziegfeld. A profusely illustrated history of a unique American institution, this book tells the story of the famous Ziegfeld girls, of the great comedians, the many creative artists and, of course, of the master showman himself, uniting it all in a nostalgic re-creation of the greatest era in American show business. 8" x 10¼". Pub. at \$5.95. **Only 2.98**

**6498. Britten's OLD CLOCKS AND WATCHES and Their Makers. Seventh Edition.** By G. H. Baillie, C. Clutton & C. A. Ilbert. The standard work on horological history for more than half a century, out of print for 20 years and now published in this new edition, virtually rewritten and completely re-illustrated. Incomparably the finest work on its subject; a reliable tool of the trade for dealers, an essential guide for those starting to collect, and the most authoritative general reference work for the experienced collector. 183 plates. 40 diagrams, special fold-out frontispiece. Glossary of technical terms, detailed bibliography, list of British hall-marks, full index. 8½" x 11". Pub. at \$25.00. **Only 14.95**

**P-223. JAPANESE GEISHAS.** A pair of "pillar paintings" portraying a charming trio. Their exquisite kimonos—resplendent with gorgeous indigos, purple, blue, dull-gold, grays, yellow, sienna and charcoal blacks—indicate that they are geishas from the Gay Quarter of Edo. An unknown 18th century Japanese master depicted each graceful fold of kimono, each precise swirl of hairdress, and the almost porcelain-like fragility of the rose-tinted faces. A famous printer has reproduced every nuance of tone and line by colotype, including the linen texture of the original backgrounds. Each panel-shaped print measures 40¼" high x 16¾" wide. Pub. at \$30.00. **The pair, only 1.98**

**6277. WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES.** By Wilfred Funk. Reveals the fascinating derivations of more than 3,000 words in common use, with unusual stories you can use to spark any conversation. 432 pp. Originally \$4.95. **Only 1.98**

**6404. AMERICAN WINE COOKBOOK.** By Ted Hatch. An expert cook and authority on food here remedies a major omission in American cooking—how to get the most delicious use out of our abundant, inexpensive and delightful wines. Introductory material and more than 700 tested recipes employing wines. Pub. at \$3.75. **Only 1.98**

## MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

### marboro

Dept. H-232, 131 Varick St., New York 13, N. Y.

Please send me, postage prepaid, the bargains circled below.

☐ Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_ ☐ Send C.O.D.\* Minimum purchase \$3.00.

4786	4930	5073	5219	5536	5537	5650	5698	5699	5772	5783	5815	5859	5867
5869	5870	5871	5872	5873	5874	5876	5877	5878	5879	5880	5881	5882	5883
5884	5885	5944	5957	6131	6134	6135	6259	6263	6277	6293	6307	6312	6328
6344	6371	6400	6402	6404	6405	6406	6413	6421	6432	6444	6456	6485	6498
6548	6556	6617									P223	P304	P348

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here if you receive our monthly bargain circular

**New York City residents add 3% sales tax. \*A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25c per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions. 10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.**

**WHEN IN NEW YORK CITY, VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP**

47 West 42nd Street • 8 East 59th Street • 144 West 57th Street

56 West 8th Street • 390 Fulton Street (Brooklyn)



best suit their ends, added to an insouciant ignorance of our forms of government and national personality, has become an increasing annoyance. . . .

LAURENCE G. MACGREGOR  
Montreal West, Que.

The main point in Mr. Hutchison's article . . . is that the Canadians have an unfavorable trade balance with the U.S. The reason for that is very simply that Canada imports more finished products from the U. S. than vice-versa; bringing in the old question of unfair tariffs is really a red herring for on almost every item you could mention, American tariffs are at least as small as Canada's (e.g. the U. S. 10 per cent duty on foreign cars as compared to the approximately 50 per cent in Canada). After all, one hardly expects to find anti-Canadian feeling in Great Britain because of its unfavorable trade balance with Canada.

As for his point that the current border wrangles represent the increased "Canadianism," we self-exiled northerners wonder just how much of it exists in a country which insists on having no flag or national anthem of its own.

PAUL J. BENTLEY  
Berwyn, Pa.

## Not-so-poor Minnesota

### TO THE EDITORS:

The only grim, gray landscapes in Minnesota today are the expressions on the faces of those who read Leona Train Rienow's "Lament for Minnesota" [May]. . . .

We in Minnesota do not deny that here, as elsewhere in our rapidly developing nation, there was much short-sighted exploitation. But as we look at the past we are neither seeking to forget nor eager to condemn; rather we try to learn from experience, to plan soundly, constructively, and with determination to make the most of our resources in the future. . . .

Minnesota is embarking on a dynamic new period of growth. Our location is changing from that of a hinterland far from markets to that of a heartland at the crossroads of the continent. We are adapting our resources and their management and utilization to the needs of tomorrow. . . .

We continue to do our best to restore our forests. We are near the top among all the states in our efforts to conserve our soil. We are taking steps, in time, to preserve the advantages of our generous supply of both surface and underground water. We are adapting our programs for the utilization of our mineral resources to the needs of the future.

And we are giving deserved attention

to the maximum development of our greatest resource—the people of our state.

ORVILLE L. FREEMAN  
Governor of Minnesota

Mrs. Rienow says: "Nowhere else on earth has so rich a territory been pillaged in so short a time." She says our forests are second growth, our minerals second class, vast areas of our farmlands have been burned out, our wildlife decimated.

Sure, the pine forests were toppled in short order. That was in a day when lumber was needed to build the Midwest and an expanding nation was eager to get land cleared for immigrants to farm. Yet forest products were worth \$197,435,000 in 1956—more by far than the income during the lumbering boom.

Of the Mesabi iron fields which won two world wars, she says, "All that is left is a low-iron-content rock called taconite." That taconite is turned into pellets with 65 per cent of iron, richer than Mesabi's best ore in the good old days. Minnesota has billions of tons of taconite. . . . There is still a lot of direct shipping ore around, and the ore already mined has paid \$250 million into permanent school and university trust funds, the biggest such funds in any state save Texas.

She bemoans the passing of ducks and fish. More than a million ducks were shot legally last year. Also more than a million ringneck pheasants, of which none lived in the state when she was a girl. There are more deer than ever, beaver are so numerous they have become a nuisance. Minnesota licensed 1,300,000 fishermen last year, more than any other state except California. They caught an estimated 50 million fish weighing 25 million pounds. . . .

Like every other state, Minnesota has lost topsoil to erosion. But 54,000 of the state's 145,000 farmers are co-operating in 76 soil conservation districts. They are strip cropping their sloping land, planting windbreaks. They have constructed 1,900 farm ponds and improved wildlife cover on 68,000 acres.

Some of what Mrs. Rienow thought she saw in the way of wanton waste didn't happen, most of what did has been repaired. Forest fires burn fewer trees now than before the white man arrived. Minnesota has 5.5 million acres of state forests, 4 million acres of federal forests, a million acres of the finest wilderness canoe area in the nation, 63 state parks. . . . Any skeptic is invited to try one of the nation's most extensive highway systems and see for himself.

GEORGE L. PETERSON  
Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . It is possible to fish all day almost anywhere in the world and "hardly get a strike." This lament is not confined

to Minnesota. Fishermen everywhere when they get to telling the truth confide that they don't think fishing is quite what it used to be.

C. M. OEHLER

Wilmette, Ill.

I was most interested in Mrs. Rienow's article on the loss of the forest and natural beauty of the state of Minnesota. This is what is unfortunately happening now to a number of other places in the United States. I think particularly of much of the coast line of Florida which I knew as a boy only thirty years ago. The same pattern of greed and exploitation is taking place from Key West to Apalachicola, filling much of what was beautiful with shabby, cheap resorts and shacks. . . .

JOHN H. POMEROY  
Park Forest, Ill.

## Freud and Jung

### TO THE EDITORS:

Joy Calhoun's letter commenting on my article, "The Dialogue of Freud and Jung" [March], as quoted in the Letters column for May, misquoted me as writing: "Freud never had any sexual experience outside marriage." I wrote: "One biographer states flatly he never had any sexual experience outside marriage. This is unprovable but significant." Nor did I imply that promiscuity is necessary to an understanding of sex; I don't believe it.

Another correspondent quotes certain sentences which he says Jung published in "the Nazi psychiatric magazine," sentences which certainly seem damaging to my thesis that Jung was neither anti-Semitic nor pro-Nazi—if the sentences are not restored to their context and if this much disputed phase of Jung's career is not studied in the light of the facts.

I do not pretend to know the whole story, but here are some facts: (1) by accepting the presidency of an international (not Nazi) psychological association Jung was able to give important legal status to Jewish colleagues living in Germany during the Nazi regime (he may have known this would be misinterpreted, but he took the risk for reasons that seem admirable to me); (2) he enraged the Nazis in 1934 by praising Freud publicly in Germany (much more courageous than speaking up for Negroes in Little Rock today); (3) he published in 1936 the most profound and damning, in my opinion, analysis of the Nazis ever written. It is called "Wotan" and appears in his *Essays on Contemporary Events*. Also, as a Swiss he had everything to lose through a German invasion, which was a distinct threat to his homeland.

When restored to their context, his



apparently damaging sentences about "German psychology" and "Jewish psychology" reveal an interesting and non-discriminatory emphasis on cultural factors in the individual mind, an emphasis also made by Erich Fromm. Jung has also written about "Chinese psychology" and "American psychology." I repeat, people who try to make something ugly out of this misunderstood matter are merely trying to rationalize their own intellectual laziness.

GERALD SYKES  
East Hampton, N. Y.

*Mr. Wright*

TO THE EDITORS:

Alfred Bendiner ["How Frank Lloyd Wright Got His Medal," May] is to be complimented for his objective reporting. His admiration and respect for the architect has not been allowed to interfere with his presentation of this man as one who is subject to all the ills of mortal men plus those occupational diseases of the architect. . . .

LEWIS NEUBAUER  
Philadelphia, Pa.

*And Mrs. Wright*

TO THE EDITORS:

I have just read Alfred Bendiner's article about my uncle, Frank Lloyd Wright, and feel that certain of his statements should not go uncorrected. I do not propose to come to the support of my glorious uncle who most emphatically does not need it and who, since he is capable of saying anything and often does, may even have said some of the things Mr. Bendiner reports.

Mr. Bendiner's treatment of Mrs. Wright, however, is another matter. I have known this lady intimately for more than thirty years and can state that she is one of the most cultured and articulate women alive. Though she speaks English with a marked (and most attractive) accent, her usage of the language can hardly be faulted. She would be no more likely than the Queen of England to use such phrases as "please waiting one minute," etc. Never, even in her earliest days in this country, has she been guilty of the farce-comedy Slovenian-pidgin that Mr. Bendiner has invented for her.

And in the second place her given name is not, was not, and will never be Natasha. It is Olgivanna.

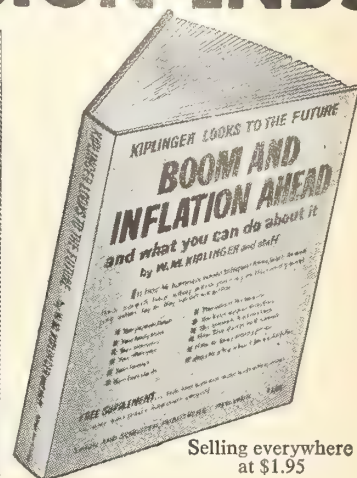
A little more attention to the truth and a little less to malice, both in his text and his drawings, would have made Mr. Bendiner's caricature more effective.

ELIZABETH ENRIGHT GILLHAM  
New York, N. Y.

# WHAT TO DO NOW TO BE MONEY AHEAD WHEN RECESSION ENDS

## KIPLINGER'S NEW BOOK FREE (bookstore price \$1.95) with 13 weeks of THE KIPLINGER LETTER

(both together for only \$4. Full value \$7.95. You save \$3.95)



Selling everywhere  
at \$1.95

You may never again in your lifetime have such a golden opportunity to advance your personal and business interests . . . come out of today's recession better off than you went in. Here's how to do it. Just mail coupon on special offer below for your FREE copy of this \$1.95 book:\*

## BOOM AND INFLATION AHEAD

By W. M. Kiplinger, author of the famous Kiplinger Washington Letters

**RIGHT NOW** while things look dark . . . while conditions threaten to get worse before they get better . . . why does Kiplinger talk boom? Because history is about to repeat itself. Back in 1935 when the outlook was even darker, he wrote *Inflation Ahead, What to Do About It*. Those who followed his advice are well off today. Many made fortunes. Now he looks ahead to the biggest boom yet . . . tells why, when and how it will come . . . shows how it will affect your job, income, savings, investments, business, retirement . . . what to do NOW to cash in on it.

**YOUR COPY OF THIS FREE BOOK** gives you a clearly marked roadmap to boom years just ahead so you know what to expect.

**THEN, EVERY MONDAY MORNING**, Kiplinger's 4-page Letter shows you how to ride safely through the recession and be in on the pay-off when the boom arrives.

No matter what other business reading you may do, it will pay you to take advantage of this generous offer because—

**FIRST** To succeed, to stay successful—especially in these tough times—you must look beyond today . . . anticipate changes that will affect your job, your business, your personal earnings . . . make plans now that succeed later. The Kiplinger Letter supplies the key information you need—business trends, new legislation, labor, taxes, prices, new products—any significant new development. Facts you can trust. Nothing else does it better.

**SECOND** You're busy. Want to know what's what without a lot of useless trimmings . . . the real meaning of events . . . how they concern you . . . how you can USE the knowledge to promote your interests. In a weekly 15-minute briefing The Kiplinger Letter gives you a brand of money-making, money-saving guidance you can get nowhere else.

**THIRD** Consider this amazing fact: 8 out of 10 Kiplinger clients renew year after year . . . many every year for 35 years! Loyalty like that must be deserved. Where else do you find such unprecedented proof of value received?

Now is a most opportune time to begin using The Kiplinger Letter. Once you see how it helps you smooth out the "bumps" in the road ahead . . . how it charts your profitable course as the boom develops . . . we believe you'll want to become a regular subscriber. So, if you want to be money ahead when the recession ends, mail the coupon today for our unusual Trial Offer: only \$4 for 13 weeks of The Kiplinger Letter (Reg. \$6) PLUS Kiplinger's new \$1.95 book FREE (you save \$3.95). Pay now or later as you choose.

\*Open to new subscribers only.

THE KIPLINGER WASHINGTON LETTER  
Room 148, 1729 H Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C.

Send me FREE a copy of Kiplinger's new \$1.95 book and begin my 13-week Trial Subscription to THE KIPLINGER LETTER next Monday morning at the special trial rate of only \$4 (Reg. \$6).

☒ Check enclosed for \$4.00

☐ Bill me

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*the editor's*

## EASY CHAIR

### Recipe for a Fast Million

**T**AKE your last look," Elmer said, "at the poor but earnest scholar. Next time you see me I will be a millionaire."

I looked. Twelve years of teaching Social Psychology at a fashionable woman's college is enough to unhinge even as sturdy a man as Dr. Elmer Hammacker; but so far as I could tell he was sane enough.

"In six months," he said, "Detroit and Hollywood will be stuffing checks under my office door. Every account executive on Madison Avenue will make pilgrimages to beg a word from The New Oracle. No, I don't mean Dr. Dichter. I mean me. I've got a deal that makes motivational research look primitive. It's big, son, real big."

So is Elmer, who once played tackle for Iowa State. He never had fitted comfortably into his cubicle on the third floor of the Agnes R. Appleton Memorial Hall for Behavioral Science, and now that he was pacing around the room—all aglow with avarice and enthusiasm—he looked a good deal like an excited bull in a box stall.

"The name alone is worth a million," he said. "I'm going to call it the Hammacker Institute for Status Symbol Prediction. Dignified but irresistible. What this country is bleeding for is a scientific way to predict coming changes in its status symbols. And I'm the man who can do it."

"Why is the automobile industry in such terrible shape? Simply because the symbols it is trying to sell have gone out of fashion. Everybody knows, of course, that for the last thirty years every automobile has been sold primarily as a badge of rank. As mere transportation, one car wasn't much different from another; but as marks of status in the social hierarchy there were enormous and subtle differences. This pecking order, as it existed till quite recently, was best codified by that distinguished social scientist, William H. Whyte, Jr.; he ex-

plained why one make of car was suitable for a rising young executive, another for his boss, and yet others for physicians, band leaders, and college boys.

"The Cadillac, obviously, stood at the top. A man bought one, when he could, because it made him feel superior to all those creeps who drove Chevrolets. It served, roughly, the same purpose as a knighthood in England—to inform the world that he had arrived. And he bought a new one every year, if possible, to demonstrate that only the latest and best was good enough for him.

"Then all of a sudden the symbolism changed. Lots of people began to discover that nobody they really wanted to impress was much impressed by *any* automobile, no matter how big and shiny.

"Detroit spends king-size money on market research—but this disastrous shift took the industry entirely by surprise. Some of the big wheels out there won't believe it yet. My Institute could have told them what was coming at least five years in advance.

"In part Detroit can blame itself. It blurred its own symbols.

"Twenty years ago any school boy could identify most makes at a glance. But now that *all* of them have become over-sized, over-powered, over-priced, and over-decorated, so that you can scarcely see the car for the chrome, there isn't much point in trying to inch up the status ladder from a Ford to a Buick to a Cadillac. The caste marks got to looking too much alike.

"But it probably would have happened anyway."

BY THIS time Elmer was so wrapped up in his dream of glory that he was lapsing into the lecture-room manner which had intimidated so many generations of undergraduates.

"You must remember," he said, "that this country has always changed its status symbols at



fairly regular intervals—simply because ours is the kind of mobile society which refuses to put up with any permanent certificates of class standing. The process always works about the same.

"The cultural elite—the people whom Russell Lynes has called The Tastemakers—adopt a certain insignia to set themselves apart from the common herd. It can be almost anything—an article of clothing, a residential address, a favored group of restaurants, a holiday resort, a hobby, a habit of speech, or a combination of several such items.

"Pretty soon, however, the common herd catches on. Usually, in fact, it is tipped off by the advertising men, who point out that anybody who aspires to real class had better drink Olde Doghair, vacation in Miami Beach, and buy himself an Ivy League suit. Since the herd in America is not inhibited by anything like the British tradition and the elaborate mechanism of The Establishment, which keep most Englishmen neatly fixed in the niches where God placed them, our common man—with his ineradicable instinct for social climbing—begins to latch onto the symbols which he hopes will make him a member of the elite.

"They don't, of course. As soon as the herd moves in, the elite moves out. It promptly abandons its old status symbols, and begins the mysterious process of manufacturing an entirely different set.

"For example, by the time that mobsters, movie stars, Texas millionaires, and other crass types were riding in Cadillacs, the people who create new styles of living had decided that they wouldn't be caught dead in one. They moved on to Jaguars—or, more often, to the Volkswagen. The VW is, in effect, a device for thumbing a lofty nose at the whole idea of the auto as a measure of status. It is also, I suspect, the Tastemaker's gesture of hostility toward the men who run the automobile industry. He feels that they have never been properly respectful of his role (and his power) in our society; and now he is demonstrating that Detroit's designers and advertising men, for all their millions, can't do a thing about public taste without his help. Detroit is finding the lesson both painful and expensive.

**M**Y INSTITUTE," he said, "is designed to prevent this sort of corporate blindness. What we will do—for a suitable fee—is to inform businessmen when one set of caste marks is wearing out, and to predict the new ones which will take their place. My clients rarely will be able to do anything to prevent the change-over, but they will be able to get ready for it well in advance.

"Take the hotel men. I could have predicted two years ago that some of them were bound to lose their shirts on those rhinestone Taj Mahals

they have been building in such profusion along Miami Beach. By 1956 the place already was being over-run by plumbers and used-car salesmen—and the people who set the trend in these matters were vacationing elsewhere.

"My charts indicate that a winter tan will remain an okay status symbol for at least another decade; but the elite groups will no longer get it anywhere near Miami. At the moment they are going to Phoenix and the Antilles; Bermuda is still all right if you have a cottage, but not if you stay at a hotel; even a hotel is permissible, however, at Tobago and Caneel Bay. Their next wintering place will be the Greek islands, and within eight years I forecast a strong migration to the South Coast of Turkey—perhaps the finest unspoiled riviera left anywhere in the world.

"Real-estate operators, obviously, will be among my leading clients, since they can be ruined by just one failure to foresee a trend. Zeckendorf ought to pay me handsomely for predicting just when the Upper East Side of New York is likely to lose its *cachet*, as Riverside Drive did about a quarter of a century ago; and he might even like to know why I expect a replica of Greenwich Village to develop near the Bowery.

"The entertainment industry needs me even more. Why, it seems like only yesterday when any man with pretensions to sophistication made a point of being seen in the right night clubs with the right blonde at least once a week. Now the head waiters are getting snow blind from looking at their empty tables. For the Institute it would be mere routine to predict when that particular form of ostentation—or any other—is about to go out of fashion.

"MY METHOD, like all strokes of genius, is basically simple," Elmer said. "I plan to place the American taste-making groups, for the first time in history, under continuous scientific observation.

"The techniques are well established; anthropologists have been using them for years on Papuans, Eskimos, Manu Islanders, and a few American towns such as Muncie and Newburyport. My staff-headed, I hope, by Margaret Mead—will simply apply the same detailed scrutiny to a few key segments of our own society. It will report the first symptoms of change in their habits, costumes, pastimes, and snobberies. We can then be sure, on the basis of past experience, that the herd will follow their lead about five years later—though in some cases this crucial time interval may be a trifle more or less.

"The only hard part is to decide what groups to watch; and I think I've already got that licked.

"I shall set up three Field Observation Teams. The first will be assigned to the Ivy League universities. Their potency as style-setters is pretty



# What difference is there between one broker and another?

They can both buy or sell virtually any security you name.

They both usually charge the same commission on any transaction.

So what's the difference?

That's a fair question—but a tough one for the individual investor to answer since it involves comparison of one broker with another on points like these:

Differences in customer service

Differences in physical facilities

Differences in research aid

Differences in personnel training  
and—most important of all—

Differences in fundamental policy.

It's not our place, obviously, to compare ourselves with any other broker. That's the investor's job.

But we do feel that it is our responsibility to simplify his job by telling him everything he might want to know about our operation.

That's why we've always published an Annual Report, mailed it to every customer, and offered it to any other interested person.

That's why we've just published a 32-page pamphlet entitled—

**"This is Merrill Lynch,  
Pierce, Fenner & Smith"**

We'd be more than glad to send you a copy, for it spells out in detail just who we are, just how we operate, and just what we stand for.

For your copy, just address—

Department SW-58

**Merrill Lynch,  
Pierce, Fenner & Smith**

Members New York Stock Exchange  
and all other Principal Exchanges

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 112 Cities

## THE EASY CHAIR

obvious; what they did for the Brooks Brothers suit, the motoring cap, and chino slacks is already history. Perhaps it is less well known generally that they also incubated the sports-car fad and the skiing boom. Today the dirty-white buck shoe—until recently the private badge of a rather small in-group at Yale—is spreading fast across the country. When it reaches the West Coast, about three months from now, its day will be over. Trends in taste don't originate in Hollywood; they go there to die.

"THE reason why so many trends get started on the Ivy League campuses is now being explored by one of my graduate students. Her tentative findings indicate that a significant number of the men at Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Dartmouth, and a few other colleges share four key characteristics: (1) enough money to indulge their whims; (2) enough self-assurance to liberate them from the usual undergraduate fear of appearing different; (3) at least the rudiments of taste; (4) enough snob-status to insure that their behavior will be widely imitated in the hinterland. Elsewhere this combination is rare.

"My second team of observers—I will thank you not to refer to them as snoops—will be stationed in Fairfield County, Connecticut. This area has a unique concentration of people in the communications industries: writers, TV executives, advertising men, publishers, and the like. A lot of them exhibit the same syndrome we discovered in the Ivy League universities—where, in fact, many of them were graduated, or expelled. In addition they are fearsomely articulate, and have ready access to channels for publicizing their own tastes throughout the country.

Finally, they have a low boredom-threshold; they change wives, hobbies, breeds of pets, and jobs more frequently than anybody else. An ideal culture medium, in short, for the rapid growth of status symbol mutations.

"The third research team will have a different kind of assignment. Its job will be to keep tabs on a carefully selected panel of fifty persons, chosen from all sections of the country, who have proven ability to cre-

ate new behavioral trends. Our tentative list includes at least two of the Rockefeller brothers; Mrs. William Paley; Charles Eames, the designer; Walter Paepcke, the collector of paintings, ghost towns, and intellectuals; William Shawn of the *New Yorker*; David Riesman; Alfred Barr of the Museum of Modern Art; Just Lunning, the impresario of Scandinavian taste; Lincoln Kirstein; Mrs. Edison Dick; Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., of Steuben Glass; Mrs. Ronald Tree; and a representative selection of artists, novelists, and poets. These last are indispensable, because they are traditional bellwethers in matters of taste. As Cleveland Amory pointed out in *The Last Resorts*, most of the fashionable playgrounds—from Bar Harbor and Provincetown to Taos—were first settled by intellectuals, who were followed in due course by the social climbers. A good many other movements—in art, drinks, city residential areas, furniture, and social attitudes—get started the same way.

"WEALTH, you understand, does not by itself qualify anybody for inclusion on my panel. A good many of the members do have money, but they all have things that are more important—a sense of style, for instance, confidence (verging on arrogance) about their own tastes, and an instinct for non-conformity. These are traits which you might not, at first glance, associate with the Rockefeller family; but they are all there, concealed beneath that sedate Baptist veneer. The family's influence on American taste, by way of Williamsburg, the Museum of Modern Art, and similar ventures has been incalculable; and Nelson Rockefeller right now may be establishing a new prestige symbol of enormous importance. He is making public service a prestigious activity for the rich.

"Any ordinary millionaire can display a yacht or a flock of chorus girls, but only a very wealthy man can afford to maintain a private staff of scholars for research into public issues, and in addition spend years of his own time on such chores as heading a commission to rewrite the New York state constitution. If you want to put it in Veblen's terms—which probably are over-cynical—



you might say that this kind of disinterested public service is the ultimate form of conspicuous consumption.

"By way of contrast, look at the late Robert R. Young, a man who had practically no influence on the country's behavior patterns. He had money, but he lacked the leader's temperament. In fact, he not only was a natural-born follower, but one who followed fashions a whole generation out of date. He tried to be a tycoon when the Age of Tycoons was long past, and he was the only man of his time who thought it important to have big houses in both Newport and Palm Beach. He even curried the favor of dukes, a method of social escalation which had been abandoned by everybody else about 1917. Soon after he finally discovered that he was an anachronism whom nobody took seriously, he shot himself.

"IT IS of course unscientific for me to anticipate the reports of my Field Observation Teams, but I think I can already guess at a few of their findings—some trivial, others reasonably significant. For example:

"America's No. 1 status symbol—a place long held by the automobile—will again be the home, as it was fifty years ago. It will betoken the owner's social standing, not by any measure so crude as price alone, but by a whole set of more subtle indicators—the quality of its architecture, the layout of its garden, the pictures on the walls, the nature of its library and record collection. This phenomenon is of course closely related to the turning inward, the domestication—the withdrawal from gregarious activities, including night-clubbing and political movements—which are such pronounced characteristics of our younger generation.

"Incidentally, the automobile industry eventually will get over its present state of shock, and will start selling transportation instead of glamor. The company which will prosper will be the one that gets to the market first with a simple, sturdy, comfortable, economical, and unobtrusively good-looking car, which you can depend on not to get obsolescent for at least ten years—something like the Mercedes-Benz. As a matter of fact, the Rambler

# Mexico

*lifetime enjoyment*



*"La Quebrada" Acapulco Mexico.*

## ACAPULCO

the world famous seashore resort of enthralling, unforgettable and mysterious beauty, where nature stands forth in singular magnificence. Rugged cliffs, snow-white beaches surrounded by exotic tropical vegetation. Here you can enjoy unexcelled surf-bathing, boating and exciting deepsea fishing. Splendid hotels, incomparable sunsets and dancing under starry skies.

You'll be really happy vacationing in México.

*MEXICO awaits you. Your travel agent will tell you.*

### MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA	3106 Wilshire Blvd.	NEW YORK, N. Y.	630 Fifth Ave. No. 801	Rockefeller Center
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS	27-E. Monroe Street Suite No. 304	SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	209 E. Travis Street	
HOUSTON, TEXAS	809 Walker Ave.	MONTREAL, CANADA	1255 Phillips Square, Suite No. 206	
MIAMI, FLORIDA	45 Columbus Arcade	TORONTO, CANADA	20 Carlton Street	
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA	203 St. Charles Street	LA HABANA, CUBA	Calle 23, No. 72 - La Rampa, Vedado.	



# JAL

GRACIOUS INTRODUCTION TO THE ORIENT



**IF THE ORIENT IS YOUR CUP OF TEA**, fly there with Japan Air Lines! JAL's Deluxe service includes such delights as *Sake* and authentic *Kuchitori* hors d'oeuvres...hot *O-Shibori* towels to refresh you...colorful *Happi* coats to wear enroute. Daily flights on radar-equipped DC-6B's and DC-7C's. See your travel agent.

fly **JAPAN AIR LINES** U.S. to the Orient via Hawaii



New York • Washington, D. C. • Chicago  
San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Honolulu

**Either prospectus  
free on request**

## Incorporated Investors

ESTABLISHED 1925

A mutual fund invested in a list of securities selected for possible growth of capital and income in the years ahead.

## Incorporated Income Fund

A mutual fund whose first objective is to return as large current income as may be obtained commensurate with the risk involved.

The Parker Corporation,  
200 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.

Please send Prospectus on

☐ Incorporated Investors

☐ Incorporated Income Fund

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

## FOR MORE VACATION FUN

## Get The GIMLET

29 YRS. TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELERS GUIDE

Where and How to Go. What to See. The Costs. CANADA thru FLORIDA, and Enroute, Nassau, Cuba, West Indies. Includes N.Y.C. 228 PAGES illus. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Address The Gimlet, Dept. 21-H, 745-5th Ave., N.Y.C. 22.

### Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Spring Lake Beach, N. J.

#### THE ESSEX AND SUSSEX

A resort world in itself, under the management of Fred L. Abel of the Seaview at Miami Beach. Situated directly on the ocean with its own private beach, the ESSEX and SUSSEX is a massive resort property accommodating 400. Convenient to MONMOUTH PARK racetrack. Tennis Courts, Putting Green on premises. Golf Club few minutes away. Famous Essex Lounge for cocktails and dancing. Formal and casual dance nights in the ballroom. Sixty miles from NYC off the Garden State Parkway (exit 96). Late June to early Sept. Am. plan.

Nassau, Bahamas

#### BALMORAL CLUB NOW OPEN ALL YEAR.

With its private ocean beaches, its unsurpassed restaurant, "Ocean Patio" on the beach and its delightful accommodations to meet everyone's taste, this fashionable Colony of Balmoral Club offers a perfect setting for gracious and luxurious living. Fishing, sailing, water skiing and unparalleled swimming and other sports (at your door). You may have a bedroom-bathroom sitting-room suite, or private bedroom-bathroom (European or Modified American Plan) or an entire house to accommodate five or six persons on the house-keeping basis, if you prefer. Low Summer Rates. See your Travel Agent or write or cable direct to Balmoral Club, Nassau, Bahamas.

## THE EASY CHAIR

seems to be prospering on this formula already.

"Gentlemen farmers will raise Black Angus cattle rather than race horses. This will be a natural step in the trend away from gaudy ostentation, which started shortly after World War II. We have already seen its effect on men's clothes, office decoration, haircuts, domestic architecture, and the disappearance of such loud displays as the debutante ball. Today nobody, however wealthy, would dream of building a palace like Hearst's San Simeon. Instead of conferring prestige, it would make him look silly.

"Amateur painting will become increasingly respectable. Once rather suspect, it has now been sanctified by the two great war leaders, Churchill and Eisenhower. It will lead, in turn, to a steadily growing market for professional artists. Already more canvases—most of them bad—are being sold at higher prices to more people than at any time since the Medicis made painters into gentlemen and painting a lucrative profession.

"In Texas there are now only three approved ways for a rich man to spend his money. He can buy a ranch—a big one; a little bitty ranch won't do—he can finance a reactionary politician, or he can endow a Texas university. I predict that within the next ten years the opinion leaders in Texas will discover the rest of the United States, and that the most venturesome among them will make their first tentative contacts with the world overseas, and all the delightful possibilities it offers for spending money in unheard-of ways.

"But that's enough of this idle speculation. I have to go phone Margaret Mead. If I don't get the Institute under way pretty fast, those Bureau of Applied Social Research boys at Columbia might beat me to it."

ELMER went charging down the hall to borrow the dean's telephone; the college had never felt it could afford to give him one for his own office. It occurred to me that he hadn't said a word about the kind of status symbols which might be needed to keep ambitious men in the teaching profession.



# PERSONAL and otherwise

## Among Our Contributors

### EARTHLY PARADISE

**T**HE once-a-year vacation frenzy pictured in David Boroff's tour of the Catskill Mountain resorts (p. 56)—for all its hectic emphasis on romance and Hollywood glamor—actually belongs to a good old American tradition. Long before the lower Catskills took on their "Borscht circuit" character, the upper Catskills were peopled with summer artists and hikers much as they are today. And romance was already smoldering there before Marjorie Morningstar met Gene Kelly in the Warner Bros. feature (filmed, as the resort has advertised, in the "majestic setting" of Scaroon Manor in the heart of the Adirondacks).

Witness: an article in this magazine for July 1854, by T. Addison Richards, an artist-reporter who took a sketching trip around the towns of Catskill and Palenville. The village of Catskill was accessible then from New York City, Richards said, by Hudson River steamboat or by railway "almost hourly." The artist joined a mixed-party, overnight hike to the crest of High Peak, six miles up by foot from "The Clove."

"Preceded by our guides, laden with stores, we made a very gallant appearance," Richards wrote, "not lessened by the orthodox costume of both ladies and gentlemen—the former in a demi-composite Bloomer rig. . . . The ladies performed the journey stoutly, until without let or hindrance from bears, snakes, or panthers, we rested on the crown of the noble peak."

Under the rock ledge, the hikers made camp, some felling trees, others boiling coffee; but a heavy storm drenched them after moonrise and they decided not to go to bed at all. "Each member of the party seemed to feel the necessity of being more than usually amiable . . ." and they acted out a pantomime of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas to keep active and warm until "the sublime

spectacle of the succeeding dawn."

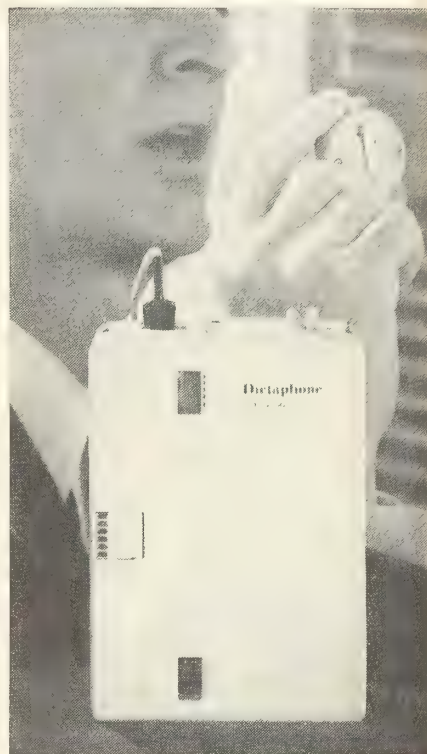
The Bloomer girl of 1854 set a surprisingly rugged example of vacation-fever and athleticism—Marjorie Morningstar would have had a hard time keeping up with her. As for romance—opportunities for "amiability" (without benefit of chaperons or "social directors") were at least as exciting a century ago as today.

However, there may be some question about the future popularity of the Catskill resorts, with jet air liners bringing the Riviera within easy reach of New York. And a CIO official, Louis Hollander, has predicted three-week vacations on the Moon for American workers in the year 2,000. Maybe so. But unless the lunar climate is cozier than the astronomers have led us to believe—and space suits are more attractive than the models we have seen—hikers in the Mountains of the Moon will be looking back to the soft green Catskills as the Earthly Paradise.

. . . David Boroff knows New York State's mountain resorts from research and experience. A lecturer in English at Brooklyn College, he has also spent the past few summers as "a sort of cultural *tumbler* at a posh Adirondack resort," lecturing on books, theater, etc. He has published articles and stories in many magazines and is a special feature writer for the *New York Post*.

. . . In "Time on Our Hands" (p. 34) Russell Lynes gives a view of leisure that is poles apart from Mr. Boroff's intense season in the Catskills. He is talking about the use of leisure on an everyday, year-round basis, and he advocates a dilettante approach. Since the popular notion of "dilettante" carries overtones of the foreign or even effeminate, Mr. Lynes' argument is startling—that what America needs is more "trained men with the capacity for being dilettantes." But the flavor of the word is misleading; actually, the United States' most popular male is one of them.

## New all-transistor recorder works anywhere without plug-in!

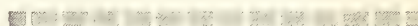


Yes, it's true. The name is Dictet. The maker is Dictaphone.

New Dictet is no bigger than a medium-length novel. Yet its intrepid little mercury batteries allow it to record anything from a whisper to a voice ten feet away.

To work it, simply pick up the mike and talk. Microphone acts as a speaker for instant playback.

Dictet is ideal for travel notes, random ideas, field reports, and . . . well, you name it. There is a coupon somewhere close. Use it—now!



**DICTET**  
BY  
**DICTAPHONE®**

Dictaphone Corporation, Dept. HA-78  
420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.  
Please send full-color booklet on new Dictet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Company \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Harper's

magazine

## NEXT MONTH

### MAKING CIGARETTE ADS TELL THE TRUTH

Some tobacco companies are trying to lull the public's fear of cancer by shockingly misleading ads. So says the chairman of the Congressional committee which studied them—and he announces in this article the legislation he will introduce to protect the public.

By Congressman John A. Blatnik

### AMERICA'S SUPER-CITIES

Most of us will soon be living in a new kind of city. One of them already is six hundred miles long—and it has no name, no government, and no protection for the few bits of open space left within its boundaries. But it is not too late—yet—to save ourselves from a fate worse than Brooklyn.

By Christopher Tunnard

### THE SHADOWS OF THE GODS

One of America's leading playwrights tells why he believes our theater has reached a major turning point—and describes the new kind of drama he hopes it will produce.

By Arthur Miller

### The Non-sexual Behavior of THE HUMAN FEMALE

By John Fischer

President Eisenhower sets value on leisure and has the self-preserving instinct to schedule golf and painting, bridge and "westerns" into his daily grind. On vacation or during illness, he seems to be itching to pursue these wholesome hobbies; and when he retires he should, with luck, be able to occupy his earthly paradise with full contentment. Whatever Mr. Eisenhower or Mr. Lynes may think of the President as an example, he is *for* the dilettante approach, and on the record he has praised golf (even for duffers) as a means of easing world tensions.

Mr. Lynes is managing editor of *Harper's* and the author of *A Subject of History*, *The Fastmakers*, and other books. He often spends weekends and his three-week summer holiday in an old family house in North Egremont, Massachusetts; his own dilettante activities range from serving on the humanities committee of the John Hay Whitney Foundation to tennis on New York's public and private tennis courts.

... John E. Booth's appraisal of the national cost of veterans benefits—and of the unfairness in the present system—comes from deep personal conviction. He wrote the lead article this month (p. 19) after extended study and soul-searching on a subject which too many of us tend to leave to the lobbyists.

Mr. Booth is at present Education Associate with the Twentieth Century Fund. Before the war he worked for the *New York Times* Sunday department, and in 1939 volunteered for the Army. He spent two years overseas in Special Services connected with a general hospital, which was situated during the Battle of the Bulge in Liège, a city heavily saturated with buzz bombs. After the war he returned to the *Times* and later worked for the Marshall Plan in London and Paris.

... Anybody reading "Mrs. Gopul Didn't Make It" (p. 26) who gets the idea that tornadoes are funny should look at a new book called *Community in Disaster* by a team of Michigan State University sociologists (William H. Form and Sigmund Nosow). Here a man who survived the Flint-Beecher tornado of 1953 tells what happened to him:

"I ran for the house. As I ran, I saw the tornado pick up a car on Clio Road. As I put my foot on the front door steps, it came down the driveway and took me. . . . It threw me into a tree first, then slid me along the grass. . . . I was conscious all the time. It threw me against the basement wall of my house on my head. I just laid there, then looked up and saw the house raising on the foundation. I got up on my hands, raising up; the wind grabbed me again and took me up in the air. While I was going up, something swatted me on top of my head, and I landed right in my basement (the house was gone by then). Incidentally, while I was laying against the basement wall the porch fell on my leg."

Raymond A. McConnell Jr., who reports Mrs. Gopul's cryptic story, lives in California and is the author of *Trampled Terraces*, a book of family humor. Until recently, he farmed in Nebraska and was editor of Lincoln's leading newspaper, the *Journal*, for fourteen years. His paper won a Pulitzer Prize for public service in the 1948 elections, and in 1951 Mr. McConnell was designated by the U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce as "one of the ten outstanding young men of the United States."

... On one score Southerners who set the woods on fire (as described by Ed Kerr, p. 28) should get a good mark: on the whole, they don't seem to commit arson in order to kill people. Rather they take out their bad feelings or love of excitement in the destruction of property—preferably the big fellow's.

Actually, while the big fellow—the pulpwood company, in this case—can afford the loss better than the great number of farmers, businessmen, professional people, and retired folk who own small forest tracts, particularly in the South, the ultimate loss is national as much as private. For it is the big companies (around 68 of them) that have been expanding Southern wood industries since World War II, improving forestry practice (with government advice), providing tens of thousands of jobs, doubling output of a crop of which the U. S. has no surplus now or in the foreseeable future. The Union



Bag-Camp Paper Corporation operates a plant in Savannah, Georgia, for instance, with a 24-hour capacity of 2,000 tons, and the International Paper Corporation has four plants in four Southern states each of which turns out more than 1,000 tons.

Mr. Kerr is press representative of the Louisiana Forestry Commission and a free-lance writer. He has a degree in chemistry from Louisiana State University and one in journalism from Missouri, and is a former newspaperman and a veteran of World War II—a first lieutenant in the infantry, wounded twice.

... "The Iowan's Curse" (p. 40) is *Harper's* first story by **Charles G. Finney**, Arizona newspaperman and author of *The Circus of Dr. Lao* and two other novels. *The Circus* won a national award for the most original novel of the year 1935. He notes:

"Purged self of folly of writing in 1942. Suffered heart attack in 1956, spent eight weeks in bed during which time decided while it was folly to write it was even greater folly not to. After recovering from heart attack, stepped down from wire editor to copy reader which is present occupation."

We are very glad he is writing again too. Another new story of his will appear in an early issue.

... **William G. Carleton** ("A Grass-roots Guide to '58 and '60," p. 48) would be the first to admit that there are a number of wild cards in any election forecast. There is, for example, a real question this year about the role of the volunteer groups in campaigning.

President Eisenhower's "snub" to the National Citizens for Eisenhower—as the *New York Times* called it—has cramped the style of that once flashy and well-heeled organization. The "Citizens" leaders have received no jobs and only recent courtesies from the White House since 1956. On the Democratic side, obviously, there will be no Volunteers for Stevenson this fall. Happily, these uncertainties help to sustain suspense.

Professor Carleton is professor of political science at the University of Florida, where he specializes in parties and practical politics. His last article in *Harper's*, "The Triumph of the Moderates" (April

1955), was one of more than a hundred he has published in many leading magazines. He is also the author of *The Revolution in American Foreign Policy*.

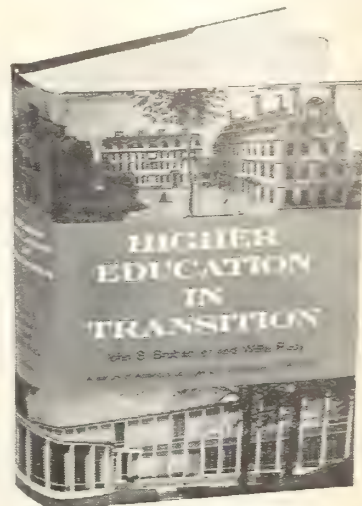
... **Joseph Kraft** takes a shrewd look at a little known organization that has been called the "best club in New York" ("School for Statesmen," p. 64). Mr. Kraft was for six years a member of the skilled team that writes the weekly news summary published every Sunday by the *New York Times*. He resigned last summer to become a free-lance writer; in the past he had contributed to the *Yale Law Journal*, the *Nation*, and other magazines, and had been an editorial writer for the *Washington Post*. He went to Columbia and did graduate work at Princeton, the Sorbonne, and the Institute for Advanced Study.

... **Chad Walsh**, who has just spent a year in Turku, Finland, as a Fulbright professor teaching American literature gives some loving impressions of Finland on page 69. He is a native Virginian, a Ph.D. from Ann Arbor, Michigan, and a faculty member and poet in residence at Beloit College in Wisconsin. He was co-founder of the *Beloit Poetry Journal*, and he has written two volumes of verse and several books on religion, including *Early Christians of the 21st Century*.

... One of the "younger critics"—in this case younger than thirty—**Norman Podhoretz** tears up a few commonly accepted literary categories and appraisals in "The Article as Art" (p. 74). In their place he advocates an "art form" he knows well professionally. Mr. Podhoretz has had articles in *Partisan Review*, the *New Yorker*, and other literary magazines, and is an associate editor of *Commentary*. He has degrees from Columbia and Cambridge universities and spent two years in the Army, mostly in Germany.

... "On Minding One's Own Business" (p. 21) comes from **James Wright**, author of *The Green Wall*, which won the Yale Series of Younger Poets competition. Mr. Wright teaches at Minnesota and is the Kenyon Review Fellow in Poetry.

The current problems of American higher education brilliantly clarified by means of perspectives on the past



At a time when our colleges and universities face momentous questions of new growth and direction, this book has significance not only for those who work in higher education, but for everyone interested in American ideas, traditions, social and intellectual history. Beginning with colonial times, the authors trace the development of our college and university system chronologically, in terms of men and institutions. They bring into focus such major areas of concern as curriculum, administration, academic freedom, and student life. They tell their story with a sharp eye for the human values at stake and the issues that will be with us in the future.

\$7.50

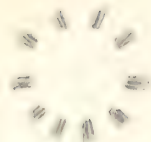
## HIGHER EDUCATION IN TRANSITION

An American History: 1636-1956

By **JOHN S. BRUBACHER**  
and **WILLIS RUDY**

At your bookstore or from  
**HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16**





LAND USE • PUBLIC HEALTH • LAND RECLAMATION

CONSTRUCTION • TRANSPORTATION • EDUCATION



Yesterday a tropical jungle . . . today  
a highly productive farm, that affords our workers  
better living, good employment, new opportunity.

## **United Fruit Company**

General Offices: 80 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.

COLOMBIA • COSTA RICA • CUBA • DOMINICAN REPUBLIC • ECUADOR • GUATEMALA • HONDURAS • NICARAGUA • PANAMA



## VETERANS:

### *Our Biggest Privileged Class*

By JOHN E. BOOTH

**How the most powerful lobby in Washington is bleeding every taxpayer to subsidize veterans who neither need the money nor deserve it—while the seriously disabled who do need it get short-changed.**

**W**HEN are we going to face the fact that our veterans programs are becoming one of the most flagrant wastes of public money in American history? Unless we do something about it, veterans of World War II are going to receive billions of dollars in benefits for which they have not shown real need and which they don't deserve. And if the professional veterans lobbies have their way, they are going to be paid a lot more.

I am a veteran who was awarded a "10 per cent disability" for a minor ailment. I have for years refused to collect the disability payments I am entitled to because my ability to earn a living has not been in any way impaired. The veterans organizations which are trying to lobby more and more money through Congress don't speak for

me and I don't believe they speak for a majority of veterans.

Surely no thoughtful citizen would want to begrudge adequate benefits to veterans who were seriously disabled during military service. And no one would want to deny generous compensation to the widows and children of those veterans who died during the war. It would be a national disgrace if we did.

But one of the striking paradoxes of our veterans programs is that the seriously disabled veterans who *do* need generous help the most are being short-changed—they should be getting more attention and more money. Meanwhile millions are being poured out to hundreds of thousands of veterans with so-called "disabilities" who were not handicapped by their service and who are better off economically than many of their fellow citizens who must support them.

There are, in addition, thousands of veterans getting free hospitalization for disabilities which occurred *after* their military service. And under our archaic pension system there are hundreds of thousands of men who will be drawing veterans pensions in addition to social security, despite the fact that they had no injuries in service.

Most disturbing of all is the demand which grows more shrill every year for higher and higher pensions for veterans who were not disabled during their service. For example, one



recent bill backed by a major veterans organization called for a \$105-a-month pension for all low-income veterans. The *New York Times* reported that it would cost more than one billion dollars in its first year and \$148 billion before the program ran out. That bill was finally defeated but Congressmen concerned with veterans affairs warn that the same groups will certainly be back demanding the same thing next year.

#### MONEY WELL SPENT

**F**EW people realize how much we are now spending for veterans benefits, let alone the costs which will result if the veterans lobby has its way in the future. There are now some twenty-three million veterans of past wars in America of which fifteen million served in the second world war. Since I'm one of them, it is these fifteen million which concern me primarily. Expenditures on behalf of veterans last year totaled over \$5 billion—the third most expensive item in the federal budget; this item alone cost every American family an average of \$95. Since about half the population of the country is made up of veterans and their relatives, the veterans themselves must bear much of the cost of the benefit programs.

An awesome machinery has been erected to funnel out this great sum of money. Until a recent codification there were literally hundreds of laws which dealt with veterans affairs and practically every government agency is involved with them in some way. The Veterans Administration, which has chief responsibility, carries some 174,000 employees on its payroll.

No other group of civilians comes in for anything like this special attention from the government and it seems pertinent to ask how well or how badly the veterans of the second world war fare in relation to the rest of the population.

An authoritative answer to this, as well as a good many other questions about veterans problems, was provided by the President's Commission on Veterans Benefits headed by General Omar N. Bradley in 1956.\* Veterans, the Commission concluded, are on the whole better off than non-veterans. Their average monthly income is considerably higher; their educational level is three years above that of non-veterans;

they own more houses. And in general veterans hold jobs at a higher level than they did before entering the service. A good many more work at professional, managerial, and skilled jobs than before the war; fewer work as factory laborers or in service occupations.

Of course it isn't an accident that we veterans enjoy advantages of this kind. We owe a lot of them to the GI Bill of Rights and the other laws which made up the historic program of readjustment benefits, mustering-out payments, job preferences, loans, and subsidized education after the war. The premise of the program was that veterans would need help in returning to productive civilian life and it was correct. In the decade after V-J day nearly all of the fifteen million veterans received at least one kind of benefit; over half took advantage of the opportunity to obtain education and training at government expense.

By now, more than \$24 billion have been spent on postwar readjustment benefits for American veterans—and nearly \$34 billion in loans for homes, businesses, and farms have been guaranteed by the Veterans Administration. Most Americans would agree, I think, that this money was well spent—that it benefited the nation as well as fulfilled an obligation to those who had returned from the wars well in mind and body. But what about those who were discharged from the service with “disabilities”—how well have we done by them?

#### THE ABLE DISABLED

**T**HE answer, as I've suggested, is that for the most part we have done much too well by many of them: tens of thousands don't need compensation and shouldn't get it. Of course any veteran who is so disabled that he is in pain or his earning capacity is really impaired should be fully and generously provided for. But I don't think most citizens would take this to mean that every temporary hurt or minor indisposition resulting from military service should have a cash value for life.

However, this is precisely what has happened. Of the 1,785,496 veterans of the Korean War and World War II now receiving compensation for disabilities incurred in the service, *well over a million* suffer from no more than minor indispositions.

These are the so-called “10 and 20 per cent disability boys” who receive from \$19 to \$38 a month. Few of their disabilities were sustained in combat. Most result from minor injuries and

\* Copies of the Report of this Commission, on which many of the facts and conclusions in this article are based, can be obtained for \$1.25 from the U.S. Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.



illness. According to doctors who have studied many of their cases, a high proportion of them have suffered no loss of earning capacity. And according to actuarial studies, they have on the average the same prospects for a natural life span as do normal people. Their general physical condition, in brief, is on the average as good as that of other veterans and probably somewhat better than the average among the population as a whole.

If any of the low-disability veterans do have medical expenses as a result of their service ailment, the Veterans Administration pays for them in addition to the monthly disability check. So disability benefits for these men are nothing less than gifts pure and simple; as such they are undoubtedly a welcome help toward purchasing a car, a television set, and the other things that the rest of us must pay for out of what we earn.

The grotesque waste of money in needless payments points up, it seems to me, the slapdash superficiality of the way in which the entire disability program is conceived and administered. Most disinterested veterans experts I've talked with agree that at least five changes should be made:

(1) Compensation should stop as soon as possible for the majority of the 10 and 20 per cent disability boys. Some of course should stay on the rolls and some should be getting more benefits. But for most, the pointless giveaway should come to an end at once. Unfortunately, for political reasons, it probably will be necessary to settle a lump sum on those whose accounts are closed out. My own proposal—as an interim measure until the government acts—is that veterans receiving 10 and 20 per cent disability compensation voluntarily make the money they receive available to those who are very badly disabled, or to the children of their comrades who died during the war.

(It seems worth noting that only one-quarter of all veterans receiving compensation fell ill or were injured in a combat zone—not to mention combat itself. For many of them, surely, their struggles to win, raise, and hold onto their disability payments are a lot more intense than anything they underwent during the war.)

(2) The present scale of payments should be completely reconsidered. There are some disgraceful inequities, even among those who are considered to be 80 to 100 per cent disabled. Some of these men are able to make some money despite their handicap, and more power to them. Others are lying flat on their back at home, unable to work, a burden to their family, and

JAMES WRIGHT

## ON MINDING

### ONE'S OWN BUSINESS

IGNORANT two, we glide  
On ripples near the shore.  
The rainbows leap no more,  
And men in boats alight  
To see the day subside.

All evening fins have drowned  
Back in the summer dark.  
Above us, up the bank,  
Obscure on lonely ground,  
A shack receives the night.

I hold the lefthand oar  
Out of the wash, and guide  
The skiff away so wide  
We wander out of sight  
As soundless as before.

We will not land to bear  
Our will upon that house,  
Nor force on any place  
Our dull offensive weight.

Somebody may be there,  
Peering at us outside  
Across the even lake,  
Wondering why we take  
Our time and stay so late.

Long may the lovers hide  
In viny shacks from those  
Who thrash among the trees,  
Who curse, who have no peace,  
Who pitch and moan all night  
For fear of someone's joys,  
Deploring the human face.

From prudes and muddying fools,  
Kind Aphrodite, spare  
All hunted criminals,  
Hoboes, and whip-poor-wills,  
And girls with rumpled hair,  
All, all of whom might hide  
Within that darkening shack.  
Lovers may live, and abide.  
Wherefore, I turn my back,  
And trawl our boat away,  
Lest someone fear to call  
A girl's name till we go  
Over the lake so slow  
We hear the darkness fall.



they'll be in that condition for the rest of their lives. For veterans in the 100 per cent disability category, the top compensation rate of \$225 a month—in special cases it can go higher—seems, to me at least, inadequate. It should be sharply increased—doubled in some cases in my opinion—and I can think of no way in which the funds saved from cutting down on low-disability payments could be put to better use.

(3) The standards by which disability payments are determined should be thoroughly revised. Supposedly the present schedule of payments was based on an estimate of the average impairment of earning capacity which a given disability would cause. But when General Bradley's commission looked into the question it found that scarcely any information had been collected on the relation between disabilities, earning capacity, and current income. The disability schedule reflected neither modern medical knowledge nor the changes in the character of present-day jobs, which are increasingly "white collar." Veterans applying for aid were not even asked—and still are not asked—to indicate their economic situation or potential earnings. Also, extra benefits received under special statutes covering veterans who had lost a limb or suffered other incapacities were not sufficiently taken into account.

Certainly such factors as the loss of physical integrity, social inadaptability, and shortened life expectancy must be taken into account when awarding disability payments. And it can be argued that in certain cases the ability to overcome a handicap should not result in loss of compensation. But what is needed, above all, is a single comprehensive rating system based primarily—and realistically—on earning capacity.

(4) Adequate provision should be made for the recovery of veterans from their disability and their rehabilitation. This is one of the chief defects of the present system. In theory, disability payments ought to cease when the veteran recovers; in practice a large proportion of them are for life. Medical experts suggest that a re-examination of disabled veterans take place each year; as things stand now they may or may not take place and often don't.

Equally serious is the lack of co-ordination between the government's separate programs for compensation and rehabilitation. Dr. Howard A. Rusk, one of the nation's leading experts on veterans rehabilitation, feels that if disability payments are not carefully supervised they may act to stifle the veteran's initiative to stand on his own feet as a self-sufficient and productive

citizen; nothing, obviously, could be more discouraging for the operation of an effective rehabilitation program for the disabled.

Who is going to protest against changes of this kind being made in the compensation system? You can wager that the loudest complaints will come from those who need disability compensation the least. When I discussed changes in the disability program with veterans groups I found that the most violent opposition came from the American Legion, an organization which is made up for the most part of able-bodied men. The nearest agreement came from the spokesman for an organization of paralyzed veterans. He was understandably concerned that cuts made in some disability payments might extend too far and affect his group. But if that could be avoided, he was all for getting a revision of the clumsy and wasteful system under way as soon as possible.

#### HOSPITAL BEDS

JUST as scandalous as the deficiencies of the compensation program are the abuses of the veterans hospitals. The Veterans Administration runs some 173 hospitals which admit over half a million patients a year. Originally these hospitals were set up only to take care of men who were disabled—either mentally or physically—in the service. However an exception was soon made to admit men who weren't—if *extra beds were available*.

What happened was that most who applied were admitted and the beds were soon filled; pressure then mounted to construct more hospitals, providing more beds for those with disabilities received outside the service, and again the beds filled up. The cycle kept repeating itself. According to a recent report of the Veterans Administration only one of the "eligible" 22,000 veterans on its hospital waiting list had been disabled during military service—and he was merely waiting to get into a hospital in the area he preferred.\* Theoretically, a situation of this kind was supposed to have been avoided by a regulation requiring all who were not disabled during military service to sign an affidavit swearing that they couldn't afford to pay for treatment. It seems that this affidavit has now become something of a joke. And understandably. The

\* It should be noted that some of the pressure on these hospitals results from the inadequacy of state and local facilities to care for thousands of neuropsychiatric cases who are forced to turn to the veterans hospitals for treatment.



law forbids the Veterans Administration even to check up on it!

The wastage involved in the compensation program can be counted merely in hundreds of millions of dollars. Compared with the multi-billion dollar pension grab which is now in the offing—and will reach astronomical heights if the veterans organizations have their way—it really seems quite modest.

#### THE PERILS OF PENSIONS

**F**EW people seem aware that, as the law stands, at least half of all living veterans and their dependents—possibly more—will qualify for a veterans pension in addition to social security before they die. Pensions, of course, are not based on anything that happened during military service. In general, to be eligible for a pension ranging from \$66.15 to \$135.45 a month (for a veteran requiring care and attendance), a veteran must be (a) at least sixty-five years old; (b) 10 per cent disabled from any cause; (c) unemployable; (d) with a yearly income of less than \$1,400 if single and \$2,700 if married. (Younger veterans can qualify by showing a higher degree of disability.)

Obviously only a small proportion of the veterans of World War II and the Korean War are now disabled enough or old enough to qualify for pensions under these terms. Just how many will receive pensions toward the end of the century depends a lot on how the laws are interpreted and administered. At present anyone who is sixty-five and out of a job is considered—in practice, if not in regulations—unemployable. And if the standards of disability are construed in the future as they are now, we can expect that many veterans will have little trouble proving themselves disabled as they turn sixty-five.

So even at present, the pension laws and standards are extremely liberal. If they remain unchanged, it is estimated that some four million World War II and Korean veterans and their dependents will be on the pension rolls at the end of the century.

This program will cost billions of dollars each year but will be no more than a thin shadow of the pension system the big veterans organizations are now driving hard to put on the books in Washington. The American Legion, for example, wanted last year both to raise the maximum income a veteran can receive and still be eligible for a pension and to establish in law the principle that a veteran would be automatically considered both unemployable and dis-

abled when he's sixty-five. This proposal is only one of several advanced by veterans organizations which could extend pensions to virtually all veterans. It is estimated that another of the plans—for an unqualified, all-embracing service pension—would, at its peak, *cost as much as \$13 billion a year.*

Veterans would thus be set apart as a subsidized category of citizens, far more favored than any large group has ever been in the history of our country. A heavy share of the burden of paying them would fall on the rising younger generation which, from the look of things, will have quite enough troubles on its hands as it is.

#### THE REVOLUTION AND THE THUMPED CHEST

**W**HY should World War II and Korean War veterans have pensions at all? In all the high-flown doubletalk that one hears from veterans groups in support of pensions, the most consistent argument seems to be a combination of historical precedent and loud chest-thumping. Since Revolutionary times and throughout American history, it is argued, a grateful nation has awarded its veterans cash stipends as a reward for their sacrifices while protecting the nation; veterans of our most recent wars deserve the same.

Now it is true that after the Revolutionary War, the Congress voted pensions for veterans—and for excellent reasons. The typical Revolutionary soldier, a volunteer who was miserably paid during his service, returned to a chaotic and broken economy. There was no medical assistance if he had been hurt, no help toward getting a start in civilian life, and no government program to assist civilians in their old age. He needed, in fact, a pension.

All those conditions have now changed. We were relatively well-paid during the war. Those who need medical care are getting it. Readjustment benefits such as the GI Bill gave us an important push forward when we had to make our way again in civilian life. Veterans had the chance to continue their GI life insurance as civilians at very low rates. Most important of all, a national system of Social Security has been put into operation. True, it is not fully adequate for the needs of most of our population; but it is a pretty safe bet that by the time most veterans of World War II are sixty-five it will be vastly improved, along with the other forms of social insurance.

Veterans who are now better off as a group



than the rest of the population will also be better off in their old age. They acquire more savings, private pension-plan payments, and other benefits than nonveterans. They have, then, as a group, no special need for a general service pension or for a loosely administered pension for those "disabled" after military service which would, as the Bradley Commission pointed out, amount to the same thing.

It is probably for this reason that lobbyists for veterans organizations tend to talk a good deal less about future needs than about past sacrifices. Certainly there was inequality of sacrifice during the war but who can deny that there was as much of it inside the services as out of them? If we must assess different degrees of sacrifice, surely it is absurd to lump together the Army black-marketeer, the stateside military clerk, and the combat soldier who risked his life every day. There were of course some men who, to their discredit, managed to evade the military service and comfortably sat out the war. But in general, the burdens and sacrifices of military service were shared through the selective-service system about as fairly and as democratically as humans have ever done it.

The final case against pensions depends not on weighing relative sacrifices between soldiers and civilians but on the simple principle that people who are lucky enough to be citizens of this country have a fundamental duty to protect it when it is in danger.

Franklin D. Roosevelt, a President who could not be called hostile to social legislation, summed it up in these terms:

The government has a responsibility for and toward all those who suffered injury or contracted disease serving in its defense but no person because he wore a uniform must therefore be placed in a special class of beneficiaries over and above all other citizens. The fact of wearing a uniform does not mean that he can demand and receive from his government a benefit which no other citizen receives. It does not mean that because a person served in defense of his country, he should receive a pension from his government because of a disability incurred after his service terminated.

#### SOUND AND FURY AND PRESSURE

**H**OW would the majority of veterans feel about this principle? Are they lined up behind the drive for pensions? No one can know the answer with great precision, but there is

solid evidence that they aren't. According to a Roper poll, most veterans felt entitled to some help immediately after discharge and they were strongly in favor of generous assistance to those disabled in service. But only a small proportion—less than 10 per cent—thought that all veterans should be awarded pensions. When another survey asked veterans if their military service had been a handicap to them, only 10 per cent indicated that it had; the rest said either that it had helped them or that it had made no significant difference.

Practically all the sound, the fury, and the political pressure over pensions springs not from the rank-and-file but from the leadership and lobbyists of the great veterans groups—the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Disabled Veterans of America, among others. (About the only group opposed is the very small American Veterans Committee.)

The power of these groups in Washington today is staggering. The American Legion, for instance, is rated by political experts as one of the smartest and most effective lobbies operating in the country today. Working its way through the Congressional committee rooms and corridors it seems able to change its tune at will from a throbbing emotional appeal for our noble heroes to a shrewdly timed threat to swing support to a Congressman's political opponent. It can back up its campaigns with a large supply of money, with such tactics as organized letter writing, and simply with its membership figures which total some 2,750,000.

Many Congressmen are extremely reluctant to tangle with the Legion or with the other veterans groups who work along the same lines, if less elaborately. Some have been known to propose ambitious bills for veterans benefits which they make sure will die before they reach the committee stage. Pension bills have been passed in the House and then killed in the Senate—with, it was suspected, a sigh of relief from the House. But many Congressmen wonder how long a showdown with the veterans groups over pensions can be avoided.

"The pressure for veterans pensions," according to one Congressman, "is like a cloud hanging over Washington."

Since the total membership of the pro-pension groups numbers over four million, the timidity of the legislators who deal with them is comprehensible. But many experts on veterans politics seriously doubt if the top-level leadership of the organizations and the professional lobbyists they hire really speak for their mem-



bers, many of whom, they suggest, are more interested in the clubhouse camaraderie of the organizations than in legislative policy. The hard core of leaders who everlastingly plug for more benefits have been compared to old-line union bosses who feel that they must get a raise each year for their members or lose office.

This may be so, but if you talk with top officials of the American Legion, you will find no hint of uncertainty, no self-questioning about Legion policy or the degree of support for it. The men who lead the Legion are supremely confident that they speak for the veteran; any suggestions that they might be wrong, that an alternative policy might have merit, that they are advancing a minority position, are treated as if they verge on the unpatriotic. These men seem perfectly sincere in their demands for special status for the veteran. They were genuinely shocked, for example, when I told them that I had refused to collect my disability compensation. I was, they told me, committing a disservice to all veterans by doing so.

This kind of fervor, it must be said, did, in its day, produce some excellent and badly needed legislation for veterans, and in some instances it still does. The postwar GI Bill of Rights is an example. It is unfortunate that the veterans groups are now so unswervingly committed to

the quest for more and more money. It will be an extremely tough job to stop them from getting what they want.

The large mass of veterans who are not actively seeking pensions and special privileges are the ones whose voices are seldom, if ever, heard. There is, in short, no lobby for the public interest. What is most needed, it seems to me, is a Citizens Group on Veterans Affairs which would be composed of well-known leaders who hold high prestige in the public eye. Such a committee could carry on a vigorous campaign to expose the dangerous consequences which so many proposals for veterans pose to the country as a whole.

One important function of such a group would be to re-emphasize the principle on which all discussions of the veteran must turn and with which, I believe, most Americans would agree: that military service is an indispensable and honored obligation of free citizens to their country and not, in itself, the basis of special privilege. If we veterans are to be a special group apart, let us be apart only in the sense that we are less self-seeking and more dedicated to the broad national welfare than others. We can do our country a much-needed service by taking a bold stand against those who would impose great burdens on the public in our name.





# Mrs. Gopul Didn't Make It

By Raymond A. McConnell Jr.

*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*



IT WAS on the ten o'clock news broadcast after the tornado had passed that we first heard about Mrs. Gopul. The funnel that evening had missed our farm by several miles, but it demolished a granary, a hog shed, and three other buildings at her place. It left standing, however, some words of Mrs. Gopul's that were to find a special place in the lore of our family.

"We didn't have time to be scared," the news announcer quoted her. "We ran for the basement but didn't make it."

"Let that be a lesson to us," I remarked to my wife, as we herded the nervous children to the basement for the night. The weather man had warned that new twisters might be coming our way.

After all, we *did* have time to be scared. If a tornado should hit Far Ridge Farm, there would be no excuse for our not having a plausible story—one of foresight and preparedness and, as news, more satisfying than Mrs. Gopul's—to tell reporters afterwards.

Listening to the seven o'clock news the next morning, we learned that our fears had been needless. While we slept, the weather had settled down. Mrs. Gopul was still in the spotlight,

but the word from her was just the same.

"The tornado demolished five buildings at the Gopul farm including a hog shed and granary," said the announcer. "But Mrs. Gopul said, 'We didn't have time to be scared. We ran for the basement but didn't make it.'"

Our middle daughter, who had been primping in her room while my wife and I drank our morning coffee, swept into the dining-room trailing robe and unfixed hair.

"What happened to Mrs. Gopul?" she demanded. "I only heard her name."

"She ran for the basement but didn't make it, same as last night," my wife answered.

"Was she blown away?" our daughter asked.

"No, silly!" her brother broke in. "If she was, how could she tell about it? She just ran and didn't make it."

"Well!" snorted the young lady. "I think if she didn't make it she should at least have said what happened next."

So we listened to the eight o'clock broadcast. There were more details on the course of the tornado, and the damage it had done. But as to Mrs. Gopul the announcer had only the tantalizing quote we already had memorized.



She still had not made it on the nine o'clock broadcast. Nor was there any new light on what made her run if she wasn't scared. Nothing about who had accompanied her on her unsuccessful flight—she had said “we.” No comment on what it feels like not to make it in the teeth of a devastating whirlwind.

We thought the morning newspaper would print the whole story of her dramatic survival. Rusty, the mail carrier, came and went, leaving us a newspaper that either didn't have time to probe beyond Mrs. Gopul's first words, or if it did, didn't make it in print.

The ten o'clock radio news had Mrs. Gopul's story, unchanged, again.

WE LAST heard of Mrs. Gopul on the noon broadcast. Recapitulating news of the storm, the announcer closed by reciting Mrs. Gopul's enigmatic words. Then at last other news crowded her utterance out of the news—if not entirely from our family consciousness.

The National Guard was policing the stricken area. Volunteers from the countryside around were helping in the clean-up. The newspaper had started a Helping Hand Fund. But Mrs. Gopul received no mention.

That evening when our son came in from his chores in the chicken house he asked, “What about Mrs. Gopul?”

The next day our middle daughter ran in from the corral where she had been currying Flash, her Morgan horse.

“Flash tried to eat my hair!” she exclaimed. “I didn't have time to be scared. I ducked but didn't make it.”

“At least he improved your hairdo,” her brother sniffed.

Later on—as it had on the evening when Mrs. Gopul came into our lives—the radio broadcast a severe storm warning, again with the possibility of tornadoes.

Our son decided that while the basement was adequate refuge, the storm cellar would be better—if last year's rotten cucumbers could be cleaned out. (My wife had had these stored away to make pickles, but didn't make them.) As the dark clouds approached from the southwest, we carted baskets of rotted cucumbers out of the storm cellar. We rearranged the jars of wild plum jelly and chokecherry on which mold had gathered. We put a store of matches in a jar, screwing the top on tight, and set it on a shelf in the cellar with candles conveniently alongside. We laid blankets by the back door in the kitchen, where we could grab them in a quick retreat to the storm cellar outside.

Our preparations were still incomplete. Remembering Mrs. Gopul, we decided that a well-ordered family should have a story prepared in advance. We, too, might not have time to be scared or to think of what to tell reporters. And if the first thing we blurted out got broadcast, it might never get emended. We should have in readiness a statement which—once the emergency had passed—would bear repetition hour after hour on the news broadcasts and in each succeeding edition in print, and which would stand up under the critical examination of every family that could listen or read.

“How about this?” said our oldest daughter. “I was standing by my mirror when I saw the reflection of the funnel. I made my way to the cellar where by candlelight I was able to complete my preparations for the class party.”

“No,” said the middle daughter. “This is better. ‘I ran for the cellar and when I got there my wardrobe was bare.’”

“And me, I can say something too,” said the little tagalong who was never to be outdone by her sisters or brother. “I ran for the cellar and made it. How's that?”

“Ho, ho, sillies,” scoffed their brother. “Just tell them that Dad and Mother ran for the cellar and left us behind. That will make them the best story.”

MY WIFE and I did not have time to think of a suitably cutting rejoinder. The wind was gathering force, swirling funnels of dust across the barnyard. We bundled up the children in the blankets and got them out the kitchen door and shoved them toward the entrance of the storm cellar, but didn't make it . . .





# *Southerners*

## who set the Woods on Fire

By ED KERR

*Drawings by Bernard Perlin*

The South has 80 per cent of the nation's forest fires—many of them set by cold-blooded arsonists. A report on why they do it, what kind of people they are, and how their costly antics might be stopped.

**M**OST people in Jeff Davis county in southern Mississippi were in church that Sunday morning in March. Not everybody though—not the fifteen men who were planning to burn a forest before sunset.

The arsonists gathered at one man's home, consumed several rounds of beer and liquor, and mulled things over. At about 1:30 P.M., well-primed, they set out in nine cars and traveled the county roads, throwing matches and cigarettes and roman candles until all their ammunition was gone. One man brazenly stepped out of the car and set a fire in full view of a company forester.

"We're going to burn Gaylord up!" he announced. He meant the Gaylord Container Corporation, Division of Crown Zellerbach.

On this afternoon spree these men set a hundred fires and burned a thousand acres of forest lands.

Outrageous, yes—but not unusual in the South, where more than 80 per cent of the nation's



forest fires occur each year. In the eleven states which are classed as Southern by the U. S. Forest Service, 102,710 forest fires occurred in 1956. Heavy rains kept fires down in 1957, but in 1958 continues the promise of its early months, fire danger will be at a peak again. Over one week-end in early February, for example, more than 200 forest fires—most of them called incendiary by state forestry officials—burned over 8,000 acres of Louisiana woodland, while in Mississippi foresters tried vainly to stop a hundred fires that consumed nearly 4,000 acres during that Friday night alone.

Woods burning is a felony in these states—in Mississippi it is subject to a maximum of two years in prison and a fine of \$1,000. But arson is hard to prove when it's impossible to produce witnesses, and many Southern courts are reluctant to send a man to the penitentiary for burning trees. The question of why this kind of lawlessness persists has to be answered before any frontal attack on it can succeed. But, like alcoholism, incendiary woods burning seems to have scores of causes, not one. Many of them are peculiarly Southern.

If carelessness were the major factor, the South would merely share the problems of other wooded regions; but it is not. A total of 35 per cent of Southern forest fires in 1956 were caused by deliberate woods burners. In some states of the Deep South, like Louisiana, Mississippi, and Florida, the percentage of arson fires runs as high as 50 per cent. Firebugs are actually responsible for a good 80 per cent of the forest acreage loss because they burn on purpose—when the ground is dry and the wind high.



These losses are tragic in an economically poor region which is making a strong bid to become the timber capital of the world. More than one-fourth of the nation's forest acreage is in the South and more than half of the South's land is forest. If fires and other menaces to the forest can be controlled, the wood-using industries of the South may become a \$15-billion-a-year business by 1975—a very healthy adjunct to other industrialization efforts. But in spite of the \$23 million spent annually by state and federal governments and private industry to prevent and suppress forest fires, the Southern states from Texas to North Carolina are losing an average of six million acres of wood a year, six times the average loss by fire in the other thirty-seven states.

**“WHITTLE HIM DOWN  
TO SIZE”**

**W**HY do Southerners set fire to their forests? Any forester of the region can list a dozen motives, varying often by locality. One group of foresters tabulated the reasons for this behavior in the Deep South and came up with more than a hundred. As one state forester put it, “The list runs the whole gamut of human emotions.” The motives crisscross, but a half-dozen or more stand out.

Spite against the big landowner is one of the major reasons and is at the root of many excuses advanced by the woods burners themselves. The ne'er-do-well of the Southern backwoods is just plain angry because someone has enough money to buy a large tract of land in his county. Most of all he resents the outsider and the Northerner—like Crown Zellerbach—and wants to “whittle him down to size.”

In many communities, particularly near the Gulf Coast, this practice of “burning the big man” has become more or less a pastime. Take Dixie and Taylor counties of Florida, for instance, the poor man's last frontier. Industry has pushed relentlessly through Florida from the West and North, and the tourist business has pushed gradually from the South up the west coast of Florida. The two forces have almost met but not quite. The “not quite” area is Dixie and Taylor counties, located in the Big Bend of the state and split by the Steinhatchee River.

Here, “fire strolling” means idling through the woods on a lazy day and casually setting fires. Two men confessed that they started off one day with twelve boxes of kitchen matches. When they completed their walk, they recalled:

“I don't believe we had any box left!”

In Taylor and Dixie counties the coastal plain starts its twenty-five mile leveling off to the Gulf. A settler living on the last high ground can spend the morning setting fires in the lowlands and sit down on his own front porch to watch the afternoon blazes. After all, who else has a chance to be a Nero any day he chooses?

Woods arsonists aren't fussy about whom they burn, just so it's a big landowner. Many fires have occurred in national forests, like the 1953 conflagration which consumed 5,000 acres of the DeSoto National Forest in Mississippi. One windy day, it seems, four men who were “all likkered up” started out at noon a few miles north of Brooklyn and actually set a thousand fires over a distance of forty miles before they were caught. The damage was more than \$50,000.

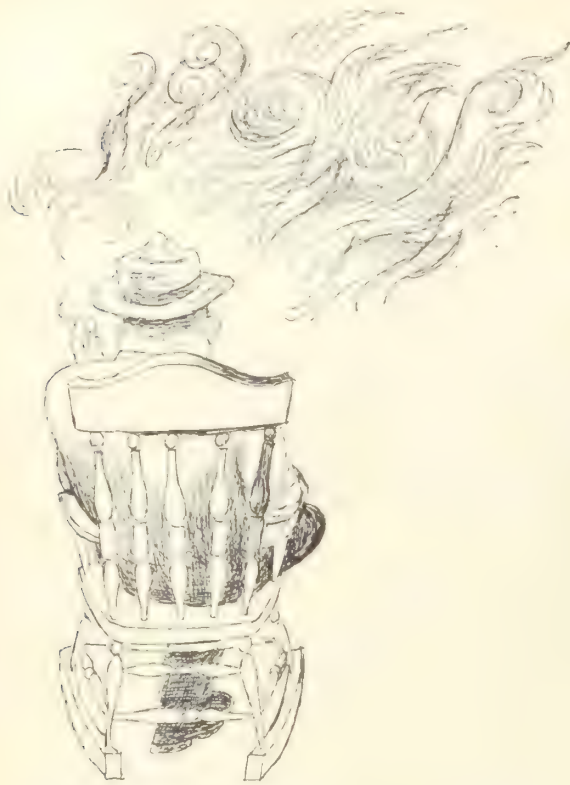
Even an old company can arouse the spiteful urge to burn trees. In Mississippi's Pearl River county, the Crosby Company has been the major timber industry since 1916 and almost everybody in the town of Picayune depends upon the company for his weekly pay check. Yet arson became such a threat in 1953 that the company was forced to deliver an ultimatum: either the fires would have to stop or they would discontinue their reforestation program. The ultimatum came in March of that year, immediately after a group of woods burners on horseback and in autos set fires which scorched 20,000 acres over a single weekend. Finally, the aroused citizenry saw to it that fire occurrence in the area abated to some degree. How? By making it known that they wanted no more fires. It is surprising how forest fires can be stopped in a community when public opinion is strong against the arsonist. But this happens all too seldom.

In the Moseley Hall area of Florida's Madison county, arsonists confessed to setting six miles of fires on company lands because of a grudge against the company. They used what is known as a “woods jugger” for transportation—a stripped down, early model car with the top cut off. From this contraption, the burner can throw torches easily to either side of the road the way a news carrier throws his papers.

A personal grudge against the landowner, of course, can flare up at the slightest provocation. Maybe the company won't give a man a job. Maybe he got the job but was fired for some reason. He might be mad at one of the company's employees, any employee, it doesn't really matter.

Two women in Florida recently spent all





afternoon setting fires on lands belonging to a paper company because the company wouldn't give a job to the son of one of the women.

"They won't give my boy something to do," she told her partner, "so I'll give them something to do!"

Hatred of "timber stand improvement" methods accounts for a large portion of the South's deliberate fires during the past ten years. This is the practice of deadening low-grade, cull hardwood trees among the pines so that the pines can flourish. Residents who are fond of squirrel hunting contend that foresters are killing off hollow trees used as dens by their game and depriving them of acorns and hickory nuts. To retaliate, they set fire to the company's woods, not caring whether they are destroying more mast themselves.

In Louisiana's Livingston parish, for instance, hardwood deadening has been a sore spot for years and has helped make the parish one of the most infamous forest arson hotbeds in the nation. The situation got out of hand in the spring of 1955 when the woods burners defiantly posted this notice in conspicuous places:

You've got the money,  
We've got the time,  
You deaden the hardwoods  
And we'll burn the pine.

Forest fires sprang up in a chain reaction and spread out of control. In twenty-six days, more than 900 fires were started and 8,000 acres of forest lands were scorched by organized arsonists. Although Livingston parish's only hope for economic salvation is forestry and its timber is known as the fastest growing in the nation, the bitter small minority was intent on wiping out the forests in one month if possible.

On one fire, arsonists held off the Louisiana Forestry Commission fire-fighters at gunpoint. Later, Chief Investigator V. E. Smith was engaged in a gunfight at the Verdun crossroads—the first time I know of when a forestry investigator was fired upon by an arsonist.

Smith got a tip on some arsonists in the area and was hiding out in the woods near the crossroads when two men appeared on the scene in broad daylight setting fires. They were armed with rifles. When Smith commanded them to halt, they started shooting and retreated through the woods to a deserted farmhouse where they jumped into their truck and left.

Although Smith's pistol was no match for their rifles (his new pistol has a much longer barrel), the arsonists of lower Livingston parish that day got a firsthand look at the Louisiana Forestry Commission's new "get tough" policy on arson fires.

#### OUTSMARTING THE FIRE-FIGHTERS

**A**NOTHER common motive may be a kind of sardonic mockery of authority. The forestry files are full of cases involving arsonists who "wanted to see the fire-fighters work harder." This is perhaps the oldest excuse for setting fires on record.

Towerman Ben Smith of Bienville parish in Louisiana likes to tell of the time during the 1920s when his area was suffering a particularly bad rash of forest fires. They were springing up mostly in one section and he couldn't understand it because all the settlers there were his old friends. One day he asked one of them about the situation.

"Say, Ned, what y'all settin' all those fires for over there? You're about to work me to death. I can't even come down from the tower at night any more!"

The settler said, "Why Ben, we're just helpin' you out. We figured you needed the money."

Smith assured him that his salary was the same, no matter how long he worked each day, to which the man exclaimed:



"Oh hell, we thought you was workin' by the hour!"

Some arsonists, less friendly in their intentions, go to even more trouble to outsmart forestry investigators. Picking a good, windy day, they will rig up a contraption with a magnifying glass aimed at a row of matches. Taking the sun into account, they "set it" to go off at a certain time. When the fire starts and draws the fire crews into that vicinity, the arsonists go to work in another section of the county.

So widespread is the problem in particular areas that even local officers of the law or employees of the company may be guilty. One arsonist was a police juror (county commissioner) in Louisiana and several have held similar positions in their communities. Many investigations have led to the conviction of employees of wood-using industries who gain their very livelihood from the forests, yet still set fire to timberlands "just for the hell of it," as they say.

One case involved an employee of a naval stores industry in DeQuincy, Louisiana. The forest ranger, hiding off the road, caught the man in the act of throwing "slow matches" from his stump truck en route to his job at the plant. Two employees of a paper company in Bogalusa, Louisiana, were caught setting fire to the very timber they were paid to manage.

#### MONEY IN FIRES

**W**HILE most of the arsonists are spite-driven, hundreds of them burn each year for economic gain. In this category, those who give the foresters continual headaches are open-range cattlemen and sheepmen who have been lords of the land for some fifty years in the Gulf Coast states. After the virgin timber was cut out in these areas and the companies moved their offices away, veritable dynasties were built up by cattlemen and sheepmen, although they didn't own a single acre of the cutover lands. Through the years, grazing rights on thousands of acres of stump-marked cutovers were "acquired" by an unwritten code and many nesters became wealthy. It was no wonder. They grazed the cattle yearlong on the free range, poor as it might be, and every cent of income from calves was profit. Every year they added more acreage to their empire and every year they burned the stubble off at springtime "to green up the grass." The fact that they often burned up tree seed and seedlings trying to become established was of no concern to them.

Naturally, when the forest landowner returned

after World War II during the rebirth of forestry in the South, a war between foresters and stockmen was inevitable. Foresters started planting trees and the stockmen balked. The result? Since World War II, the area seventy-five miles square encompassing southwest and central Louisiana has experienced more fires each year than any other similar area in the United States. As recently as this February, arsonists were hired by grazers to "green up the grass" in forests of the Edgewood Land and Logging Company in Beauregard parish. (This was the charge made by G. Lock Paret, chairman of the Louisiana Forestry Commission, who is also manager of Edgewood.)

It was in the open-range cattle country of the Deep South that the "slow match" was born. Consisting of a piece of sash cord or plowline with matches tied around the center, this ingenious device accomplishes two purposes for the arsonist: it assures him of a fire because all the matches light at one time; and it enables him to be far away from the scene when fire starts. The arsonist simply lights both ends of the rope, ties an old spark plug around it to give it heft, and slings the slow match far off the road into the brush. Any self-respecting woods arsonist is armed with twenty or thirty of these gadgets when he sets out "to get a burn."

Another favorite of the woods burning set is an ordinary cigarette with matches tied around it or stuck into it head first. The cigarette "slow match" operates on the same principle as the one made of sash cord; that is, the cigarette is lit and thrown into the woods. When it burns down far enough, the matches will ignite and set the woods on fire.

Pecan and pine knot pickers also set brush fires in order to get at the pecans and knots more easily. And Chief Investigator Joe Schuck of the Florida Forest Service has trouble each year with people "grunting" for fishing worms. They put a wooden stake into the ground and then rub a brick or stick over the post, causing a vibration which brings the worms to the surface. This practice wouldn't be unlawful in itself, but the "grunters" burn off the area first to make it easier to see the worms.

Even worse, though, are the unethical timber buyers who burn off a tract of land belonging to an unsuspecting small landowner, and then buy the damaged timber for a much lower price. Ordinary pulpwood cutters have been known to set fires near their homes, with the hope they'll get a job cutting the salvageable pulpwood the following week.



Juvenile delinquency is by no means confined to the cities, as foresters can testify. The only difference, they find, is that in the cities the "mixed-up kids" break windows, terrorize schoolmates, steal automobiles, and loot stores. In the country, they set forest fires. Although the population of rural communities is on the decline, juvenile delinquency in hundreds of forest areas in the South has jumped. In Louisiana and Florida, for example, almost 50 per cent of the known woods arson cases involve juveniles.

State Forester James E. Mixon of Louisiana points out that nearly all fires set by juveniles are just acts of vandalism—without known reason. In one case, a youth was caught who had set an almost continuous circle of fires around a valuable forest. Asked why he didn't finish the circle, the youth replied, "I ran out of matches." The same youth was sent to the penitentiary soon afterward for stealing a car.

A little more ambitious was another youth in Louisiana who set forest fires near a farmer's house. When the farmer and his family left the house to fight the fires, the youth slipped into the house and stole sixty dollars in cash.

In a West Florida county juveniles who set forty-five fires on timberlands owned by a large paper company also dynamited bridges over which fire-fighting equipment had to travel. All three youths apprehended were from good homes and some of their parents were leaders in their community.

#### CRAZY PEOPLE AND CRIMINALS

**S**TRANGELY enough, pyromania is not a major cause of forest arson, although it is one factor. Pyromaniacs have been caught in the woods and certainly most arsonists must suffer from pyromania to some degree, but this form of insanity can't be blamed for the South's fire problem. As a rule, when pyromaniacs have been found, they have been dealt with successfully. Take Sweet Emory Lolley, for instance, who was a confirmed woods burner most of his life in an upper Florida county and most certainly a pyromaniac. He was finally caught several years ago and, although he was set free, Sweet Emory has never caused any trouble since his arrest. The shock of arrest actually has cured some pyromaniacs, state foresters have found.

One who was never cured was an old backwoods woman for whom the smell of pine smoke held all the joys of life. Foresters relate that,

when she was on her deathbed, she asked her boys to go out and "sot 'em on fire so I can see the woods burnin' jes' once more 'fore I die!"

Most of the arsonist breed are ne'er-do-wells of the community, who sooner or later are caught committing other crimes—hog stealers, timber thieves, bootleggers, and lifetime loafers. State Forester Mixon describes them as "the have-nots who never had, never will have, and don't want anyone else to have."

One loafer in southeast Louisiana was caught by Agent B. F. Hyde after a two-week investigation of a series of forest fires in the area. The agent asked the man, who was in his middle twenties, why he always happened to set the fires in that locality early in the morning and late in the afternoon.

"Well," he said, "that's when I go over to my mama's house to eat my meals."

Noticing his wife and children out on the porch, Hyde asked him where they ate.

"Oh, they go over to her folks' to eat."

In Florida in March 1957, when fire setters who were caught in Taylor county claimed they actually didn't intend the woods to burn, the investigator believed them. They were in the process of stealing a railroad, rail by rail, and they accidentally set fire to the woods with their blowtorch. By that time, they had already loaded more than a mile of track onto trucks like pulpwood.

An acquaintance of long standing to courts in Florida's Okaloosa county was Willie "Lumpy" Kilcrease, who operated a "fair to middlin'" bootleg whiskey business on Panther Creek. He set fires now and then to run timber crews away when they approached too close to his still. When finally caught for arson, he admitted owning and operating a whiskey still, possessing a whiskey still, possessing liquor without paying the tax, hunting without a license, shooting turkeys out of season, and contributing to the delinquency of a minor child.

#### TRAPS FOR FIREBUGS

**M**OST Southern citizens are beginning to realize that the cost of forest arson—whatever the cause—is more than the industrial South can bear. And at last something is being done about it.

In 1956, the Southern Forest Fire Prevention Conference brought 1,200 leading citizens to New Orleans to stir up action. Follow-up meetings have been held in every state. There is evidence that the courts are handling woods



burning cases with more dispatch than before and that other enforcement measures have been sharpened, especially in the Deep South.

Foresters still believe in education as the mainstay of their general fire prevention program, but education fails with the hard core of law-breakers to whom fire-setting has become a way of life. The deliberate arsonists are probably less than one per cent of the rural people. While some of them may be susceptible to persuasion by such means of enlightenment as fairs, exhibits, personal contacts, and newspaper articles, there will still be the diehard criminals. For them law enforcement is the only present solution. State foresters know that catching a woods burner is one of the most difficult detective chores imaginable, but they also know it can be done.

Incredible as it may seem, the first forestry agent in Louisiana to catch a man in the act of setting fires with a slow match performed that deed as recently as 1955. Horace Bienvenu had noticed during months of prowling in the southwest Louisiana cut-over region that arsonists had already burned a strip clean along a two-mile stretch on the south side of the road. They had worked the south side, naturally, because the wind had been out of the north for some time and they had to throw their matches from the road. Bienvenu knew they would hit the north side as soon as the wind changed. On St. Valentine's day it changed, and Bienvenu "staked out" off the road to wait for them. Sure enough, they came, and he caught them with slow match in hand.

Since then, no woods burner can be sure that there is no one behind the next tree watching.

But though detection and enforcement may reduce the problem, they do not solve the human puzzle which makes woods burning seem a disease peculiar to the South. Twenty years ago, John P. Shea of the U.S. Forest Service made the only psychological study that we have of woods burning in a typical Southern forest area.

"We found out," he said, "that six out of eight of the basic needs or urges of the people studied

were practically at the level of frustration. We have here a setup, psychologically speaking, ready-made for numerous acts of aggression." He pointed out that this condition was aggravated by the fact that setting fire to the woods is an old agrarian custom—as much as raising cotton or dipping snuff. The sight and sound and odor of burning woods provide excitement for a people "who dwell in an environment of low stimulation and who crave excitement."

Mr. Shea's report was never followed up. It should be. To understand and to cope with the antic behavior of the lawless one per cent would involve answering some as yet unstudied questions. For example:

(1) Is there any justice in their rebellion against the big companies and the outsiders? Can their grievances—real or fancied—be cured? (At least, they could be discussed publicly.)

(2) Are state governments trying to create adequate opportunities—in the way of schooling, jobs, and recreation—for these people who have probably been "left behind" in the struggle for living? (They aren't necessarily poor—unless it is possible for fifteen men who can afford nine cars for an afternoon spree to be called poor.)

(3) Is it true that legal punishment is the only answer, that these lawless people belong to the minority of Southerners that W. J. Cash—perhaps the most perceptive observer of his own people in this century—believed to be the "least reconstructible" characters ever developed? "Violence, intolerance . . . an inclination to act from feeling rather than from thought, an exaggerated individualism and a too narrow concept of social responsibility"—these were some of the failings which Cash found still lingering in the South of 1940. Perhaps the woods burners in the South today are the very dregs of that drained society.

If the community—and its courts—expect these bad actors to reform on their own, or just dwindle away, law and order in the South will be a long time coming. And prosperity too.



# TIME ON OUR HANDS

Like it or not, the new leisure is going to change a great many of the old truisms we've lived by. It is full of booby traps . . . but full of promise, too.

RECENTLY I discovered among some papers that my mother had stowed away in a deserted file a clipping from a magazine of the 1920s. It was headed "Schedule for a One-Maid House." The house, it said, "has seven rooms: a living-room, dining-room, porch, kitchen, maid's room and bath, three bedrooms, and two baths." The schedule starts with:

6:45 A.M. *Wash and Dress*

and ends with:

8:00 P.M. *Plans for the evening will be adapted to the household convenience.*

Bridget, if that was her name, was busy in the intervening hours with cleaning, cooking, bed-making, baking, and polishing silver and brass. Her respite came sometime between 1:30 and 3:00 P.M. when, according to the schedule, she was to "clear table, wash dishes, go to own room to rest, bathe, and change dress." At 3:00 she was back in the kitchen, "ready to answer door, etc."

Leisure was not much of a problem for Bridget at work in a one-maid house. Her schedule covers six days (on Saturday it says: "Bake cake for Sunday") and like everyone else she had Sunday as her only day off. (She doesn't seem to have had "maid's night out" on the customary Thursday.)

The familiar picture of the maid on her day off was of a girl dressed "fit to kill" on her way to meet her friends at church. The equally familiar picture of the man of the house was father asleep in a hammock buried under the Sunday paper. Leisure in those days was merely a restorative for work. Now leisure has be-

come work in its own right . . . and a worry to lots of earnest Americans.

Last year at the commencement exercises at New York University a clergyman said to the graduating class: "America can be undone by her misuse of leisure. Life is getting easier physically, and this makes life harder morally."

There are, of course, a great many professional and business men who wonder what all this talk about leisure is; somehow it is no problem to them—or so they think. There are also a good many women, especially young married women, who would give their heirlooms for a few minutes to themselves. They have only to wait.

But leisure is making some thoughtful people uneasy. In January the American Council of Churches met in Columbus to discuss the spare time of our increasingly urbanized populace. The Twentieth Century Fund is deep in an investigation of leisure and the University of Chicago is (with the help of Ford Foundation funds) making a study of the nature of leisure and how people use it. Corporations not only worry about the leisure of their employees; they do something about it. Schoolteachers and social workers and local politicians worry about it, about footloose youngsters, about long summer vacations for teen-agers, and about juvenile delinquency. City planners, safety experts, highway engineers watch the growing number of hours when families are not at work and feel they have to go somewhere. Where? To what extent is the boredom of leisure responsible for young drug addicts, for the common cold, for muggings on city streets?

Every new scientific development, whether it is aimed at saving our skins or washing our dishes, leads in one way or another to reducing still further the sweat of the public brow. The four-day week which looms on the immediate horizon (and which causes such consternation in the corporate breast) is, of course, less the product of labor's demands than of manufacturing genius. Machines not men have created the



three-day weekend, and men are worried about what to do with it. Not long ago the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers Union made a survey of its membership. It asked them: "... if and when the Union enters a bargaining program for shorter hours" how would they like this additional leisure to be distributed? Would a housewife, for example, "want her husband at home three consecutive days?" Good question.

The attitude of many large corporations has been somewhat different. They have attacked the problem of employee leisure head on. They have provided all sorts of sports facilities, music clubs, theater groups, and bowling leagues. IBM has its own golf courses for its employees. Bell and Howell has baseball fields lighted for night games. Ford's River Rouge plant has an indoor shooting range, tennis courts, baseball diamonds (nine of them), and horseshoe pits. Corning Glass has its own museum, visiting repertory theater, and changing exhibitions, in addition to automatic bowling alleys, basketball courts, and dancing classes.

Business is not sentimental about the new leisure. "Many of these off-the-job or after-hours activities," the head of employee relations for General Motors has said, "have not only a therapeutic value, but can actually sharpen or increase employees' skills." And the President of Bell and Howell has said, "Everyone in the organization gains from a well-planned recreational program."

#### HOW TO KEEP THE IDLE RICH FROM COMMITTING SUICIDE

**B**UT these efforts to sponge up the ocean of the so-called leisure time which has engulfed us can only put a few drops in the bucket. The truth is that while the new leisure has come on us fairly gradually, it has found us not at all prepared. If we are to cope agreeably with it, we are going to have to change our minds about some shibboleths and even some rather basic beliefs. To do this, we need to understand what has happened to the pattern of our leisure and where it is likely to lead.

Leisure is not a new problem born of automation, but it is a new problem for a great many kinds of people who were never much concerned with it when Bridget was working her seventy- or eighty-hour week in the one-maid house. America has had a leisure class since the industrialization of our country began, and in the 1850s the art critic James Jackson Jarves complained in shocked tones of the number of

scions of wealthy families who threw themselves into rivers because they were so bored that life seemed not worth living. (Mr. Jarves wanted to interest such young men in the arts as a suitable outlet for their energies and money.) These young men, whom we would call the idle rich, had on a large scale the same problem that nearly everybody in America has today on a small scale. In its simplest terms, the primary problem of leisure is how to avoid boredom.

We used to be more accomplished at being bored than we are today, or at least we seem to have taken boredom with better grace in the days of party calls and decorous parlor games. We assumed a high moral tone toward leisure, and in some respects this tone persists. "The devil finds work for idle hands," our parents said and shook their heads; and when they said, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," they meant, of course, that Jack should work most of the time but not quite all of it. Primarily leisure was thought of as a way to get a man back on his feet so that after Sunday he could put in sixty or so productive hours from Monday through Saturday. Leisure for women (few women in those days had jobs) was something quite else—it was the custody of culture and good works. Women in their spare time were expected to cultivate the arts, foster the education of their children, and play the role of Lady Bountiful in the community.

It was a neat division of family functions and a tidy way of life. Father's leisure was restorative; mother's was extremely productive. But more has changed than just the roles of men and women; the whole complex machinery of leisure has changed.

Briefly the changes are these:

In the last few decades what had started about a century ago as a trickle of people from the country and small towns to the cities became a torrent. Cities filled like cisterns and overflowed into suburbs, and as we shifted from a predominantly agricultural economy to a predominantly industrial one, we changed the nature of much of our leisure from what might be called a natural one to an artificial one, from pleasures provided by nature to pleasures concocted by man. Ways of using leisure began to come in packages—in cars, in movies, in radios, and most recently in television sets, and what was once the sauce only for the city goose became the sauce for the country gander as well. City culture is now within easy reach of everyone everywhere and everyone has the same access to talent that only a few decades ago used to be reserved

for the rich and the urbane.

During the time when we were changing from a rural to an urban culture, the length of the work-week fell from sixty hours or more to forty or thirty-five. Gradually the five-day week became an almost universal reality, and the four-day week is on the immediate horizon. With more leisure time, men have, quite naturally, taken on some of the household chores that only a short while ago they wouldn't have been caught dead at, and have assumed some of the cultural responsibilities which were once the domain of their wives. They have also, with time on their hands and cars at their disposal, turned again to many kinds of rural recreation . . . to fishing and hunting, especially, but also to sailing and skiing. The most solitary of all sports, fishing, is also the most popular of all sports with American men.



#### THE CASH VALUE OF THE DEVIL'S WORK

**B**UT the greatest assault on old patterns of leisure and on the shibboleths about devil's work for idle hands, has been industry's discovery that it needs the consuming time of workers as much as it needs their producing time. In an economy, geared as ours is to making life comfortable for everyone, it is essential to business that people have time to enjoy their comfort and to use up the things that make life comfortable.

A tremendous part of our production plant is committed to promoting leisure—to automobiles, to television sets, to time-saving gadgets, to sports equipment, and to hundreds of services which are unnecessary to life but which contribute to relaxed living. Our economy, in other words, is more and more involved with Time Off. Think of the industries, the purveyors of pleasure, that would collapse if we were to go back to the sixty-hour week. It looks as though we were far more likely (and not because of pressures from labor but the demands of technology and automation) to go to a twenty-eight hour week.

Urbanization, the shorter working day and week, and the changing roles of the sexes have, heaven knows, produced tremendous changes in the ways Americans live. But the premium put on the consuming time of the worker by our

economic system presents us with a tidily packaged moral dilemma. When idleness is a public virtue, what becomes of the moral value of work? What are we going to substitute for the old adages on which we were brought up? What are we going to tell our children? What will happen to the economy if we go on saying that virtue is its own reward, that work is good for the soul, and that leisure is only a reward for toil? What happens to the Calvinist ethic?



This is a problem I would rather refer to a dilettante than to an economist or a clergyman or certainly to an engineer. The economist would consider it from the point of view of wealth, the clergyman of the after life, and the engineer of production. The dilettante can be counted on to look at it from the point of view of life, liberty, and especially the pursuit of happiness.

#### A SPECIAL KIND OF LOVER

**I** WOULD like to contend in all seriousness, at this moment when there is such a cry for engineers and when our theological seminaries are bursting at the doors, that what we need is more dilettantes. Compared with good dilettantes, good engineers and good clergymen are a dime a dozen. Every newspaper account of the engineering shortage is contradicted by another story of how big corporations are hoarding engineers the way people hoarded butter during the war. Recently, Dr. Robert J. Havighurst of the University of Chicago made it quite clear that the number of engineers and technologists being trained in our technical schools is more than



adequate to our needs; the shortage, he said, is in good teachers. In the long run our civilization will be measured more accurately by our know-why than by our know-how.

It is probably because in the triumvirate of our ideals—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—the last of these has always seemed to our Calvinist society rather naughty, that we have come to look down our noses at the dilettante. We have dismissed him as a trifle; we have despised him as a parasite on other people's work, the fritterer, the gadfly. But there was a time when the word dilettante was by no means the term of opprobrium it has become.

Originally *dilettante* meant a lover of the fine arts (it comes from the Latin word for delight) and it was used to distinguish the consumer from the producer. Its application spread beyond the arts in England, and in the eighteenth century the Society of the Dilettanti was a club of influential men interested not only in the arts but in the sciences and in archaeology. It meant the man of intellectual curiosity who devoted part of his time to the intelligent cultivation of

cal Society of Philadelphia, and others who, dabbling in the arts, somehow founded a string of distinguished museums across the nation and filled them with masterpieces, and, of course, a good many bad guesses. These men were dilettantes. There is no other word that fits them.

In the nineteenth century the word came on hard times. "The connoisseur is 'one who knows,' as opposed to the dilettante who 'only thinks he knows,'" said F. W. Fairholt in the 1850s. Fairholt, an antiquary who wrote among other things *A Dictionary of Terms in Art*, was, there is no question, a connoisseur, and like all experts he was impatient of non-scholars who pretended to the delights he reserved for himself and his kind. A connoisseur, he said, "is cognisant of the true principles of Art, and can fully appreciate them. He is of a higher grade than the amateur, and more nearly approaches the artist." In his definition of an amateur he puts the emphasis on his "skill" as a performer and his non-professionalism, just as we do today, and in his definition of the dilettante, while he acknowledges the seriousness of the original meaning of the word, he bemoans the dilettante's pretentiousness and his use of the arts for purposes of social climbing. He admits (as people who consider themselves connoisseurs today rarely admit, however far they may go in buttering up the dilettante for their own purposes) that the arts need the enthusiasm that the dilettante's support brings to them.

The trouble (and it is a trouble) is that, with the decline of the word *dilettante*, there is no word left to describe the enthusiast who is more serious than the fan, less knowledgeable than the connoisseur, and hasn't the skill that makes an amateur. (The amateur is, after all, basically a performer.) What we need in our society, I contend again, is more real dilettantes, and we need to extend the meaning of the word to many

delights besides the arts and sciences.

The dilettante is just a consumer. He is a man who takes the pursuit of happiness seriously, not frivolously, and he works at it. He is part sensualist, part intellectual, and part enthusiast. He is also likely to be a proselytizer for those causes in which his interests are involved, and to be rather scornful of those people who do not take their



the arts and sciences, to the resources of leisure and the satisfactions of the mind.

If you transplant the idea of the eighteenth-century dilettante from England to America, you discover that he was Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin—one a farmer who dabbled in architecture and introduced a new style to America, the other a printer who dabbled in natural science and flew a kite into a thunderstorm. You discover several others who got together and started a talkfest that became the Philosophi-



pleasures seriously and who are passive instead of active in the cultivation of them. But whatever else he may be he is not lazy. He may or may not have a job that he finds interesting, but he does not use his leisure in a miscellaneous and undirected fashion. He knows what he wants out of life and will go to a lot of trouble to get it. Primarily, in Voltaire's sense, he wants to cultivate his own garden.

#### THE CRANK ON QUALITY

**Y**OU will find dilettantes everywhere and in every aspect of our culture. I found one a few weeks ago driving a taxi in New York. He was a man in his early sixties.

"I only drive this hack three days a week," he said. "The other four days I go fishing. I like to fish and I'm pretty good at it."

By the time he had delivered me home I knew what he fished for at what times of year, what bait he used and where and in what weather, and which were the best fishing boats and captains going out of New York harbor. I asked him what he did with all the fish he caught.

"I got a son-in-law runs a saloon," he said. "I give them to his customers."

Probably the most common and in some ways the most accomplished of American dilettantes is the baseball fan, though the national pastime is being crowded out of its position as top banana of entertainment these days by serious music. The baseball fan knows his subject with something very close to genuine scholarship. He is an expert in the minutiae of its history and understands the nuances and subtleties of its performance. He takes as much pleasure from the refinements of its details as from the outcome of any single game, and he enjoys the company of others with whom he can argue the relative virtues of performance and make comparisons with other similar situations. He demands skill on the field of a truly professional caliber, and he lets his displeasure with anything less be known in the most direct and uncompromising manner. He is, by and large, a less tolerant dilettante than the one whose interest is devoted to art, for his expert eye is less subject to changes in fashion. Unquestionably without him the standards of baseball would long since have gone to pot.

The simple fact is that the dilettante is the ideal consumer, not ideal, perhaps, from the point of view of those producers who would like their customers to accept their products with blind confidence, but ideal from the point of view of maintaining standards of quality . . .

whether material or cultural. He takes his functions as a consumer seriously. He takes the trouble to know what he likes and to sort out the shoddy and the meretricious from the sound and reasonable. If he is a dilettante of music, for example, he demands the best performance from his record-player. He is unimpressed by an imitation mahogany cabinet in the Chippendale manner, but he knows that the components of his hi-fi equipment are the very best that he can afford. (He can, in fact, be credited with the very great improvement in mass-produced sound equipment; it was his interest in high-fidelity that spread the word to the general public and raised the level of public acceptance.)

We are likely to associate the dilettante only with the arts, which is one reason why he has such a bad name in America. In the rambunctious and expansive days of the nineteenth century when America was growing and fighting its way across the continent, toil was man's business; culture was left to women. So were most other refinements of life, and the arts were thought of as sissy and men who showed any interest in them as something less than virile. A man who didn't sleep through a concert or an opera was regarded with suspicion. It was only when a man retired from business that it was considered suitable for him to spend his money on art—not necessarily because he liked it or knew anything about it but because it gave him social prestige. Except in a few Eastern Seaboard cities, the arts were women's work, and there was no time and place for the dilettante.

#### THE ASCENT OF BABBITT

**T**HE nature of our new-found leisure is rapidly changing the old stereotypes. The businessman who doesn't make some pretense at an interest in culture, who doesn't support the local symphony and museum, who isn't on the library board or out raising money for his college is looked upon as not doing his duty, much less serving his own interests. Babbitt isn't Babbitt any more. Babbitt is by way of becoming a dilettante. A lot worse things could happen to him. In no time at all being a dilettante will not be considered un-American.

The point at which the dilettante becomes an "expert" but not a "professional" is an indistinct one. Two successful businessmen who have, in their leisure time, become naturalists of considerable reputation are an officer of J. P. Morgan & Co., R. Gordon Wasson, who has recently produced an important book of original



research on mushrooms, and Boughton Cobb, a textile manufacturer who is one of the world's leading authorities on ferns. A few years ago an ancient language known to scholars as "Minoan Linear B" that had had scholars completely at sea for years was "broken" by an English architect, Michael Ventris, for whom cryptanalysis was a leisure activity. These three men became experts, not professionals, dilettantes in the best sense, not amateurs.

Obviously not many men in any generation are going to be able to extend their leisure activities to such levels of distinction. But leisure without direction, without the satisfaction of accomplishment of some sort is debilitating to anyone brought up in an atmosphere, like ours, in which the virtues of work have been so long extolled and are so deeply imbedded in our mythology. The greatest satisfaction of the dilettante is not in doing but in discovering, in discriminating, and in enjoying the fruits of his knowledge and his taste.

There will, of course, always be those who can only find satisfaction in making something, the eternal do-it-yourselfers, the cabinetmakers, and needlepointers, and gardeners, and model builders, and rug hookers. These are the amateur craftsmen who often achieve professional competence. There are also those who will find their only satisfactions apart from work in sensuous pleasures, in sports, and food and drink, and love. The dilettante finds his satisfactions primarily in the mind. He is the ideal traveler, the perfect audience, the coveted reader, and the perceptive collector.

#### IS HE A Highbrow?

**B**UT he is not by any means necessarily a highbrow. Indeed the ideal dilettante is not. He may be a professional intellectual or he may not, but he does not pose as what he isn't. His tastes and his knowledge may well run to abstruse and esoteric things, to the dances of Tibet or the jewelry of pre-Columbian Mexico, but they may just as well run to the square dance and baseball cards. The dilettante of jazz, the man who knows the names of the instrumentalists in all of the great bands of the last thirty years, is as important a dilettante as the man who knows his Mozart by Koechel numbers. It is genuine, not simulated, enthusiasm that counts. The function of the dilettante is to encourage a high degree of performance in whatever field of interest happens to be his, to be an informed, but by no means conventional,

critic, and to be a watchdog. He must be both an enthusiast and an irritant who will praise what measures up to his standards and needle producers into doing as well as they know how, and better. He is an incorrigible asker of hard questions. He keeps controversy in our culture alive, and if he is sometimes proved to be dead wrong, he is at least never dead on his feet. He is the want-to-know-why man and the traditional anathema of the know-how man.

Several months ago I found myself in an argument, or the beginnings of one, in a radio interview with a well-known broadcaster. "Our colleges need to produce more and better trained men," he said, and I countered with the suggestion that they needed to produce better educated men. "We need experts," he said.

"We need dilettantes," I replied, and the word so surprised him that he gingerly changed the subject to safer ground.

I would like to change my position, but only slightly. What we need are trained men with the capacity for being dilettantes. There can be no argument with the fact that an industrialized society must have a great many highly trained men and women with specialized knowledge and skills. But in this country the consumers and the producers are the same people; all of us work both sides of the economic street. We are, the great majority of us, the part-time idle rich, and no nation, so far as I know, has ever found itself in such a position before. Ours is a society in which no man's nose need be permanently to the grindstone, and where every man is a potential dilettante.

We have thought of our know-how as our most exportable commodity, and when somebody else demonstrated, moon-fashion, a superior know-how, we took it as a blow to our "national prestige." In fact our most exportable commodity has been a cultural one, a way of life that balances work and leisure for almost everyone and distributes the fruits of labor with astonishing, if not complete, evenness. Our most effective know-how has been in the production of leisure, a commodity filled with promise and booby traps. It is the engineer with his slide rule who knows how to produce leisure, but it is the dilettante who knows how to use it and make it productive.

It will be as dilettantes and consumers that we will, in the long run, determine the quality of our culture. We will determine not only the gadgets of our civilization but the fate of its arts as well. We will determine whether the pursuit of happiness has, after all, been worth it.



# THE IOWAN'S CURSE

A Story by Charles C. Finney

*Drawings by Rexa Brandt*

**A**FTER the defense plant had closed, people left Alameda, Arizona, in droves. They had no idea that a few inches' rain, with that one military gone, would make a living out of it. Your neighbor's washing he came down, and you didn't even have a neighbor any longer.

They moved to the south. We had our own money and wanted to live in a place where it was quiet. Alameda was very quiet. The church there was just what the doctor had ordered for both of us.

We bought a nice little place several miles from the main square. It consisted of a small and very comfortable house and the finest view of unimproved street land. Slightly off center in the various plan was an outcropping of rock that came about thirty feet on the ground could be made. That's all. The very finest quality of the Cathedral. It made a good landmark.

We had to make our own church for our little

house, and it was a power of coziness when we finally had everything arranged to our satisfaction. I had got out her brushes and paints and cash. I decided to bird watch. I had some books on Arizona birds.

We had a visitor about five days after we moved in. He was a grumpy old man, older than I at any rate, and much grumpier. He was from Iowa, had made his money in the haberdashery business, and had come to southern Arizona to get away from the severe Iowa winters, and to see if the climate would help his wife's asthma.

"She never had a comfortable day in Iowa," he said. "Here she can sleep right again."

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Coming on four years now."

"How do you like it?"

"Why, the weather's right enough, but there's something wrong with the place."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, I don't exactly know. But it seems like when you do a favor or something for anybody out here, they turn against you."

"That's odd," I said.

"It's just odd," said the grumpy old Iowa man. "It's the work of the Devil. It isn't only people doing it to you, it's everything."



"I don't understand," I said.

"Well, it's like this," he explained. "My missus is a friendly type woman. She likes people; that is, she did. Well, we had a neighbor when we first came here. Young woman married to a young fellah who worked in the defense plant. Lived right next door to us. Well, my missus went over there calling one day, and the young woman she was there with her baby, and the baby was sick, and the house looked awful; and my missus hates a messed-up house. So she says to the young woman, 'You tend your baby, honey, and I'll kinda straighten up a little for you.' And she did it. She made the beds and swept the floor and did the dishes, stacks of dishes. And the young woman was real grateful, and the baby got better, and my missus felt like she had done a good deed. She told me so when she came home.

"Next day she went over there again. The house was still kinda clean, but there was that sink again piled high with dirty dishes, and the young woman said the baby had been so pickety and fretful that she just hadn't had the time to get to her dishes. So my missus said, 'Honey, you just sit there and tend your baby, and I'll do your dishes.' So she did them, stacks of them. And then she sat and visited with the young woman for a spell and then she came on home.

"Well, after a couple of more days, she went over to see the young woman again, and there the house was looking like the city dump, and the sink piled high with dirty dishes. And this time the baby wasn't even sick. It was laughing in its crib. My missus she just sat this time and never offered to do anything; and when she left the young woman didn't ask her to come back again. And the young woman also told some of her friends that my missus was a nosy old fool that liked to stick her beak into other folk's business.

"'Well,' I said, 'Mother, those things happen. You did that young woman a good turn, but she didn't appreciate it. Thank goodness, everybody isn't like that.'

"That's what I thought. Till it got to be my turn.

"I was driving back from town, see, and there's a fellow and his wife that we knew slightly standing by their car in the middle of the road. Their car had gone dead on them, and I offered to give them a shove. They were real grateful and said thanks and hopped into their car, and I drove up slow till the bumpers touched and started to shove them. Well, I shoved them maybe a mile, and there was a chug hole or something in the

road, and his bumper went down and my bumper went up; and the things latched. He was a real excitable fellah, and he jumped out of his car and started cussing me for not driving more careful, specially when I was pushing him. I told him to settle down and take it easy. I got a tire iron and prized the bumpers apart. Then I told him to get back in his car, and I'd push him the rest of the way. Which I did.

"Well, it seems when I prized the bumpers apart with the tire iron I must of bunged his up some way, because when we got to his place and stopped and I backed away, why, his rear bumper came away with me. His wife bawled and he cussed. He came at me till he saw I still had that tire iron in my hand.

"I drove off. He sued me for damaging his car, and I had to pay. I said to Mother: 'Next time you see me doing anything in the way of a favor for anybody, kick me quick so's I'll stop.'

"'You do the same for me,' said Mother. And we've never done any favors since. It's not safe to do favors in Manacle. Something about the place."

I asked him why he and his wife kept staying on at Manacle if they disliked the people so.

"Revenge," he said. "I put my curse on this place, and me and Mother are staying here to watch it work."

"Is it working?" I asked.

"Something's working," he said with a mixture of a snort and a laugh. "The defense plant's shut down. There ain't any work for the dear neighbors. The young woman who was so snotty with my missus had to go back to her folks in Oklahoma with her baby when her husband ran off with another woman. That sweet-tempered fellah I gave the push for when his car was stalled got fired when the plant closed and lost his house and his car, too. It's that way with everybody. Except me and Mother. We ain't dependent on any defense plant. If it ain't my curse that's working on Manacle, it's somebody's curse. And that's good enough for me and Mother.

"Mind you," he concluded, "I never had the idea of doing you a favor when I stopped by here to say hello. And don't get the idea that I have done you a favor. I ain't. I have given you a warning and that's all. I don't do favors any more."

WITH that he left, and Jane came out of the house to see who it was I had been talking to.

"It was just an old nut with a grudge against

the world," I said. "Because of a few coincidental irks, he thinks everybody's against him. He just stopped by to warn me about Manacle."

"But why should he warn you?" asked Jane. "And against what?"

"He says he put a curse on Manacle," I explained, "and he seemed to imply that the curse might affect us, too."

"Where's the old buzzard from?" asked Jane.

"Iowa."

"Is there anything particularly lethal about an Iowan's curse?"

"He seemed to think there was."

"Well, I feel sorry for him," said Jane. "It's such beautiful country here. His attitude seems so silly. Is there any way of avoiding his curse?"

"I'm not sure," I said, "but from what I gathered the best way is not to do favors for anyone. That way you escape it."

"Well," said Jane, "that should be easy enough for us, for we are very selfish people, and doing favors is absolutely foreign to our natures. When is the last time you did a favor for anyone?"

I tried to think back but couldn't remember a single one.

Jane said: "Well, curse or no curse, we'll have to chance it and drive into Manacle to get some groceries. Let's take the Cadillac instead of the pickup, and not look so rancherish for a change."

SO WE got into the Cadillac, and we sped along over the beautifully tended gravel desert road. We had driven perhaps two miles when up ahead we saw a girl standing beside a body in the road, and the girl was trying to wave us down. I slowed and stopped.

"Something's happened to Jim," the girl wailed. "We were just taking a hike, and he grabbed his side and fell over and groaned. Can you get him to a doctor quick?"

"We can try," I said, and I leaned over to help Jim up.

But Jim sprang up of his own accord and

thrust a revolver—which he had concealed under his prone body—in my face.

"Hands up, Grandpa," he snarled. "Hands up. Back up. Turn around. Kneel down. Put your hands behind you. Put the cuffs on him, Nellie Rose. Get out of the car, Grandma. Hurry up. Kneel down. Put the cuffs on her, too, Nellie Rose. Now both of you stay put till you count five hundred and twenty-seven."

Then he and the girl leaped into the Cadillac and drove off.

Jane and I helped each other to our feet. "Don't swear," said Jane. "It doesn't do any good. Somebody will catch them. Can you walk with your hands that way?"

"I think so," I said. "Can you get the cigarettes out of my pocket?"

She could and did, and we knelt down behind each other by turns to get lights from her cigarette lighter. But we couldn't flick ashes or manage the cigarettes after they were lighted, so we spat them out.

"This is a well-traveled road," said Jane. "Let's just start ambling toward town, and somebody will be along and pick us up in a jilly."

"The Iowan's curse doesn't waste any time," I said. "You noticed, didn't you, how it took hold the moment we started to do what we thought was a favor for those delightful young people?"

"Yes, I noticed," said Jane. "And if an Iowan can make his curse stick, why can't I? I hereby put my curse upon both the young man and the young lady."

"So do I," I said. And I also said: "Look, there's a car coming. Wave your head at it or something so that the driver will stop and pick us up. I want to see the sheriff, the high sheriff, of this benighted county."

Jane waved her head; the car cut out to the side of the road to avoid us and barreled on past at fifty miles an hour.





"My, but people are accommodating in this country," said Jane.

"Maybe they, too, have also heard of the Iowan's curse," I said. "Chin up. Stride along. There will be more cars."

There were. There must have been seven more. And each one swerved and passed us as if we were exposed booby traps with warning flares on every side.

"Really," said Jane after a while, "that curse thing isn't as funny as I naïvely supposed it to be. How much farther is it to the vile little hamlet known as Manacle?"

"I can see its spires and towers now through the gentle desert haze," I said. "We will be there in a matter of minutes. This is the most horrible way to walk I have ever experienced. I ache from my shoulder blades to my heels. I have a headache. I need a drink. I shall not burden you now with how I feel about that adolescent bushwhacker and his scabrous camp follower."

"Tell me about the way the Chinese Communists torture people, dear," said Jane. So I told her about that until we entered the fringes of Manacle and found a house with a telephone. We kicked against the door because we could not knock, and the startled inmates summoned the authorities.

TUCSON police caught the young couple who had robbed us of our Cadillac, but not before the young couple had run the Cadillac off the road and set it afire. The fellow and his girl were wanted on a homicide charge in California and were extradited there to stand trial, California's case having precedence over mine and Jane's. So we never had the pleasure of appearing as witnesses against them in court and watching them wince as the judge pronounced sentence. However, California was an able proxy for us. The young man was sentenced to death on the homicide charge, and the young lady was sent to a hospital for the criminally insane. In a way we felt recompensed. The Cadillac's insurance provided us with a new Cadillac.

"See," I said to Jane, when the new Cadillac was delivered, "the Iowan's curse was only a transitory thing. In a way everything has turned out for the better."

"Uh huh," said Jane. "That reminds me. I didn't tell you about the men from the air base who were out here quail hunting, did I?"

"No," I said, still admiring the new Cadillac. "What about the quail hunters from the air base?"

"Well," said Jane, "when you were in town getting gasoline put in the new Cadillac there was some shooting in the direction of the Cathedral rock where you feed the quail. I went over there, and there were three air-base men, sergeants or something. They had killed a lot of quail; they had them in the jeep thing they were driving. I told them they were hunting on private property, which was against the law because the property was posted, but if they would just leave and not kill any more of our quail I would do them a favor and not take down the jeep thing's number and report them to the air base and also to the game warden."

"Hold it," I said. "You told them you would do them a favor?"

"Uh huh," said Jane. "And I nearly bit my tongue off after I did it."

"Well . . . go on," I said.

"They left," said Jane briefly. "They had been drinking. They called me Grandma and said a lot of insulting things about how I looked in my shorts. But they left."

"How did they get out?" I asked.

"Just like they got in," said Jane. "They drove their jeep thing right through our fence. There's two big crash-throughs in the fence now."

"Did you get their car number?" I demanded.

"No," said Jane. "That was just a bluff."

I put in a long-distance call to the air base, demanded to speak to the commanding officer, and was shunted over to some underling chicken colonel who was sincere but rather feeble. "We have over three thousand men here," he said. "It'll be hard to identify the ones you have accused from what you have told me. A lot of them go hunting, you know. But I'll try. I'll call you back if I can find out anything."

He called back the next day. He'd checked with the provost marshal, he said, and found that three enlisted men who had been quail hunting up in our neighborhood had met with an accident on their return to the base and were now in the base hospital suffering varying degrees of injuries. It seemed that the men had gotten drunk on the trip and had smacked their jeep into a bridge abutment. Two had spinal injuries and broken legs, and the third had a broken neck. The colonel asked if I wanted to prefer charges against them after the base medics got them patched up.

"No," I said. "Let it drop."

I told Jane what the colonel had reported, and I said: "Isn't there some theory or other about passive revenge? The idea that when somebody does you dirt, you don't actively do any-

thing in return but just sit back and wait, and, sooner or later, Old Nobodaddy or the Sea Hag or the Norns catch up with them and deal it out good?"

"I don't remember reading anything like that," said Jane, "but it sounds reasonable. If the author wants any new case histories to use when he brings out a new edition of his theory we can give him some which will do for footnotes at the least."

"I'm disturbed," I said. "Nothing like this has ever happened to us before. The whole pattern seems so vicious. People go out of their way to injure us in some manner; we sit back in dismay and anger because we can do nothing about it, and then, bam! The sky caves in on them without our moving a finger. But why?"

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," said Jane. "There have been some coincidences, and that's all. Our experience is probably universal. Don't make so much over it. Stop acting as if there's a big eye up there somewhere brooding over our next moves and tentatively pulling the strings of its evil puppets."

"I cannot deny the reasonableness of your conclusions," I sighed. "But, nevertheless, I do not care to mix again with the human species—yourself excepted—for a spate of days. Gather up your paints and your easel, and I will gather up some suet, crusts, and bird seed. Let us go out amidst our ten acres, you to paint its beauties, and I to feed its avians. There, let the eye brood down upon us; let the Iowan brew his curses as he wills."

"You pompous old fool!" said Jane. "But it is a good idea. Come on, let's go."

**I**N THE sunlight among the mesquite and paloverde trees, the world was at her loveliest that gentle autumn afternoon. I spread out some viands for the desert birds and sprawled beside Jane as she daubed with her colors. We had brought along a lunch basket and some cans of beer.

"I had a letter yesterday," said Jane chattily, "from Mrs. So-and-so in Tucson. They are trying to start up a new art gallery there, and she said the hanging committee would consider it a great favor if I would submit some of my paintings for their first exhibit. She mentioned 'Caverns' particularly. You know, the one which won the prize in Chicago."

"A hanging committee asked you to do it a favor?" I shuddered. "No, Jane, no! A thousand times no. The potentialities are just too horrible."

She hit me lightly with a paint brush, and we laughed.

But presently she stopped laughing. "Darn you," she said; "now I am afraid to send them my paintings. But how silly. They are nice people."

"Oh, I was only joking," I said. "We are not misanthropic hermits in hiding from every manifestation of our kind. You *will* be doing them a favor. The Tucson artists are not fleeing felons or drunken airmen."

I arose to get us each a can of beer, and, as I did so, I dislodged a flat rock. The dislodgement disclosed a little straw-colored scorpion which had been nesting there. He waved his crab-like pincers in dismay at being disturbed.

"Tiny fiend," I said, "on an afternoon such as this, even against you I bear no animosity. Return to your haven and slumber again in peace." And I carefully put the rock down upon him.

"Stand beside that big mesquite," Jane directed. "I want to paint a faun among the brambles. I have the brambles; now I need the faun."

So, with a beer can in one hand and a cigarette in the other, I posed faunlike beside the big mesquite tree; and I could hear the birds quarrel as they pecked at the food I had placed for them.

Then Jane, who worked rapidly, sketched in her faun among the brambles, and told me I might stop the posing; and I returned to her side and lay down upon the warm desert soil.

I felt a stab between my shoulder blades and then pain such as if a thousand bees had stung me. It was radiating pain, and made me vomit. In my agony I tramped upon the little scorpion which had bitten me; then Jane helped me back to our house.

My arms were paralyzed, and my legs went dead just as Jane was able to get me in the car. With one hand she held a handkerchief full of ice cubes against the spot where I had been stung; with the other hand she drove the Cadillac.

At the clinic in Manacle they injected me with that blessed anti-scorpion serum which Dr. Stahnke, the genius at the state college in Tempe, had developed. I was in the hospital overnight; and Jane took me home the next day. Three days later I was my old self again.

"I had a siege of hysterics when you were in the hospital," Jane said. "And I'm not an hysterical woman. I'm not superstitious, either. And I'm not crazy. But I'm not going to send any paintings to that Tucson show."



"Are you afraid?" I asked.

"Yes. I am afraid."

And we let it go at that. But our days became rather snarled affairs. It was almost as if we were getting on each other's nerves, we who had been married so long that we were as one person, never saying anything without saying it to the other, never making a decision without making it with the other, never doing anything without doing it with the other. Never sleeping, eating, rising, traveling, dreaming, or praying as one alone but always with the other. This was our harmony and our strength.

Finally Jane said: "This is awful. Are you afraid of doing *me* a favor?"

"I was afraid," I said slowly, "that you were afraid that I *might* do you a favor."

Then we both laughed, and the tension of days was eased.

She said: "We have been making mountains out of molehills. We are selfish people. We have always considered our own lives and our own felicity as paramount to everything. We have always repelled the encroachment of others."

"I think it is being brought home to us," I replied, "that our tower of selfishness is not inviolable. Perhaps it is a lesson we have needed for a long time."

"Perhaps," agreed Jane. "Or, on the other hand, perhaps the whole concatenation has been nothing but nonsense. Let's start going out again just as if nothing had happened. I will call Mrs. So-and-so in Tucson and tell her I'll be delighted to enter my pictures in their show. And you can drive us to Tucson, and we will enter them. That is something neither of us wants to do, because I am sensitive about my paintings and resent any criticism of them, and you hate affairs of the sort—cocktail parties, mingling, chitchat. So let's go. Let's do something we don't like and see what happens."

I started to protest, then found myself in agreement with her. For it was necessary that we did do something, and not sit there any longer in our ten acres trying not to get on each other's nerves.

Jane called Mrs. So-and-so in Tucson who was delighted with the news. Next day we put the pictures in the Cadillac, and I drove us down to Tucson.

There is only the one road, and it goes through Manacle. The streets were dilapidated but pretty enough in their soft decaying way, lined as they were with crumbly adobe houses and shoddy little businesses. Then we drove through Manacle's subdivision—Sunrise Heights—built by the

government to house the defense plant workers which Manacle itself could not accommodate.

Tumbleweeds and old papers blew through Sunrise Heights. The windows in the once neat little houses had been smashed by rocks, thrown no doubt by roving bands of Manacle's young manhood. The roofs were cracking, the paint fading and peeling in the remorseless sun. Manacle itself was nearly one hundred years old, and bore its age—and its disgrace—with a sort of sullen dignity. Its subdivision of Sunrise Heights was only ten years old; now dead, it resembled a toy some delinquent child had abused.

Neither of us wanted to mention the Iowan. What would have been the point? The defense plant was closed because the weapon it had manufactured had become obsolete. Sunrise Heights was empty because the people who had lived there had been forced to go elsewhere to find employment. The young marauders from Manacle had wrecked the Sunrise Heights windows because Manacle was a dull place, and there was nothing else to do.

The fact that a grumpy old Iowan had cursed the place had nothing to do with it . . . nothing.

Or to do with us.

So we drove on to Tucson and found the house where our hostess lived, Mrs. So-and-so who had asked Jane to do the artist group a favor by lending her paintings for the exhibit.

WE WERE to stay two nights, attending the show the first night and being entertained the second day and night. There was a trip to Nogales, Mexico, planned for us, and a reception and cocktail party.

The art show, the reception, and the cocktail party were much as I had expected they would be—rather strained and artificial. Jane's paintings, as far as I could see, were the only ones of merit in the show, except some by Mark Voris, who was then as always Arizona's finest painter.

But I had been looking forward to the trip to Nogales. It would be our first visit to Mexico; and old travelers always enjoy seeing new countries.

Our hosts and Jane and I decided to go in our Cadillac, because the car was roomy and I liked to drive. We set out in the afternoon, an afternoon of gold and silver and green, and our hearts were light.

We paused not at all in Nogales, Arizona, but crossed over immediately to the Mexican Nogales. Jane and our hostess began a round of the curio shops, those curiously-alike little cubicles with their curiously-alike wares and their

curiously-alike methods of bargaining. Are they all owned by the same person, and is the competition nothing but sham? One wonders.

Our host and I found without difficulty a little drinking place, and sipped tequila sours while the ladies bought their jimcrack curios. The tequila was good, but there was a shoddy cheapness about the town which depressed me. I had a vague, uncomfortable feeling of being cheated whenever I paid out money for anything there.

A little boy came in the bar where we sat, stood by diffidently for a moment, and then in rather good English offered to guard the Cadillac for us. I laughed and asked our host: (1) Was it necessary to have one's car guarded in this country, and (2) Was it customary?

Our host laughed in return and said that while he couldn't speak for the necessity it was, nevertheless, more or less customary; people were wretchedly poor here as a rule, the little boys made a sort of living "guarding" tourists' cars, and I would probably be doing the lad's family a favor in paying him to guard mine.

I winced at that remark. Had I had a little more tequila, I probably would have become angry and cursed both our host and the cringing little boy. But I had had only enough tequila to make me feel genial, so I said: "Well, child, guard the car, but don't get your dirty finger prints on it," and I gave him a dime. He left with an odd look on his face.

Jane and our hostess, after an interminable time, finished their shopping, looked us up, and announced it was time for dinner. We put their purchases in the Cadillac and went off to a restaurant for some genuine Mexican food.

We had enchiladas and tamales and dishes of that sort, and more to drink. I enjoyed the meal; Jane chattered like a magpie; we were having a very good time.

Then horrid things began to happen.

After dinner as I drove back toward Tucson, I was halted by highway patrolmen on the way, and cited for speeding, drunken driving, and endangering human lives. The officers ordered me out of the driver's seat and ordered our host to drive the remainder of the way. They admonished me to appear in court the next morning.

I appeared in traffic court—our host driving me there in his car—and was fined one hundred dollars, but was allowed to keep my driver's license and to escape a jail term because of extenuating circumstances.

When we returned, our hostess asked in trembling fashion if I had looked at the Cadillac. I replied with an irritable no and asked what

was wrong with it. Mutely, she led me out.

All the knickknacks she and Jane had bought had been stolen. So had the hubcaps. The rear tires had been slashed, but had held up. The paint along the sides had been scored as if with a beer can opener. Obscene words in both Spanish and English had been daubed on the back.

All this had happened in Mexico, but such had been our travail that it had gone unnoticed till our hostess had gone out to get her purchases.

"But I thought," protested Jane, "that you paid a little boy to watch the car."

"I did," I said. "I did it as a favor. We did everybody a favor, now that I think back."

**W**E WENT back to our ten acres at Manacle as soon as feasible, driving past the dead defense plant, past the withering Sunrise Heights, and through the malignant heart of Manacle. It was a very gray day; our ten acres looked wistful and unhappy; the outcropped rock "Cathedral" looked like a decayed and aching tooth.

"Let's move," said Jane. "I can't stand it any longer. Let's get away from here. I have begun to hate, and I don't like to hate."

"I'll put up the place for sale," I said. "I'll order a truck. We can start packing today. We can be gone in two days. Where do you want to go?"

"New York, I guess," said Jane gloomily. "For a while at least. To a hotel. Where I can think."

I called our realty broker in Tucson and told him to put our place on the market. I called a van line and told them to send a van around the next day to pick up our stuff and put it in storage.

"It won't take two days," I told Jane. "We can leave tomorrow. We will be doing ourselves and this place, too, a favor."

Jane brightened up.

The air outside became gusty; rain began to fall. I built a fire in our fireplace, and I brought out a bottle of German wine. We toasted the imminence of our departure, and, as the rain poured down with new intensity, dared the elements to do their worst.

The elements accepted the dare.

Rains in that part of Arizona are always sparse affairs, and a half-inch precipitation is accounted almost a cloudburst.

This time it rained that half-inch in less than half an hour, and still the inundation kept pouring from the skies.

I looked out the door, and the water was



gathered in ponds all over our front yard; the patio was full of water; the Cadillac stood in water up to its whitewalls in the ramada. There was no wind, and there was no break in the sky. There was only blackness and furious, unceasing rain.

The land was flat; there was no place for the rain to go after it fell; it piled up and made ponds and lakes in every little declivity and every hollow.

I returned to Jane and the fireplace and the wine. But I was uneasy and after fifteen minutes I went again to the door and again looked out.

The water was over our porch step. Everywhere I looked was water. The Cadillac was hubcap deep in water under the ramada.

Then I became afraid, and I told Jane we were on the verge of being flooded out.

"Nothing would surprise me less," she snapped. "But what can we do about it?"

That was the point. What could we do? We couldn't get anywhere in the Cadillac; it was already bogged. The nearest habitation to ours was more than a mile away and was unquestionably in similar plight. And then I remembered what I had read about flash floods: The water piles up in some hitherto dry mountain gulch or gully, then suddenly bursts out and swamps the lowlands with a roar. All this rain was piling up in the mountains north of us; the drainage flowed our way; it was only a matter of time until a whole wild sea would be upon us.

"Come," I said to Jane. "We've got to go." And I explained the situation to her.

"But where can we go?" she protested.

**T**HERE was only one place. That was the rock outcropping on our acres, the ugly "Cathedral." It was thirty feet high. It would be a place of refuge. We put on our raincoats and hats, as if we were going to the store, and waded—sometimes knee-deep—to the Cathedral. We climbed its rocky side and sat upon its top; and the rain poured down.

We sat there all that night. When dawn came



we watched the flash flood come with it—nothing really flashy, just a swell and a billow that surged across the lake which already covered our ten acres and all the surrounding land. The Cadillac rolled over on its side and wobbled helplessly. Our house disintegrated a wall at a time; our things floated, a chair here, a paper there.

Around eight o'clock the rain stopped. About noon a helicopter fluttered by and rescued Jane and me. Nearly ten inches of rain had fallen. It was the worst flood ever recorded in that part of Arizona.

After our rescue everything became rather academic. We refugeed for two days in Manacle which was on high ground and escaped most of the flood. When the water went down we hired a man to drive us to Tucson where we would catch plane, train, or even bus to get us out and to keep us going.

As he drove us along the road to Tucson, our man companionably pointed out the high points of the flood's devastation. "Over there," he said, indicating the remnants of a house, "was where an old grouch from Iowa lived. But he'd already left before the rain started."

"What caused him to do that?" I asked.

"Termites," said our driver. "They had eat out the wood of his whole house, even the pitcher frames. Man, did that old grouch cuss this country when he left!"

"I can imagine," I said.

William G. Carleton

# *a grass-roots* GUIDE TO '58 AND '60

A noted political analyst sums up his findings across the country—state by state—and forecasts the issues, candidates, and trends in opinion which will make the next chapter in American history.

**B**OOTH Tarkington used to say that Hoosiers are so immersed in party combat that after they die and go to Heaven they still talk politics. I come from Indiana and, with me, politics is not only a profession (if teaching it can be said to be that) but also an avocation.

Since June of last year, I have been on the road several times—in the grass roots of most parts of the country, in the state capitals, and in Washington—talking to all kinds of people: editors, journalists, out-in-front politicians and behind-the-scenes ones, and just plain citizens. Everywhere I went I found a Democratic trend, which became more marked with each passing month. To check myself I went to Washington again this spring, and this time I deliberately talked more with Republicans—Senators, Congressmen, and journalists attached to Republican campaign committees—than with Democrats. These interviews, which represented all factions of Republicanism, confirmed my own grass-roots findings to an extraordinary degree.

Of course, the trends reported here, in so far as they relate to specific forthcoming elections, are as of spring 1958. They could be altered by changes in conditions—a rise in the prices of

farm products, a business upturn, or a dramatic international crisis demanding national unity and patriotic support of the President. Nevertheless, political trends, once they set in, have a way of continuing and gathering momentum unless conditions change significantly.

## THE DEMOCRATS' STRENGTH

THE Democrats have more *party* advantages than the Republicans for the 1958 and 1960 elections. There are more registered Democrats than registered Republicans in the country. Beginning with 1930, the Democratic party has won twelve of the fourteen national elections for Congress, and five of the seven Presidential elections. And both 1952 and 1956 were personal victories for Eisenhower rather than for the Republican party.

In 1956, for the first time in American history, a Presidential candidate winning in a landslide failed to carry either house of Congress. The Democrats will never have to run against Eisenhower again, and anyway Eisenhower's popularity and prestige are now declining.

## 1958 CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS

**The House:** There is a general consensus that the Democrats will increase their majority in the House of Representatives this year. Even in normal times, the party having the Presidency tends to lose twenty-five to thirty seats in the mid-term Congressional elections. The current difficulties in the country indicate that the Republicans will suffer more than the usual "off-year" losses.

Louis Bean puts it conservatively when he writes that a Democratic gain of forty-five seems safe; as many as sixty, quite possible; more, not improbable. These gains will come from marginal Republican districts where a shift of from 5 to 7 per cent of the votes will be enough to turn Republican seats into Democratic ones. The largest gains will come from the industrial-agricultural states of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and the farm states of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and Minnesota.

**The Senate:** The Democrats have the advantage in the coming Senatorial elections. They have forty-nine seats in the present Senate; only thirteen are at stake this year, and the Democrats have a good chance of keeping all of them. Six are in the South. In another six, incumbents Jackson, Mansfield, Symington, Pastore, Kennedy, and Chavez seem safe. Even in Wisconsin,



Proxmire has an excellent chance to retain his newly won seat.

Twenty-one of the forty-seven Republican seats are at stake—in Vermont, Maine, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia (where there are two, since the appointment of a Republican to succeed the late Senator Neely), Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and California. Undoubtedly the Democrats will win some of these seats. Indeed, at this stage of the campaign, they are conceding only four to the Republicans—Vermont, Utah, Nebraska, and North Dakota—and if Langer should be defeated for renomination in the Republican primary, the Democrats may win his seat. Over-all, the Democrats' hopes are probably too sanguine, but if the nation's economy does not improve between now and the election, the present Democratic trends could swell to landslide proportions—in which case the Republicans would do well to retain around half of their twenty-one seats.

It now seems probable that the prospective infusion of new Northern and Western blood into the next Congress will at last break the political stalemate which has existed in that body since 1938 because of the alliance between conservative Southern Democrats and conservative Midwestern Republicans, and allow a more positive program both at home and abroad.

#### A THREE-YEAR PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

WITH the campaign of 1960 still more than two years away, the country is already behaving as though it were in the midst of a spirited Presidential contest. The amount of Presidential election talk in private and public places, and the coverage in newspapers and magazines given emerging Presidential candidates—avowed, willing, hopeful, and coy—are rarely so voluminous so far ahead of an election year.

There are several reasons for this. For one thing, the outcome of the 1958 elections seems to be a foregone conclusion; hence interest has shifted to the election of 1960. For another, the country craves effective national leadership in what nearly everybody now recognizes as a period of crisis. If—so runs the popular feeling—we have no way of getting a more vigorous leadership in the White House now, at least we can derive great psychological satisfaction from talking about what we can do to get it in 1960. And finally, it is coming to be pretty generally recog-

nized that to reach the Presidency in this day of television politics, celebrity worship, and mass democracy, a candidate must become a national name if he is to have any chance at the nomination. To become a national name, he must go to the country early.

Republican pessimism about the Congressional election of 1958 does not carry over to prospects for 1960. The Republicans expect to win the Presidency, in spite of the national trends against them—for two reasons. First, they believe that the Southern Democrats will bolt and form a third party—a possibility we shall examine in more detail a little later. Second, they feel that by 1960 Nixon will have had so much more national build-up than any possible Democratic nominee that he, like Ike, will be bigger than his party and able to carry it to victory.

#### THE ISSUES

ON THE issues currently agitating the public, the Democrats at present seem to have the advantage.

**Foreign Policy:** Many Americans have been shocked by Russia's seeming superiority in missiles and satellites, and, as usual, they blame the Administration and the party in power for the apparently serious American lag. Others who follow public affairs more closely are concerned about the Administration's lack of imagination, new approaches, and constructive programs to meet the post-Stalinist Soviet leadership on all the international fronts—technological, military, social, economic, political, diplomatic.

**Inflation:** The continuous inching up of the cost of living is the most frequently expressed criticism of the present Administration. And resentment is increasing. The Republicans were supposed to be able to guard against inflation better than the Democrats. Why then, people ask, do prices, contrary to common sense, continue to rise in a time of economic recession?

**Unemployment:** The growing unemployment is becoming as bitter a subject as inflation. The tapering-off of the boom and the stock-market tumble were serious enough, but at first these were felt only indirectly by most Americans. Unemployment is something else; it spells grim reality for more and more families. Unless checked, this will become the *chief* issue.

**Local Discontents:** In addition to inflation and its apparent opposite—a general slowing up of business—an unusually large number of different areas of the country are plagued with their own peculiar economic ills. Accelerated automation

### *The Neutrals*

**The President:** There is not so much hostility to Eisenhower as a kind of vaguely disappointed, quiet neutralism toward him. Curiously, the President is rarely mentioned at all by most citizens. There is a surprising dearth of anecdotes and gossip about him. Americans ribbed parsimonious and silent Cal, cursed Hoover, furiously debated Roosevelt, and denounced and ridiculed Truman; about Eisenhower they clam up.

in the coal fields of West Virginia, in the automobile industries of Michigan, and in some other areas has produced technological unemployment. Readjustments in the nation's defense program and cutbacks in the conventional armed services have brought economic dislocations in defense-production areas and in military, naval, and air-base communities.

There is the depression in Oregon's lumber industry. There is the serious decline in Montana's lead, zinc, and copper prices. There remains some distress of farmers and cattlemen in the 1954-57 drought belts of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, and adjacent areas, and in sections of Maryland and New Jersey. There is the catastrophe of the farmers in the 1957 flood areas of Texas, Oklahoma, and Kansas. There is the anthrax disaster to the cattle industry of Oklahoma. And in all of these areas there is the feeling that the Eisenhower Administration should have given more federal aid.

**Civil Rights:** Contrary to the general impression, the political advantages seem to be with the Democrats. Immediately following the passage of the civil-rights bill, Eisenhower and Nixon were immensely popular in Negro communities. After Little Rock—which seemed to point up the failure of the executive to help implement desegregation over the last three years—it was a different story. The 1957 elections in New Jersey and New York City showed that the Republicans had not won the Negro vote. At the same time, the sending of federal troops to Little Rock offended the white South.

**Labor:** The investigations into the more malodorous of the labor unions will cut both ways. Many Americans, shocked by the revelations, have become suspicious of the Democrats, who are closer to labor than the Republicans. On the other hand, repercussions from these investigations will help the Democrats in some

ways. Labor will support legislation for federal supervision of union welfare and pension funds, and the present Democratic Congress may pass some remedial legislation before the fall elections. (The most effective opposition to this will come not from labor but from those business organizations that do not want their company welfare funds supervised.)

In some states the work of the McClellan committee has given rise to a demand for severely restrictive regulations of unions, and politicians—mostly Republicans—in various parts of the country are now spearheading a drive to pass so-called right-to-work laws and legislation applying the anti-trust laws to union activities. To prevent such legislation, labor organizations will rally all their forces, stage intensive registration drives, and get out a large vote on election day—mostly for Democratic candidates. The general public, with less at stake and voting on a variety of issues, will not be moved to action against labor to the extent that labor will rally to protect itself.

**The Farm Question:** There is still a widespread revolt in the farm belt against Benson. This does not get the newspaper attention it did in 1954 and 1956, and the Congressional mail from irate farmers is not so heavy; but farm opinion has crystallized. Instead of making news it is now taken for granted. Hostility is strongest among the young farmers who have gone into farming since 1945, who are in debt, and who could not salt away war profits.

Another source of irritation is the State Department's refusal to allow surplus crops to be "dumped" in certain areas of the world for fear of damaging American foreign policy. This has made American farmers all the more opposed to "giveaway" foreign-aid programs—and this time the isolationist sentiment will hurt the Republicans, because they are now running our foreign policy.

The cotton-growing areas of the country, where the farmers are more friendly to the Benson program, are the very areas that will bring no political benefits to the Republicans. Cotton farmers—traditionally the most Democratic in the country—will continue to vote Democratic.

In the prairie states many farmers are antagonistic to Benson, and the more prosperous elements in the area—who had expected the Administration to do more to liquidate inefficient farmers and restore more free enterprise to those who survived—are disappointed. They attack the soil bank on the ground that it has been used not to retire aged, inefficient, and sub-



standard farmers, but rather to subsidize them.

**Public Power:** In certain parts of the country, public versus private electric power is a burning issue. Proponents of public power argue that the present Administration has been downright reactionary in its "extremely favorable attitude toward private power." They point to the squeezing of TVA, the 27 per cent rate increase by the Southwestern Power Administration, the Administration's opposition to the building of atomic power plants by the federal government, its refusal to participate more widely in California's water-development plans, the conservative lending policies of the Rural Electrification Administration to the detriment of rural co-operatives, and the favoring of private over public power at Hells Canyon.

In many communities of the Northwest, desirous of federal development of local natural power sites, there is frequently expressed disappointment that "not a single new dam has been started in the Northwest by the federal government since Truman left office." (However, at Fort Peck, a federal dam in Montana, considerable expansion is under way.) Many independent voters, particularly in the Northwest, are turning to the Democrats because of this power issue.

#### THE EXPANDING TWO-PARTY SYSTEM

##### *The Traditionally Two-Party States*

In Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, and New Jersey, the Democrats now control the governorships. In Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, the polls show the Democrats more popular than at any time since the early days of the New Deal.

##### *The Traditionally Republican States*

The most remarkable long-term political trend in the country is the way the Democrats continue to grow and to build grass-roots organizations in those states which, until the time of the New Deal, were traditionally and overwhelmingly Republican.

**Maine:** Maine today has a Democratic governor, Edmund S. Muskie, who was twice elected in a period when a Republican President was winning in national landslides. Nothing like this has happened in Maine since the Civil War. There is an excellent chance that Muskie will be elected to the United States Senate this year.

**Pennsylvania:** Even in 1912, the year of the Taft-Roosevelt split, Wilson failed to carry Pennsylvania, and in the Democratic landslide of 1932 the state voted for Hoover. Today Pennsylvania

has a popular Democratic governor, Leader; a popular Democratic Senator, Clark; and two popular Democratic mayors in its two largest cities—Dilworth in Philadelphia and Lawrence in Pittsburgh.

Republican gloom has become so deep that Republican Senator Edward Martin has announced he will not seek re-election in 1958. Democrats expect to send Governor Leader to the Senate this year and to elect a Democratic governor to succeed him.

**Michigan:** In 1912 there were not enough Democrats in the state to carry it for Wilson, in spite of the Taft-Roosevelt split. Today, Michigan has one Democratic Senator, and there is a good chance that this year a Democrat will take the other seat as well. Many of the state officials in Lansing are Democrats. Democratic Governor G. Mennen Williams is serving an unprecedented fifth consecutive term and is expected to be elected to a sixth.

Republicans blame Williams' tax policies and his "penalizing" of industry for the growing unemployment in Michigan's industrial centers, but this does not seem to be checking the Democratic trend. For one thing, voters have a way of blaming any sag in the economy on Washington rather than the state government. For another, a group of "Young Turk" Republicans in the Michigan legislature have taken the wind out of their own organization's sails by pointing out that Michigan's tax structure is based on laws passed by Republican legislatures.

**Wisconsin and Minnesota:** Here the revolt against "Bensonism" has reached its height. This will help Wisconsin's new Democratic Senator, Proxmire, in his battle to return to the Senate.

It will also continue to help the Democrats in Minnesota, which has come the farthest in developing a genuine two-party system of any of the once one-party Republican states of the farm belt area. Minnesota now has a Democratic governor and a Democratic Senator. This year the Democrats confidently expect to re-elect Governor Freeman and to take Republican Thye's seat in the Senate.

**North Dakota:** The still influential Non-Partisan League, formerly overwhelmingly Republican, has voted to move to the Democratic party. This action is most popular with the younger members, and as the old-timers die out and the younger men take charge, the transfer is likely to prove increasingly helpful to the Democrats. If Langer fails to get the Republican Senatorial nomination this year, even the oldsters will go over to the Democrats.

**South Dakota:** Democrat Kenneth Holum's 1956 campaign, in which he came breathlessly close to defeating Senator Francis Case, has proved a powerful shot in the arm to the developing Democratic party here.

**Iowa:** Democratic Governor Herschel Loveless seems to be increasing his personal popularity. In his contest with a Republican legislature, he won widespread popular support by vetoing increases in the sales tax.

**Kansas:** Democratic Governor George Docking, shrewd and even-tempered, has steadily gained in popularity during his term of office. His wife, Virginia, has proved as adept a politician as her husband. Her chatty human-interest column about what "George and I" are doing in the governor's mansion appears each week in a growing number of Republican newspapers—to the delight of Kansas farm wives and the discomfort of Republican politicians.

Democrats see in Loveless and Docking aids not only to party success in 1958 but to a permanent strengthening of Democratic organizations in the two states.

**Nebraska:** This is still a virtually one-party Republican state.

**Utah:** Mormon conservatism makes Utah the only Mountain state to retain its virtually one-party Republican status.

**Montana and Washington:** Several decades ago both were transformed from states in which the Republicans usually had preponderance into states which usually give Democrats the edge.

**Oregon:** Until ten years ago Oregon was almost as impregnable Republican as Vermont. Now it has a Democratic governor, a Democratic legislature, and two Democratic Senators. The continued migration of Oklahoma and Texas refugees from the drought areas, plus the depression in the state's lumber industry, are further increasing Democratic strength.

**California:** Repercussions from the Nixon-Knowland-Knight melee may allow Democrat Edmund G. (Pat) Brown to take the governorship by a narrow margin this year and could even send Democrat Clair Engle to the Senate. No one can attack Brown very hard; even the Hearst newspapers are not unfriendly to him. He is a Catholic, which eliminates both the radical charge and the Communist issue.

In the past, Governors Warren and Knight car-

ried much labor support for the Republicans; this year, with Knowland openly backing a right-to-work law, labor is unitedly behind the Democrats. Brown will also have the support of some of Knight's old financial backers who feel bitter toward Knowland. And an unprecedentedly large number of Catholics will go to the polls in November, to vote against the initiative proposal to repeal the tax exemption of the parochial schools.

Most significant, there is a revolt in the rural counties against the Republicans. In 1957, because of upsets in some of these counties, the Democrats were able to organize the state Senate for the first time in nearly half a century. There is a good chance that the Assembly, now narrowly Republican, will also become Democratic in 1958. If so, there will be a political revolution in California—the present mal-apportionment of seats which flagrantly favors the Republicans will be "rectified" the other way by the Democrats.

The Democratic party now emerging in California is different from the bizarre coalition which composed the party in the 1930s, sent McAdoo and Downey to the Senate, and elected Olsen governor. That coalition was made up of conservatives and professional politicians like McAdoo and Bill Malone; Utopians like Upton Sinclair and his followers; ham-and-egggers who dangled before the old folks fabulous pensions backed by crazy financial schemes; Communist-infiltrated labor; and a minority of liberal labor and reform elements in line with national Democratic leadership.

Today, Paul Ziffren and Roger Kent have tightened and strengthened the state Democratic organization, and effective cross-filing in the primaries is virtually gone. The Democrats have a seven-to-five edge in the state's registration. Democratic clubs, committed to national liberal Democratic leadership, are springing up everywhere, and even formal Democratic organizations are in tune with the national leaders. Communist elements in organized labor have been pretty thoroughly eliminated. However, the Republicans still have the money, most of the newspapers, and the more widely known candidates.

**Arizona:** Instead of having a predominantly Republican tradition, Arizona has had a predominantly Democratic one. But now that the state is rapidly filling up with transplanted middle-class Northerners, the Republican party is growing and Arizona is becoming a real two-party state.





### *The Two-Party Trend in the South*

Contrary to the general impression, things are looking up for the Democratic party in the South, at least for the short run. Despite all the talk about the growth of Republicanism there, the national Democratic party still retains the real, as distinguished from the formal, allegiance of the small- and medium-income Southern farmers. In the past ten years or so, it has gained in real support in the multiplying industrial areas, where the wage-earners are becoming more numerous and better organized, and among the growing number of Negro voters. Since the outlawing of white primaries in 1944, the number of Negro voters in the South has mounted steadily, and these new voters are overwhelmingly Democratic. True, many Negro precincts which went big for Truman in 1948 and for Stevenson in 1952 turned in small majorities for Ike in 1956, but the sampling of Negro opinion today in the dominantly Negro precincts of the South shows them to be as preponderantly Democratic as the Negro precincts of New Jersey and New York City were in the elections of 1957.

Most important—and most dramatic—Little Rock has scuttled the Republican party's "Operation Dixie" upon which the Republican leaders had set such great store. When the President was forced to send troops to Arkansas to uphold the federal courts on desegregation, the growth of the Republican party in the South came to a sudden standstill and Republican gains of a decade were imperiled. The new Republicans and the "Ike Democrats" of the South are now saying: "Why, even Roosevelt and Truman never gave us a Warren on the Supreme Court, or begot a civil-rights bill, or sent federal troops into the South."

In 1958, the few Republican members of the House of Representatives from the South—except those from the traditionally Republican Mountain areas—will have rough going. In 1960, the Republicans, even if Nixon is not the candidate, will carry none of the old Confederate states, and the Presidential Republican vote in all of those states will fall below not only the 1952 and the 1956 levels, but probably below the 1948 level as well.

However, the long-time trend to a larger Republican party in the South will not be permanently stopped. Eventually, on the economic issues, the professional, business, and managerial

groups in the South will resume their movement to the Republican party, particularly in Presidential elections. But this resumption will come too late to help the Republican party in the South in 1958 and 1960.

### SPLITS WITHIN THE PARTIES

#### *The Old Guard Versus Modern Republicanism*

Modern Republicanism has produced deep resentment among Old Guard Republicans, who are particularly strong in many of the state and local Republican organizations. The Old Guard blames Eisenhower for robbing it of such issues as Communists-in-government, extravagant budgets, foreign "giveaway" programs, and boondoggling generally. It will never forgive the very use of the term "Modern Republicanism," because by implication this makes the right-wingers antediluvians.

The 1956 elections of Democratic governors in Iowa and Kansas and of a Democratic Senator in Colorado were produced in part by internal party conflicts. In Wisconsin last year, Democrat Proxmire defeated an Eisenhower Republican for the old McCarthy seat in the Senate partly because the McCarthyites and Old Guards either sat on their hands or knifed the Republican nominee.

In the gubernatorial election in New York this year it may be the Modern Republicans who do the defecting—the new rule in the Republican state convention, which gives even more weight to the rural counties and cuts down still further the strength of the cities, may produce a Republican nominee whom progressives and independents will not support. In Indiana, Senator Jenner's sensational attempt to take over the Republican party is causing intense bitterness among Eisenhower Republicans and Capehart-Halleck Republicans. And in California, the conflict of the factions may be preparing the way for surprise Republican defeats.

Nationally, right-wingers are in an increasingly disturbed mood because they have been left without a leader for 1960. For several years, Senator Knowland had been primed for this role, as Taft's anointed heir. Now he has suddenly been made unavailable, and nobody else has been groomed.

As minority leader in the Senate, Knowland perhaps had a better springboard to the nomination than the governorship of California could provide. In any case, after several months of feverish maneuvering between Messrs. Nixon, Knight, and Knowland, Knight was knocked out



### *The Way to the White House*

**T**raditionally, the governorship has been a surer method of reaching the Presidency than a senatorship, and apparently Knowland was counting on this when, in the spring of 1957, he declared for the governorship. But in recent years political realities have been shifting. Today, with the doings of the federal government so much in the public eye and foreign relations so much more to the fore, in order to be nominated for the Presidency it is becoming necessary to be identified with large national issues—to become a national name. This is why, increasingly, Senators are becoming more “naturally available” for the Presidency and Vice Presidency than governors. Truman, Barkley, Nixon, Sparkman, and Kefauver came up by way of the Senate, and most of the present leading aspirants for the 1960 Democratic nomination are Senators.

of the governorship, Knowland found himself running for governor—just governor—and Nixon had cleared the path to the Republican Presidential nomination.

There will not be time now to develop a right-wing candidate as well known as Knowland. Without a leader in 1960, the Old Guard may be reduced to playing on a national scale the dissident and divisive role it played in Kansas, Iowa, Colorado, and other states in 1956, and in Wisconsin in 1957.

The Modern Republicans have their headaches too. There is much soul-searching over the many defeats at the polls and the obvious failure of Modern Republicanism to stem the continued movement of many progressives in traditionally Republican states to the Democratic party.

The situation is further complicated by the fact that Eisenhower himself has been moving more to the right in his domestic policies. Increasingly he seems to be following more the ideas of George Humphrey and Charles Wilson and less those of Dewey and Brownell. This confuses Modern Republicans like New York's Senator Javits, New Jersey's Senator Case, and Kentucky's Senator Cooper, without reconciling right-wingers like Senators Bricker, Martin, Jenner, Mundt, and Goldwater.

### *Politicians versus “Amateurs”*

There is one thing about which Republicans of all factions are in almost unanimous agree-

ment: that the Eisenhower Administration does not know the first thing about ordinary politicians and party organization. Much of the pessimism among Republican politicians today stems from the chagrin of having to play the game of politics under a leadership which ignores all the ground rules.

By now they are convinced that a Congressman who supports the Eisenhower Administration receives no benefits because of that support, usually not even a gesture of appreciation. On the other hand, a Congressman who bucks the Administration receives no punishment, usually not even a gesture of disapproval. Senators, Representatives, and state and local politicians are frequently not even consulted about federal appointments in their bailiwicks. Very often Republican Congressmen are kept completely in the dark when chunks of government money are allotted to their districts—hence they are unable to claim some of the credit.

One old Republican “pro” in Washington recently remarked, to the hearty amens of fellow Republicans, “What this Administration needs is a good five-cent politician.” And Representative Dick Simpson of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Republican Congressional campaign committee, has advised Republican Congressmen to vote the points of view of their districts and never mind White House orders.

“Sure, this may mean a split with the White House,” Simpson was reported saying, “but it is our job to get elected and we have discovered that there are no politicians in the White House.”

### *The Democrats and the South*

If the national trends against the Republicans continue to gather momentum, the Democrats could take the Presidential election of 1960 without carrying any of the states of the old Confederacy. In the four national landslides for FDR, Roosevelt would have been elected if he had not carried a single one. And, even if there should be a third-party movement in the South, it is not likely to carry all of the old Confederate states or even a majority of them. The Hoover Democrats of 1928 and the Ike Democrats of 1952 and 1956 were not able to carry the majority of the Southern states with them. Thurmond in 1948 won the electoral votes of only four Southern states, and these were “carried” by the employment of certain electoral gimmicks which are not likely to be repeated. However, the chances are good that a third party will not develop.



White Southerners know their stand on the race question is unpopular; that neither of the national parties will give them a civil-rights plank which is really acceptable to them; that all they can do now is to practice "unobtrusive obstruction" in the South itself. An open revolt would be "messy"—and would hurt more than it would help. It would further alienate national and world opinion and invite even more aggressive action by the civil-rights forces. It would destroy the traditional basis for operating nationally within the Democratic party. It would forfeit the valuable seniority positions of Southerners on Congressional committees. And it would wipe out the great boons that come to the South when the Democrats have the Presidency—more federal projects, more federal money spent in the South, more political jobs to "the right sort" of politicians.

Southerners are now saying that they "always have it better when the Democrats are in power." Even the limited Dixiecrat revolt of 1948 came when the South was sated with federal projects and jobs; the Democrats had been in power so long that many Southerners had forgotten how it felt to be out in the cold politically. Also, in 1948 Dixiecrats did not mind giving indirect help to the Republicans, who then had not yet shown their hand on civil rights as they have done during the past five years.

#### WHO WILL RUN?

##### *Nixon, Pro and Con*

Many Republicans feel that in Nixon they have a winning candidate. They point out that he has become a national celebrity, and they feel that he will come as near as anybody can to harmonizing the differences between the Old and New Republicans. They claim he is an instinctive practical politician who has learned the vitally important ways of group politics, and that he is seismographic in his sensitivity to mass trends—an extremely valuable asset in these days of other-directed political behavior.

However, it is questionable whether Nixon will really be able to bridge the gaps between the Republican factions. Bricker Republicans tend to regard him as a renegade; Allott-Case-Javits-Cooper Republicans consider him a late and perhaps doubtful convert to Modern Republicanism. Many under secretaries in the departments at Washington reflect the Lodge-Herter reserve toward him. Even in the White House secretariat there is a sensitivity about the pushiness of the heir-apparent.

Nixon is still distrusted by some of the right, the left, and the center for his apparent lack of convictions and his innate opportunism. A Republican old-timer in Washington said to me: "Nixon is as meticulously efficient as Dewey, and like Dewey he has a way of getting himself personally disliked."

In any event, it will be difficult for him to escape responsibility for the decisions of the Administration and to overcome the resentments which are accumulating against it.

#### WHY THE DEMOCRATS MAY LOSE IN 1960

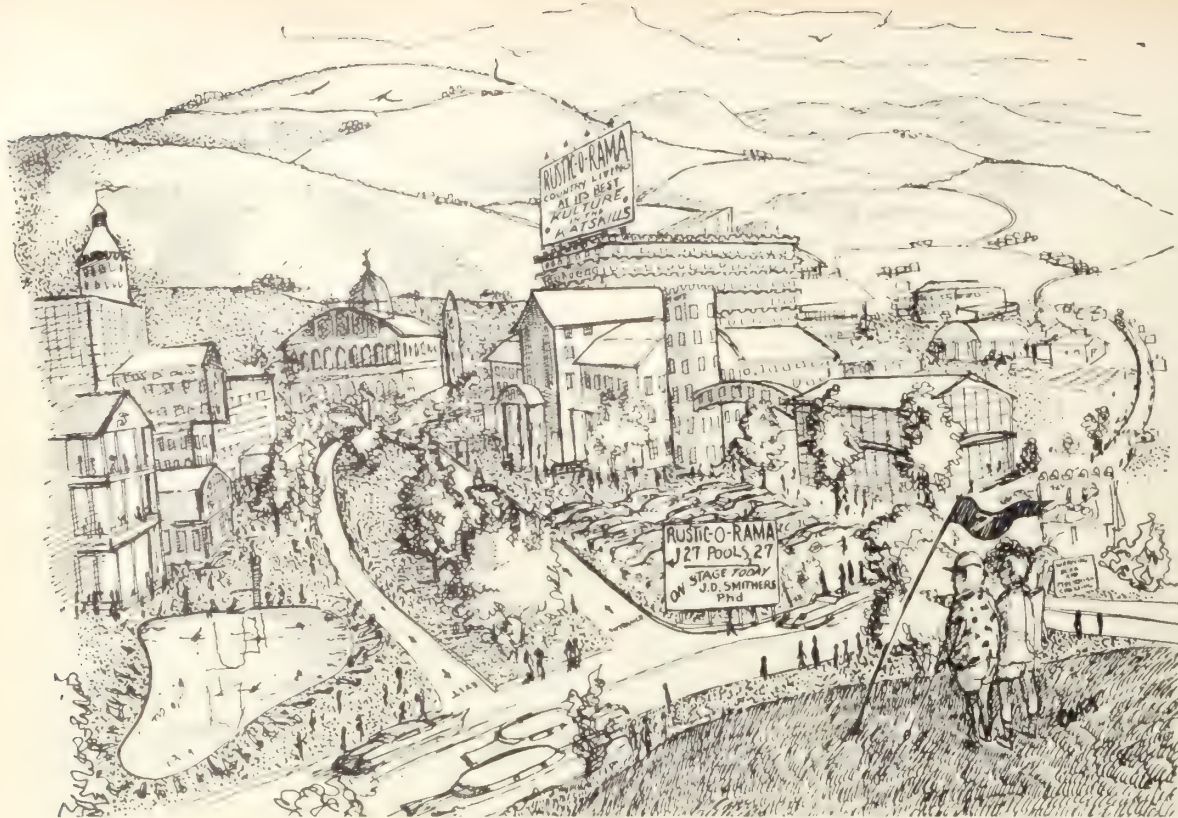
##### *Democratic Hopefuls*

Whoever is nominated by the Democrats in 1960 will have to be a national celebrity, too; in this day national conventions do not deadlock and nominate dark horses. Three Democrats now being prominently mentioned—Kennedy, Kefauver, and Stevenson—are already celebrities. Doubtless other less known Democrats will also be national names by 1960; it is still far too early to guess who will emerge from what promises to be an unusually fierce and wide-open fight for the nomination. And whoever is nominated by the Democrats will be free—by virtue of his party's having been out of Presidential power for eight years—to attack, to maneuver, to exploit disappointments and discontents, and to promise voters the bold and imaginative policies the country is increasingly demanding.

Two special factors may result in the election of a Republican President in 1960. One is that Nixon may assume the powers of the Presidency before that time and show sufficient dash and vigor—particularly in contrast to Eisenhower's flagging leadership—to win the popularity necessary to propel him into office in 1960.

The second factor is the potentially explosive "Catholic question" in the Democratic party. Senator Kennedy's candidacy is now so far advanced that his failure to get the nomination might cause keen disappointment to millions of Catholic Democrats and turn them against the party.

If on the other hand, Kennedy is the nominee, the Democrats will be faced with the traditional disinclination of many Protestants to vote for a Catholic for President. This is not to say that Kennedy's nomination must necessarily lead to Democratic defeat. But it does suggest a difficult hurdle the Democrats, with all their current advantages, may have to surmount if they are to win in 1960.



# THE CATSKILLS:

*still having wonderful time*

By DAVID BOROFF

*Drawings by David Omar White*

THE Catskill mountains of New York are the land of Rip Van Winkle and the early Dutch settlers; of drowsy old towns wrapped in a three-hundred-year torpor. They are a region of high meadows and woodland; of watershed and dairy farm. But today the term "The Catskills" means pre-eminently a vast playground for hundreds of thousands of New York City Jews and, recently, a scattering from other parts of the country.

Actually the vacation area—known variously as "the Borscht circuit," "the mountains" (although in this section of the region they rarely exceed 2,000 feet), and, somewhat deprecatingly, by a new generation of sophisticates, "the hills"—consists of 1,000 square miles of green and

pleasant countryside about 100 miles from New York City. Here almost 500 hotels and 2,000 bungalow colonies with guest space for 450,000 people have sprung up. And here, during the summer, more than 2,000,000 souls swarm over the hills and valleys. The 40,000 permanent residents—farmers and shopkeepers—now make their living largely from the summer business.

The section is a mammoth demonstration of the fact that, though God made the country, man, with sufficient zeal, can remake it into the image of the city. During the season the population density exceeds that of most American cities. Along the main roads hotels jostle each other in cheerful congestion. At a bungalow colony near Monticello a sign advertises "Garden Apartments." The big hotels are air-conditioned, have at least two and sometimes three dance bands, and often indoor as well as outdoor swimming pools. A vacation spent at one of them is likely to be an intensification of city life. Exhaustion, not repose, is the goal, and the departing guest



who says, "Anyway it was a good rest," is offering the most rueful of apologies.

The origins of these resorts are part of a galling saga. More than fifty years ago a handful of New York City Jews broke out of the iron ring of the Lower East Side. Some were tubercular, and for them continued work in the sweatshops of the needle trade was a death warrant. Others, with a memory of the East European rural colonies or *shtetls*, were determined to recapture the graces of that life. Unschooled but determined, they became dairy or general farmers and wrestled with an inhospitable soil. Catskill folklore has it that the local population gleefully unloaded on the unwary New Yorkers virtually worthless properties. The last laugh, of course, is on the yokels. Catskill real estate comes high these days.

To make ends meet the fledgling farmers took in boarders who wanted to escape the noisome summer streets. (In many cases the boarders were themselves tubercular; "consumption" was the great terror of tenement dwellers.) And there are still echoes of those early days scattered through the Catskills in the *kochaleins* (literally, "cook alones," although by a common enough linguistic freak it means just the opposite). The *kochaleins* are usually ramshackle frame buildings with from twenty to forty rooms—one room to an entire family—and one communal kitchen.

In the old days the kitchens contained black sinks, iceboxes, and coal stoves around which many a Homeric battle was waged. It was a collective under duress made up of fiercely embattled individualists. "They used to push my pot away," an elderly lady remembers. "So it took an hour longer to cook. But still we lived through. The children still had fresh air."

To many adults now anchored in middle-class respectability, the *kochalein* provided the first break-out from the city, and so some families who can now afford a bungalow continue to rent such rooms out of sentimental regard, or because they enjoy the freemasonry of the common kitchen and the warm sense of sharing each other's lives. The kitchens are modern now, and some even offer separate gas ranges and refrigerators. But the *kochaleins* are only archaic vestiges in today's Catskills, and their numbers dwindle year by year.

In general, progress moved inexorably from boarding house to hotel to country club. The Brickman, which now can house 500 guests, exemplifies the rites of passage. Fifty years ago it was Brickman's Farm. With the advent of boarders it became The Brickman House. During

The Borscht Belt is no longer a strictly Jewish playground—and its mass production of romance, kosher cooking, and comedians is having far-reaching effects on our culture.

---

the 'twenties it blossomed into The Brickman Hotel. Today in its country-club elegance it is simply The Brickman, or Brickman's.

The old-timers are fond of talking about the heroic days of the hotel business. Swimming pools were unknown, and the Neversink River was a watering place for multitudes all up and down its serpentine length. Grossinger's, now one of the most famous and elaborate of the giant hotels, in its boarding-house days got its water from a brook. Hotel keepers were moved to prodigies of exertion.

"I was up at six every morning," a resort owner recalls. "When the salad man was drunk, I was the salad man. I was also room clerk, chief maintenance man, and, on occasion, an entertainer."

The great period of expansion was during the 'twenties, when most of the present hotels were built. The depression was a time of grim hanging on, of bargain rates and due-bills (a discounting arrangement with advertising agencies). Business thrived again during World War II and immediately thereafter, but there was very little building. During the last few years, there has been frequent renovation of existing facilities and some expansion of the more successful hotels. Unlike Miami Beach, however, no new hotels are going up. The area, if anything, is over-built, and on certain levels it is gravely stricken.

The architecture provides vivid cultural footnotes. The boarding houses were huge, austere farmhouses, girdled with porches on which an earlier generation rocked contentedly and sang Yiddish songs. (Today the scene has shifted from the porch to the swimming pool; from the rocking chair to the chaise.) During the boom 'twenties, the Tudor style became dominant. Four or five stories high and all stucco, the hotels often contained as many as two hundred rooms, a spacious lobby, and a dining-room. Adjacent was a casino—often a rude wooden structure—which served as a combination theater and dance hall. (Camp chairs were quickly removed and stacked to provide floor space for dancing.) During the last few years, ranch-style annexes—all hard wood and glass—have been added to the more prosperous hotels.



#### HEYDAY OF THE TUMMLER

THE entertainment pattern, too, has undergone a clearly defined cycle. During the boarding-house era the guests provided their own fun—campfires and hayrides and songs around the living-room piano. As boarding houses became hotels, entertainment was turned over to that luminous figure of show-business folklore—the social director or *tumbler* (literally, noise-maker). He was a versatile *jongleur*, who performed frenetically around the clock and twice as fast on rainy days to keep restive guests from checking out. Hollywood and Broadway are the richer for the Catskill japeries of such one-time *tumblers* as Danny Kaye, Dore Schary, Red Butts, and many others.

At first the *tumbler* was assisted by the waiters and the athletic staff who doubled as entertainers. In the splendor of the Catskills' high noon during the 'twenties and 'thirties, he had a social staff, many of them professionals or apprentices in the theater. Recently television has inaugurated a new phase. With big-name entertainers familiar on every television screen, resort owners are competing for name acts.

As a result the *tumbler* has largely disappeared—or been converted into a respectable Director of Activities in a buttoned-down shirt. He still moves in an atmosphere of uproar, his whisper is still a shout, but no longer are there midnight forays to throw him, or a fall-guy guest, into the swimming pool. The circuit acts he introduces generally outrank him, and the appetite

for rambunctious horseplay seems to have been blunted.

Today's Director of Activities is likely to exercise a talent for "Simon Says"—a game which is epidemic in the Catskills—and square-dance calling. He may even serve—God grant peace to the Catskill shade of Danny Kaye—as a discussion leader at afternoon forums. He is often a high-school teacher—usually of physical education, a profession that attracts overpoweringly gregarious types—out to provide a summer vacation for his wife and children. And the idiom of progressive education has gotten curiously intertwined with the patois of show business.

Similarly, the intransigently muscular, old-fashioned athletic director has been supplanted by an other-directed type more at home with group dynamics than with push-ups. Even the old watchman, whose job it was to keep moochers out of the evening show at the casino, is now, resplendently, a security officer.

Critics concerned about the uniformity of our culture can find cause for alarm in the Catskills. Although the *tumblers* shared a common background, they worked alone and developed their own individual styles. Today's comedians do the same act three or four times an evening, going from hotel to hotel with split-second scheduling.

But there is still a special relationship between performer and audience. The comedians, at once insolent and fraternal, prick the audience's most cherished pretensions—mink coats, Miami Beach, the *nouveau riche*—and the audience, properly castigated, roars with pleasure. The Yiddish phrase, interpolated at the most giddily incongruous moment, is always good for a laugh as the crowd experiences a quick sense of reassurance about its common identity.

#### THE BIG HOTELS

THERE are twenty Catskill hotels which can accommodate five hundred or more guests. Opulent and high-pitched, they are full of middle-class pomp and circumstance. Their guests wheel expertly in maneuvers of social mobility. The women's uniforms are cocktail gowns and mink stoles. Their husbands, standing discreetly behind them, favor pastel-colored sports jackets.

Show business is an essential ingredient of these establishments. In a real sense, all the guests are in show business, and the hotels are organized like huge stages in which everyone has his golden moment in the spotlight.

The two principal arenas are the swimming



pool and the night club (which is often larger and splashier than most of those in New York City). At the pool, the chaises longues are arranged in concentric circles, and a guest's pecking-order is determined by the proximity of his chaise to the pool. Some guests unself-consciously describe pool-side chaises as "ringside."

Ringside tables in the night club carry the same weight. They are obtained as a reward for long patronage or by *shmearing* (bribing) the head waiter. After the show, dancing takes place on the stage the performers have just vacated. Now it is the guests' turn. And there is easily as much excitement generated by virtuoso performances in mambo and cha-cha-cha as there was by the vaudeville turns of the performers. The guests even upstage each other with a tenacity and guile that would do credit to aspiring young actresses.

All of the large hotels maintain flourishing dance studios, some with staffs of five to ten teachers, and two orchestras—American and Latin. It is the latter for which the Higher Criticism is reserved. The fox trot is decorously Anglo-Saxon and performed perfunctorily. Mambo and cha-cha-cha, however, demand an efflorescence of technique, executed with a deceptive air of abandon, and there is a genuine expertise in their performance.

The final rite in these latter-day Eleusinian Mysteries is the *mamborama*. Latin American dance teachers from all over "the mountains" converge on a particular hotel at 2:00 A.M. and, before an audience of wildly cheering guests, perform feats of pelvic gymnastics. The audience at these events comes from all over the area, for it is characteristic of the Catskills that you never spend all your time at your own hotel.

For a minority of guests, the week at the resort is an exercise in role-playing. Released from the small Bronx apartment and engulfed in a more spacious life, the salesman sometimes becomes a sales manager, the small retailer a chain-store magnate, and the stenographer an executive secretary.

Another characteristic of the large hotels is the remorseless pursuit of celebrities. Hotel employees act as head-hunters, with rewards for those who bag big game. The trophy is the photograph of the smiling celebrity, arm thrown familiarly around the shoulder of the hotel owner.

Grossinger's is the most indefatigable and successful in corralling men of distinction, because it has prestige, and because its owner, Jennie Grossinger, is a gracious woman with a

youthfully zestful attitude toward the Great World. A sample grab bag at Grossinger's on a given weekend may include a United States Senator and handful of Broadway stars, sports figures, and journalists.

Each of the larger hotels has its patron saint in the entertainment world. Grossinger's, in keeping with its status, has two: Eddie Cantor and, of the younger generation, Eddie Fisher, whose career was launched there. The Concord has comedian Buddy Hackett. Jerry Lewis was once *tumbler* and bus-boy at Brown's Hotel and now visits periodically amid a blaze of publicity. Sammy Davis, Jr. is the culture hero of Raleigh's Hotel.

#### BATTLE OF THE TITANS

ONE of the epics of the Catskills is the rivalry between the two titans—The Concord and Grossinger's. To be sure, this contest, roughly akin to that between Macy's and Gimbel's or Fort Worth and Dallas, smacks strongly of shrewd promotion and legend-making. (Both hotels have top-level press agents.) The effect has been to make pace-setters of the two. Many of the innovations in the Catskills—the big-name acts, the giant swimming pools—were started at one or the other.

Actually, the rivals have much in common. Both are large (Grossinger's can accommodate 1,100 guests; The Concord, 1,800), fashionable, expensive; and they shoot for the best. Both sedulously conspire against nature. But while Grossinger's with its concrete walks and neatly spaced buildings achieves a suburban look, The Concord with its pervasive masonry has an urban flavor. Its main building, which has been uncharitably described as "institutional modern," is eight stories high and features, in the best Miami fashion, a shopping arcade on the lobby level.

The Concord's assaults on the natural order include an indoor swimming pool of unexampled size and splendor, a year-round indoor skating rink, and artificial snow on its gently undulating ski area. There has even been experimentation in polychromatic snow with *crème de menthe* flavor for the hapless who land face down.

Its latest development is suites of rooms or single rooms with two baths. There are flying squads of uniformed doormen, so that city dwellers, who daily endure the agony of finding parking space in a hopelessly congested city, can surrender their car keys cavalierly to a smart

attendant, who parks and delivers their cars.

The meals are Lucullan, and the program of activities and entertainment is calculated to overwhelm any heretical tendency toward boredom. Games and lectures begin right after breakfast, and in the afternoon there are pool-side variety acts. There is even an art studio which announces boldly: "Everybody a Rembrandt. Paint in one hour. No talent needed."

If middle-class Jews are attracted to The Concord because it means the best, they also take a satiric amusement in its size and excesses. Jokes flourish about the owner, multi-millionaire Arthur Winarik, who, reputedly, is building an indoor mountain and whose cure for crab grass is to build over it.

Grossinger's on the other hand is the undisputed aristocrat of the Catskills and purveys tradition as well as opulence—rustic oak beams and unashamed Tudor fronts from the 'twenties together with such standard present-day accouterments as an outsized swimming pool and a giant night club. There is a good deal of overlapping of guests in both resorts, and the vacation pattern is much the same. But Grossinger's is one of the pioneers in the Catskills, and its expansion faithfully mirrors the life story of many of its guests. The gaunt shadow of the Lower East Side falls across its Terrace Room as it does over the mink coats of its patrons.

#### THE MATCHMAKER

THE past is summoned up, too, by the return of couples who met at the hotel. For Grossinger's is one of the few Catskill resorts left which still faithfully discharge their function as matchmakers. At the period immortalized by Arthur Kober in "Having Wonderful Time" the Catskills were synonymous with summer romance. Today dozens of hotels which formerly catered to a "single crowd" have become family hotels.

The Catskill hotel still offers the unmarried a dream of abundance—to men, the teasing vision of promiscuity; to girls, the matchless opportunity to meet everybody and anybody. But a new urgency has entered in.

"When you dance with a girl," a young man explained bitterly, "she's casing the joint over your shoulder, while you're sizing up the other girls over her head."

"The crowd was better last week" is the unmarrieds' perennial complaint. And in this realm of the unmeasured and unmeasurable the crowd always was—and always will be—better last week,

OF NEXT.

By the end of the week, the young men have a treasure trove of phone numbers. The girls have pirouetted for all to see. Exhausted by either success or failure, they turn to each other with a special tenderness when it is time to leave. They have experienced a common bondage. Now that it is over, they all love each other with a gentle, sad understanding. For one brief hour, with the luggage in front of the hotel, the trunk of the car yawning wide, they achieve a true vacation comradeship. Why, they ask, couldn't it have been this way all week?

And there are always the couples, wiser than most, who scorn the tiring erotic charades and find love in one sunlit week. They will return next summer, married, as guests of the hotel whose efficacy they now betoken. And they will sit sedately with other young couples and watch the antics of the unmarried with a mixture of wistfulness and relief.

But at Grossinger's romance is still promoted with a curious blend of streamlined efficiency and the patient ministrations of the old-fashioned *shadchan* (matchmaker). Hostess Carla Grossinger, Jennie's cousin, is a woman of redoubtable continental charm. Her job is to bring people together. ("You have to introduce casually. It's best to do it in groups. Then people can break away. . . . You develop a sixth sense.")

She is abetted by a high-powered office staff, which prepares lists of out-of-towners with dispatch, so that people, let us say, from Cleveland, can meet early in the week. The hotel's archives are full of marital triumphs achieved by people who traveled hundreds of miles to Grossinger's in order to meet and marry mates from their home towns. In truth, providing social opportunities for out-of-towners is a genuine service. People in small towns who fail to marry in their early twenties face increasingly poor chances of doing so thereafter. It is only at a summer resort, fed by hundreds of communities, that the range of opportunity widens temporarily.

There is also a daily newspaper, distributed at the dinner table, which apprises guests about each other. In the euphoric lexicon of Grossinger's, no female guest is ever less than pretty and no man ungallant. ("Collecting many new friends with her winning smile and cute dimples is alluring Ada Skuratofsky of Newark . . . Miriam Wexler, glamorous charmer from Forest Hills . . . Looking chic in that red plaid hat is Sam Keller of the Bronx . . . Those heavenly eyes behind dark glasses belong to dark-tressed Judy Dormstadter of New York.")



Grossinger's and The Concord, making an appropriate post-Freudian obeisance, each maintain a staff psychologist. At The Concord, he gives talks on such subjects as why men leave home. At Grossinger's he is an expert on hypnosis. When he is not performing feats of mass hypnosis, he teaches, indifferent to the irony, classes in relaxation to people on vacation.

Grossinger's has accented cultural activity somewhat more than The Concord. This ranges from a daily forum ("Are Parents Responsible for Juvenile Delinquency?"), to Spanish, to the lowlands of self-help (speech and beauty culture). The lecture platform has known such distinguished visitors as Max Lerner and Mrs. Roosevelt. All this is a reflection of Jennie Grossinger, in whom the traditional Jewish reverence for learning is undimmed. When The Concord goes cultural, on the other hand, it does so with characteristic grandiosity. During the peak summer months it brings in an entire symphony orchestra!

#### SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

**B**ELOW the level of Grossinger's and The Concord are about a dozen hotels which offer the abundant life on a smaller scale. These accommodate from five hundred to a thousand guests and include such Catskill landmarks as The Laurels, The Brickman, The Pioneer Country Club (familiarily called Gartenberg and Schechter's), Kutsher's, and The Raleigh. Each has its own cachet.

Kutsher's, for example, is a sports center. It has a formidable basketball team, coached by Red Auerbach of the Boston Celtics, which monotonously wins all its games. As other hotels entice Broadway stars to disport themselves conspicuously for a weekend, Kutsher's lures athletes of note. Its day-camp program for children is considered exemplary. In deference to prevailing educational concepts, day camps in the Catskills no longer drag their charges around in untidy, heterogeneous lumps. The peer group holds sway. And teen-agers, haughty potentates in every hotel, are now being conned into teen clubs ("The trick is to make them think they want an activity").

At The Raleigh the atmosphere is frankly and strenuously show business. (One of its owners, George Gilbert, was co-producer of "Mr. Wonderful.") The opening of The Raleigh on Passover is like the opening of a Broadway show. There are the same last-minute emergencies, the same exacerbation of nerves, and the outcome

is always traumatically in doubt at the start.

Not all Catskill hotels aim to dazzle. Murray Posner of Brickman's, a resort by no means modest in its appointments, says flatly, "I want solid people, the little paper-box manufacturer, who comes up with his wife and eighteen-year-old daughter." At Brickman's folk and square dancing is a daily activity, and although the usual name acts are booked, there is a good deal of emphasis on audience participation.

The Harmony Country Club has catered for a long time to a middle-aged Yiddish intelligentsia. (*Feinschmeckers* they call them.) The owners will point with proprietary satisfaction to a guest reading a Yiddish translation of *The Divine Comedy*. This resort has also attained distinction with its relentlessly highbrow dance programs. Myra Kinch, Geoffrey Holder, Paul Draper, and a variegated procession of ethnic dancers have offered their artistic wares to a slightly bewildered but appreciative audience. And the connoisseurship of the guests was sealed when, on one occasion, they complained that a Hindu dancer was not doing authentic stuff!

The guests at Harmony—like older people all over the Catskills—love to walk. After the evening meal, throughout "the mountains," old couples, their faces grave and gentle in the waning sunlight, stroll contemplatively along country roads. They are the only ones who walk—perhaps because they are the only ones with any memory of rural life. The new generation has always been city-pent.

But neither the cha-cha virtuosos at the big hotels nor the aging fugitives from a past era are the Catskills' representative figures. The everyday, lower-middle-class family from Brooklyn or the Bronx—father, mother, and two growing children—are the staple trade. The small family hotels far outnumber the pleasure domes. And the way of life is simple—card-playing on the lawn, a fairly bedraggled day camp for the children, a high-school-boy orchestra, and on Saturday evening, a few modest vaudeville acts.

But the small hotels are in trouble. With the growing sophistication of tastes, they simply do not offer enough. (A veteran hotel operator pointed to a gem-like swimming pool tucked in the fold of a valley about a third of a mile away. "See that pool?" he said. "My guests are spoiled. They won't walk to that lovely, lovely spot. If I want to survive, I have to build a pool right here at the hotel.")

Moreover, the upper rates of the small hotel nudge the lower rates of the big ones. Expenses are high, and, as one small operator put it, "We

set as good a table as any big hotel." The Catskills are suffering from the general economic malaise of the country: the small businessman is being crushed.

Some are going bankrupt; others are selling out to trade unions with overflowing welfare funds, or to Orthodox Jewish groups bent on creating islands of sanctity amid the precincts of pleasure. Occasionally, a small hotel has a "successful fire." Some hang on, their mortgages paid off, in the hope of a really hot summer which would send city-dwellers pell-mell to the country. Still others have retooled into package-plan hotels: for a sum, anywhere from \$700 to \$1,500, they offer a summer vacation for an entire family—mother, two children, and a weekend-commuting husband.

Most package plans allow the husband sixteen days. That takes in just weekends—a melancholy comment on the thralldom of males. Most men come careening up on Friday evening and take part in the enervating crawl homeward on Sunday night. Meanwhile their wives have purchased a summer of total leisure. Their children are looked after at a day camp, fed in a children's dining-room, and supervised by counselor patrols when they sleep. The mothers are free to resume a camaraderie-of-the-girls that they had abandoned in adolescence. And since small hotels are short on daytime activities the women sit around together in a kind of all-day coffee break. For some it is an endless carnival of gossip; for others, an opportunity for long deferred reading or knitting. A few of the hotels even sponsor study programs of various kinds.

It is a curious society, comfortably bereft of men. Weekdays the adolescent boy has unchallenged dominion. He is lifeguard, waiter, and musician. He sits with a tingling consciousness of himself as *jeunesse dorée*. How disturbing it must be to return to winter devaluation!

#### THE COTTAGE CULTURE

**B**UNGALOW colonies, ranging from ten to a hundred bungalows, are the most populous segment of the Catskills, and here building is still going on. While there is some competi-



tion—one colony advertises two bands and two pools—they are generally less prone than hotels to merchandise daydreams of splendor.

Families who choose bungalows do so because they prefer that way of life. By and large, the woman who cannot endure the burden of idle hands or who wants more space than a single room is attracted to a bungalow. Many women also object to the regimented life of the hotel, the rigid schedule of meals, the prefabricated entertainment. And from border to border in Sullivan County, women hiss with horror at the "snakepit"—the children's dining-room in the hotel into which they have to venture because of their refractory offspring. One woman estimated that between her own meals and supervising her children's, she used to spend six hours a day in her hotel's dining-rooms.

"Here in my bungalow," she said, waving in the direction of her immaculate kitchen, "we have lunch—all of us at once—in half-an-hour."

Bungalow colonies are, in effect, basic training for city people in the techniques and organization of suburbia. Most colonies provide their own amusements and operate through that *sine qua non* of suburban man—the committee. Each committee, consisting of a few couples, is entrusted with arranging one Saturday night's entertainment. It may be a party with a special motif—South Sea Islands or dress-as-the-person-you-would-like-to-be—or a square dance for which a caller has to be hired. Some colonies, with a great stir of activity, even organize committees during the first few weeks to adjudicate disputes among the children and plan soft-ball and mah-



jongg tournaments. Soft-ball leagues are rampant, and every able-bodied male, from toddlers to doddering ancients, is on a team.

In contrast to the hotels, there is little flamboyance in the colonies. The women conscientiously dress *down* during the week. Only on festive Saturday nights, with their husbands around, do they preen. Even then, there is a stern avoidance of competitive dressing. The wife of a successful furrier, for example, may decline to wear a mink stole because the other women are not similarly equipped.

The high-water mark of the colony social season is the annual mock marriage. Colonists themselves are unable to fathom the reason for the fanatic popularity of this institution, but they approach it with a mixture of hilarity and zeal. The mock marriage is simply a transvestite nuptial ceremony in which husband and wife, suitably garbed, play each other's part. The man least sacerdotal in manner or reputation serves as a somewhat Rabelaisian rabbi. Men play the part of bridesmaids and women act as ushers. The least daintily contrived males are cast as flower girls.

Practiced in almost every colony, from the sophisticated to the plebeian, the mock marriage is a middle-class saturnalia, a topsy-turvy world which may come closer to expressing the underlying realities of marriage than the revelers are prepared to admit, and an uninhibited exorcism of the tensions of the marital relationship. It is also, perhaps, a way of expressing acceptance of each other's role—a cryptic rite of togetherness.

#### WAVE OF THE FUTURE

**W**HAT do people think about Catskill resorts? Many Jews of cultivated taste are embarrassed by them and sedulously avoid the area. Others point out that Jewish vulgarity is no worse than that of the American community at large. The *nouveaux riches*, Jewish and gentile alike, are always apt to perpetrate assaults on good taste. And Jewish traditions are free from certain kinds of excesses. Drinking is always kept within reasonable limits, and there is rarely any brutality or grossness. One rabbi argues that Jews, breasting the currents of American Calvinism, have demonstrated the "legitimacy of pleasure" in the Catskills and created designs for civilized recreation. He points out that in Catskill resorts there is never a retreat from responsibility; millions of dollars are raised in charity drives at the leading hotels.

Meanwhile gentiles who have recently dis-

covered the region are taking to the life there with enthusiasm. This has come about in a curious way. Because of the enormous expense of running the largest hotels, a twelve-month operation has become mandatory. There are now six Catskill hotels, including The Concord and Grossinger's, which are open all year. Skiing is one attraction, but in the Catskills the accent is on caution.

"Everything is safety," a ski instructor remarked. "We have safety skis, safety bindings, and a safety slope. Businessmen tell me, 'I can't afford to break a leg.' But they're so tense with their business worries that if they do fall, they often break a leg."

As a result authentic skiers are more likely to go to Belleayre in the high Catskills where the slopes are steep and the temperature is low. To take up the slack, the Catskill resorts are making a bid for business and organization conventions. This has brought gentiles into the area—and a change from the typical American convention pattern. Meetings in the Catskills are no raucous stag gatherings. The resorts fervently woo wives and children and arrange a dizzying round of activities to amuse them while husbands are pursuing stodgy convention business.

The gentiles who have come to the Catskills are, by and large, enchanted by this dreamland. The region probably offers the biggest value per vacation dollar in the entire country, and gentiles, even relatively provincial up-staters, are attracted by Jewish gusto. For many, Jewish food is an exciting new eating adventure. (Gentile guests are often given jars of herring as souvenirs.)

Jewish dietary laws sometimes act as a deterrent to potential gentile guests who mistakenly interpret *kashruth* (kosher) as a sign of exclusion. In point of fact, Catskill hotels are delighted to have non-Jewish guests. The persistence of *kashruth* as an almost universal practice is partly tradition, partly an inheritance from the patriarchal figures who established the hotels.

It is possible, of course, that the influx of gentiles will ultimately destroy the tangy Jewish quality of the Catskills and make the region merely one more American resort. Already comedians are complaining that they have to be sparing with Yiddish punch lines. Already Jewish young people have begun to be drawn away to Fire Island, Cape Cod, the beach clubs on Long Island, even to Europe. No one can say what the future will bring. But the Catskill hotel owners are betting solidly on the New Yorker's penchant for pleasure, crowds, and *tumul*.

Joseph Kraft

# SCHOOL FOR STATESMEN

Most Americans have never heard of "the best club in New York" . . . which quietly incubates a surprising share of both the men and the ideas which make policy for the United States.

THE whole world complains that Americans are bored by foreign policy and regard peace as the condition of being left alone. But it is no secret either that on the highest levels of foreign affairs this country has been served by a crop of Public Men—the Stimsons, Lovetts, and McCloys—remarkable for knowledge, dedication, and breadth of outlook. How did this crop spring from such stony soil?

A part of the answer lies in the Council on Foreign Relations, a private and professedly non-partisan New York organization which most Americans have never heard of. It has been the seat of some basic government decisions, has set the context for many more, and has repeatedly served as a recruiting ground for ranking officials. It has been called, among other things, "the best club in New York," "the government in exile," and, by a former Assistant Secretary of State, "a place where nice men meet and talk to themselves."

Nice or not, the men who meet at the Council are indisputably important. The membership (about 1,200, by invitation only, with women and foreigners barred) includes the President, the Secretary of State, the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, the Director of the

Central Intelligence Agency, the board chairmen of three of the country's five largest industrial corporations, two of the four richest insurance companies, and two of the three biggest banks, plus the senior partners of two of the three leading Wall Street law firms, the publishers of the two biggest news magazines and of the country's most influential newspaper, and the presidents of the Big Three in both universities and foundations, as well as a score of other college presidents and a scattering of top scientists and journalists.

The splendor of the company they keep is not lost upon at least some of the members. John Nason, the President of the Foreign Policy Association, once defined the difference between his organization and the Council as "the difference between the House and the Senate."

"You mean," he was told, "the difference between the New York phone book and *Who's Who in America*."

More prosaically, the difference is that where the Council is a meeting place for the exchange of information among experts, the Foreign Policy Association disseminates information to thousands of people, and to other organizations, in over two hundred cities.

Only slightly less impressive than the Council's roster is the obscurity in which it has dwelt. The files at Time Inc. disclose five entries in the past five years. The *New York Times* has mentioned the Council scores of times, but, with two exceptions, only as a site of speeches or sponsor of publications. On one occasion the *Times* announced the Council would begin publication of a magazine which, in fact, it had already been putting out for two years.

WHAT prompts the absence of attention is in part the Council's indifference to publicity, and in part a rule—unbroken to this day—that all speeches are off-the-record. But in addition the Council has been obscured by its similarity to the vast multitude of other membership organizations scattered across the country. More than most it has thrived. Without turning a hair, the Council, not long ago, spent \$6,000 on a private dinner for Secretary Dulles. Its annual budget averages about \$750,000, and its staff about seventy-five people; its home is a handsome town house on 68th Street at Park Avenue; and it maintains one of the best and most accessible specialized libraries in New York.

But like most of the other private associations, the Council proclaims a benevolent purpose, sponsors meetings, and contributes, through publications, to that mightiest of American rivers,



the flow of information. Like them too, it owes its start to happy accident.

The roots of the Council stretch clear back to the group of technical advisers who accompanied Woodrow Wilson to Paris in 1918 to write the peace that would make the world safe for democracy. Wilson's experts—Colonel Edward M. House, Professors James Shotwell of Columbia, Archibald Coolidge of Harvard, Clive Day of Yale, Isaiah Bowman, the geographer, and General Tasker Bliss—a reader of Vergil and forerunner of today's "intellectual generals"—made contact with their British opposite numbers and discovered a common denominator.

"There is no single person in this room," one of the Britons declared at a joint meeting, "who is not disappointed with the terms we have drafted. Our disappointment is an excellent thing. Let us perpetuate it."

"We decided," another of the Britons, Harold Nicolson, noted in his diary, "to create an Anglo-American Institute of Foreign Relations."

#### IS IT A CLUB?

THE Anglo Institute, with royal patronage and a home in the house of Pitt, was incorporated as the Royal Institute of International Affairs, or Chatham House—a separate institution with no American ties. The American Institute, after floundering to the verge of extinction, merged with a New York gentlemen's club which had been set up during the war to give dinners to distinguished foreigners. The fusion was formalized on September 21, 1921, with the incorporation of the Council on Foreign Relations, comprising 209 members, a fifteen-man Board of Directors, and a single permanent official—Hamilton Fish Armstrong, fresh out of Princeton and service as a military attaché in Belgrade. The principal aim was "to create and stimulate international thought among the people of the United States."

By itself, the merger of the two groups stamped upon the Council one indelible—and in America, rare—feature. It has at all times been common ground for men of affairs and intellectuals. The first board included four professors, the Wall Street lawyers John W. Davis and Paul Cravath, the bankers Otto Kahn and Paul Warburg, and, as honorary chairman, the former Secretary of State and dean of the bar, Elihu Root. Finances came mainly in large donations from the men of affairs, but all members paid dues and contributed according to their means. The program was a joint product, expressed in a three-fold

structure that remains the heart of Council activities.

As an expression of the academic interest, the Council has followed from the beginning a policy of "publish or perish." Since 1928, it has brought out an annual survey of American foreign policy—now entitled *The U.S. In World Affairs*—and since 1927 *The Political Handbook*, an annual listing of foreign countries, their governments, parties, and press. More important, the Council began in 1922 the quarterly magazine *Foreign Affairs*.

"What we want," the directors wrote to the first editor, Professor Archibald Coolidge, "is a really first-rate journal with the best contributions available in the U. S. and abroad."

#### POLICY BY "X"

WHAT they got far outran the prospectus. Under Coolidge and Hamilton Fish Armstrong, who succeeded him in 1928, *Foreign Affairs* emerged as the pre-eminent publication in its field ("the best thing of its kind," the *Times* wrote on its twenty-fifth anniversary), sought after by statesmen and scholars as a vehicle for their thoughts; read in the chancelleries of the world; and repeatedly cited in the press of all nations. Probably no other single article in any American periodical has had such far-reaching impact as George Kennan's exposition of the "containment policy," published under the pseudonym X in the July 1947 issue.

The general pattern was apparent in the very first number. It included articles by the Premier of Czechoslovakia, the Foreign Minister of France, a former U.S. Secretary of State, and the President-Emeritus of Harvard. Robert Lansing, another former Secretary of State read it, and wondered "if they can keep it up." So, on the other side of the world, did Lenin, underscoring his copy with special emphasis on some lines written by a contributor who was identified as "John Foster Dulles, financial expert."

On the other hand, as a legacy from the social club, the Council has retained, and much expanded, a meetings program—talks to the members by American and foreign guests engaged, usually on an official basis, in some current aspect of foreign policy work. In quality the talks vary widely: for every good one, there is probably one that is dull and another that is superficial. The same holds true of the questions that follow. Still the program has brought to the Council every Secretary of State since Hughes but one (General Marshall), and, with the conspicuous

exception of Churchill, every important foreign statesman to visit the U.S. from Clemenceau to Nehru. Secretary of State Frank Kellogg unveiled before the Council what subsequently became the Kellogg Peace Pact. Secretary Stimson first expounded at the Council his doctrine of not recognizing the fruits of Japanese aggression.

Even where there is no news in Council appearances, the personal impression often provides special insights. Japanese Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi, whose golfing and baseball antics must have struck most Americans as slightly comic, showed at the Council as a rough customer, decisive about what he wanted and as hard-boiled in his politics as any ward boss.

"Archbishop Makarios," a member said recently of the Cypriot national leader, "was interesting to me only for the impression he made: it couldn't have been worse."

Midway between meetings and publications is a third program, original with the Council though widely copied elsewhere. It began back in 1923 when members started meeting informally in Armstrong's office to discuss current foreign problems. Since then, the meetings have developed into a highly organized Study Group system for subjecting various central problems to detailed examination by teams of scholars, businessmen, and government officials. As the system works today, the Council's Committee on Studies picks a subject and a scholar writing in the field; then assembles a group of about twenty-five experts from the Council membership, the government, and the universities. The writer submits papers to monthly meetings of the group which supplies criticism and comment. Not infrequently, he will emerge with a book, one recent product being Henry Kissinger's study of *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, a best seller which has been closely read in the highest Administration circles and foreign offices abroad. Book or not, a substantial body of expert opinion is in all cases brought together.

Kissinger's Study Group included two former chairmen of the Atomic Energy Commission, a Nobel Prize winner in physics, two former civilian secretaries in the defense establishment, and representatives just below the highest level from the State Department, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the three armed services. Almost always there is a genuine exchange of views and a broadening of horizons for all the study group members. Lieutenant General James Gavin, the Army man in the Kissinger group, attests that the best method for limiting war in Europe that he ever heard was presented to the

group in a memorandum by Professor Arnold Wolfers of Yale.

"For myself," General Gavin says, "I read more about the Middle East doing homework for Kissinger than I'd read in years."

"Whatever General Eisenhower knows about economics," says a Republican member of the Council who participated with Eisenhower in a 1949 Council study on European recovery, "he learned at the study group meetings." Another participant in the same group recalls that "Eisenhower came with a vague predilection in favor of building up Europe. When he left, European aid was a ruling conviction."

#### THE POOL OF TALENT

**L**ONG before the three-fold operation was in full swing, the Council was making its mark on America as an incubator of men and ideas. Walter Lippmann worked on the annual surveys, and so did Charles Merz, on his way to the editor's chair at the *New York Times*. Herbert Elliston, a China hand out of Yorkshire, came to this country under Council auspices to work on the surveys, then moved on to become editor of the *Washington Post*. Herbert Feis published his first book, *Europe, the World's Banker*, under the Council imprimatur, worked on the surveys, and then in 1930 went to Washington to begin a fifteen-year tenure as Economic Adviser to the Secretary of State. A decade later, Feis, searching for a lawyer experienced in foreign matters to do strategic buying for State, put through to Armstrong, at the Council, a telephone call that began the public career of Thomas K. Finletter.

On the level of ideas, the Council is genuinely an open forum. But, as the *Times* wrote in an editorial, it has "a uniform direction." Concerned about foreign affairs, the bulk of the members inevitably opposed isolation. Working within the framework of the Council, they very early exerted their influence for a policy of resistance to the dictators. One of the first books published by the Council was *The Far Eastern Crisis*, a plea by Henry Stimson for a stop to Japanese penetration in Manchuria. Another, *Is Neutrality Possible?* by Armstrong and Allen Dulles, argued for flexible neutrality regulations in the interest of aiding the Western democracies against Nazi aggression. *Foreign Affairs* in its first issue emphasized that "Russia is too large a part of the world to be ignored with impunity," and suggested the possibility of a German-Soviet alliance. And at all times, even in the late



'twenties and early 'thirties, when the military estate was low, the Council kept in touch with the Admirals and Generals. The study program for 1939 included an investigation of "Mobilization of America's Resources in Time of War." General Frank McCoy told a meeting of political scientists that year that the Council seemed to be "the only academic institution fully alive to the dangers of U.S. involvement in the war."

#### FINDING THE MAN

WITH the coming of hostilities, the Council's assembled pool of talent and information came into sudden and dramatic play. Stimson went to Washington as Secretary of War, taking with him the small nucleus of men, many unknown then, who were to found this country's modern defense establishment.

"Whenever we needed a man," John McCloy, the present Council chairman who served Stimson as personnel chief, recalls, "we thumbed through the roll of Council members and put through a call to New York."

At least as important, the Council provided for the U. S. government the first organized framework for postwar planning. Less than a fortnight after the guns began pounding in Europe, and a full two years before Pearl Harbor, Armstrong and the Council's executive director, Walter Mallory, journeyed to Washington with a proposition. State lacked the appropriations to set up a planning division; Congress was bearish about any official move that hinted at U. S. intervention; there was a danger that, if it finally did get going with a sudden jolt, postwar planning might be out of the hands of State. Why not, they asked, let the Council begin the work, privately, with the understanding that its apparatus would be turned over to State as soon as feasible?

Secretary Hull was in favor. Accordingly, in December 1939, the Council, with financial aid from the Rockefeller Foundation, established four separate planning groups—Security and Armaments; Economic and Financial; Political; Territorial—comprising about a dozen men each including research secretaries of the highest caliber (Jacob Viner of Princeton and Alvin Hansen of Harvard in the economic group, for example). A fifth group was added in 1941 to consider the problems of the exiled governments of the occupied European countries which the State Department, because the United States was neutral, had to treat gingerly. In 1942, the whole apparatus with most of the personnel was taken into the State Department as the nub of its Advisory Committee on Postwar Planning Problems. Up to that point, the five groups had produced a total of 150 planning studies.

Their impact, given the amorphous quality of decision-making in the U. S. government, is difficult to measure. It appears that Council studies played a considerable part in shaping the Charter of the United Nations; the American decision not to remove the Japanese Emperor; and the means by which Japan's former island bases were at least temporarily acquired as U. S. bases. The relatively mild American position on German reparations, taken at the Moscow Foreign Ministers Conference in 1943, was blocked out on the basis of the Council's study of the problem.

And one major action is beyond cavil. On March 17, 1940, the Council's Territorial group issued a study, warning that Germany might acquire Greenland through occupation of Denmark and pointing out that the U. S. could safeguard Greenland by defining it as an area "within which the Monroe Doctrine is presumed to apply." Germany, in fact, occupied Denmark on April 9, 1940. Three days later, President

#### ELMER DAVIS 1890-1958

HIS colleagues—he had no peers—recognized Elmer Davis as the greatest journalist of his generation. His integrity, courage, and common sense helped guide the country through one of the most troubled periods of its history; and he set a standard which the best of American newspapermen, magazine writers, and broadcasters have been trying to live up to ever since. He will be especially remembered by *Harper's* readers as the man who contributed more articles to the magazine than any other free-lance writer—sixty-seven of them, including some of the most memorable we have ever had the privilege of publishing.—*The Editors*

Roosevelt, holding the Council memorandum in his hand, announced the extension of our protection to Greenland "which has been recognized as being within the area of the Monroe Doctrine."

Since the war, the government has maintained and expanded its permanent bureaucracy in the foreign field, and the Council's semi-official role has, perforce, diminished. Special projects continue. In 1947, just before taking over as Under Secretary of State to George Marshall, Robert A. Lovett asked the Council staff to arrange for him a briefing session on U.S. foreign policy problems.

"I came away from the session," Lovett recalls, "with the firm conviction that it would be our principal task at State to awaken the nation to the dangers of Communist aggression."

And, of course, Council members continue to drift in and out of the government. When John McCloy went to Bonn as U.S. High Commissioner, he took with him a staff composed almost exclusively of men who had interested themselves in German affairs at the Council.

But increasingly the Council has tended to place major emphasis on the study groups. In the last few years, with the appointment of a new Director of Studies, Professor Philip Mosely, and a \$2,500,000 grant supplied by the Ford, Rockefeller, and Carnegie Foundations, the Council has become the most important single private agency conducting research in foreign affairs.

"Our aim," Mosely says, "is to study the problems before they become issues."

#### IS IT UNDEMOCRATIC?

THE more unofficial role being assumed by the Council tends to neutralize one area of criticism. Charges that the Council is the "Rockefeller Foreign Office" (by a Baltimore McCarthyite) or an "outpost of the British Colonial Office" (by a prewar isolationist) may be dismissed out of hand. But it is undeniable that the Council, acting as a corporate body, has influenced American policy with wide-ranging effects upon the average citizen. Set against the total public, the Council can hardly be called a representative body; its active membership is, by force of circumstance, Eastern; and, by any reckoning, either rich or successful. Its transactions are remote from public scrutiny, and, in fact, refractory to any detailed examination. Thus, in theory at least, the Council comes close

to being an organ of what C. Wright Mills has called the Power Elite—a group of men, similar in interest and outlook, shaping events from invulnerable positions behind the scenes.

In practice, even that cock will not fight. The Council has assumed semi-official duties only in emergencies; it has never accepted government financial support; such recommendations as it has made have subsequently all stood test at the polls or in Congress; if its membership shares the fellowship of success, it is at least broad enough to include divergent views on every current foreign-policy issue. Moreover, the Council plays a special part in helping to bridge the gap between the two parties, affording unofficially a measure of continuity when the guard changes in Washington. For example, Governor Averell Harriman of New York, a former Ambassador to the Soviet Union, and, not impossibly, a future Secretary of State, recalls that his first exchange with the current Administration on Soviet problems took place at the Council in a conversation with Robert Bowie, formerly Mr. Dulles' Director of Policy Planning.

Indeed, it may be claimed that something like the Council appears to be required by the peculiar problem of American leadership. On the one hand, the business of managing national affairs is becoming daily more massive and complex. Who, for example, can profess to more than a rudimentary grasp of the budget? On the other hand, in this country, richness of opportunity preoccupies many men with their own private pursuits and "better living." The size and mobility of our population break up the deep fellowship and sense of collective purpose that imbues leadership in such countries as Britain.

"The duties of the citizen," as Walter Lippmann once wrote, "come to seem very nearly remote to the career of the individual."

At bottom what the Council does is to re-establish the connection. It draws persons who, in John McCloy's wry phrase, are "more than salesmen," affords them the stimulation of a broad sampling of expert views, subjects them to the serious study of international problems, and gives them—for even stuffiness has its virtue—a style. To its great credit, it has helped to produce a type of American Public Man, exemplified at its best by Henry Stimson. Perhaps, if the Council did not now exist, it would not in Voltaire's phrase have to be invented. But Voltaire also asked, in another connection:

"What have you got that's better?"





## Such Nice Finns

Chad Walsh

Through their favorite cloud of steam, they initiate travelers into "an amiable conspiracy to make them feel at home" in a land part pagan, part mystical, and part heroic.

IT WAS summer when my family and I went to Finland, and we took one of the overgrown ferry boats that ply back and forth between Stockholm and Helsinki. Promptly at noon she pulled out of Stockholm harbor and began threading her way through a fairyland of low evergreen-covered islands.

The ship was crowded, as it usually is on a summer weekend. There was the Russian delegation, inhabiting the first-class bar like an army of occupation. There were homing Finns, back from the fleshpots of Stockholm. A troop of Boy Scouts, veterans of some distant jamboree, pre-empted one corner of the deck. The inevitable wandering Germans coalesced and orated to one another.

Many of the passengers had bought only deck space. As twilight deepened some of them settled in the second-class bar for the night; a few infiltrated the first-class bar. Others rushed to find any space that offered shelter from the freshening wind. Soon you could find them curled up under the lee of every lifeboat, and stretched out like cordwood in the corridors.

The Baltic is shallow, but deep enough to generate abrupt and choppy waves. Breakfast found the American group comparing sleeping pills and seasickness remedies. There were more

than thirty of us, counting children, all going to Finland for the first time as part of the Fulbright program. When we emerged on deck, the summer sun was high and the first faint outlines of Helsinki could be seen in the distance, gleaming with a peculiar purity in the clear light. "*Pohjolan valkea kaupunki*," one of the group murmured, remembering a phrase from the Finnish grammar which the educational foundation had hopefully sent to each Fulbright grantee—"the white city of the north."

THAT afternoon we were settled in the dormitories of a technical school located on an inlet of the sea a few miles from Helsinki. Our ceremony of initiation was already scheduled—at three o'clock for the ladies; four-thirty for the men. This was the redoubtable Finnish bath.

First we took showers in an anteroom, then opened the door onto the ultimate mysteries. The sauna proper consisted of three platforms ascending in height and temperature. In one corner was the largest potbellied stove I have ever seen. The thermometer showed 220 degrees Fahrenheit; sometimes it approaches 300.

We sat or sprawled on the three platforms, looking like Doré's illustrations for *The Divine Comedy*, dutifully flagellating ourselves with bundles of birch twigs "to drive the heat in," and, when the heat grew overpowering, slopping pails of water over our tormented skins.

It must have been about ten minutes later that our Finnish guide threw a particularly large dipperful of water on the stove. Thick clouds of steam engulfed us and searched our pores with needles of fire. We fled in twos and threes, pursued by billowing steam, ran for the shore, and swam in the infinitely cool and caressing water. Returning, we sat in an outer room, slowly dress-

the supposed heat of salt fumes to make up for dehydration and talking. The sauna is as much sociability as sanitation, and if you want to enjoy it and its aftermath properly, you should budget at least an hour and a half of your time: three hours if you want to satisfy your Finnish friends.

The sauna and Finland are so wedded that wherever the Finn goes, the sauna goes with him. Finnish soldiers on distant fronts dug saunas in the hillsides. Finnish clubs and apartment houses often include them, and there are public ones in all the cities. The Finnish saying has it that if spirits, tar, and the sauna won't cure an illness, there's no hope.

The sauna is offered early and persistently to visiting foreigners. It is a purification ceremony and rite of passage. When you emerge you are no longer an utter alien. Little more is demanded than a few token phrases of Finnish and an admiration for Sibelius to integrate you into the life of a nation which is predisposed to be hospitable.

One often hears Finns described as mystics. Certainly there is an inarticulate depth to them which they maintain as much among themselves as with foreigners. But there is also an openness. Visitors to the country are treated as guests, rather than tourists, and there seems to be an amiable conspiracy afoot to make them feel at home.

#### THEIR LOVE AFFAIR WITH NATURE

ON PAPER 95 per cent of the Finns are Lutherans, but, except in some rural areas, church-going is so rare as to seem eccentric. The church is simply there, for baptisms, confirmations, marriages, and funerals. Otherwise it leaves the people alone, and they leave it alone. "Our real religion," a Finnish friend explained, "is blue dome-ism—nature worship." I am not sure whether worship or identification is the word, but obviously long ago man and nature in Finland consented to live together in a common rhythm.

Soon after our arrival we noticed bright-red pictures of what seemed to be small lobsters displayed in all kinds of stores. These heralded the crayfish season of late summer and early fall. Soon crayfish parties were going on everywhere in homes and restaurants. I have seen two Finns spend three hours of radiant contentment over a bottle of white wine and a platter heaped eight inches high with crayfish. One enterprising backer, I was told, tried freezing the delicacy,

but he found no customers. For the Finns, the crayfish season would lose its poignant beauty if it were artificially prolonged.

During the brief summer Finnish families move en masse from the cities to summer homes by lake or sea, or on the thousands of islands which ring the coast. If the father cannot spend the whole season there, he takes the longest possible weekends. The cottages are not an upper-middle-class luxury; many were hand-built by their owners, starting with the essential sauna. Throughout the Finnish summer, with its fifteen to nineteen hours of daylight, life is a quiet ecstasy of swimming, boating, and absorbing enough sun to last through the cold and dark days which are never far away.

When winter comes, the Finns accept that too. The old woman at my corner newsstand was there from breakfast time till supper, with no heat or shelter. As the cold deepened, she added new layers of cloth. By February she was a shapeless bundle and a pair of bright eyes. But always her eyes had a passionless look of peace. (I also found that Finns will attend public meetings and sit on wooden bleachers for two hours without wriggling.)

But if the Finn knows how to blend into the darkness, he also knows how to create oases of light. From early December until January 6 there are constant Christmas parties. First, *pikkujoulu* (little Christmas) is celebrated early in Advent, gradually merging into more elaborate festivals as Christmas Eve draws near. *Lut-fisk*, a nauseous dish made by soaking fish in a lye solution, but tolerable to foreign palates if drenched in white sauce, is inevitable.

On Christmas Eve the big dinner is held, including the traditional *puuro* (rice porridge), in which one or more almonds are concealed—if you happen to have one, you will get your wish for next year. Sparklers are burned on Christmas trees, giving a Fourth of July quality to the gaiety. Lighted candles cover the tree, and no one frets about the fire hazard. Frequently small flags are used as ornaments—the Finnish at the top, then the Scandinavian, and finally most of the remaining banners, with the exception of the Eastern neighbor's.

In the late afternoon on Christmas Eve there is a peculiarly poignant custom. People go by the hundreds to the cemeteries and light candles on the graves of relatives and friends. Standing in the cemetery near Turku, in the darkness of the softly falling snow, I could see the graves lighting up one by one. Once again in Finland nature and man, the living and the dead, birth



and death, were symbolically linked together.

Along with the Finn's indifference to discomfort goes contempt for danger. This comes partly from a sturdy individualism; even the city Finn is not many generations removed from pioneer conditions, and he expects to look out for himself. I constantly saw four- and five-year-old children crossing busy intersections without benefit of traffic lights. Country people consistently venture on weak ice rather than walk half-a-mile to a bridge, and there are daily drownings.

This scorn for danger makes formidable warriors of the Finns, especially when patriotism and the strain of violence lurking beneath the quiet monotone of Finnish voices are added. Almost any Finn over thirty has a Homeric past. Your corner shopkeeper once darted with the white-clad ski troops out of nowhere and dealt confusion and death to the floundering Russian hordes. But Homeric boasting is rare. The Finn on our ship to Gothenburg who won a trap-shooting contest remarked in a flat voice, when congratulated, "I never shot anything before except Russians."

#### THEIR HEROES

THE Finns nonetheless worship greatness, whether on the field of battle or in other fields. If the flying Finn, Paavo Nurmi—now a prosperous middle-aged businessman in Helsinki—ever visits his home town of Turku he can see by the river a highly realistic statue of his younger self, stark naked. Indeed, he need not travel so far. A duplicate of the statue is outside the Olympic Stadium in Helsinki.

Mannerheim, Finland's combination George Washington—Abraham Lincoln, was a legend from the time he commanded the victorious Whites against the Reds in the civil war of 1918. One woman told me that she once spotted him going toward the big Stockmann department store in Helsinki and won the race to hold the door open.

Sibelius became a national monument early in his career, and was provided with a pension so that he could compose without mundane distractions. Each year on his birthday the papers ran pictures of the president sitting in the master's home, smoking sacramental cigars with him. The case of Sibelius incidentally raises the question of whether it is wise to canonize the artist so completely. For the last three decades of his life, Sibelius published nothing. He is said to have composed a great deal, but he either destroyed it or left orders for it to be destroyed.

In musical circles rumor has it that he had become so much a national institution he dared not try out anything new on his ecstatic public.

The reverence for greatness partly explains the Finnish fondness for sculpture—realistic, strong, and often larger than life. There are statues in parks, on bridges, at street corners, in public buildings, and frequently in private homes. But the love of sculpture also reflects the Finns' highly developed sense of beauty.

#### THE HAPPY ARTS

THE Finn appreciates natural beauty by leaving it as it is. Elaborate housing developments spring up among untouched trees, wild flowers, and boulders; dirt paths connect the buildings. Flowers are part of the social ritual. When calling for the first time on a Finn you take along a small bouquet (preferably an odd number of flowers—no one has ever told me why). At the soccer game in the Olympic Stadium between the Russians and Finns, I saw the two captains presenting flowers to each other as many cameras clicked.

In the presence of the arts, the Finns have a blessed lack of preciousness or self-consciousness. They sing without much coaxing. Modern apartments have original paintings, which in Finland can be bought at a price within the range of middle-class pocketbooks. Many are mild realism or the faint afterglow of expressionism, but at least they are originals.

But it is in the practical arts that the Finns excel. Finland has some architectural glories from its past—the Great Church in Helsinki, the brick cathedral in Turku, the gracious Empire-style buildings of the early nineteenth century, the medieval stone churches, and the soberly beautiful wooden houses still found everywhere—but it is not bound by the past. So far as I could tell, during the four decades of Finland's independence, no neo-Empire, modified Georgian, or sublimated Gothic public structure has been erected. The architect has been trusted. He has responded not with drab soapbox modern, but with a kind of architecture that is at once functional, warmly human, and imaginative—even at times playful.

Finnish glass is justly famous. The factory at Nuutajärvi attracts top craftsmen from all over Europe. Arabia china, sold in America at extortionate prices, is vended like dime-store goods in the corner stores of Finland.

Finland, like the United States, is having a postwar baby boom, and from every indication.

a Finnish childhood is a happy one. Children try out their miniature skis at the age of two or three, and a few years later are sailing from small jumps. No weather keeps them inside. On the severest days you see them outdoors in yards and vacant lots, so bundled and swathed that if one of the smaller ones takes a tumble he cannot possibly rise without assistance. The day-by-day life of the children carried me back to the small Virginia town where I grew up. It was pre-progressive, pre-Freudian, pre-PTA. So is Finland for the most part.

Finnish children pay formal deference to their elders; little girls curtsy and little boys bow. But having thus acknowledged the gap between the generations, they behave with a spontaneity which their closely supervised American equivalents might envy. After school hours they seem to be turned loose. They wander streets and byways till late at night on their own mysterious missions. When parents get together they apparently never discuss the "social adjustment" of their offspring. An occasional mother will tell, half boastfully, that the invincible baby kept them awake till 2:00 A.M.; otherwise it seems taken for granted that children are children but will grow up into adults, and no special assistance is needed by nature to ensure the familiar miracle.

I had a better chance, of course, to know the university age group, which tends to be a little older than in the United States. Many of the students are so bedeviled by poverty that they drop out every year or two to earn enough money to return. Others stand in such terror of the comprehensive examinations that they defer them year after year, and are in their early thirties before they achieve their degree.

My students were better than their American peers at learning facts. Their examinations were well organized and clearly expressed, but I noticed that they preferred to conceal their personal opinions. I ended my year with a high respect for them and for the austere excellence of the university system which produced them. I did not however become a complete convert to the Finnish system. The American passion for experimentation can—and frequently does—lead to intellectual sloppiness and inanity. But it has life and excitement and unpredictable promise.

Innovations in education come slowly in Finland. The professors are as much the creatures as the creators of the system. A Finnish professor corresponds to the department chairman in America. His teaching load is perhaps five hours a week. If his subject is in demand, he has under

him a small corps of overworked and underpaid drudges, few of whom have any hope of ever coming up for air. Approaching vacancies in any field are spotted and charted years in advance, and the candidates begin preparing their dossiers. Appointments are by public competition. The contenders file formal applications, listing their achievements. These are evaluated by a panel of experts, often including foreign scholars. The particular faculty of the university then makes its recommendation.

#### RITUAL WITH DRINKS

A DEFEATED candidate can appeal to the consistory—the full professors of the whole university, sitting as an academic court. At this stage the rivals are free to publish blasts and counterblasts, the laws of libel being ignored by tacit consent. Memorable battles are recalled at academic dinners many decades later; immortal hatreds have been known to result. When the appointment is finally settled and confirmed, the victor—by now probably in his late forties or fifties—is not likely to be on fire to revolutionize the system which has at last recognized him.

The victory is celebrated with pomp. It was my good fortune to be in Turku when a new professor was installed at Abo Akademi. There was an academic procession, with white ties, tails, and high silk hats. The new professor gave an inaugural address consisting of an exceedingly learned paper. We then adjourned to a club where we remained from eight o'clock until approximately two in the morning, eating, drinking, and *skaling*.

During the hours at table the new professor rose from time to time and gave separate short speeches of welcome to all the men who had helped him in his career. Each of them replied, sometimes with great wit if I could judge by the general response. Rather late in the evening I found myself rising and speaking, with some vague hands-across-the-sea idea. When we finally left the club it was to go to the professor's apartment, where more drinks and an additional dinner appeared by effortless magic.

Around 4:30 I went home, certain that I had participated in a social ritual as exacting as Japanese flower arrangement or the tea ceremony. The speeches and replies were like the versicles and responses of a secular liturgy. From 8:00 to 4:30 scarcely a sip of strong drink had been taken by anyone unless accompanied by a *skål*—sometimes with a speech attached, often



merely catching the other person's eye, murmuring "*skal*," drinking in unison, and bowing.

A fact little known outside of Finland is that the country is officially bilingual. One Finn in twelve has Swedish as his mother tongue. This linguistic minority, found mostly in the south and west, goes back to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when Swedish settlers gradually succeeded in establishing a centralized government. Over the centuries, but particularly in the eighteenth and early nineteenth, many Finns changed language in order to climb the economic and social ladder. As late as 1860, Finnish was basically peasant speech; not a single well-educated family had it as their home tongue.

The winds of nationalism, blowing especially from Germany and laden with a romantic *mystique* of language, brought about an accelerating change. In less than a hundred years Finnish has been shaped into a highly flexible, sophisticated language, capable of coping with atomic physics and the balance of trade. Today the great majority of university students and intellectuals are Finnish-speaking.

#### WHO IS THE UNDERDOG?

HOWEVER, although Finnish speakers are now clearly dominant, the rights of both groups are protected in the national constitution and there is a dual system of education straight through the university level. The most unpleasant period was the 1930s when a diseased nationalism afflicted almost every European nation. A sizable portion of the student body at the University of Helsinki demonstrated so riotously for the abolition of courses taught in Swedish that fire hoses had to be brought out; and street fights between urchins of both groups were not uncommon.

Things are much quieter today, but ancient history lives on beneath the tactful surface. I once heard a Swedo-Finn turn on an American who asked him why he didn't want to learn "the language of the country."

"Why don't you learn Navaho?" he snapped.

The situation is charged on both sides. The Finns recall stories of ancestors who had to hire drunken students to interpret for them in courts where only Swedish was permitted, and, though dominant, many still feel like underdogs. The Swedes, on the other hand, nervously remember the 1930s and some frankly consider *themselves* the underdogs. "We are the Jews of Finland," one of them told me. However World War II did a great deal to heal the gap and bring the

two linguistic groups closer together in understanding and genuine admiration.

The Swedish younger generation, in the main, is working hard at its Finnish—as much for practical as for idealistic reasons. In most parts of the country, life without Finnish is excessively complicated; at times it can be positively perilous. During a brief strike of certain railway employees I noted that the warning signal by the tracks was not working, and the NOT IN OPERATION notice was only in Finnish.

There are occasional indications, too, that the Finns may soon begin studying Swedish more willingly. Swedish is understood all over Scandinavia and is a natural stepping stone to German and English. Finnish is a linguistic iron curtain, a bridge only to Estonia, today incorporated in the Soviet Union. Now that the fury of nationalism has abated these obvious advantages are gradually becoming apparent.

But in Finland itself Finnish is becoming more and more firmly entrenched. The guiding geniuses of its modern development are the Finno-Ugric scholars who meet like committees of Adams and create new words for new concepts, aiming always at keeping the language as pure as possible of foreign contamination. The older generation remembers when a telephone was a *telefoni*. Today it is a *puhelin*, from *puhua*, to speak. This practice lends a stark candor to the language. When our youngest daughter was taken to the hospital for an appendectomy, the sign over the operating-room door read *leikkausosasto*, which means, literally, carving department.

The Finno-Ugric scholars are aided by strong-willed copy editors in Finnish publishing houses who freely purify and revise the manuscripts they receive. As an outsider, I agreed with those Finnish writers who hold that it is time to ease the controls; that Finnish would be a more expressive and living instrument if it were now turned loose to be molded and reshaped by taxi-drivers, lovers, and poets.

However, underneath its surface bizarreness to Western eyes, modern Finnish functions in the accustomed universe of Western concepts and ideals, and the Finns are zealous translators. In any bookstore window, more than half the titles are translations—mainly from English, Scandinavian, German, and French. Frequently the Finnish versions are prepared from galley proofs and published almost simultaneously with the originals. Finland is by no means a cultural island; it is the heroic Ultima Thule of the liberal, rational, humanistic world of the West.

# THE ARTICLE AS ART

One of the most unconventional of the  
young American critics takes a  
hard look at a kind of writing usually  
considered beneath a critic's contempt.

ANYONE who has given much attention to postwar American fiction is likely to have noticed a curious fact. Many of our serious novelists also turn out book reviews, critical pieces, articles about the contemporary world, memoirs, sketches—all of which are produced for magazines and which these writers undoubtedly value far lower than their stories and novels.

Indeed, some novelists (and this applies to many poets too) tend to express their contempt or disdain for discursive prose in the very act of writing it. You can hear a note of condescension toward the medium they happen to be working in at the moment; they seem to be announcing in the very construction of their sentences that they have no great use for the prosy requirements of the essay or the review, that they are only dropping in from Olympus for a brief, impatient visit. But just as often—and this is the curious fact I am referring to—the discursive writing of people who think of themselves primarily as novelists turns out to be more interesting, more lively, more penetrating, more intelligent, more forceful, more original—in short, *better*—than their fiction, which they and everyone else automatically treat with greater respect.

Two examples spring immediately to mind: the late Isaac Rosenfeld and the young Negro author, James Baldwin. Rosenfeld, who died of a heart attack in Chicago two years ago at the age of thirty-seven, was immensely gifted, possibly the most gifted writer to appear in America

in the last few decades. Born of immigrant parents and raised in a Yiddish-speaking milieu, he came to own the English language by an act of absolute appropriation. He could make it do anything he wanted—sprout lush flora, like a tropical landscape, or walk in stately simplicity as though it had been designed only to express the basic emotions and the most direct and uncomplicated apprehensions of reality. Beyond that, however, he was intelligent and literate, endowed with wide curiosity and a frisky imagination. He was also prolific: for years his name was ubiquitous in the world of the little magazine, with a story here, a review there, an article yet somewhere else. Though he published only one novel, *A Passage from Home*, and a collection of short stories, *King Solomon's Mines*, he regarded himself and was regarded by others as essentially a novelist.

Yet the truth is that he never produced a piece of fiction which drew on the whole range of his talent and sensibility. You got the impression that in order to write a story, this man had to suppress half of what he knew and saw, that he was possessed of a mind and an eye and an imagination which could not get their full play in a dramatic narrative. Though banality of thought and falsity of feeling hardly ever entered his articles and reviews, his fiction frequently suffered from derivativeness, artificiality, and mere cleverness. You would scarcely have suspected even from his novel that Rosenfeld was more than a bright young man who had read Proust and Joyce and saw himself, like a thousand other bright young men, as a creature set apart by his artistic vocation. You would scarcely have suspected him capable of that marvelous posthumous piece published in *Commentary* called "Life in Chicago," in which the smell and feel of a city and its history are rendered to



perfection, in which the meaning of that history is defined through a deliciously fanciful theory of the effect on a city of distance from the sea, in which the combination of love and repulsion that a "rootless" American intellectual invariably feels for his home town are superbly expressed, and in which everything—description, analysis, exhortation, and sheer kidding around—converges in the end on a declaration of faith in the supremacy of the arts and what they represent over the prevalent values of modern life. It is a declaration all the more moving for its directness and candor, and all the more powerful for coming from someone who knows that he is flying in the face of the contemporary spirit—but who also knows that a man at some point in his life has to stop agonizing over his apparent eccentricities and say, simply and without refinement or embellishment, "This is what I stand for."

This essay gives you more of Chicago, more of what it means to be an artist and an intellectual in America, and more of Rosenfeld himself than *A Passage from Home*, which, as it happens, is also about Chicago, the artist in America, and the soul of Isaac Rosenfeld.

THE case of James Baldwin is no less striking. Baldwin has so far published three books—a collection of essays, *Notes of a Native Son*, and two novels, *Go Tell It on the Mountain* and *Giovanni's Room* (his third novel is coming out some time this year). The essays in *Notes of a Native Son* all appeared originally in magazines; a couple of them are literary criticism, one is a movie review, and the others are memoirs relating to various aspects of a Negro's confrontation with the white world both in America and Europe. Taken together they make up the best book I have ever read about the American Negro, a book that conveys a phenomenally keen sense of the special quality of Negro experience today. What distinguishes these pieces, even apart from the clarity, subtlety, and vividness with which they are written, is Baldwin's complex conception of the Negro as a man who is simultaneously like unto all other men and yet profoundly, perhaps irrevocably different. The nature of the sameness and the nature of the difference are the subject of the book, and he never allows himself to forget the one term while exploring the other.

But it is precisely the loss of complexity that characterizes his novels. *Go Tell It on the Mountain* is a fairly conventional first novel about a Negro boy in Harlem, and though the hero's

milieu (especially the religious background of his life) is well delineated, you nevertheless feel that Baldwin is trying to persuade you that there is no real difference between the situation of John Grimes and that of any other sensitive American boy who is at odds with his environment. But there is a difference, and it is not merely one of degree—as any reader of *Notes of a Native Son* can tell you.

Similarly with *Giovanni's Room*, which, though it does not deal with Negroes, exhibits the same slurring over of differences in relation to homosexuality. (The white homosexual in America is in the same boat as the oppressed Negro—they are both, as it were, "black" in the eyes of their culture.) Baldwin, in writing about a young American living in Paris who discovers that he is a homosexual, tries very hard to make it appear that a love affair between two men is spiritually and psychologically indistinguishable from a heterosexual romance—which strikes me as at worst an untruth and at best an oversimplification. Here again, then, we have a writer who seems able to produce fiction only at the expense of suppressing half of what he sees and knows, whose discursive prose is richer, more imaginative, and fundamentally more honest than his novels and stories. And with proper qualifications in each case, similar points might be made of James Agee, Mary McCarthy, Elizabeth Hardwick, Randall Jarrell, Leslie Fiedler, and several others.

#### THE GLORY OF BEING A NOVELIST

NOW it can, of course, be said that these examples prove nothing—and would still prove nothing even if another twenty were added to them—except that some people are better essayists than novelists. And if I asked why a first-rate essayist should feel obliged to work so hard at turning out second-rate fiction, the answer would be that the novel is to us what drama was to the Elizabethans and lyric poetry to the Romantics, so that an ambitious writer today will naturally make his bid there. In every college in the country, and probably in most of the high schools too, there are kids who want to be novelists when they grow up—who are convinced that a novelist is the most glorious of all things to be, and who are often prepared to make sacrifices in pursuit of this vocation. The aura of sanctity that used to attach to the idea of a poet has now floated over to rest on the head of the novelist—a very congenial switch

## New Voice

THE first column of *Harper's* new Washington correspondent, William S. White, will appear in the next issue. It will deal with the way news is made and covered in Washington—and the reasons why so much of it is reported badly.

Mr. White was for many years the Capitol correspondent of the *New York Times*; in addition to his commentary for *Harper's*, he is now writing a thrice-weekly newspaper column distributed by the United Features Syndicate.

---

when we consider that Americans tend to regard poets as sissies and novelists as hard-drinking, hard-loving, hard-fighting men of the world. (Compare the public image of T. S. Eliot and Wallace Stevens to Hemingway's or Faulkner's and you see that the poets and novelists themselves seem driven to play true to type.)

But the prestige of the novel cannot account for the fact that so much good writing about precisely those experiences which are closest to the heart of life in America and which we would suppose to be the proper province of fiction—experiences involving the quest for self-definition in a society where a man's identity is not given and fixed by birth—has been done in our day not in novels but in discursive pieces of one kind or another.

Lionel Trilling made a similar observation in a review of David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd*:

People of literary inclinations . . . have a natural jealousy of sociology because it seems to be in process of taking over from literature one of literature's most characteristic functions, the investigation and criticism of morals and manners. Yet it is but fair to remark that sociology has pre-empted what literature has voluntarily surrendered.

Nor is it academic sociology alone that has "pre-empted what literature has voluntarily surrendered." The reportage done in magazines by professional journalists like Dwight Macdonald, Robert Shaplen, Richard H. Rovere, John Bart-

low Martin, and a good many others, has carried on a more exhaustive and more accomplished investigation of our morals and manners than the bulk of contemporary fiction.

The novel form is honored as never before, yet a feeling of dissatisfaction and impatience, irritation and boredom with contemporary serious fiction is very widespread. The general mood was well expressed by Leslie Fiedler who opened a fiction chronicle in *Partisan Review* not long ago with the complaint that the sight of a group of new novels stimulates in him "a desperate desire to sneak out to a movie. How respectable the form has become," he lamented, "how predictable!" Many other critics have tried to explain the low condition of current fiction by declaring that the novel is "dead," an exhausted genre like the epic and verse drama. But whether or not the novel is dead (and I myself don't believe that it is), one thing is certain: that a large class of readers, with or without benefit of theories about the rise and fall of literary forms, has found itself responding more enthusiastically to what is lamely called "non-fiction" (and especially to magazine articles and even book reviews) than to current fiction.

### WANTED: A NAME FOR NON-FICTION

THIS is not, of course, a new observation. The popularity of "criticism"—a word often used as a catch-all term for any writing about literature or culture in general—has been deplored even more passionately than the dullness of postwar fiction and poetry, and has been taken as a sign of the sickness of our present condition. Some years ago, Randall Jarrell, in a famous article, christened this period "The Age of Criticism," and complained that nowadays young men were taking to their typewriters not to compose poems but to analyze and explicate the poems of others. Personally, I have never been able to understand why Mr. Jarrell was so eager to have everyone writing poetry; we can, after all, take it pretty much for granted that any young man who has it in him to become a poet *will* become a poet, even in an "Age of Criticism." And I should have thought that the danger was not that the popularity of criticism would rob us of poets but that the prestige of the "creative" would rob us of good critics, who have always been rarer, even today, than good poets.

Writing in the heyday of piety toward the divine faculty of imagination that succeeded the



great flowering of English poetry during the first half of the nineteenth century, Matthew Arnold provided the best possible retort to Mr. Jarrell:

Everybody . . . would be willing to admit, as a general proposition, that the critical faculty is lower than the inventive. But is it true that criticism is really, in itself, a baneful and injurious employment; is it true that all time given to writing critiques on the works of others would be much better employed if it were given to original composition of whatever kind this may be? Is it true that Johnson had better have gone on producing more *Irenes* instead of writing his *Lives of the Poets* . . . ?

Arnold's allusion to the distinction between the "critical faculty" and the "inventive" is one that any modern reader would pass over with automatic assent, so accustomed have we all become to thinking in terms of two radically different categories of mind—the imaginative, which is the mind that creates, and the . . . well, there is not even an adequate word for the other kind of mind. "Critical" won't do because it has too restricted a reference; nor will "philosophical" quite serve. The fact is that our attitude reveals itself beautifully in this terminological difficulty: we call everything that is not fiction or poetry "non-fiction," as though whole ranges of human thought had only a negative existence. We would all admit, if pressed, that books like Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams* or Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* are as much works of the imagination as *Ulysses* or *The Waste Land*, but we tend in the ordinary course of things to identify "imagination" and "creativity" exclusively with the arts and, where literature is concerned, with poetry, the novel, and the drama. This idea is a legacy from nineteenth-century aesthetic theory. Throughout the eighteenth century the word "imagination" (or its synonym, "fancy") was often used pejoratively and sometimes held to be the source of lies and the enemy of reason. Reason was considered the faculty for perceiving truth, and good poetry was regarded as one of its products.

"A poet is not to leave his reason, and blindly abandon himself to follow fancy," declared the critic Thomas Rymer, "for then his fancy might be monstrous, might be singular, and please nobody's maggot but his own; but reason is to be his guide, reason is common to all people, and can never carry him from what is natural."

Even before Coleridge formulated his famous theory of the poetic imagination as the highest mode of apprehending reality and credited

poetry with a truth superior to the truths of reason and science, early Romantics like William Blake were pushing toward a doctrine that would justify the claims of the poet against those of the "natural philosophers." By the age of Victoria, the Coleridgean view had swept all before it; nothing is more characteristic of the Victorians than the reverence they felt toward poets and poetry (a reverence, as Mr. Jarrell should have remembered, which led to the production of more bad verse than any other period has ever foisted upon the world). The poet was a saint and a sage: the robust-minded Keats became to the Victorians a delicate aesthete languishing away for the sake of beauty and killed by the cruel barbs of the critics, while Shelley—a man up to his neck in politics and causes—was thought of as the wholly spiritual Ariel. The wicked Lord Byron only added to the charm of these images, and the somber Wordsworth was well suited to the role of Olympian wise man.

#### THE "FIT" THEORY OF CREATION

ONE of the consequences of this conception of the poetic faculty was to foster the idea that poetry could be written only in a kind of fit of divine inspiration that had nothing to do with intelligence or consciousness or concern with what was going on in the world. And a plausible relation can be traced between that notion and the decline of poetry in the latter part of the nineteenth century. It was the novelists of Victorian England, who had not yet quite achieved the status of "creative" and "imaginative" writers and to whom the smell of vulgarity that had once been associated with the novel still clung—Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray, James—who represent their age most vitally and powerfully. What strikes one today about Victorian fiction is the scope it provided for the exercise of intelligence, the testing of ideas in the medium of experience, the examination of major contemporary problems. The novel flourished partly because it was such a free, amorphous, sprawling form in which almost anything (except, of course, explicit discussion of sex!) could go: there was no question of George Eliot's having to suppress half of what *she* knew and saw when she sat down to write fiction. And it flourished because it remained in touch with the world around it, while the poets were busy transcending the mundane and the prosaic.

By now we seem to have reached a point where

the novel has taken over from poetry as the preferred genre, and this has contended (just as with poetry in the nineteenth century) with the aftermath of a great flowering. Pound, Joyce, Lawrence, Mann, Kafka, Hemingway, Faulkner are all behind us; in our eyes, they have borne out the claim made for the art of the novel by Henry James and others, just as Wordsworth, Byron, Keats, and Shelley won the case for the superiority of the "poetic faculty" at the bar of Victorian judgment.

In a recent book called *The Living Novel* Gerald Hicks—whose benign reviews in the *New Leader* have established him as the most prominent admirer of new writing since the days of Carl Van Doren—collected essays by ten well-known novelists aimed at refuting the charge that the novel is dead. Most of the essays are bad, bad thinking and bad writing, but they are interesting for what they reveal of the novelist's view of himself today. The dominant note is one of persecution. Mr. Hicks talks about the "enemies of the novel" and says that the novel has always had enemies. Almost all the contributors throw around words like "vision," "intensity," and, of course, "imagination" to distinguish the novel from other kinds of writing. There is a good deal of bitterness against the critics, and a strong implication that they are resentful of "creativity." Saul Bellow (who has fared very well at the hands of the critics) says, for example:

And so we are told by critics that the novel is dead. These people can't know what the imagination is nor what its powers are. I wish I could believe in their good-natured objectivity. But I can't. I should like to disregard them, but that is a little difficult because they have a great deal of power. . . . And they can be very distracting. But the deadly earnestness with which they lower the boom! On what, after all? On flowers. On mere flowers.

You can't blame Mr. Bellow for being irritated by people who insist that the novel is dead while he is trying to write novels, but it is worth noticing that he does not answer the charge by asserting that good novels are still being produced and then trying to prove it. Instead he invokes the name of "imagination" in reverent accents and identifies it with novels (apparently whether they are good or bad), while criticism is a "boom" lowered in metaphorical confusion on the "flowers" around it. Now it would be hard to think of a more infelicitous image for a novel than a flower; novels, if you like, are

trees, they are robust and sturdy, not at all delicate. Why should Mr. Bellow have seized on this inept image? Partly to arouse the reader's sense of pathos, I think, but also because the idea of flowers, with its associations of sweetness, fragility, and loveliness, confers an ethereal dignity on the novel.

The idea comes out of the same sort of thinking that was applied to poetry by many Victorians: poetry was delicate, transcendent, special, inspired—anything, in short, but the measured discourse of a keen human sensibility operating on a world of men. But a new element has been added to the Victorian view. Not only does "imagination" now sprout "flowers," and not only does it (as in Coleridge) represent the highest faculty of intellection; it has also become the principle of "life" itself, while mind and consciousness are now seen as having signed a pact with the Angel of Death. The novel is valuable, we gather from Mr. Bellow and some of his colleagues, because it is the only place left in our world where imagination and its correlates—sensitivity, responsiveness, passion—still function. (The *reductio* of all this can be found in the "spontaneous bop prosody" of Jack Kerouac.) Mr. Hicks goes so far as to say that "there is no substitute now available for the novel, and those who talk about the death of the novel are talking about the death of the imagination."

#### THE ARTICLE TAKES OVER

I AM not one of those who talk about the death of the novel, but I do think that it has fallen on bad days. I also think that the fault lies at least partly with these rarefied and incense-burning doctrines of the imagination, which have had the effect of surrendering the novel to apply a remark of E. R. Leavis on Shelley's theory of inspiration—"to a sensibility that has no more dealings with intelligence than it can help." My own criticism of much contemporary fiction would be precisely that it lacks the only species of imagination worth mentioning—the kind that is vitalized by contact with a disciplined intelligence and a restless interest in the life of the times. And what the novel has abdicated has been taken over by discursive writers. Imagination has not died (how could it?) but it has gone into other channels; these channels are not by any means commensurate with the novel; they are, in fact, *channels* and not the sea. But there is living water in them nevertheless.



What I have in mind—and I cheerfully admit that the suggestion sounds preposterous—is *magazine articles*. I won't call them essays, even though to do so would make the point seem less disreputable and silly, because the type of thing I am referring to is not an essay in the old sense. Strictly speaking, the essay requires an audience that has no doubts about where the relevant subjects of discussion are to be found, and it is therefore written without any need to persuade the reader that he ought to concern himself with this particular question. The magazine article, as they say in the trade, always hangs on a peg; it takes off from an event in the news, a book recently published, a bill in Congress. And even then, with its relevance established in the most obvious way conceivable, it still has to sell itself to a reader who wants to be told why he should bother pushing his way through it when there are so many other claims on his attention. This is a tyrannical condition which can, of course, result in the reduction of all thought to the occasional and the newsworthy. But now and then a writer whose interests and talent go beyond the merely journalistic can be forced into very exciting pieces of work by the necessity to demonstrate the continuing importance of his special concerns by throwing them into the buzz and hum around him.

#### THE DEATH-HOUSE LETTERS

TO MY mind, the critical pieces of Lionel Trilling offer perhaps the best example we have of discursive writing that is not only rich in imagination but animated by an uncanny sensitivity to the life from which it springs. Trilling has spent most of his time analyzing books—often remote books—but who has told us more than he about the way we feel and think today? But for the purposes of detailed illustration, I would like to take a less well-known example, an article (published in *Commentary* in 1953) called “The ‘Idealism’ of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg” by the late Robert Warshow who, like Isaac Rosenfeld, died suddenly at thirty-seven just when his extraordinary powers were developing into full maturity, and who—unlike Rosenfeld—never wrote any fiction.

This article began as a review of the Rosenberg death-house letters which came out around the time the convicted couple went to their execution. Since Warshow was one of those who believed that the world-wide clamor against the death sentence was largely motivated not by compassion for the Rosenbergs or a desire to see

justice done, but by political anti-Americanism of one shade or another, one might have expected the review to be a pronouncement on the Communist menace. And certainly the crudity and vulgarity of the Rosenberg letters provided enough opportunity for scoring points against them and the movement to which they gave their lives. But Warshow's imagination would not permit him to turn out a simple polemical tract: what he wanted was an insight into the soul of the Rosenbergs, and it took a powerful act of imagination to find the soul of the Rosenbergs in the mass of depersonalized clichés that make up their correspondence. Considering the patent insincerity of their rhetoric, the temptation was great to deny them any human feelings at all. But again, Warshow's imagination would not allow him to fall into that trap. After quoting several particularly grotesque passages in which they discuss their children, Warshow comments:

The fact that Julius Rosenberg can speak of a lack of toys as the “materials situation” does not in the least permit us to assume that he did not suffer for his children just as much as anyone else would have suffered. Nor does the impudence of Ethel's appeal to her “sister Americans”—whose lives she had been willing to put in danger—diminish in any way the reality of the “stab of longing for my boy.” On the whole, the Rosenbergs in dealing with their children sound the authentic tone of parental love in the educated and conscientious middle class, facing each “problem” boldly and without displaying undue emotion, though “of course” not denying the existence of emotion either. . . . This is how we all deal with our children, and surely we are right to do so. If it happens that you must “prepare” the children for their parents' death in the electric chair instead of for having their tonsils out, then doubtless something better is required. But what, for God's sake? Some unique inspiration, perhaps, and the truth. But we cannot blame the Rosenbergs for their failure to achieve an inspiration, and the commitment for which they died—and by which, we must assume, they somehow fulfilled themselves—was precisely that the truth was not to be spoken. Not spoken, not whispered, not approached in the merest hint.

Warshow goes on to show how the literal truth had ceased to exist for the Rosenbergs as a result of their commitment to Communism, and he connects this brilliantly with “the awkwardness and falsity of the Rosenbergs' relations to culture, to sports, and to themselves” that is evident in their letters:

It is as if these two had no internal sense of their own being but could see themselves only from the outside, in whatever postures their "case" seemed to demand—as if, one might say, they were only the most devoted of their thousands of "sympathizers."

. . . But it is important to observe the dimensions of their failure, how almost nothing really belonged to them, not even their own experience; they filled their lives with the second-hand, never so much as suspecting that anything else was possible. Communism itself—the vehicle of whatever self-realization they achieved—had disappeared for them, becoming only a word to be written in quotation marks as if it represented a hallucination. . . .

In the end, we discover that "they were equally incapable of truth and of falsehood. What they stood for was not Communism as a certain form of social organization, not progress as a belief in the possibility of human improvement, but only their own identity as Communists or 'progressives,' and they were perfectly 'sincere' in making use of whatever catchwords seemed at any moment to assert that identity. . . ." It is this, Warshow argues, that makes the Rosenbergs truly representative of the Communism of 1953. But his piece does not really close on a note of analysis or condemnation:

The Rosenbergs thought and felt whatever their political commitment required them to think and feel. But if they had not had the political commitment could they have thought and felt at all?

Well, we cannot dispose of them quite so easily. They did suffer, for themselves and for their children, and though they seem never to have questioned the necessity of their "martyrdom" or the absolute rightness of all they had ever done . . . , they wept like anyone else at the approach of death. . . .

I have quoted at length from this short article in order to let the grace and beauty of Warshow's style speak for themselves. It is a beauty that comes not from ornateness or self-conscious finesse, but from a remarkable fusion of feeling and intelligence: to follow this prose is to follow a language in which analysis cannot be distinguished from emotion. When the rhetoric surges ("But what, for God's sake?") it is not for the sake of sweeping the reader away, but in response to a simultaneous movement of the mind and the heart: the heart has discovered something and the mind springs like a panther to formulate its meaning.

A six-page review of a book in a monthly

magazine; a discussion of a controversial political question almost completely forgotten only five years later—yet it turns out to be a piece of imaginative and creative writing as good as any we have seen in this gloomy period, a piece that is at once a moving expression of a man's ability to feel for two human beings who sacrificed themselves to a cause he hated and despised, a brilliant analysis of the Communist mentality, and a profound comment on the nature of sincerity. And the rest of Warshow's work—almost all of it as good as and better than the Rosenberg article—remains buried in magazines, mostly in the highly perishable form of movie reviews.

#### THE CULT OF USEFULNESS

WHY should the magazine article, of all things, have become so important and fertile a genre in our day? Why have so many writers—both "critics" and professional journalists—found it possible to move around more freely and creatively within it than within fiction or poetry? No doubt it has something to do with the spiritual dislocations of the Cold War period, but the essence of the answer, I think, lies in an analogy with architecture. It has often been pointed out that functionalism is more an idea than a reality: the products of functional architecture aren't purely functional at all, since they always contain "useless" elements that are there for aesthetic rather than practical reasons. Yet the fact remains that our sense of beauty today is intimately connected with the sense of usefulness: we consider a building beautiful when it seems to exist not for anyone to enjoy the sight of or to be impressed by, but solely and simply to be used. We think of those glass structures like Lever House in New York or the United Nations or the Manufacturers Trust Company building on Fifth Avenue as practical, in the sense that women call walking shoes practical; they have a kind of no-nonsense look about them, sensible, stripped down to essentials, purged of all superfluous matter.

The same is true of the way we furnish our homes—Scandinavian efficiency is our idea of handsomeness; foam rubber rather than down our idea of comfort; stainless steel rather than silver our notion of elegant cutlery. I would suggest that we have all, writers and readers alike, come to feel temporarily uncomfortable with the traditional literary forms because they don't *seem* practical, designed for "use," whereas a magazine article by its nature satisfies that



initial condition and so is free to assimilate as many "useless," "non-functional" elements as it pleases. It is free, in other words, to become a work of art.

This is not, of course, an ideal situation for literature to be in, but nothing can be gained from turning one's eyes away in horror. Certainly the rigid distinction between the creative and the critical has contributed to the growth of a feeling that the creative is "useless." Curiously enough, the very concept of imagination as a special faculty—and of novels and poetry as mysteriously unique species of discourse subject

to strange laws of their own—itself implies that art is of no use to life in the world. What we need, it seems to me, is a return to the old idea of literature as a category that includes the best writing on any subject in any form. This idea is the prevailing one in England today, where the best novels (for example those of C. P. Snow or of William Golding) exhibit all the qualities of intelligence and implication in contemporary problems that are so glaringly absent from current American fiction. We need a return to this idea and we need it, I should add, most urgently of all for the sake of fiction and poetry.

## DICTIONARY OF CHARLESTONESE

**A**LTHOUGH, as everyone knows, Charlestonians speak perfect English, residents of many other sections of the United States unfortunately do not. Ironically, these sloppy talkers from elsewhere complain sometimes, while visiting the Holy City, that they cannot understand the pure and clear accents of Charlestonians. To remedy this deplorable situation, here is a list of important examples of the local English, selected from *Lord Ashley Cooper's Dictionary of Charlestonsese*\*:

ABODE—Wooden plank.

A BOOT—Approximately.

BALKS—A container, such as a match bawks.

BECKON—Meat from a pig, often eaten with a-igs for brake-fuss.

BONE—Blessed event, i.e., "I was bone a Charlestonian." (A very blessed event, in the minds of all Charlestonians.)

BUN—Consume by heat, i.e., "When you make toe-est, don't bun the braid."

BUS—Upper part of the human body.

COAT—Where they got that jedge an' all, i.e., "Stannup for hizzoneer, coat's in session."

CONDUIT—Impossible of accomplishment.

FAINTS—A barricade of wood or brick.

FAMINE—Tilling the soil, i.e., "I've been famine all my life."

FRUSTRATE—Tops; initial ranking.

HAIL—The abode of integrationists, some dam-yankees, and other evil spirits.

HEPCAT—Act of giving assistance to a feline.

HOMINY—What number?

ICE COOL—The institution of learning which stands midway between grammar school and college.

LACK—Enjoy, i.e., "I lack fried chicken."

LAYMAN—A fruit from which layman-ade is made, i.e., "Is that your layman-ade?" "No, that's Pappa's-zone." "Well, poet back in the pitcher, 'cause Pappa's now drinking bare."

LOIN—Storying. Not telling the trút'.

MEAN—A gathering of people, as a committee mean.

MINUET—You and I have dined.

PASSÉ—Father has spoken.

PASTOR—Field where cows graze.

PAUNCH—Blow struck with the fist.

POACH—A verandah.

POET—To transfer a liquid, i.e., "Poet from the pitcher to the glass."

POLICE—Term of polite request. A person desiring to maneuver a car to the curb might ask a pool-lease-man, "Cain I police pack hair?" To which the pool-lease-man would doubtless respond, "No, you cain not."

RAH CHAIR—Where you are at.

SANE—Speaking, i.e., "I cane hardly hair what he's sane."

SEX—One less than seven, two less than eh-et, three less than noine, foe less than tin.

TARRED—Weary.

TIN SIN STOW—The foive and doyme.

TON—To swerve. To ton around.

TRAFFIC—Something stupendous, like a movie that is beyond colossal or epic.

VERSION—The kind of Queen that Queen Elizabeth I was.

VERTIGO—What happened to HIM?

YUK COME—Someone approaches, i.e., "Yuk come Romco."

\* Compiled for the *News and Courier*, 25 cents, available from the newspaper, 134 Columbus St., Charleston, South Carolina. Profits go to the Good Cheer Fund.



# After Hours

## PALMS AND CIRCUSES

**I**T SEEMS sometimes that there's no place left in America where a man can get away from culture. I was in Sarasota on the Gulf Coast of Florida this spring and it was fairly bursting with culture. The John and Mable Ringling Museum of Art was holding a symposium complete with art historical lectures, exhibitions, and recitals of chamber music, and the local thespians were putting on a production of "Can-Can." The scent of culture was stronger than the scent of oleanders, which is strong, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. The Culture of Sarasota has that extra ingredient that only a showman of the caliber of John Ringling could have given it.

But there was something that struck me as odd about the community. Everybody seemed, like oneself, to be from somewhere else, even those who are local solid citizens. In the four days I was there I met people from New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and one from Edinburgh, Scotland (who told me that Sarasota was settled by Highlanders), but I didn't meet anyone who identified himself as being a native of Florida.

The result is that Sarasota, palms, hibiscus, oleanders, flamingos, motels, and all, seems like a suburb of

a Northern city, which in some respects it is. Granted it would be an awkward place from which to commute to New York or Washington (it's about four hours by DC-6B from New York) but spiritually it is only a stone's throw from Westchester or the North Shore or Beverly Hills. The day I flew there in April, even the temperature bore out this impression; it was 65 degrees when I left Idlewild and 68 degrees when I arrived in Sarasota. Culturally, it seemed to me there was even less than three degrees' differential between the North Shore of Long Island and the West Coast of Florida.

For anyone looking for a cultural home-away-from-home (and able to stand the tropics) I recommend it. The difference is the shadow of Mr. Ringling which one sees everywhere. Mr. Ringling decided in the 1920s to "develop" Sarasota and to "beautify" it. Beautification took the form of landscaping and dotting the landscape with Italian garden sculptures which one seems to come on at nearly every fork in the roads. In this all but sculptureless age of ours, these are pleasant encounters. But one sees Mr. Ringling's shadow most clearly in the pink stucco art museum, in the "residence" that he and his wife built, and in the Museum of the American Circus. All three of them now belong to the state of Florida, all are open to the public, and they sit within walking distance

of each other on an elaborately landscaped piece of land. The property is bounded on the east by the Tamiami Trail and on the west by Sarasota Bay.

Mr. Ringling evidently had a passion for elaborately cut stone and he bought carved columns and doorways and sculpture by the shipload. Many of these were incorporated in the art museum, which was built in a hurry with a fringe on top. The fringe is sculpture, which looks down on a vast courtyard in which there is a sunken formal garden filled with other sculptures. At the open end of the court toward the bay a colossal (in the classic sense of the word) casting of Michelangelo's David stands above a fountain against a row of towering royal palms. The effect of building, garden, and sculpture, all sun-drenched, is very agreeable indeed.

When Mr. Ringling decided it would be nice to build a museum to perpetuate his name, he hadn't the slightest idea what was to go in it except "art." He owned no pictures and made no pretense of knowing anything about them. While the building was being built he and a friend, Julius W. Bochler, who was an art dealer, bought furiously and, let it be said, strangely. For students of Baroque painting the collection is a useful one; it is filled with Neapolitan and Roman and Venetian names better known to scholars than to most laymen. There are, however, a number of pictures of more than just scholarly interest—a splendid Cranach, an impressive Tiepolo, four tremendous Rubens canvases (which he probably worked on, though they are said to be mainly studio productions), and here and



there through the collection something for nearly every taste.

If you should ever visit the museum it is possible that you might miss the most entertaining part of it, because it is an appendage on the bay side and in a separate though connected building. In 1950, A. Everett Austin, Jr., who was then the museum's director, bought a little eighteenth-century theater in Venice and had it moved to Sarasota piece by piece. It cost about \$10,000 and, to install it in its own building, another \$300,000. It was in this little jewel box of a theater (it seats about four hundred) that the lectures of the symposium were given—and it is used almost constantly for theatrical productions and recitals of various sorts. Mr. Ringling, one feels, would have approved.

Nearer the bay, indeed on its very edge, is the "residence" which as a manifestation of the gaudy taste of the 1920s has, to my knowledge, no peer. It is a Venetian *palazzo* two hundred feet long and all of its windows are "rose, amethyst, purple, green, and straw" colored glass. Mrs. Ringling's original notion was to build a house that was a pastiche of buildings she liked, and it took a good deal of talking to keep her from putting a replica of the tower of the old Madison Square Garden on top of her Venetian palace.

But other tastes prevailed, and what she got, if it could be put on wheels, would make a lovely circus wagon. It is, to quote the guidebook, "rose cream stucco accented by glazed terra-cotta medallions and moldings." The inside is in a taste which matches the outside, Venetian complemented with what the Germans call *Kitsch*. Mr. Ringling bathed in a yellow Siena marble tub with gold-plated fixtures. He slept in a rosewood bed encrusted with gilded bronze ornaments, and in one corner of the room he had an old-fashioned barber chair. (If you like that sort of thing, you can see what Mr. Ringling wore. There is a glass panel in the door of his closet and his suits, shoes, ties, and hats are there for you to see but not touch!) Mrs. Ringling's bedroom is smaller and her bathtub is lavender marble.

To describe the contents and feel of the house would be like trying to describe a jazz symphony based on

eighteenth-century themes. It's a ducal palace lived in by a dook, but don't think that's not fun. Lots of Americans were like that in the 1920s. Some still are.

I thought the circus museum disappointing, though those who are steeped in circus lore will not. I wanted it to *be* a circus, and of course it can't be, but there are now plans to turn it into a museum of the history of the circus, and it will, I've no doubt, serve a useful purpose in that manner. The sounds of a calliope now help to establish a mood, but I missed the smell of stale peanuts and sawdust. Anyway, by that time my feet were tired, I'd seen all my eyes could take in, and I couldn't do it justice. The museum and the residence were circus enough for me. What I needed was to get away from culture. In Sarasota one does that by jumping into the Gulf of Mexico. I did. —Mr. Harper

#### WHY OUR MAPS AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH

*Recently I was somewhat taken aback by the statement of former Senator William Benton of Connecticut, as reported in the New York World-Telegram and Sun, that Russian maps are so much better than ours that a New York publisher uses a Soviet map of Westchester county, no less, as a model for his own. This seemed to me so outlandish, in the literal sense of the word, that I turned to Richard Edes Harrison—one of the greatest of American cartographers—for an explanation. He informed me that he had recently delivered himself of some remarks on this subject, to an audience of mapping experts, and has kindly allowed an abbreviated version of them to follow here. I relinquish the rostrum to Mr. H.*

**I** SHOULD confess, as a cartographer, that I rather defy classification. I have had no training in cartography; I have no boss, no supervisor. I do not have to follow manuals and, beyond selecting or adjusting a pen, I don't even measure the width of lines. But I do have editors, and confidentially, it is only editors that give me trouble. I make this personal introduction in order to emphasize some aspects of Ameri-

can cartography that seem to me in need of scrutiny, by a relative outsider.

The sum total of our national effort in making maps must be staggering; we undoubtedly produce more than any other country. But, while our maps display many excellent qualities, and certainly a superior technology, too often they do not match the best efforts of many foreign countries. We have yet to equal the British Ordnance Survey maps at large scales, or the Swiss Staff maps, or the privately produced maps of Kümmerley and Frey. Fine cartography is the order of the day in Italy, Germany, Sweden, even Poland; and a few years ago, in Washington, we were shown some French physiographic sheets that were most original and beautifully produced. Lately, in the atlas field, the Western world has also been astonished at the general excellence of two Russian works—the *Atlas Mira* and *Atlas Morskoi*. These easily rank among the finest atlases of this century. We have nothing which begins to approach them in quality.

What are the missing ingredients in American cartography? As a nation, we are used to obtaining the best of everything; surely cost is not the only factor. Our mathematicians are as competent as any; our mastery of photogrammetry and other phases of gathering geographical information is undoubtedly first-class. In my contacts with government and private mapping agencies, both as visitor and consultant, I have been impressed with the dedication and ability of the staffs, and by their willingness to experiment and innovate. The drawing these days is precise, sometimes to a fault, and many agencies have made great progress in engraving and printing.

In fact, through the introduction of such devices as negative scribing or film-stripping, the gap between final drawings and the printed sheet—always full of pitfalls and booby traps—has been closed. A host of problems in this area have been solved or even eliminated entirely. All this is both good and encouraging. Yet, when you examine the printed sheet, too often you are forced to admit that it does not rank as great cartography.

The ingredients that are missing, in my opinion, are three. First, certain gaps in the training of personnel; second, an unwillingness to accept *art* as a full partner of technology in the design and drafting of maps; and third (this is really a corollary of the second), a too rigid application of technological devices and technological requirements. You could call this a sort of Manual servitude. In the military agencies, I keep hearing the words "user requirements" over and over again. There ought to be only one overriding user requirement, and that is: *can the poor fellow understand the map?*



MAPS are inextricably involved in geography and yet, in American cartographic establishments, there are entirely too many people making final drawings for maps who have had little or no training in geography. Grade-school geography is not enough; it is not as rigorously taught as we might like, and the average pupil leaves the subject at the seventh-grade level and never encounters it again.

I will confine myself to two examples of how lack of training in this field operates. The first occurred in that ancient and honorable institution, the Hydrographic Office. One of the working staff was preparing a letterplate map involving the northeastern United States. As he was placing the name Meriden in its proper Connecticut location, the supervisor peered over his shoulder and said "Hey! Wait a minute, that's not the way to spell Meridian." The working stiff replied that this was Meriden, a different place and different spelling. But the supervisor was adamant; he knew how to spell

Meridian, and that is the way it was published on the sheet.

Another, and more expensive error appeared on a map of Southwest Asia, published and distributed in the millions a few years ago by an equally ancient and honorable institution which shall remain anonymous. On this sheet, the Indus River exhibited an extraordinary tributary drawn in a single line of maximum width. This was the Kabul River, which breaks through the mountains near Khyber Pass. It continued on past Kabul, crossed a ten thousand foot pass into the headwaters of the Kunduz River, flowing into the Amu Darya and winding up in the Aral Sea without once diminishing its width—an error that could not have been made by anyone with an elementary geographical knowledge of the region.

All of us who have had anything to do with the production of an intricate map know that it is almost impossible to avoid error entirely. (On one of my early maps for *Fortune* magazine, the Galapagos Islands were shown 300 miles south of their actual position.) But a great many embarrassing mistakes could be avoided if map-makers had at least a nodding acquaintance with geography, the mother science of cartography. If we don't look out, the current hullabaloo about education will result in a plethora of mathematicians, physicists, and electronic engineers, while competent men in our field will be even more difficult to find than today.

NOW I come to my second point, the unwillingness to admit art as a full partner of technology in cartography. The role of art has not enjoyed very extensive debate on this side of the Atlantic; possibly because the dismissal of James Abbott McNeill Whistler from the Coast and Geodetic Survey for being too "artistic" has served as such a strong symbol of the divorce of American cartography from art. On this side of the water, the geographer John K. Wright has been one of the few bold enough to tackle the ghost of Whistler. In a fine paper entitled "Map-makers Are Human" (*Geographical Review*, October 1942) he has this to say: "Fully as important as scientific integrity—is judgment.

This embraces critical acumen in the selection of source materials, discrimination in the use of techniques, taste in the choice and arrangement of colors, symbols, lettering, etc., and throughout a feeling of consistency."

Note well his choice of words—judgment, discrimination, taste, feeling. They are not the tools of science but of art. The whole matter was summed up by Picasso when he said, "Art is not truth; art is a lie which makes us see the truth." What good is the best map technology in the world if it results in maps which are confusing, or fail in their prime purpose of delineating geography clearly? As an extreme example take a good, sharp, vertical air photo. This contains an enormous amount of information, but much of it is not only confusing but useless to cartography, and must be eliminated.

Art in cartography is not just a philosophical concept but an intensely practical matter. It enters into major questions of map design, and few of the nooks and crannies of map production can escape it entirely. It is an art to convert contours to plastic-shading; drawing a river is an art (or should be), or drawing a swamp, or a boundary. Placing the names on a map is an art, and selecting type is hardly anything else. Above all, it is an art to control all the elements of line, halftone, and colors so that they result in an accurate, readable, harmonious whole.

I AM quite aware that I have not touched upon many problems which have hampered map-producers in their desire to make maps of superior quality. I can develop plenty of sympathy for their woes, but my main point is that we should be able to produce the very best maps in the world—and we aren't.

There is an old saw in the art world to the effect that it takes two to produce a work of art; one to draw it and one to hit him over the head when he is finished. In the special field of cartography, it might well take this form; it takes one to draw the map and another to take the editor out for a drink, until the drawing is safely in the hands of the engraver.

—RICHARD EDES HARRISON





## YOUR FUTURE IS GREAT IN A GROWING AMERICA

If ever there was a time for optimism—it's now!  
Here's what is coming . . .

1. **More people** . . . Four million babies yearly. U.S. population has *doubled* in the last 50 years! And our prosperity curve has always followed our population curve.
2. **More jobs** . . . Though employment in some areas has fallen off, there are *15 million* more jobs than in 1939—and there will be *22 million* more in 1975 than today.
3. **More income** . . . Family income after taxes is at an all-time high of \$5300—is expected to pass \$7000 by 1975.
4. **More production** . . . U.S. production *doubles* every 20 years. We will require millions more people to make, sell and distribute our products.
5. **More savings** . . . Individual savings are at highest level ever —\$300 billion—a record amount available for spending.

6. **More research** . . . \$10 billion spent each year will pay off in more jobs, better living, whole new industries.
7. **More needs** . . . We need \$500 billion worth of schools, highways, homes, durable equipment. Meeting these needs, will create new opportunities for everyone.

Despite the present business dip, the basic reasons for America's growth are stronger and more sure than ever before. Add them up and you have the makings of another big upswing. Wise planners, builders and buyers will act *now* to get ready for it.

**FREE!** Send for this new 24-page illustrated booklet, "Your Great Future in a Growing America." Every American should know these facts. Drop a post card today to: ADVERTISING COUNCIL, Box 10, Midtown Station, New York 18, New York.



(This space contributed as a public service by this magazine.)

# the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## Novels of Middle Age and Others

**O**NE striking change in popular American fiction in recent years is the increasingly large place it gives to middle-aged characters. There was a time when it was assumed, in spite of a good many exceptions, that for a novel to win a large audience it must be a "love story"—which meant that the main characters would be young and that the novel would end when they were paired off in marriage. But now no one is surprised when the main character in a best seller is middle-aged and the father of grown children, like Arthur Winner in *Be Love Possessed*, to name a reputationally successful but by no means an isolated example. If any single writer is responsible for establishing the acceptability of the novel of middle age and for setting its general outline and tone, J. P. Marquand is the man; he even provided a collective name for the genre when he called one of his books *Point of No Return*.

Those who regard literature and its popular reception as a seismograph sensitively recording the deeper rumblings of society can doubtless discover some profound and disquieting reasons for this shift to older characters. Certainly the change in the laws of marriage has a good deal to do with it. When marriage ceases to be regarded as a fixed state, both writers and readers become a little less concerned with the problem of getting married (which usually comes with youth) and considerably more concerned with the problem of staying that way (which, in a society where divorce is frequent, can come at any age).

Familiar as it may sound, both politics and economics may also have something to do with the present acceptability of middle-aged characters in our fiction. The protracted stalemate of the Cold War has bred a *hunk de intellix* mood, a mood of reluctant acceptance of things as they are, which is not a mood congenial to youth but is often the best that middle age can do for itself.

The sense that not everything is possible, that the unpleasant is ultimately real and not always avoidable, that the future is heavily conditioned by past mistakes—all this is part of the political

atmosphere of the present and part of the atmosphere of the contemporary American novel of middle age. At the same time, the general prosperity that has prevailed since the second world war has raised the question whether material success is enough, a question more likely to occur to those who have achieved it than to the young who still have to work for it.

Typically the novel of middle age presents a man who is moderately successful in his work and fairly happy in his marriage and reasonably expectant of the future, but it cuts into his career at a moment when what he has accomplished is called in doubt, when some hope or ideal fails, when some seeming certainty on which he has built his life turns out not to be there. Ordinarily the novel stays safely within the range of what is regarded as normal in experience; it finds that the reality of human life is a little different from its appearance, but it ends in moral and emotional compromise, not in revolution.

### THE FORMULA WITH A DIFFERENCE

**IN *The Enemy Camp*** (Random House, \$1.95) Jerome Weidman gives this novel a new twist. His main character is one George Hurst, an accountant of forty, married and the father of two sons, living in Connecticut and commuting to his own business in New York City. Suddenly his past erupts and his quiet but pleasant life is threatened with ruin in the form of public scandal. So far this is all close enough to the standard formula for such novels, but Weidman's new twist is that George Hurst is a Jew, and one reason the past threatens him is that he has never come to satisfactory terms with his own Jewishness.

As in most novels of this sort, the action begins very late in the story, and the time elapsed between the opening and closing scenes is brief—it covers only the Fourth of July weekend, which happens also to be the weekend of George Hurst's fortieth birthday. The past is filled in with many flashbacks and the other usual devices, some of which are a little arbitrary, since



the past that has to be filled in is a fairly complicated business.

At the age of three George Hurst was taken from a Jewish orphanage and adopted by a fiercely affectionate and pitifully poor immigrant spinster whom he called Aunt Tessie. She ran a cleaning and pressing establishment on the Lower East Side in New York, and there she brought the boy up in the firm conviction that all gentiles belonged to "the enemy camp" and were to be avoided like poison. George naturally accepted this precept, and his experience as an adolescent in the depression years when he was repeatedly refused jobs because he was a Jew did nothing to call it in doubt.

Then, much to his surprise, when he was a rising young accountant about to marry a rich Jewish girl, George Hurst fell in love with a gentile, a girl from the Philadelphia Main Line. That such a thing could happen to him had never even entered his head; the first time he met the girl who later became his wife he simply ignored her because for a young Jew like him she did not exist; the next time he met her he was rude to her on the assumption that she could not be interested in him unless she was trying to use him to advance her career. But in spite of these initial misunderstandings, and in spite of forceful opposition both from the girl's family and from Aunt Tessie, they married.

Yet nearly ten years later, when the novel takes place, George Hurst still has not come to feel entirely at ease in his marriage with someone from "the enemy camp"; he still has to learn that his wife does not look upon him as that Jew she married but simply as the man she loves. How he learns it is the essential action of the novel.

Like many men who live in a style that was not theirs in youth, George Hurst has been able to share with his wife the part of the past that can be made innocently picturesque and colorful in the telling (she knows about his humble origin and Aunt Tessie), but he has not been able to share with her the part of the past that continues to have a living claim on his emotions—his relationship with his boyhood playmate and idol, Danny Schorr, and with the girl who both came between them and bound their fates together, Dora Dienst. It is because of George's silence about these two figures that their simultaneous appearance in a small Connecticut town on an otherwise peaceful Fourth of July weekend threatens to destroy the life he has built there, but when he is at last forced to acknowledge his link with them he finds that they no longer have a hold on him.

*The Enemy Camp* is a mixed success. Dora and Danny are both unconvincing characters, and consequently the elaborate plot in which they figure seems contrived and melodramatic. Readers will doubtless vary, according to their

experience and prejudices, in their opinions of how accurately Weidman has portrayed a marriage between a gentile and a Jew. To me it seems that he attaches more importance to the fact that George Hurst is a Jew than the situation warrants, though this is not to say that he attaches more importance to that fact than George Hurst himself does. What causes difficulties in the marriage is less that it crosses religious lines than that it crosses class lines, and the appearance of Danny and Dora threatens its tranquillity less because they are Jews than because they are a disreputable pair who have involved George Hurst in situations that might have involved any poor boy from the slums and that he would not care to have exhumed in his prosperous middle age.

Yet in scene after scene Weidman rises above the machinery of his novel and presents human relations with honesty, shrewdness, and a pleasantly tough sense of humor. His portrayal of the mixed marriage is not weakened by sentimentalities or self-pity or special pleading, and he writes an unsubtle but workmanlike and unpretentious prose that enables him to keep his eye on the story. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

#### WIDE SCREEN

**I**N *The Image Makers* by Bernard V. Dryer (Harper, \$4.95) the main character is a man a little younger than George Hurst—a very successful plastic surgeon in Stamford, Connecticut, Dr. Malcolm Adams. Dr. Adams is married (happily, he thinks) to a woman both rich and handsome, and he has a son he adores. Then the inevitable blow falls: an automobile accident pushes him to the point of no return; his family is destroyed and his professional competence seriously questioned.

Dr. Adams decides to abandon surgery and return to his first love, sculpture, and he goes to Paris to start his life over. On the way he meets for the first time in many years a woman whom he had known as a fellow-student back in medical school and who is now a successful worker in world health organizations. Once in Paris, however, he is diverted from such a wholesome type by an exotic Berber girl of extreme beauty who is also a figure in international banking. Their acquaintance leads Dr. Adams into a series of adventures involving everything from our old Parisian friend *amour* to the international gold trade, Moroccan nationalism, and the plague in Tangier, but in the end he is back on the right track.

I am somewhat put off *The Image Makers* by the banality of the writing, the militant Philistinism of the attitudes, and the fact that the characters resemble more strikingly the glam-



# Victory

## THE LIFE OF LORD NELSON

By Oliver Warner

At sea, the victorious genius of his time—in his affair with Lady Hamilton, an impetuous romantic—Horatio Nelson is a hero in whom interest never wanes. In *VICTORY* Oliver Warner reveals in exciting detail this passionate, courageous, often contradictory man. Nicholas Monsarrat in his introduction calls the book "fascinating... a full portrait." Illustrations and maps. \$6.50

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book  
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

# THE BERLIN BLOCKADE

## A Study in Cold War Politics

by W. PHILLIPS DAVISON

**W**HAT STRENGTHS and weaknesses of the Western coalition did the Berlin crisis reveal? What did we learn about communist techniques of propaganda and terror? Why did German morale remain so high? In the answers to these questions lies the key to many current tensions—and an indication of problems to come. A thoughtful, authoritative book on a vital subject. \$7.50

Through your bookseller, or from



**Princeton** University Press  
Princeton, New Jersey

## THE NEW BOOKS

orous creatures of Hollywood than the grubby descendants of Adam and Eve that I have known.

But the plot is dramatic and neatly made, no expense has been spared in the settings, and, since the main character is a physician, there is a great deal of clinical detail, much of it dealing with those portions of the body for which the human race has long shown an especially tender concern. If this novel is not a best seller the victory of television is complete.

**A**NOTHER new novel that covers a good deal of geography is *The Time of the Dragons* by Alice Ekert-Rotholz (Viking, \$4.95). Mrs. Ekert-Rotholz is the wife of a German physician, and she and her husband spent the years 1939-52 living and working in Bangkok. Her book traces the family of a Norwegian diplomat through a quarter of a century (roughly 1925-50) and through a series of the great cities of the East.

*The Time of the Dragons* is said to have enjoyed a great success in the author's native Germany, and it is not very hard to see why, apart from the interest of the story; for the book not only depicts the Japanese as the great villains of the second world war but it also gives them the prize for one sin that most people have thought the Germans were pretty good at: racism. Mrs. Ekert-Rotholz at one point simply says that "the Japanese unleashed the greatest racial war of modern times." Nor does Mrs. Ekert-Rotholz believe that the Japanese have changed one iota; they have only fooled the innocent American occupation officials.

The role of race in the whole book is curious. Mrs. Ekert-Rotholz obviously does not think of herself as a racist; she clearly wants to believe that all men are brothers. Yet her characterization is almost always racial or at least national in its basis. A Chinese thinks and acts as he does because he is Chinese, and so on through all the ethnic types portrayed. Sometimes this can become slightly ludicrous, as it does when Mrs. Ekert-Rotholz says of an old Japanese baroness that "she, like many Japanese, had a fear of microbes and an intense dislike of foreigners." I have known several old ladies with the same aversions though they have never been any

closer to Japan than Cedar Rapids.

Except for the Japanese, Mrs. Ekert-Rotholz's racial characterization is usually benign; her one important American character is a collector of clichés, but pleasant enough. And the clichés she uses to portray the American are also the clichés we tend to use of ourselves. In fact, her American is almost indistinguishable from Dryer's American in *The Image Makers*: both characters are physicians, New Englanders with a Puritan background, high-minded, devoted, and tall. The one significant difference is that the European woman writer depicts the American male as incapable of many of the subtleties of sex relationships, whereas the American male writer depicts the American male as just what European (and, for that matter, North African) women had been needing all along. (General principle 87: sexual egoism knows no boundaries.)

Mrs. Ekert-Rotholz is clearly at her best in drawing Western Europeans, and her best is very acceptable indeed. The story she tells in *The Time of the Dragons* is always lively and frequently exciting, full of incident and highly varied. The translation, by Richard and Clara Winston, has the advantage of not reading like a translation. (A Literary Guild selection.)

**A** MUCH slighter but very pleasant novel with an international background is *The Passionate City* by Ian Stuart Black (Viking, \$3.95). This is the story—it reads like rather generously fictionalized autobiography—of a young Englishman in Rome in the period of the "phony" war (1940). The young man makes his living by teaching English, partly in a school of languages of the Berlitz variety and partly in a fascist military school, and lives in a modest *pensione*. But he falls in love with the beautiful daughter of a great aristocratic Italian family, a family that is intensely but clandestinely anti-fascist.

The book is probably at its best when it is closest to a memoir—in its picture of Rome in those days before the deluge, in its blend of the hero's youthful high spirits and the atmosphere of waiting before the storm. The plot of the novel, which



involves some international espionage, is fairly transparent, but it is sometimes reassuring to read a book in which you see through what is going on before the hero does.

**SOMEDAY** I hope to come across a novel in which an American or Englishman, civilian or military, goes to Italy and does not find a voluptuous creature who finds him instantaneously irresistible, but **The Dangerous American** by A. E. Hotchner (Random House, \$3.50) shows that I still have a while to wait.

Hotchner's main character is a young man who was born in Italy but taken to the United States when he was a year old. After the war he went to work as an accountant for a gangster in St. Louis; without being exactly innocent of what was going on, he took no part in the criminal end of the business, but a Senator conducting a crime investigation tripped him up in his testimony. Then he became technically guilty of perjury, hence deportable, and hence deported.

As the novel opens he is back in Italy, and the problem for him is whether to become a real criminal, the accomplice of other deportees in the drug traffic, or to try to make an honest living in a country where there are few opportunities and where he knows neither the language nor the customs.

It is a fine situation for a novel, and the occasional glimpses of other deportees are excellent, but Hotchner essentially wastes an opportunity to do a real study of a very murky and probably unjust legal situation. Once the inevitable Italian lovely arrives on the scene it is apparent that there is nothing wrong with our hero that can't be cured by hard work and the love of a good woman, and what might have been a good book becomes a motion-picture scenario.

#### A TROPICAL ISLAND

**The Hard Blue Sky** (Knopf, \$5) is Shirley Ann Grau's first novel, though her collection of short stories, *The Black Prince*, published three years ago, has already established her reputation as a writer.

The setting of *The Hard Blue Sky*

is a small island in the Gulf of Mexico with a meager but spirited population chiefly of French descent, with some Negro, Indian, and Spanish intermixture. The people make their living mostly by fishing, but they are not inclined to let work interfere with their enjoyment of the passing moment. In many respects their life is hard—the heat is oppressive, they feud with the Yugoslavs on the next island, the swamps are full of poisonous snakes and alligators, and in the fall of the year there is the terrible threat of hurricanes. But the people live with the dangers and limitations of their little world as people must everywhere: they enjoy their Saturday night drinking and dancing, their squabbling and love-making; they love and swat their children and do what they can to make life bearable for the old.

Miss Grau takes these people seriously. She has not "written the tale of their lives for a sheltered people's mirth," displaying them as curious and laughable specimens, nor does she hold them up as examples of something primitive and splendid that should make the reader ashamed of his own effete and decadent ways. She is neither condescending nor didactic.

Miss Grau is primarily interested in the possibilities in people. She does not "draw" her characters; they emerge. (Since the cast is large and the names peculiar, the characters are consequently a little hard to keep straight.) Neither the people nor the situations they find themselves in are final or finished; new situations bring out new possibilities. Miss Grau does not analyze behavior, rarely naming a motive, and her characters sometimes act in a way that surprises them as much as it does the reader, but their behavior is psychologically convincing.

After the first few pages, which are slightly stiff and nervous, the writing is wonderfully well suited to the kind of thing Miss Grau is trying to show about experience; it is language that moves in response to the movement of the characters, emerging as they emerge, without stereotypes or preconceptions, not brilliant writing in the sense that it calls attention to itself, but transparent, fresh, flexible.



Reading  
as you like it...

## THE DIMENSIONS OF ROBERT FROST

by Reginald L. Cook

An intimate knowledge of Frost and his poetry, based on a friendship of thirty years, has produced a book that takes the measure of the poet and his work. \$3.95

## MAYOR WATCHING And Other Pleasures

by Philip Hamburger

A kind of Samuel Pepys of latter-day Manhattan, Mr. Hamburger, as a member of *The New Yorker's* staff, has written with wit and a gifted pen about mayors (including Wagner and O'Dwyer), other luminaries (Oscar Hammerstein II, Toscanini, Rin Tin Tin), and places around New York. \$3.75

## MRS. O'

by Claude

With forthrightness and Gallic wit "Claude" recounts her adventures as owner of a pub in Cork. Her tales of the ingratiating, irritating Irish are for everyone with a sense of humor, a taste for stout, or an affection for the Irish. \$3.50

## BLOCKADE The Civil War At Sea

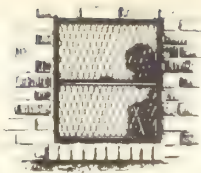
by Robert Carse

The true, exciting story of men and ships that ran the Union blockade for four triumphant years. "A good book . . . about ships . . . about good sailors and bad sailors, about moonlit chases on the high seas and extraordinary escapes and captures . . . printed on green paper, which I found restful to the eye." — CHARLES VAN DOREN, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*. Illustrated and with maps. \$5.00



At all booksellers

RINEHART



## Window on a small world...

A mental hospital—where life's overwhelming problems are reduced to manageable size for the patients, but where the complexities of communication often disrupt administration and therapy. The human relationships within this world, the routine actions and unexpected reactions of *all* its inhabitants, have now been studied at first hand by a trained, objective observer. The result is not only a remarkable sociological work, but an absorbing, vitally important human document. \$6.50

## THE PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL AS A SMALL SOCIETY

by William Caudill

A COMMONWEALTH FUND BOOK



through your bookseller, or from  
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS  
79 Garden Street, Cambridge 38, Mass.



IN 1957:

More children UNDER 5  
were hit by  
CRIPPLING POLIO than  
any other age group

GET  
**SALK SHOTS**  
FOR YOUR CHILD  
NOW!

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION  
FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

*The Hard Blue Sky* is certainly not everybody's novel. It requires a closeness of attention from the reader that not everybody is willing to give to fiction; it catches too much of the slipperiness of life to satisfy those who want to find experience portrayed in books with a certainty that they cannot find elsewhere. But it is nonetheless a very distinguished piece of work.

IT IS practically impossible for me to give an honest review to *River's End and Other Stories* (McDowell, Obolensky, \$3.50) by Anthony C. West. For one thing, I read most of the book assuming that it had been written by the well-known Anglo-American critic and novelist Anthony West, and I was so dazzled by its unlikeness to his previous work that I could only admire his versatility, when I was not annoyed by what I took to be his affectation of writing like an Irishman.

Then I received a copy of the dust-jacket and discovered that Anthony C. West is an entirely different person, a real Irishman who has lived an adventurous life, partly in this country and Canada. But criticism was still inhibited by the dust-jacket's further information that this West now lives on a rocky, hilly farm in North Wales and attempts to make a living out of it for his wife and nine children. A reviewer would have to be a blackguard to say anything unfavorable about a book by a man with nine children to support on a farm in North Wales.

So, without regard to literary merit, you should buy *River's End and Other Stories*. If you do, you will find it a collection of moody, poetic Celtic stories, the characters full of violence more or less imperfectly repressed, set for the most part in lonely rural landscapes—Ireland, Wales, Canada. The writing does not always have a secure base in syntax, and its rhythms are sometimes too close to the rhythms of verse, but it is often very good, with a kind of grandeur in the descriptions of a nearly empty countryside and the stark souls that inadequately people it. The stories as a group are dominated by a sense of the irrevocable—the passing of youth, the waste of years, the loss of love.

NEXT year will fall the centennial of the *annus mirabilis* of English publishing, and of all the extraordinary books that came out in England in that year of wonders 1859, no other has had so profound an effect on subsequent thought as *The Origin of Species* by Charles Darwin. Doubtless there will be many publications marking the anniversary, but it is unlikely that any will be more enlightening to most readers than *Darwin's Century* by Loren Eiseley (Doubleday Anchor, \$5).

The actual subject of the book is less clear from the title than from the subtitle: *Evolution and the Men Who Discovered It*. The book is in effect a history of biology and biologists from the latter part of the eighteenth century to the earlier part of the twentieth, from the breakup of the notion that various species of life on this planet are fixed and unchanging, the product of a unique and irreversible act of creation, through the emergence of the idea that the species alter and come and go in accordance with natural laws, and on down to the beginnings of the science of genetics, which provides a description of variation in the forms of life more exact than any Darwin and his contemporaries could draw.

Probably for most readers the book will have the effect of diminishing Darwin's importance. Eiseley is rather more generous in giving credit to other workers, especially predecessors, in the field than some writers have been, though the friendly relationship between Darwin and A. R. Wallace, who hit upon much the same ideas at much the same time, has long been cited as a model of scientific co-operation. Eiseley is particularly good at showing the role geologists played in making the idea of evolution possible if not inevitable, both by their work with fossils and by greatly expanding accepted estimates of the age of the earth, thereby allowing biologists to let their imaginations roam over many millions of years in search of life's earthly history.

Eiseley, an anthropologist by profession, is a writer—as readers of *Harper's* are aware—who knows the difference between popularizing a



subject and vulgarizing it. He tells his story in such a way that any intelligent reader can follow it, yet he does not resort to oversimplification; he is aware of the subject's human and philosophic and even poetic qualities, and gives them their due without trying to exploit their theatrical possibilities. He is interested in the politics of ideas as well as in their content; consequently he not only shows how the idea of evolution emerged but also how it won acceptance in the scientific and intellectual community.

THE kind of contemporary writing that stands in most striking and obvious contrast to the novels of middle age that we started out with is the work of those writers who have recently been anthologized under their popular labels as *The Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men*, edited by Gene Feldman and Max Gartenberg (Citadel Press, \$4.50). Where the novelists of middle age deal with characters who have gone along with society and let sleeping dogs lie as long as they could, the writers represented in this anthology deal with characters—often more or less transparently the writers themselves—who can't or won't play or at any rate haven't played what they would probably call society's game. They never reach a point of no return in their careers because they refuse to have careers. They tend to regard society as a club that has set its dues too high for what you get; they try to get at experience directly, without the mediation of social institutions, though with considerable help from drugs, alcohol, jazz, and other stimulants.

These writers do not lend themselves very gracefully to anthologizing, partly because they make a deafeningly noisy crowd when assembled under one roof, and partly because their favorite form of expression is the novel (sometimes very loosely defined), and snippets from novels are not usually satisfactory reading, though at least the American novelists represented lend themselves to snipping better than most novelists do. A selection of critical essays by and about the writers included adds considerably to the value of the anthology.

The most recent addition to this

literature of the psychologically submerged is a remarkable book of self-revelation, *Memoirs of a Public Baby*, by an Englishman named Philip O'Connor (British Book Centre, \$4). O'Connor, who is now in his early forties, has been in and out of mental hospitals for more than twenty years, with a diagnosis of schizophrenia. The story of his life, as he tells it, is the story of a man who has not been able to accept society enough to play an adult role in it. His state seems to result from the conditions of his childhood: he never positively identified his father, and his mother was an extremely charming but utterly child-like woman who had the habit of parking him with strangers for as much as two years at a time and who finally gave him up to a guardian, an awkwardly devoted bachelor who needed someone to love but had only an elementary idea of how to go about loving him.

Yet *Memoirs of a Public Baby* is not a dreary case history. It is horrible in places, but it is often funny and beautiful. The odd crew of people who have impinged on O'Connor's life are wonderfully drawn; the writing is compact, unconventional, and dazzling.

## BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

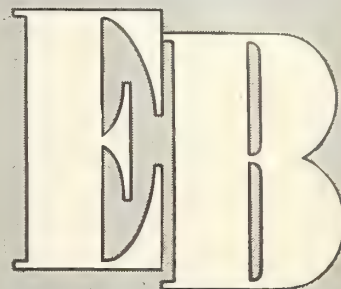
### FICTION

*A Friend in Power*, by Carlos H. Baker

At last someone has written a book about eggheads as people. Though it starts slowly this novel about an academic year at an Eastern college—a year in which a new president is being chosen—ends up in pages of real suspense because one cares about the characters. Along the way there is much informal, unpretentious talk on the nature of knowledge, of education, of man's destiny, and the dreadful human burden of choice. It is about people one would like to meet and know—intelligent and funny, humble and ambitious, and for the most part fond of one an-

*Leading reviewers  
tell why this  
could be the  
outstanding book  
of the year:*

*The Great*



## *The Story of the Encyclopaedia Britannica*

by Herman Kogan

Literary Editor, Chicago Sun-Times

"This is an intensely interesting account of one of the greatest and most important publication projects of the world..."—Norman Vincent Peale. "...I really find it difficult to see how any book could furnish much more fascinating reading matter."—Edward Wagenkecht, Professor of English, Boston University. "I have read Mr. Kogan's book with much interest and admiration."—Sidney J. Harris. "There are few more fascinating episodes in the history of great newspapers than the rescue of the great Times of London by a couple of American promoters of the Encyclopaedia Britannica... The whole story is full of the unexpected."—Erwin D. Canham, Editor, *Christian Science Monitor*. "...as romantic and fascinating a story as I've come upon in a long time."—Elsa Lichtenstein, Barnes and Noble.

464 pages, \$4.95  
at all bookstores.



UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS Chicago 37, Illinois

other. The author has not found it necessary to be snide and witty at his characters' expense as so many literary viewers of the academic scene have of late. The feel of the seasons goes through the monthly chapters, academic month by month from October to June. The struggle of men and women to do the best thing for the community without posing, and at whatever cost to self, is credible and moving. One leaves this well-disguised university and these nice people with regret.

Scribner, \$3.95

**A Dangerous Innocence**, by Victoria Lincoln.

Miss Lincoln's talent is many-faceted. Nothing could be further from *February Hill* or *Out from Eden* than this story of witchcraft days in Old Salem, except that all three novels have narrative power and a sense of compassion for and delight in people, no matter what their station or their personal dilemmas. The "innocent" heroine, Mistress Ann Evesham, was innocent in a way few people could be today. She grew up with her widowed father in a little town outside of Salem, keeping house for him and knowing no one. Thus when later two men were to love her—and she them—she knew nothing of what she would call "love's ways." But like so many of Miss Lincoln's characters, she was a child of nature in that she accepted life, all of it, and trusted it, and so somehow did instinctively know the courageous and the kindly answers to her infinite difficulties. It is a fine, sensitive, dramatic, romantic story, somewhat in the tradition of the best of the old *St. Nicholas* continued stories.

Rinehart, \$3.75

**Gingerbread Man**, by Ellen Ferber.

"Run, run, as fast as you can, you can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man." So reads the old nursery story. But in the end, as you will remember, he was caught through a combination of his own arrogance, stupidity, and carelessness. Lester Porter Lacey, handsome son of a middle-aged marriage, of a detestable mother and an ineffectual father, is the gingerbread man of this novel. He runs away from his dominating mother fairly successfully, and from

a fiancée who showed signs of accepting his mother's pattern. And after World War II when he comes back to his home town and his father's business, he marries his secretary in a naïve and final anti-parental gesture. Of course he is simply caught in a new kind of bondage and his attempt to escape from it into what at last seems to him (but by now the reader is wary) a real paradise of love, is, like that of the gingerbread man, arrogant, stupid, careless, and, since he's supposed to be a real person, incredibly dull. It is not real tragedy, for no one ever faces up to anything. There is not an important sympathetic character in the book. Porter was frustrated as a child and as he never gets over it nothing seems to have been gained by the passage of time and the turning of pages. At least the gingerbread man had his moment of crispness.

Doubleday, \$3.95

#### NON-FICTION

**The First Year of American Heritage**.

Here in one fascinating volume are the complete contents of the first six issues of *American Heritage*—December 1954–October 1955. This collection of the early volumes of the picture magazine that has taken America by storm, is a perfect gift book, worth every expensive penny.

Simon & Schuster, \$15

**The Dimensions of Robert Frost**, by Reginald Cook.

A completely uncritical view of Robert Frost and his work, showing the development of the man and his poetry and the relationship between the two. Anecdotes and conversation make this a lively book whose only fault from the point of view of someone looking for a disinterested critical summing up of Frost and his work, lies in its being written by one of his close friends who apparently feels that personally and poetically he can do no wrong.

Rinehart, \$3.95

**Cats and How I Photograph Them**, by Joseph R. Spies.

A prize-winning cat-photographer has written a book that both photographers and cat-lovers will take to their hearts. It is not only an en-

trancing book about cats, cat lore, and cat literature, but it includes information on equipment and techniques used by the photographer. And the photographs of cats and kittens are as surprising and beautiful as any I've seen. Personally I go for the natural ones—a series of a cat catching a cicada, for instance, or a worried kitten on its mother's back—as against the clothed, "cute," or posed.

Studio-Crowell, \$3.95

**Famous Fires**, by Hugh Clevely.

In these quiet, underwritten accounts of twenty-five fires "on land, sea, and in the air" it is the clause in the book's subhead which underlines their tragedy—"none of which should ever have happened." One can only hope that if enough people read of these horrors which leap like flames back and forth in history and geography from the Cocoon Grove in Boston to the Morro Castle, from the Ringling Circus fire in Hartford to the *Hindenburg*, from the Triangle Shirtwaist fire to the Maine and New Hampshire Forest Fires—there will be fewer such disasters in the future. The terse and succinct introduction and epilogue give some easy and unhysterical rules about the prevention and treatment of fires which at least one reader won't forget in a hurry.

John Day, \$3.50

**Afternoon of an Author: A Selection of Uncollected Stories and Essays** (with an Introduction and Notes by Arthur Mizener), by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Let any Princetonian of the '20s who prides himself on his emotional stability read these autobiographical essays and stories at his peril. As Mr. Mizener points out, Mr. Fitzgerald is an author who charged all that he wrote with his own emotion whether what he was writing was strictly autobiographical or not. And all that he felt and evokes for the reader, in attitudes, situations, high hopes, and bitter disillusion bring back such a vital sense of *le temps perdu*, of all youth and time forever and irrevocably gone, that I am of course wrong in thinking that only Princetonians will be moved, though they the most. Here are fourteen "uncollected" short



stories and six "uncollected" essays "evenly distributed over the course of his writing career." Mr. Mizener has done a useful and effective job in his selection and compilation to show the inter-relation between the author's life and work. Perhaps the relationship is plain enough without being quite so persistently hammered home in the editorial comments, but in any case this is an informative, charming, and nostalgic footnote to the career of a talented young man who speaks still and with all his heart for a now vanished younger generation.

Scribner, \$4.50

#### FORECAST

##### Major News in Novels

If past performance is any criterion, it isn't hard to predict a few of the late summer and fall best sellers. In July Doubleday is publishing *Chez Pavan* by Richard Llewellyn whose *How Green Was My Valley* made literary history. In August from Random House comes *Let No Man Write My Epitaph* by Willard Motley the Negro writer whose first novel was *Knock on Any Door*. *The Trouble with Ethel* by Ernest Gann, which Sloane will bring out in September, is a successor to the author's *The High and the Mighty*, *Soldier of Fortune*, and *Twilight of the Gods*—all three of which the publishers remind us were best sellers, book-club selections, and major movies. Not a bad tradition to be keeping up. October will bring from Viking Jack Kerouac's *The Dharma Bums* and meanwhile back on the best-seller lists *On the Road* is still flourishing. Nevil Shute's *On the Beach* has now sold nearly 100,000 copies in hard covers and is still selling as Morrow announces his new novel, *The Rain-bow and the Rose*, for October.

*The Prevalence of Witches* established Aubrey Menen's reputation several years ago and his new novel, *Angelina in Malabar*, will come from Scribner in "late summer or early fall." I suppose if one mentions only one of John O'Hara's past successes one still picks *Butterfield 8* though he has written a great many better novels since. And his new one, *From the Terrace*, described by his publishers, Random House, as

a major novel, is to be published on Thanksgiving Day, November 27. Easy to mark on the calendar.

For those whose special interest is in the historical novel there is good news in this year and the next. In the fall Doubleday will publish Taylor Caldwell's *Dear and Glorious Physician*, a novel based on the life of St. Luke, and Random House is already making much of the fact that Gladys Schmitt is writing a new long novel about Rembrandt which they will bring out late in 1959.

##### Field of Art

The publications of the Museum of Modern Art will in the future be distributed by Doubleday, who will issue two in the fall—*Jean Arp*, edited by James Thrall Soby and *What is Modern Architecture?* by Arthur Drexler. Houghton Mifflin has scheduled a *History of Art* by Germain Bazin of the Louvre for early fall publication, and Dial announces that they have signed a contract with Harold McCracken for a picture-and-text book about George Catlin who made the earliest pictures of the Indians of the American West. Somewhat different but still relevant to the field of art are two Harper books—a discussion of *Art and Reality* by Joyce Cary (August) and Ludwig Bemelmans' *My Life in Art* in October.

##### Words and Pictures

Three books to look forward to with equal excitement for text and drawings are Houghton Mifflin's *Here, of All Places!* a new compilation of Osbert Lancaster's architectural drawings and comments, some from his well-known *Pillar to Post* and *Home Sweet Home* (English classics never published here before) and some new satiric American architectural cartoons completed on a recent trip to this country. By the author of *There'll Always be a Drayneflete*. In late September Random House announces Kay Thompson's *Eloise at Christmastime* with a first printing of 100,000 copies. And in November comes from Atlantic-Little, Brown, James Thurber's *The Years With Ross*, his story of the famous editor of the *New Yorker* which has been running serially in the *Atlantic*, illustrated, of course, with Thurber drawings.

## THE SECOND DOUBLEDAY \$10,000 CANADIAN PRIZE NOVEL AWARD

... for a novel by a Canadian, or by a non-Canadian on an essentially Canadian subject. The contest closes April 1, 1959 and is open to new and established writers. For rules and entry blanks, write to:

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.  
575 Madison Ave., New York 22

DOUBLEDAY CANADA LIMITED  
105 Bond St., Toronto 2

WILLIAM COLLINS SONS & CO., LTD.  
14 St. James Pl., London S.W. 1

### OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.

(We also supply all current books at retail store prices—Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of *Harper's Magazine*.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE  
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.  
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

### THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent, established 37 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts. Poetry. Catalogue on request.

Agnes M. Reeve, Franklin, O.  
Dept. B.

### ATHEIST BOOKS

32-page catalogue free.

TRUTH SEEKER CO. 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

### OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

—AT LOWEST PRICES!

You name it—we find it! Fast service. No obligation. Send us your wants!

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS  
Box 3003-H, Beverly Hills, Calif.

### MANLIUS

Founded 1869. For boys. Accredited. Grades 7-12. Complete college preparation. ROTC. Highest U.S. Army rating for over 50 yrs. 126-acre campus. Remedial reading. Sports. Band. Summer Session. Tutorial assistance. Catalog. Robert D. Weekes, The Manlius School, Manlius, N. Y.

## WHICH SCHOOL, COLLEGE or CAMP

is best for  
YOUR son or daughter?

I can help you decide. Over thirty years in school work and guidance counseling. \$5.00 for your first inquiry; no charges thereafter.

MRS. LEWIS D. BEMENT

Deerfield, Massachusetts

# the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## ORGANS

Not so long ago, an organ was an organ—either a church organ or a theater organ and that was that. But the rediscovery of the classic organs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has brought on a wave of interest in all sorts of organs. The revival of the classic instrument actually began about 1920, but the present public interest dates mainly from the end of World War II and the advent of LP and high fidelity, which brought the actual sound of organ music into general familiarity.

Other organ revivals are now getting attention. The somewhat esoteric "Mighty Wurlitzer" (it has its own society, a magazine, the *Tibia*, and quantities of hi-fi records) as well as the many mechanical organs have been avidly collected, restored to playing condition, and recorded in hi-fi. Now there is a formidable new collector's item—the great Romantic organ of the nineteenth century, which had been the organ, until the revival of the earlier instrument put it on a figurative shelf.

Bach at Zwolle: Prelude (Concertato) and Fugue in D ("The Great"); Prel. and Fugue in C ("Arnstadt"); Prel. and Fugue in E Flat ("St. Anne"). E. Power Biggs, Arp Schnitger organ of 1720. Columbia KL 5262.

E. Power Biggs' dedicated interest in the revival of the classic organ and its music has transformed his playing. In every record he has made for his continuing

Columbia series there is a sincerity and an intensity that come through in the music itself, aided of course by the superb sound of the organs on which Mr. Biggs has performed. Here, he plays the last and perhaps greatest organ of the finest builder of them all, Arp Schnitger, and the sound as recorded by Columbia is magnificent. The instrument's typically brilliant color cuts through the complementary reverberation in the late-Gothic St. Michael's Church at Zwolle though the die-away lasts at least four or five seconds.

Quite rightly, Mr. Biggs tempers his tempi to the sound, playing a good part of the music rather slowly, "waiting for" the echo to resolve itself about the successive harmonies. I don't think there has been a better illustration on records of the ability of the classic organ to dominate its vibrant acoustics with complete clarity—where organs of a later type would be lost in a jumble of noise.

At this close-up mike distance it is a bit too clear that Mr. Biggs still uses more than is good of the organist's bouncy, staccato touch, inevitably developed by most players to help cut through reverberation. On this type of instrument, as on the complementary harpsichord, staccato and legato are properly for phrasing alone, as anyone who has heard Landowska play will understand. The Biggs staccato isn't always consistent in phrasing (as in the theme of the "St. Anne" fugue in its many appearances) and his rhythm is occasionally somewhat lax and uneven, though it is often excellent.

## WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

Telemann: Oboe Concerti in e, d; Viola Concerto in G; Violin Concerto in A; Sonata a quattro in A. Solisti di Zagreb, Janigro. Vanguard BG-575.

Buxtehude: Complete Organ Works, Vol. 6 (Toccata in d; 2 Chorale Fantasias; 3 Chorale Variations). Alf Linder, organ of Varfrukyrka, Skänninge, Sweden. Westm. XWN 18689.

Prokofiev: Cinderella (excerpts from the ballet). Royal Philharmonic, Irving. Angel 35529.

Mouret: Fanfares; Symphonies. Lalande: Symphonies des Soupers du Roy (Suite #4). Marin Marais: Suite from "Alci-one". Jean-Marie Leclair Instr. Ensemble, Paillard. Westm. XWN 18538.

The Strauss Dynasty: Vienna Dances (17 Waltzes, 19 Polkas, Marches, Galops). Vienna State Opera Orch., Paulik. Vanguard VRS 1019/22 (4).

Tchaikovsky: Romeo and Juliet. Prokofiev: Romeo and Juliet (suite). Berlin Philh., Lorin Maazel. Decca DL 9967.



### AUDIO BOOK 16 rpm Recordings

"The Best of Mark Twain"—a rollicking reading of the most humorous sketches of America's most beloved humorist. Includes the famous speech on the weather and many others. \$1.00 4 records \$4.95

"The Great Tales and Poems of Edgar Allan Poe"—8 chilling stories of suspense plus the most famous poems of the great master of mystery and the macabre. \$1.00 4 records \$4.95

AUDIO BOOKS can be played on any 4 speed record player. Speed reducer available to adapt 33 rpm players to play Audio Books.

Available in better record shops. Send for complete catalog.

AUDIO BOOK COMPANY  
St. Joseph, Michigan

## ENGINEERS AND SCIENTISTS

Polaris, Earth Satellite, X-7, Q-5, X-17 and other top-priority programs at Lockheed Missile Systems insure continued progress for you with an acknowledged leader in missile technology.

Positions of responsibility are open in all areas at all levels. Qualified engineers and scientists are invited to write for further information to Research and Development Staff, Dept. 27-04, Palo Alto 22, California.

*Lockheed*

### MISSILE SYSTEMS

A DIVISION OF LOCKHEED  
AIRCRAFT CORPORATION  
SUNNYVALE • PALO ALTO • VAN NUYS  
SANTA CRUZ • CALIFORNIA  
CAPE CANAVERAL • FLORIDA  
ALAMOGORDO • NEW MEXICO



**Bach: Three Chorale Partitas.** Robert Noehren, Beckerath Organ, Cleveland. Urania UR 8012.

This recent organ is by a builder from Hamburg who has restored a number of the Schnitger organs and is a leading exponent of the Baroque renaissance in organ building. The relationship between this organ of four manuals and the Arp Schnitger 1720 four-manual organ in Zwolle, as played by Biggs, is immediately clear in the sound itself.

The difference, I'm interested to find, lies mainly in the acoustical situation: the newer organ does not have the brilliantly reverberant Gothic sound-chamber that so beautifully sets off the Zwolle organ. Mainly for this reason, I suspect, it is not as impressive in the listening, though clarity abounds and the tone colors and balance are lovely. One of the most common faults in the installation of these old-style organs is the lack of rapport between the organ itself and its acoustics.

Mr. Noehren's playing of the long series of variations on chorale themes is masterful, if a trace didactic. The two shorter works on the first side, "*Christ, der du bist der helle Tag*" and "*O Gott, du frommer Gott*," make easier listening than the long "*Sei gegrüßet, Jesu gütig*" on the second side—but this is neither the player's nor the composer's fault. These works were written originally as working parts of a sacred service, the variations on the hymn tunes alternating with verses sung by the choir. If we play them consecutively as concert pieces—or for home listening—then we must take the consequences of irrelevant usage, along with the musical beauties.

**First International Congress of Organists, London 1957. Vol. 2: Robert Baker (U. S.), Temple Church organ; C. H. Trevor (England), St. Sepulchre organ. Mirrosonic DRE 1004 (2). (One of six volumes.)**

As the popularity of the revived Baroque organ grows, other schools of organ thought go marching on as though it had never existed. Here a notable group of professionals meet in congress to play recitals to each other upon the London organs—which are to this day uniquely conservative, with a sound as characteristic of the country as a British church choir.

British organists tend to distrust the "screaming whistles" of the Baroque school. Their instruments, old and new, are the very prototype of the well-bred church organ, dignified, smooth-voiced, with plenty of pomp for processions and wedding marches, a subdued range of decorous colors for the solo work.

Even so, I found this Volume 2 an

interesting exposition of shades of professional conservatism within a somewhat Tory gathering of minds. C. H. Trevor's recital was surely an organists' organ program, a "tour de force" on a small instrument, as the notes say, but also an expression of deep conservatism in an appropriate medium. The little fifteenth-century bits of counterpoint are discreet and almost inaudible, the eighteenth-century pieces sound as meek as they usually do on a church organ, the Romantic and modern group—from Sir C. Hubert H. Parry to Reger and Honegger—seem stuffy and still to my ear. Not a program of general interest though admirable in its own sphere.

In contrast, Robert Baker, who ordinarily plays in New York at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian and also at Temple Emanu-El, amused and shocked his colleagues with vigorous American modernism such as the London Temple Church organ had surely never produced before. I really liked both the Grandell "Carnival" and the Hebrew-style Prelude by Herman Berlinski, a grandly

Jewish piece of solemn dissonance that had some of the British organists understandably baffled. Baker went on to an ingeniously arranged group of works, old and new, which he calls "The Colours of the Organ," that brought out some extraordinary qualities in this British organ, Baroque or no. Mr. Baker is a progressive and imaginative organist entirely at home in an outwardly conservative milieu.

Other forthcoming volumes will include organ with orchestra and choir.

**Organ Music by Liszt. Vol. 1: Vars. on "Weinen, Klagen, Sorgen, Zagen" (Bach); Evocation a La Chapelle Sixtine. Vol. 2: Fantasy on "Ad Nos" (Meyerbeer); Prelude and Fugue on B. A. C. H. Richard Ellsasser, organ of John Hays Hammond Museum, Gloucester. M-G-M E 3576, E 3577. (Two of five volumes.)**

It takes an all-out project like this to bring the earlier and more difficult Romantic music to our general attention,



"Brighten the corner where you are,  
Brighten the corner where you are..."

though organists have never stopped playing Liszt and Schumann and Mendelssohn. Each of these enormous works fills a whole LP side. The music roars and bellows, dies away to a whisper for minutes on end. There is no hurry at all—for this was the age of musical leisure. Poetry and romance abound here, the counterpoint is heroic, the larger masses of sound are a grandiose blur. But this is what Liszt intended; for after a while you will begin to feel the peculiarly mystical awe in which the giant organ was then held, that sense of musical giants walking the earth, of heavenly genius at the great console, which more than a century ago brought huge crowds to hear organists such as Liszt play this music.

I find Ellsasser's playing unusually sympathetic and musical, though organists may not approve of a gadget, with loudspeakers, called a Dynamic Accentor, which enhances the roar of this particular organ. On records at least, I can't tell which is Accentor and which organ pipe; the over-all sound seems to me to be very much in the proper Romantic tradition.

Three other volumes cover the Liszt output. It would be good to have Schumann and Mendelssohn too.

**Franck: Piece Heroique; Three Chorales.** Edouard Commette, organ of St. Jean de Lyon. Angel 35369.

This is one of the new documentations of the late-Romantic organ tradition: Commette first played in Lyon in 1900 and has been at the cathedral since 1904. The organ is all-French, dating originally from 1841 and rebuilt in 1875 with additions in 1921 and later: it is honestly all-Romantic, without a trace of Baroque, and of its sort it is a glorious instrument, impressively played by Commette.

Note that Commette also plays Bach on this organ (Angel 35368), in the Romantic Bach style that until recently was taken for granted as the standard way to play Bach. It, too, is impressive; but the older music really comes to life on the Baroque instrument for which it was written. For César Franck, the Lyon organ is perfect.

**Pipe Organ at the Mosque. Vols. 1 and 2.** Reginald Foort, Wurlitzer organ. Cook stereo tapes 1050st, 1051st.

The light symphonic music on these Cook stereo tapes is heard on a splendid example of the "theater organ," an extreme end-product of the Romantic movement in organ building. For most of us the "Mighty Wurlitzer" sound is associated with old-fashioned popular music or political convention-hall patri-

otism, but the familiar orchestral items that Reginald Foort plays so effectively here show the real intent of the Wurlitzer-type instrument—the ultimate development of the symphonic ideals of the time of Liszt and Mendelssohn. This organ is the console counterpart of a full late-Romantic symphony orchestra and in the music of that period it is remarkably effective.

The Romantic symphony orchestra was a human, expressive instrument, a collective voice for instrumental song and dramatic color. It could swell and die away, its colors shimmered and changed with every breath, it could whisper or roar. This was the effect that nineteenth-century organ builders wanted. Too late—it was finally realized in the theater organ of the twentieth century, just in time for our popular music!

If you will listen to this remarkable playing, of such melodious trifles as the "Zampa" overture, waltzes from "Coppelia," "Sleeping Beauty," the "London-derry Air," a Nocturne by Grieg, a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt, you'll understand that if only the giants such as Liszt himself, Strauss, Ravel, Berlioz, Tchaikowsky, had written for the "Mighty Wurlitzer" it would be a major "classical" instrument to this day, though infinitely removed from both the classic Baroque organ and the conventional church organ.

(Also available on standard disc and probably stereo disc.)

**John Sebastian Plays Bach** (Flute Sonatas #1, #2; Sonata in a for Solo Flute). John Sebastian, harmonica; Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Columbia ML 5264.

This is considerably more than a trick, this Bach-on-the-harmonica, for the instrument is truly a single-stop mouth-organ, its reeds related to the reed stops on the Bach-period organ. The bright harmonica tone color is thus closely related to the colors that were foremost in music in Bach's day.

Once the strangeness wears off, John Sebastian's Bach is fluent, if occasionally a bit bumpy in the passage work. The tone is more than usually reedy, with some remarkable low-pitched sounds not common on small harmonicas—this is a large professional instrument. Phrasing and tempo are excellent; in the unaccompanied sonata Mr. Sebastian obviously hears and understands the implied harmonies and is able to project them clearly, perhaps more clearly than the flute itself can do.

The harmonica and piano blend best, in the faster, more percussive movements. It would be good to hear the music with a harpsichord, for a better Baroque color.

# JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

## EASY RIDING

Why," said the lady who was listening, "can't all jazz sound like that?" It was the first track of *Calm, Cool, and Colette*, and what she admired was its relaxed and quiet atmosphere—no pounding rhythms, no screaming brasses, no whining outbursts from the woodwinds.

This sort of music, at its worst, is cocktail-lounge piano; at its best it is the "chamber" jazz of well-known trios or quartets. Those listed below are less noteworthy, but they have in common the quality of agreeable restraint that I think the lady liked. They have a small rhythm section backing a solo instrument with a distinct timbre—Fred Katz has a cello, Don Bagley has a double bass, and Charlie Byrd has an un-amplified, Segovia-like guitar.

Decca has an entire series—"Mood Jazz in Hi-Fi"—which assumes that this is the kind of jazz many people would like to listen to: unassuming, unaggressive, uncomplicated—in a word, background music, the anathema of critics or serious performers.

I wish there were some way of restoring dignity to what is not, after all, an ignoble function. Music can accompany life as well as command its attention, and jazz in particular can provide it with a lilting obbligato as well as rolls and flourishes.

**Calm, Cool, and Colette.** Buddy Colette and his trio. ABC-Paramount ABC-179.

**A Flower is a Lovesome Thing.** Vince Guaraldi Trio. Fantasy 3257.

**Basically Bagley.** Don Bagley, with Jimmy Rowles and Shelley Manne. Dot 3070.

**Command Performance.** Jazz Pickers, with Red Norvo. EmArcy MG 36123.

**Joe Puma Jazz.** Joe Puma Quartet and Trio. Jubilee JLP-1070.

**Blues for Night People.** Charlie Byrd (Spanish guitar). Savoy MG 12116.

"Mood Jazz in Hi-Fi." **Guitar and the Wind.** Barry Galbraith. **Soulo Cello.** Fred Katz, and his Music. **Piano a la Mood.** Bernard Peiffer. **Very Warm for Jazz.** Ralph Burns, and the Quiet Herd. Decca DL 9200, 9202, 9203, and 9207.



# HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING

Gently, he starts her on another adventure in a wonder-filled world.

Will her world always be so peaceful, so free? You can help it be—by helping to keep the peace.

But peace costs money. Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals.

Your Savings Bonds, as a direct investment in your country, make you a Partner in strengthening America's Peace Power.

The chart below shows how the Bonds you buy will earn money for you. But the most important thing they earn is *peace*. They help us keep the things worth keeping.

Think it over. Are you buying as many Bonds as you *might*?

HOW YOU CAN REACH YOUR SAVINGS GOAL  
WITH U. S. SAVINGS BONDS  
(in just 8 years, 11 months)

If you want about	\$2,500	\$5,000	\$10,000
each week, save	\$4.75	\$9.50	\$18.75

This shows only a few examples. You can save any sum, buying Bonds by Payroll Savings or where you bank. Start your program now!



Photograph by Harold Halma

## HELP STRENGTHEN AMERICA'S PEACE POWER BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertising. The Treasury Department thanks, for their patriotic donation, The Advertising Council and this magazine.





**DEWAR'S**  
**"White Label"**  
and ANCESTOR  
**SCOTCH WHISKIES**

*Dewar's  
never varies!*



Traditional Tartan  
of Clan MacLeod

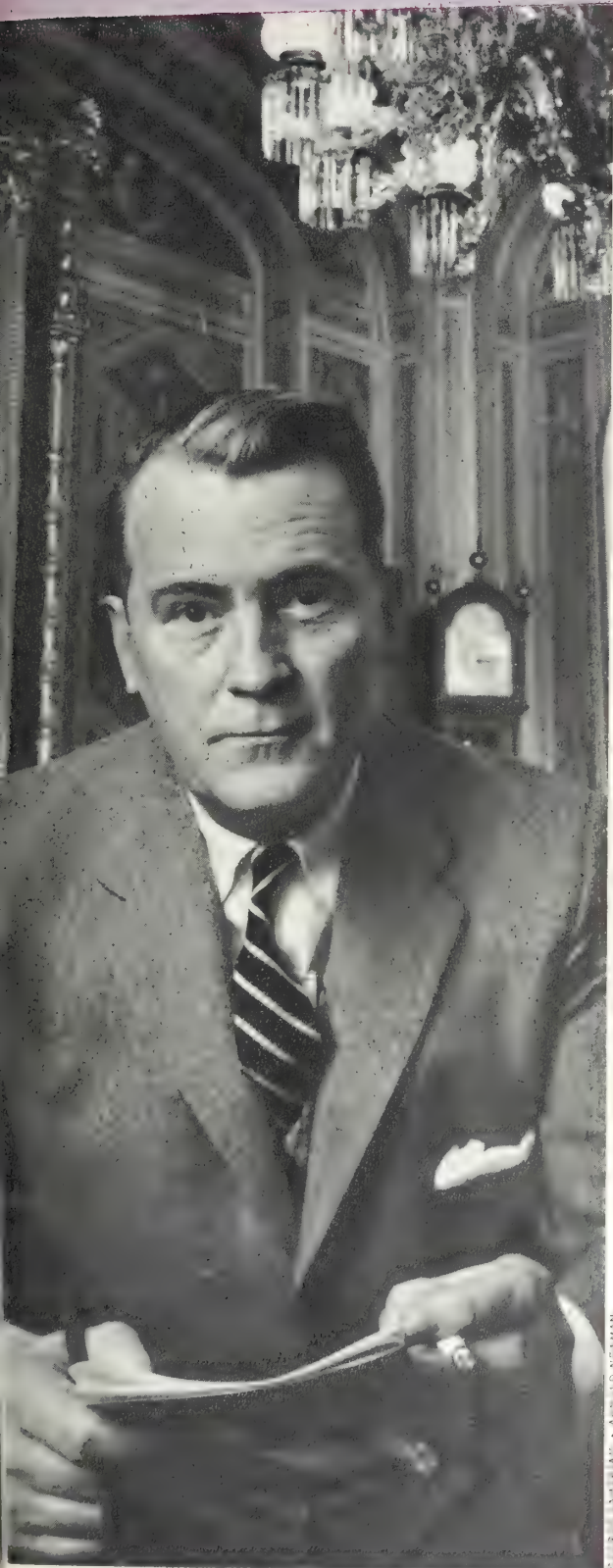
Famed are the clans of Scotland...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Ancestor, forever and always a wee bit 'o Scotland in a bottle!

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky ©Schenley Import Co., N.Y.



# Harper's

magazine



## **WILLIAM S. WHITE**

Harper's Washington  
Correspondent  
Begins a New Column

**Labor Should Get Out  
of Politics** *by Dick Bruner*

**The American Theater**  
*by Arthur Miller*

**Making Cigarette Ads Tell  
the Truth**  
*by Congressman John A. Blatnik*

**America's Super-Cities**  
*by Christopher Tunnard*

**A Gadget to Cut Down on  
Mid-Air Collisions**  
*by A. M. Watkins*

**New York's Gay Old Lady**  
*by Ben Rathbun*





*Dr. Adler with some of the rarest books in Puerto Rico's interesting collection. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.*

## Puerto Rico and the Princeton Professor

**T**HROUGH the impetus of Operation Bootstrap, Puerto Rico is prospering as never before. Factories are humming. Universities are thriving. Houses and hospitals are going up.

In what *other* ways is Puerto Rico putting prosperity to use? The man in our photograph gives you a clue.

He is Dr. Elmer Adler, an eminent authority in the field of graphic arts. He first arrived in Puerto Rico from

Princeton University three years ago. He consented to work for the Commonwealth simply because he fell in love with the place.

Go to San Juan and you will see the pride of Dr. Adler's life. It's a public collection of rare books, housed in an old Spanish mansion. Our photograph shows a few of its treasures. That chained book was printed in the Fifteenth Century—and the big volume in

the foreground is a facsimile of the famous Gutenberg Bible.

What is the purpose of this library? It is to give Puerto Rico's citizens a permanent place to study the supreme achievements of the printer's craft.

The entire collection is owned by the people of Puerto Rico. You will find it at Calle del Cristo 255, San Juan.



# GOOD EARNINGS

give telephone users the best and biggest value for their money

**A** telephone customer wrote us an interesting letter a short time ago.

He wasn't either a share owner or an employee but he asked some interesting questions. He said he had wondered about the effect of "a consistently low return" on our business.

How would it influence our decisions? And what would eventually happen, he asked, if we must be "overburdened with caution" in plans to meet the nation's ever-growing telephone needs?

He concluded by suggesting that the Bell System must show the public how good earnings will benefit the customer . . . through better service, lower rates or both.

It is clear, we think, that the research, new equipment and building necessary for more and better service cost money. Only through good earnings can we attract the capital to do the job. Frequently we have to make huge outlays long before there is a single dollar of return.



The need and benefits of good earnings are shown in another way that is sometimes overlooked. That is the economy of being able to plan for the long pull instead of on a temporary, more expensive basis.

Take, for example, any community whose needs are growing. And that could very well be your community.

A new central office that will meet the needs for a reasonable period ahead will cost more at the start than a small office that will meet them for only a short time.

But the smaller office will have to be enlarged later and will cost more in the end. However, if we are financially able to do the most efficient job right at the start, the average cost through the years will be less.

Telephone people are called upon to make many decisions like this, day in and day out. And in all of them, good earnings are essential to assure the greatest economy and progress—for us and for you.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



HARPER & BROTHERS  
PUBLISHERS

Chairman of the Executive  
Committee: CASS CANFIELD

Chairman of the Board:  
FRANK S. MACGREGOR

President:  
RAYMOND C. HARWOOD

Vice-Presidents:  
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.,  
EUGENE LAMMAN, ORDWAY HAD, DANIEL F. BRADLEY,  
JOHN FISCHER, IVAN W. THOMAS

Treasurer: LOUIS F. HAYNE

Assistant to the Publisher  
and Circulation Director:  
JOHN JAY HUGHES

#### EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief: JOHN FISCHER  
Managing Editor: RUSSELL LYNES

Editors:  
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON  
ERIC LARRABEE  
CATHARINE MEYER  
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD  
ROBERT B. SILVERS  
LUCY DONALDSON

Washington Correspondent:  
WILLIAM S. WHITE

Editorial Secretary: ROSE DALY  
Editorial Assistant:  
VIRGINIA HUGHES

ADVERTISING DATA: consult  
HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.  
19 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.  
Telephone MUrray Hill 3-5225.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE issue for  
Aug. 1958. Vol. 217. Serial No. 1299.  
Copyright© 1958 by Harper & Brothers  
in the United States and Great Britain.

All rights, including translation into  
other languages, reserved by the  
Publisher in the United States, Great  
Britain, Mexico and all countries  
participating in the International  
Copyright Convention and the  
Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Published monthly by Harper &  
Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16,  
N.Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A.  
by union labor by the Williams Press,  
99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter at  
the post office at Albany, N. Y.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 60¢ per copy;  
\$6.00 one year; \$11.00 two years;  
\$15.00 three years. Foreign postage—  
except Canada and Pan America—  
\$1.50 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Six weeks'  
advance notice, and old address as  
well as new, are necessary.

Address all correspondence relating  
to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept.,  
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

# Harper's MAGAZINE<sup>R</sup>

AUGUST 1958



VOL. 217, NO. 1299

#### ARTICLES

- 21 LABOR SHOULD GET OUT OF POLITICS, Dick Bruner  
28 NEW YORK'S GAY OLD LADY, Ben Rathbun  
*Drawings by Joseph Papin*  
35 THE SHADOWS OF THE GODS, Arthur Miller  
*Drawings by Donald Higgins*  
41 FLOISE IN ACADEMIA, Felicia Lamport  
45 MAKING CIGARETTE ADS TELL THE TRUTH, John A. Blatnik  
*Drawings by Herbert Lebowitz*  
59 AMERICA'S SUPER-CITIES, Christopher Tunnard  
*Maps by Willard Goodman*  
66 VERY SIGNIFICANT CHAIR, P. Blake and J. F. McCullough  
*Drawings by Burma Burris*  
72 MID-AIR COLLISIONS, A. M. Watkins  
76 TRYING TO FIND THE SHAPE—IF ANY—  
OF THE NEWS IN WASHINGTON, William S. White

#### FICTION

- 50 SOMETHING SPURIOUS FROM THE MINDANAO DEEP,  
Wallace Stegner  
*Drawings by Jim McMullan*

#### VERSE

- 23 PHOENIX, David Posner  
49 APOLOGY FOR NO POEMS, William Gibson  
75 SOREN KIERKEGAARD, A. L. Rowse  
80 THE OTHER LIVES, Robert Pack

#### DEPARTMENTS

- 4 LETTERS  
10 THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR—*The Non-sexual Behavior of the  
Human Female*, John Fischer  
*Drawing by Anne Cleveland*  
16 PERSONAL & OTHERWISE—*Among Our Contributors*  
81 AFTER HOURS, Mr. Harper and Hally Prentis Nelson  
*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*  
84 THE NEW BOOKS, Paul Pickrel  
89 BOOKS IN BRIEF, Katherine Gauss Jackson  
92 THE NEW RECORDINGS, Edward Tatnall Canby  
*Cartoon by Robert Day*  
94 JAZZ NOTES, Eric Larrabee

COVER design by George Samerjan; photograph by  
Arnold Newman



# The books you want to read are — usually — BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB selections or alternates

## FOR EXAMPLE

HERE ARE 10 OF 130 BOOKS MADE AVAILABLE TO MEMBERS THIS MONTH



### INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY

by John Gunther

"American readers should approach this book not only as an interesting and informative one, but almost as if it were required reading."

Special price to members \$4.50



### THE KING MUST DIE

by Mary Renault

This brilliant novel, which brings ancient Greece vividly to life, "has the fascination of a detective story."

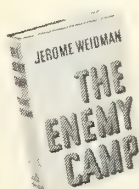
Special price to members \$3.95



### THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

by Theodore H. White and  
SEIDMAN AND SON  
by Elick Moll

Double Selection. *The Mountain Road* is an "explosively realistic" novel of an American major's first combat command in China in 1944. . . . *Seidman and Son* is a "happy book," told in the idiom of New York's cloak-and-suit business. Special combined price of both volumes to members \$4.95

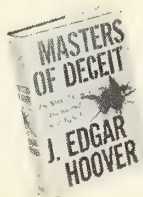


### THE ENEMY CAMP

by Jerome Weidman

The story of a man's bondage to passion and prejudice. "For excitement and interest, the book can successfully compete with any best-seller of the last few years."

Special price to members \$4.25



### MASTERS OF DECEIT

*The Story of Communism in America and How to Fight It*  
by J. Edgar Hoover

"This is the most important—indeed, the most imperative—book of the decade . . . powerful and informative, as up to date as this morning" — Daniel A. Poling, *Christian Herald*.

Special price to members \$4.50



### THE WINTHROP WOMAN

by Anya Selon

"A superb piece of historical portraiture," this is a novel about Governor John Winthrop's rebellious niece Elizabeth, who lived at odds with her heritage in the bigoted and savage world of 17th-century New England.

Special price to members \$4.30



### ANATOMY OF A MURDER

by Robert Traver

The unvarnished story of a murder and a murder trial in Michigan. Written by an experienced jurist, it is an honestly revealing melodrama of the law "raised to the level of adult narrative."

Special price to members \$3.95

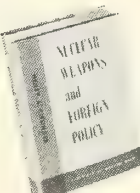


### BY LOVE POSSESSED

by James Gould Cozzens

"The maturest and most readable piece of fiction we have been privileged to offer our membership for many years" — Clifton Fadiman.

Special price to members \$3.95



### NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND FOREIGN POLICY

by Henry A. Kissinger

Dr. Kissinger shows how our military strength can support our political objectives without excessive risk of all-out war. "A brilliant, independent analysis" — *Time*.

Special price to members \$4.25

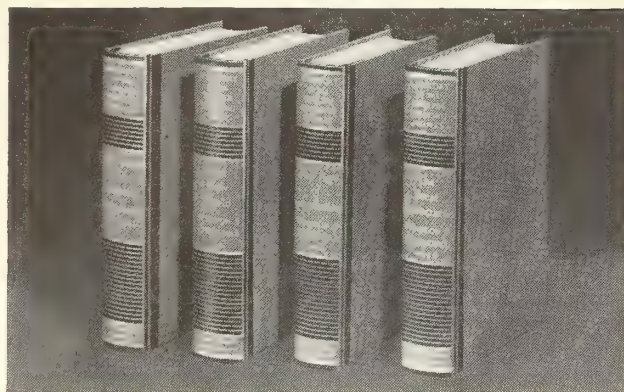
BEGIN WITH ONE OF THE ABOVE BOOKS

AND YOU WILL RECEIVE FREE

## WINSTON S. CHURCHILL'S A History of the English-Speaking Peoples

[COMBINED RETAIL PRICE, 4 VOLS. \$24.00]

IF YOU AGREE TO BUY FIVE ADDITIONAL BOOKS  
FROM THE CLUB IN THE NEXT YEAR FROM AP-  
PROXIMATELY 200 THAT WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE



"A set that belongs with Shakespeare  
in every English-speaking home"

**GOOD SENSE: A TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION** • There are at least three benefits of membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club that are beyond question. First, you get the books you want to read instead of missing them through overbusyness or procrastination—books such as those described above. Second, you pay an average of 20% less for them than otherwise. Third, you share in more than \$13,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) now distributed annually as Book-Dividends. This offer really represents "advanced" Book-Dividends earned by the purchase of the books you engage to buy later.

★ Each month you receive a full and careful report about the next Book-of-the-Month. If you judge it is a book you would not enjoy, you may send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing."

★ If you continue after this trial, you will receive a Book-Dividend, averaging around \$7 in retail value, with every second book you buy.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y. A38

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club\* and send, free, the four-volume A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES with the purchase of my first selection, indicated below. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME

(Choose one of the books described above)

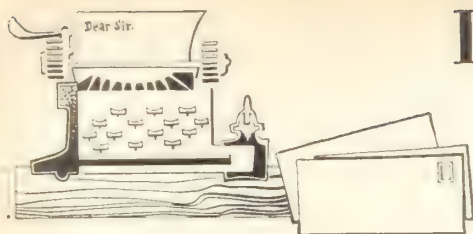
Mr. }  
Mrs. }  
Miss } (Please print plainly)

Address: .....

City: ..... Zone No. .... State: .....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto duty free, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

\*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada



# LETTERS

restraints from the council on administrative action, would always attract demagogic applicants, even though he was not.

MARY ALICE PHILIP  
Pomona, Calif.

## Ashmore and Little Rock

TO THE EDITORS:

As a former newspaperwoman I want to laud your publication of Harry S. Ashmore's "The Untold Story Behind Little Rock" [June]. . . .

The half-baked passion of the average newspaper for "facts" is responsible for the mediocre (with a few notable exceptions) caliber of our press. What a paper calls the facts are only the surface incidents surrounding the real story. Time and again I found it futile to report an important event when this adherence . . . to the conventional fact was all one was allowed to write. . . .

DOROTHY ROUSOS LIVADAS  
Rochester, N. Y.

. . . I was a Southern newspaperman in the period leading up to the Supreme Court decision. The major dailies did not prepare their readers for that decision any more than they're preparing them now for the possibility that they eventually will have to accept what is now a four-year-old decision.

ODOM FANNING  
Prairie Village, Kan.

I hoped that Mr. Ashmore would explain why the people of Little Rock changed their minds about integrating Central High at a time when integration was practically an accomplished fact.

Watching the news carefully from the time the plan for integration was announced, I could find nothing to indicate well-organized opposition. Then suddenly, less than a month before the opening of school, 97 per cent of the mothers of Central High petitioned Judge Reed of the Chancery Court to urge Judge Davies of the federal court to delay integration because conditions had changed. . . . Judge Davies declared the case "anemic" and ordered immediate integration. . . .

What happened before the mothers petitioned the courts to arouse emotions to such a pitch? . . . What with the admission of Negroes to the state university and colleges and a number of previously all-white public schools, integrated seating on buses, and general repair of civil rights for Negroes between 1954 and 1958, it appeared that Dixie had vanished in Arkansas. But just what

happened to undo good racial relations has not been made clear by the reporters who came in to get the Little Rock story nor by Mr. Ashmore. The very heart of the story has been omitted.

LORA PEARCE  
Bentonville, Ark.

The almost pathological espousal of the Democratic party by Southerners . . . was nowhere better illustrated than in the June Easy Chair. When the brilliant and courageous editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* can convince himself that the mess at Little Rock was largely a Republican responsibility, one can appreciate the pervasiveness of Yankee-hating in the post-Reconstruction South. . . .

Mr. Ashmore blames President Eisenhower for not changing in the four years since the crucial Supreme Court decision what hundreds of Southern intellectuals like the good editor himself have failed to do in a century.

WARREN S. WALKER  
Carlinville, Ill.

. . . To many observers viewing the situation from a greater perspective and more objectively than Mr. Ashmore, it seems clear that the real "real story" behind Little Rock was the determined effort of the NAACP to force its will upon the whites, using the nine pupils as stooges to gain its own ends—a minority striving for control of a majority, and this in a democracy. . . .

WILLIAM H. CONNERS  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## Political Leadership

TO THE EDITORS:

Certainly many people will be impressed by Senator Joseph Clark's "Notes on Political Leadership" [June]. The editors neglected, however, to mention the subtitle of the article: "Why I am a Great Candidate for the Presidency."

HOWARD T. ROGERS  
Los Angeles, Calif.

While Joseph Clark was enjoying a honeymoon with the city of Philadelphia and could "accomplish easily a good many things which will be difficult, if not impossible, later on," why did he not try to curb the dangerous power of the mayoralty? He must have known that an office which held so much power, i.e., unconfirmed appointments and few

Senator Clark's excellent and revealing article had one small error. He refers to the late Senator "Clyde" Swanson of Virginia, FDR's first Secretary of the Navy. His name was Claude Augustus Swanson. . . .

WALTER MEASDAY, JR.  
Westwood, N. J.

## Re Marx

TO THE EDITORS:

I enjoyed Leo Rosten's article ["The Lunar World of Groucho Marx," June] but "statistated"? Oh my dear Mr. Rosten.

JEANNE W. TURNER  
Berkeley, Calif.

Re Groucho Marx, I found W. O. Fields a far more perceptive and less diluted critic of U. S. culture. (See "The Bank Dick" with its scene in the president's office for cases.) Fields was often almost on Thurber's level. And, of course, the present Marx performance has the flavor of canned dog food.

R. OSBORN  
Salisbury, Conn.

My heartiest congratulations to Leo Rosten for what I consider a brilliant analysis of the Marx character. . . .

R. B. SITTON  
Fort Worth, Tex.

My first reaction to Rosten's piece was that it was a tiresome spoof. Then I realized that Rosten genuinely admired Marx and was honestly trying to pay him tribute.

Never, in my opinion, has a friend been so badly served by a friend. Rosten gives no indication of what Marx is like. Instead he trots out anecdote after anecdote of the kind with which press agents fill Leonard Lyons' and Earl Wilson's columns. The examples have no connection with the wit and humor Rosten insists Marx possesses. . . .

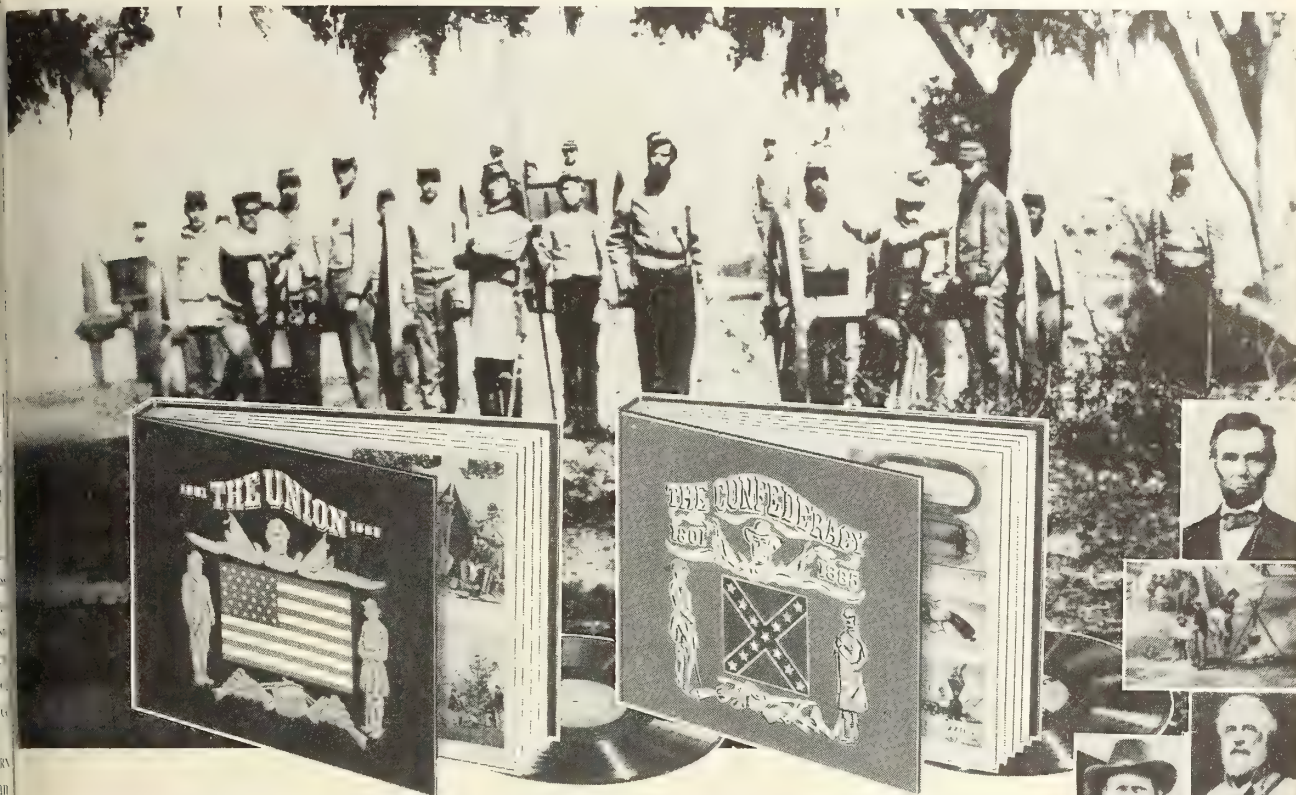
THEODORE LONG  
Salt Lake City, Utah

The article on Groucho Marx couldn't miss, what with its stock of quotation from The Grouch himself. But the main pitch, a dazzling curve, doesn't hit me. Any implied comparison of Groucho's creative motivation with that of modern-day Swift or Rochefoucauld makes for a cute but rather rash thesis.

Mr. Rosten has himself given the clue to a more likely explanation of what makes Groucho pun: the compulsion to



# The stirring history of the War between the States...now told in MUSIC, SOUNDS, WORDS and PICTURES!



THE COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB OFFERS THESE 2 MAGNIFICENT LINEN-BOUND GOLD-STAMPED ALBUMS

## BOTH FOR ONLY \$3<sup>98</sup>

Regular \$20 retail value

if you join the Club now — and agree to purchase 5 selections during the coming 12 months

**MUSIC AND SOUNDS ON HIGH-FIDELITY COLUMBIA RECORDS.** Through more than 30 songs you share the emotions and thoughts of a people divided, and at war. You hear songs rising 'round a thousand campfires. Songs of sadness, loneliness, suffering and heartache. Songs of love remembered, and of patriotic pride. Martial airs allying men to face death, and songs of lament for men who would fight no more. All performed with consummate artistry by Richard Bales and the National Gallery Orchestra, Soloists and Choir. You are at Gettysburg to hear Lincoln's immortal address recreated by Raymond Massey. You hear Lee's moving farewell. You hear the arrhythmic Rebel Yell, the Union Cannon, and more.

**ALMOST 200 PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.** Literally scores of rare photographs taken during those fateful years show you the people, the places and the battles which have become a vital part of American history and legend. Through the lens of the famous Matthew Brady and others you view on-the-spot scenes of Bull Run, Appomattox and Gettysburg. You meet Lincoln, Grant and Lee . . . Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart . . . down the ranks to a homesick Michigan trooper. You'll see the great conflict through the photographic artistry by those who were actually there!

**60 PAGES OF TEXT.** Through the authoritative articles and commentaries by Pulitzer Prize Winners Bruce Catton and Allan Nevins and novelist Clifford Dowdley you learn how the great war songs came to be sung, and meet the men who sang them. You see the dust rise from a dozen battlefields, and the tears fall from the eyes of a great general, learn the hopes, fears and prayers of Presidents, generals and privates. All this and more in the 2 handsome albums totalling over 90 pages, including authentic documents, photographs and beautifully reproduced song texts.

### UNIQUE AND DISTINGUISHED ADDITION TO YOUR LIBRARY

you may have both of these handsome albums — a regular \$20 retail value — for \$3.98. We make this unusual offer as a dramatic demonstration of the tremendous value you can enjoy as a member of the Club's largest record club.

Through the Club's musical program, you can conveniently acquire, systematically and with expert guidance, an outstanding record of the music you enjoy most . . . classical, popular, show music, mood music, etc. . . all performed by the world's great artists, brilliantly reproduced on 12" Columbia and Epic high-fidelity records.

**THE CLUB OPERATES.** To enjoy the benefits — mail the coupon, indicating one of the four Club Divisions best suited to your musical taste: Classical, Listening and Dancing, Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; Jazz.

Each month the Club's staff of musical experts selects outstanding records from every genre of music. These selections are fully featured in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month. You may accept or

reject the selection for your Division, take any of the other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to buy five selections from the more than 100 to be offered in the coming 12 months, and you may discontinue membership any time thereafter. The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price, now only \$3.98 (original cast Musical Shows are occasionally offered at \$4.98), plus small mailing charge.

**FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY.** After purchasing five records, you receive a Columbia or Epic Bonus record of your choice FREE for every two selections you purchase — a 50% dividend.

Since the number of albums available for this special offer is limited, orders will be filled in the sequence received, and this offer may be discontinued at any time. You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel by returning both albums within ten days. Mail coupon NOW.

### SEND NO MONEY — JUST THE COUPON

**COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 221-2**  
**TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA**

U-29

I wish to receive both **THE UNION** and **THE CONFEDERACY**, for which I am to be billed \$3.98, plus small mailing charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

- ☐ Classical ☐ Listening and Dancing ☐ Jazz  
☐ Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies

I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 100 to be offered during the coming 12 months . . . at regular list price, plus small mailing charge. For every two additional selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of my choice FREE.

Name.....  
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE...State.....

If you want this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in below:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....121-A

**COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB TERRE HAUTE INDIANA**

© "Columbia," "Epic," Marcas Reg. © Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1958



# Mexico

*lifetime enjoyment*



*"La Quebrada" Acapulco Mexico.*

## ACAPULCO

the world famous seashore resort of enthralling, unforgettable and mysterious beauty, where nature stands forth in singular magnificence. Rugged cliffs, snow-white beaches surrounded by exotic tropical vegetation. Here you can enjoy unexcelled surf-bathing, boating and exciting deepsea fishing. Splendid hotels, incomparable sunsets and dancing under starry skies.

You'll be really happy vacationing in México.

**MEXICO** awaits you. *Your travel agent will tell you.*

### MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA	3106 Wilshire Blvd.	NEW YORK, N. Y.	630 Fifth Ave. No. 801	Rockefeller Center
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS	27-E. Monroe Street Suite No. 304	SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	209 E. Travis Street	
HOUSTON, TEXAS	809 Walker Ave.	MONTREAL, CANADA	1255 Phillips Square, Suite No. 206	
MIAMI, FLORIDA	45 Columbus Arcade	TORONTO, CANADA	20 Carlton Street	
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA	203 St. Charles Street	LA HABANA, CUBA	Calle 23, No. 72 - La Rampa, Vedado.	

## LETTERS

turn any word or situation into wit and cynicism. The butt of his humor may not then be the human race and its institutions, but they are arbitrary targets. . . .

VERA L. JONES  
Newton Centre, Mass.

. . . As I see Groucho he is a cynic with a sadistic twist in his make-up. His humor consists of the low-grade gag long current on the Borscht Circuit. When he rises above that level, as he sometimes does, he is cruel at the expense of some innocent victim. . . .

DAVID P. BERENSON  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

## Whose Guns?

TO THE EDITORS:

I read with interest your May issue article by Richard B. McAdoo: named "The Guns at Falaise Gap." He and his numerous comrades appear to have had a glorious time hitting the Wehrmacht on the run: I ought to know—I was on the other side. However the easy passage had by the American armies and the ensuing "exultant" mood of General Patton would, and could, never have been if 80 per cent of our Panzer army had not been held up by the British and Canadians in the bloody fighting around Caen. This was the crucial battle of Normandy. Montgomery may have been slow—but he was sure. Our armor was never the same after.

Finally, I note the British only glance, and mostly derisive, comment from Mr. McAdoo. But, believe me, they were there. I still have two holes to prove it.

W. G. HORTON  
Cardiff, Wales

## Supersonic Propeller

TO THE EDITORS:

Wolfgang Langewiesche in "The New Jet Air Liners" [June] mentions the supersonic propeller as a future possibility and credits the Russians with current experimentation with such propeller.

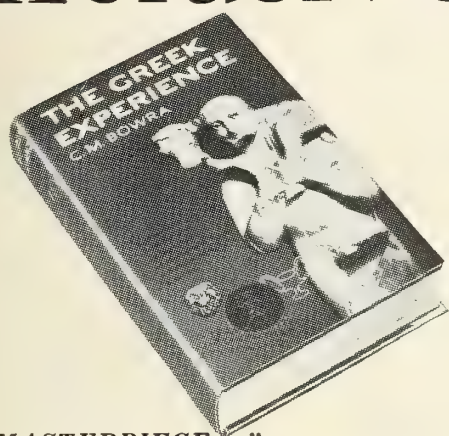
The U. S. Air Force successfully flight tested such a propeller on the Republic XF-84H during 1955-56. Experiments were halted when it was determined that even though the propeller offered several advantages, the time and funds available could be more profitably devoted to the development of turbojet designs. The engaged in the project feel that such propeller would have small commercial appeal because of very undesirable no characteristics.

One of the two aircraft used in the project is now displayed by the Kern County (California) Historical Society.





# Exclusive\* with the Marboro Book Club



You can have any 3 of \$3<sup>75</sup> with membership the books shown for only

CHOOSE from THE GREEK EXPERIENCE—THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN—OF LOVE AND LUST—THE LIVING PAST—TWO WOMEN—and seven other important books as your introduction to membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB.

Rarely has any book in recent years been called "a masterpiece" and "masterful" by as many critics as have used those words to describe THE GREEK EXPERIENCE—an almost incredibly brilliant summing up of the whole achievement of Greek civilization from the time of Homer to the Fall of Athens.

"A MASTERPIECE," said the London *Spectator*, "an astonishing work of innumerable delights. Each page bristles with bold and original conclusions. We have seldom seen such enormous material so skillfully and excitingly marshalled. Such is the richness of these pages that one has the impression of having read, and painlessly assimilated, many volumes. One also has the compelling impression of having finished a masterpiece."

"A MASTERPIECE in which everything is touched with simplicity and boldness in a style as clear as the Greek light."—*The New Statesman*. "Acute and masterly."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*. "Masterful, extraordinary."—*Publishers' Weekly*. "A masterful presentation."—*N. Y. Times*.

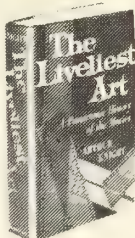
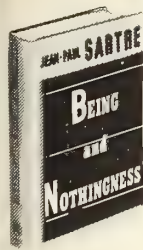
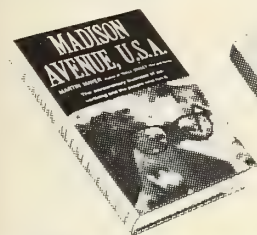
Anyone who has read this superbly illustrated book will tell you it is worth every penny of its \$6.00 bookstore price. To demonstrate the values that discerning readers can expect from the MARBORO BOOK CLUB, we offer you any 3 books on this page (including THE GREEK EXPERIENCE, if you wish) for a fraction of what you would ordinarily pay for THE GREEK EXPERIENCE alone.

THE MARBORO BOOK CLUB pools your buying power with that of others who share your tastes, and saves you an average of 50% on the self-same books you would otherwise purchase at full price. With each four selections (or alternates) accepted at Special Members' Prices, you receive a superlative bonus volume of your choice at no additional charge.

Reach for a pencil right now and check off any three of the books shown. They're yours for only \$3.75 with an introductory membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. That's a saving of as much as \$21.25 on regular bookstore prices. Mail the application form today, while this exclusive offer lasts.

## \* "A MASTERPIECE..."

By exclusive arrangement with Sir Maurice Bowra's publishers in London and New York, THE GREEK EXPERIENCE has been named a Selection of the Marboro Book Club. "The best book of its kind."—*Saturday Review*.



Choose any 3 of these books for \$3.75 with Introductory Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB! Mail your application today.

OF LOVE AND LUST. By Theodor Reik. Freud's most famous pupil analyzes the hidden nature of masculinity and femininity, normal and perverse, in romantic love, in marriage, parenthood, bachelorhood, and sisterhood. List Price \$7.50

MADISON AVENUE, U.S.A. By Martin Mayer. One of the great storytellers of the year—and no wonder! Never before has any book revealed so fully and frankly the inner workings of the advertising business. List Price \$4.95

THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN. By Roman Gary. The prize-winning novel of adventure and intrigue in Africa that the *N. Y. Times* calls the most intellectually stimulating novel of 1958. 300,000 copies sold in France alone—and now a best-seller in America. List Price \$4.50

TWO WOMEN. By Alberto Moravia. Honor of *The Woman of Rome*. "A charming and highly significant work. Its impact goes beyond its literary excellence. Probably the best book in the last decade."—*N. Y. Times*. List Price \$4.95

THE BEAT GENERATION & THE ANGRY YOUNG MEN. Kerouac, Ginsberg, Rexroth, Solomon, Osborne, Hinde, and 16 others, in the works that have made them famous (and notorious). Ed. by Feldman & Gartenberg. List Price \$4.50

MASS CULTURE. Ed. by Rosenberg & White. Monumental, wickedly revealing portrait of the "Lonely Crowd" at play. David Riesman, Edmund Wilson, Dwight MacDonald and other distinguished scholars descend upon the "popular" arts with diabolical zest. List Price \$6.50

KLEE. By Gualtieri di San Lazzaro. Paul Klee's greatest "one-man show"—a triumphant summary of the life and work of this Einstein among painters, with 360 reproductions of his most famous and enigmatic works, including 80 full color plates. List Price \$5.75

RELIGION AND THE REBEL. By Colin Wilson, author of *The Outsider*. "The idea behind it is the most effective challenge to materialistic philosophy yet conceived."—*N. Y. Times*. List Price \$4.00

AND THERE WAS LIGHT: Man's Discovery of the Universe: From Babylon to Sputnik. By Rudolf Thiel. Does for Astronomy what Gods, Graves and Scholars did for archaeology. 128 illus. List Price \$6.95

BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. By Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre's Philosophy of Being, including his views on social relations, his doctrine of freedom, and existential psychoanalysis. 655 pages. List Price \$10.00

THE LIVELIEST ART. By Arthur Knight. A panoramic history of the Motion Picture as an art form—from Melies and Griffith and Eisenstein to Rashomon, Rossellini, and Mike Todd—by the distinguished film critic of the *Saturday Review*. With photographs. List Price \$7.50

THE GREEK EXPERIENCE. By Sir Maurice Bowra. An almost incredibly brilliant summing-up of the whole achievement of Greek civilization from the time of Homer to the Fall of Athens, with 64 full pages of rare photographs. The London *Spectator* calls it "A masterpiece"—and it is. List Price \$6.00

## MARBORO BOOK CLUB

131 Varick Street, New York 13, N. Y.

You may enroll me as a new member of the Marboro Book Club. Please send me the THREE books checked at the left at only \$3.75 plus shipping for all three. Forthcoming selections and alternates will be described to me in a Monthly Advance Bulletin and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. I agree to buy as few as four additional books (or alternates) at the reduced Member's Price during the next twelve months; and I may sign at any time thereafter. I will receive a free BONUS BOOK for every four additional books I accept.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(Memberships available only in continental U. S. and Canada. Prices slightly higher in Canada.) MH259

GUARANTEE If you are not completely satisfied with this SPECIAL OFFER, you may return the books within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled.



# Harper's

magazine

NEXT MONTH

## THE COMING ICE AGE: *A Scientific Detective Story*

Two scientists who set out to discover what caused the great ice sheets of the past have found evidence that the world is now heading into another Big Freeze—and that New York and a good many other cities probably will be covered with ice within the predictable future.

By Betty Friedan

## HOW TO GET BETTER CIVIL SERVANTS

The Governor of New York, who has spent much of his past forty-five years in government service, tells how we can attract more talent into public service—and why we must.

By Averell Harriman

## TV RATINGS: *What They Really Mean*

They are accurate enough—but they don't tell the telecasting tycoons what they need to know in order to plan their programs intelligently.

By Bernard Asbell

## THE HARD KIND OF COURAGE

A Northern Negro reaches an unexpected conclusion after his first visit to the South.

By James Baldwin

A propeller and engine reduction gear are on display at the U. S. Air Force Museum at Fairborn, Ohio.

ROBERT S. HOUSTON  
Air Force Museum  
Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio

## Unreformed Chicago

TO THE EDITORS:

"Reforming Chicago" [June] awakened an old suspicion I have had. I am inclined to think that someone has been voting under my name since I left the city four years ago.

After moving to South Dakota, I returned my Voter's Identification Card to the Election Commissioners of Cook County with a letter telling them I had taken up legal residence elsewhere. Two years passed. Then came a forwarded notice that my right to vote in Cook County was being challenged. I wrote the Commissioners again assuring them I was no longer part of their county. Recently—two years after the previous exchange—I received a notice to appear for jury duty in Illinois. Again I wrote.

It would be interesting to find out how often "I" (!) have voted since I left the state.

DONALD R. HOGER  
Rapid City, S. D.

## Underwear Down Under

TO THE EDITORS:

I know nothing of political science, but when D. W. Brogan ["Australia: The Innocent Continent," June] criticizes the Australian woman's way of dressing, I must emphatically correct him.

The writer, who is the managing director of a firm of lingerie manufacturers, with the broadest knowledge of the Australian fashion trade, cannot understand how Professor Brogan can say that Australian underwear is "archaic." The average Australian woman is better dressed than her equal overseas. Before coming to Australia some twenty years ago I was a director of a firm in Vienna, Austria, dealing in the highest class of fashion lingerie supplied to nobility, theater and opera celebrities. From this you will surmise I am qualified to differ on the views expressed.

On my overseas buying trips to all continents it always struck me that our women are just as fashion-conscious as their overseas sisters. . . . The styling, make, and finish of Australian lingerie are greatly superior to similar overseas products. . . . Numerous novelties and styles first originated in Australian salons and factories and were then taken up by overseas manufacturers.

The Professor's visit was of too short

duration to permit him to judge Australian women's fashions. He should judge the goods on display in "bargain sales" as those representing high quality Australian fashion merchandise.

ALPHONSE GRIFIN  
A. & J. Griffin Pty., Ltd.  
Sydney, Australia

## Alimony Drone

TO THE EDITORS:

Just in the interests of fair and adequate reporting I think you should check some divorce records. I doubt there is any such alimony problem as you describe ["Common Sense About Alimony," by Judge Samuel H. Hofstad and Arthur Herzog, May]. In fact it is difficult for women to obtain adequate child support.

Occasionally some man desperate for freedom to pursue some other chick will promise his wife everything for his freedom, but when the glow vanishes and he fails to pay she has a problem even to collect court costs and attorneys' fees.

The situation you describe may obtain in New York (which I doubt) but as the administrators of aid to dependent children and see what kind of story you get.

NORMA WARREN, ATTORNEY  
Des Moines, I.

Of course I cannot speak of conditions in Iowa. In New York the problem—the "alimony drone" is a real one and an important one.

It is true—as I pointed out in my article—that there are many deserving women who do not receive the support they merit. In part, this is due to the bad reputation of the alimony drone. I feel that the injustice to them, as well as to exploited husbands, will be redressed only when . . . we recognize woman's position in the modern world and awards are based on net need—"what a wife really needs, consistent with her former standard of living, after her assets and earning power have been evaluated."

SAMUEL H. HOFSTADT  
Justices Chamber  
New York, N. Y.

## For the Record

TO THE EDITORS:

I see it is hard to be a caricature and a gentleman ["How Frank Lloyd Wright Got His Medal," May]. I suppose the same thing goes for the editor of a popular magazine?

Hard for me to recognize *Harper's* these [pages].

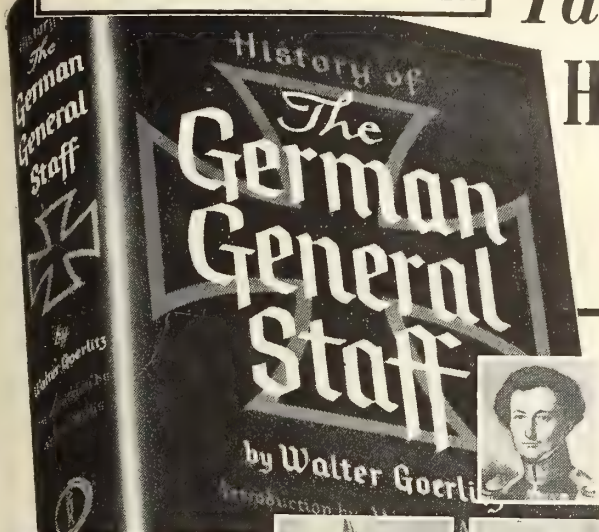
FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT  
Spring Green, Wis.



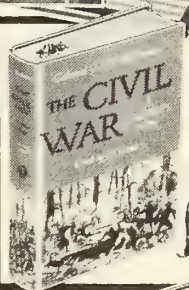
**DEMONSTRATION OFFER**

# Take any 3 new books of HISTORY AND WORLD AFFAIRS

for only **\$3.95** with membership  
(VALUES UP TO \$23.00)

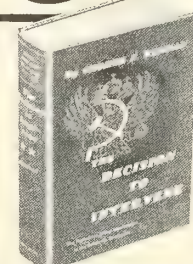
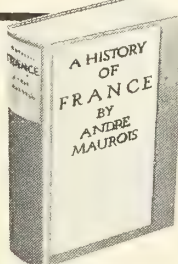


**HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF** by Walter Goerlitz. From master strategist von Clausewitz to master warrior Rommel, this unusual volume discusses the most feared and respected military geniuses of all time—and shows you their personalities, their triumphs, and their fatal miscalculations. 508 pages. 31 photographs. List price \$7.50.

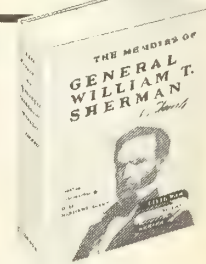


**THE CIVIL WAR: A SOLDIER'S VIEW** by Col. G. F. R. Henderson. An extraordinary critique of the campaigns, the generals and their men gathered from the frank accounts of a British military observer. List price \$6.00.

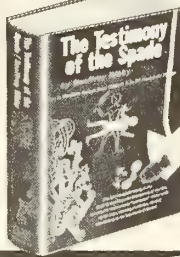
**A HISTORY OF FRANCE** by Andre Maurois. A rich and detailed tapestry of victories and defeats, of kings, mistresses, politicians and heroes—by one of France's greatest writers. List price \$7.50.



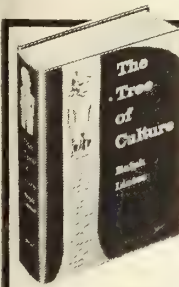
**DECISION TO INTERVENE** by George F. Kennan. Striking picture of the Russian Revolution. Here are ruthless Red leaders, confused diplomats—and those few Americans who sought an illusory "peace". List price \$7.50.



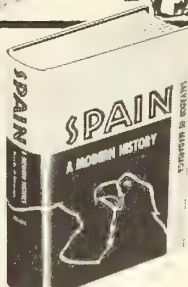
**MEMOIRS OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN**. Exciting story of the most damned—and-praised campaign of the Civil War—by the amazing strategist who virtually invented "total war". New one-volume edition. List price \$8.00.



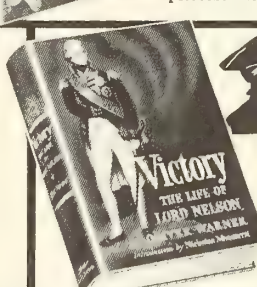
**THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE** by Geoffrey Bibby. How did European man live 15,000 years ago? You'll find the answer in this fascinating reconstruction of the lives, customs, and minds of the men and women of pre-history. Maps and photos. List price \$6.75.



**THE TREE OF CULTURE** by Ralph Linton. This brilliant and immensely readable volume traces mankind and his cultures—his religions, caste systems, and complex relationships between families and sexes—from tribal beginnings to the complex world of today. List price \$7.50.



**SPAIN: A MODERN HISTORY** by Salvador de Madariaga. Here is a new, impartial and utterly fascinating historical picture of Spain—as it was under the King and the Republic, and as it is today. In every way this fine work of scholarship is as thrilling to read as a great novel. List price \$7.50.



**VICTORY: THE LIFE OF LORD NELSON** by Oliver Warner. Here is the story of a life so filled with valor and animated by passion, that it glows like a great legend. Critics are hailing this beautifully written, continuously exciting new book. \$6.50.

A generous **DEMONSTRATION OFFER** from The History Book Club!

Here is an amazingly generous demonstration offer. It is made solely to prove to you how much you will enjoy the **WIDE VARIETY** of important new books of history and world affairs you can get at cash savings through the History Book Club.

The distinguished selections pictured here—all handsomely bound, and many of them illustrated—sell for as much as \$8.00 each at publisher's list prices. But we invite you to choose **ANY THREE** of these valuable books for only \$3.95, if you join the History Book Club on this Trial Membership Offer.

The History Book Club selections are chosen by an eminent Board of Historians made up of Dumas Malone, Walter Millis and Louis B. Wright. Each book is described to you—in advance—in a careful and objective review. If you do not want a book, you

merely return a printed form (always provided) and it will not be sent. You may accept as few as four selections or alternates a year, and resign at any time after accepting four such books.

With every fourth purchase after your initial selection, you receive a Free Bonus Book of your own choice. (Last year, counting the value of Bonus Books, members saved an average of \$3.16 on each selection.) And, in addition to current selections, a great many other important new books are always available to you, at special Members' low prices and with full Bonus Credit.

Right now, you may take **ANY THREE** books from this page (total value up to \$23.00) for only \$3.95. But don't delay. Choose the three books which interest you most, and mail the entire coupon at once—without money—to History Book Club, Dept. HA-24 40 Guernsey Street, Stamford, Conn.

Check the 3 books you want and mail the coupon, now, to:

## THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

Dept. HA-24 40 Guernsey Street, Stamford, Conn.

Send me at once the **THREE** books I have checked below, two as my enrollment gift and one as my first selection, and bill me **ONLY \$3.95** (plus a few cents for postage and packing).

Forthcoming selections will be described to me in advance, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable **FREE BONUS BOOK** of my choice with every fourth additional selection or alternate which I purchase. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books. **GUARANTEE:** If not completely satisfied, I may return my 3 books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF | <input type="checkbox"/> THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A HISTORY OF FRANCE                 | <input type="checkbox"/> THE TREE OF CULTURE              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DECISION TO INTERVENE               | <input type="checkbox"/> SPAIN: A MODERN HISTORY          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MEMOIRS OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN      | <input type="checkbox"/> VICTORY: THE LIFE OF LORD NELSON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE CIVIL WAR: A SOLDIER'S VIEW     |   |

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ HA-24



# *the editor's* EASY CHAIR

## The Non-sexual Behavior of the Human Female

THOSE Kinsey people are at it again. Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey lies a-moldering in the grave, but his studies go marching on—apparently forever—under the banner of his Institute for Sex Research at the University of Indiana. His disciples there have just turned out another of those clinical, chart-studded books about the sexual behavior of the human female, and they hint that any number of similar volumes are in the works.

This labor of love (if that is the term) probably is a mistake. Any man of discreet years already has a working knowledge of such matters, or anyhow as much as may be good for his ego. What he really needs is a reliable guide to the non-sexual behavior of the human female—a mystery which has caused more rage and grief throughout the ages than the bubonic plague.

So far researchers haven't even scratched the surface of this subject, probably because they are afraid it might scratch back. But cowardice won't block the path of science much longer. The Haroun al Raschid Fund for Benevolent and Hell-Raising Purposes—the foundation which fears neither woman nor devil—is about to embark on an investigation which holds infinite promise for the happiness of the species, or at least the male half of it.

Its first project, naturally, will be to try to discover why women are deciduous. Every male inevitably spends a large part of his life picking up the *débris de femme*—Kleenex, gloves, lipsticks, handbags, and the like—which they leave in their wakes. On rare occasions this can serve a useful purpose. During World War II, for example, Mr. Horace T. Quimby, a civilian employee of the Norfolk Navy yard, decided it was his patriotic duty to collect the bobby pins which showered down from the lovely heads of his wife and three daughters; within nine months he had saved enough steel to armor a battleship.

But ordinarily the enormous energies expended in tidying up after women produce nothing but abraded nerves. To cite one pitiful case, a janitor

at the Radio City Music Hall is nearly going out of his mind because he keeps finding under the seats, about once a month, a single high-heeled slipper. What he can't figure out is: How in Heaven's name can even the most fog-bounded female get out of the theater without noticing that she is walking in only one shoe?

The Bank of New York tries to cope with the shedding problem, at considerable expense, by providing combination locks for those women who lose an excessive number of keys to their safe deposit boxes. It has never been able to develop a theory, however, to explain why some are so much worse than others. One vice president, who reads Freud in the evenings, thinks guilt-feelings may have something to do with it. The widows who are most remorseful lose one key after another, he believes, as a form of unconscious self-punishment, thus cutting themselves off (temporarily) from the enjoyment of their inheritance.

Trouble is he can't find any tactful way to measure remorse. After his first attempts resulted in three rich old biddies' withdrawing their accounts, this line of inquiry had to be abandoned. He is now working on an even more Freudian explanation which is hardly suitable for discussion in pages as chaste as these.



What the Fund hopes to discover is the hormone, or whatever it is, that makes some women shed like an elm in autumn while others are reasonably prehensile. Then—by a careful process of selective breeding, or retraining, or something—it may eventually produce a strain of non-shedding females. (In the beginning the Fund thought that pockets might be the answer, until a secretary in its office pointed out that no woman will ever use them because they cause bulges in the wrong places.)

A second research team will look into feeding habits. Already it has collected a number of case histories which seem to defy rational interpretation.

Take, for instance, the strange case of Gerda Himmelreich. She is a Chicago girl, nineteen



# THE EDITORS OF AMERICAN HERITAGE INVITE YOU TO JOIN THEM IN LAUNCHING A NEW MAGAZINE

# HORIZON

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

**T**he purpose: to provide something that should exist in America but does not—a magazine which unites art and ideas, the sum of which is culture, in a format no one has yet ventured.

Begin with the September issue—Volume 1, No. 1—and you will be aboard at the start of a voyage of exploration and discovery such as you have never made, through the pages of the most beautiful periodical you have ever seen.

**HORIZON will be a magazine in content, a hard cover book in format.** Its contents will range the earth and the ages of man to encompass all the arts, both fine and lively—paintings, maps, prints and sculpture . . . splendors of the past and marvels of the present . . . satire and lively opinion. Each issue will provide food for thought, play for the imagination.

Similar to but larger than AMERICAN HERITAGE, its distinguished and much-praised parent magazine, HORIZON will be rich with pictures, its contents superbly framed. Every issue will have 144 big (9 x 12 inch) pages. Each will make use of three printing methods on three different textures of paper. About one-third of HORIZON's pages will be in full color. No advertising will intrude. Each copy will have permanent value.

**Authors in the first issue** include Gilbert Highet (Chairman of HORIZON's Editorial Advisory Board), Julian Huxley, Igor Stravinsky, C. V. Wedgwood, Marquis Childs, Freya Stark, H. R. Trevor-Roper, Irving Stone, William Harlan Hale. With such companions and with splendid sights to see, you will share man's age-old quest for excellence, his manners and customs, pleasures and dreams.

HORIZON will be published every other month at \$3.95 each. The general subscription rate will be \$18.00 a year for all six issues—although large and beautiful books with only half as many color pages usually sell for \$10.00 or more, *per copy*.

**You are invited to examine the first issue of HORIZON in your home**—with your judgement reserved and no money committed until after you decide whether or not to subscribe. Then you may enroll as a Charter Subscriber for only \$15.00—a never-to-be-repeated saving on the six copies of \$8.70 below the regular retail price.

The printing of the first issue is almost completed. About four out of every five of these copies have already been spoken for—and there can be no second printing. If you would like to see HORIZON—with no obligation—mail this coupon today to HORIZON, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

## ★ A CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION SAVES YOU \$8.70 ★

*You may save \$8.70 below the regular price of six issues (\$3.95 each) by sending this coupon promptly to:*

HORIZON 551 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

Please send me the first issue of HORIZON, and reserve my Charter Subscription at \$15.00. If I like it, send me the next five bi-monthly issues. If I don't, I'll return my copy within two weeks with *no payment* or further obligation.

PRINT NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

H-501



years old, gentle, sound in wind and limb, sixteen hands high and not a blemish on her. To the casual male observer, she appears to have all the essential parts, arranged in satisfactory order and proportions. (Perhaps "casual" is not the precise word; as a matter of fact, when she prances down Michigan Boulevard in a stiff off-the-lake breeze, you can hear eyeballs popping for fifty yards around.)

Yet Gerda gets periodic spells of hysteria about her weight. When these strike, she immediately embarks on a diet which even St. Simeon Stylites would have considered extreme. These regimens—which she clips out of women's magazines—run largely to mineral oil, chopped grapefruit rind, and seaweed. She sticks with them, on the average, for three days. Then, abandoning the project as abruptly as she took it up, she gorges herself for a week on chocolate malts, fudge cake, and ice cream éclairs. Her case, astonishingly enough, seems to be by no means unique.

This research group also will seek the reasons why seventy-eight women out of every hundred, when unprotected by a male, will gravitate at lunchtime into restaurants which feature (a) chintz, (b) triangular sandwiches with the crusts cut off and stuffed with a colloidal compound of tuna fish and peanut butter, (c) mayonnaise or whipped cream (or both) smeared over every other item on the menu.

**F**EMININE logistics also will be put on the agenda, if the Fund can find a new project director; the man originally assigned to it cut his throat after the first week. Although it has long been known that the movement of two or more females from Point A to Point B is an undertaking of manic complexity, the principles on which such hegiras operate have never been discovered. A pilot study has, however, isolated a few rudimentary facts:

(1) The take-off is always preceded by a minimum of seven phone conversations. At least five of these deal with what the other women in the party are going to wear.

(2) The hours spent on pre-trip phone calls increase in geometric ratio with the number of women traveling.

(3) The number of bags each woman will try to take, unless forcibly restrained, can be determined by multiplying by two the number of days she expects to be away. These impedimenta will contain at least five dresses which she doesn't expect to wear, but thinks she ought to take along just in case. Upon arrival it will be found, in eighty-three cases out of a hundred, that they do *not* contain either a toothbrush or a shower cap.

(4) Seventy-two per cent of all females studied made frantic efforts to board the train, ship, or plane twenty minutes before its scheduled departure.

(5) It has never yet occurred to any woman so far investigated that she will have to pay her cab fare, until the cab in which she is riding actually stops at its destination. She then registers surprise and begins to scramble for change among the compacts, shopping lists, safety pins, cigarettes, keys, hair nets, and other detritus in her purse. The resulting delays were responsible for 47 per cent of all traffic jams in New York City in 1957.

(6) The commotion involved in getting a single slip of a girl off to college, camp, or boarding school is roughly equivalent to the movement of an artillery battalion, with full equipment, from Fort Sill to its port of embarkation.

(7) The Fund is indebted to Mr. John Gardner of the Carnegie Corporation for the observation that women, when traveling, ignore all those conventions of considerate behavior on which our civilization is so precariously based.

When boarding a commuting train, for ex-



# WHICH IS MORE IMPORTANT TO YOUR CHILD...

THE SIZE OF HIS HOME OR THE SIZE OF HIS MIND?

A THOUGHTFUL ANSWER

by Dr. J. Chapman Bradley

"I am quite sure that any intelligent parent knows the answer to this question as well as I do. It isn't necessarily a big home but a good home that produces the outstanding children who become successful men and women. And a good home has nothing to do with size. Whether it is a mansion or a small apartment, a good home has the same characteristics everywhere. It is a place where children learn that a high standard of living is not so much the number of rooms one has, but the high standards one lives by... a place where it is more important to enlarge mind and soul than to enlarge the house.

"The first step in enlarging the mind is knowledge, and that is why thinking parents put the acquisition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica before any other possession. For almost 200 years, Britannica has been recognized as the greatest treasure of knowledge ever published. If you are interested in your child's future happiness and success, it will pay you to glance through the plan described below, which enables you to own the Encyclopaedia Britannica so easily and inexpensively. It is a plan that offers you an opportunity to develop the size of your child's mind now—and if you do that, his future is assured."

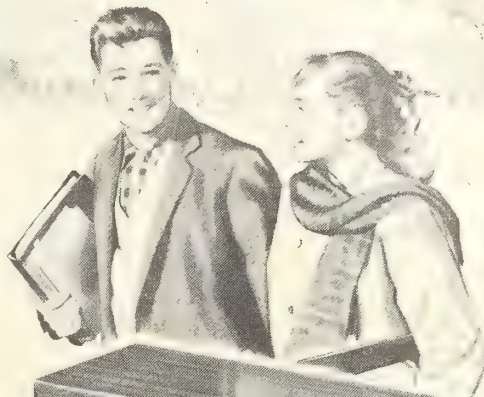
ESSENTIAL IN EVERY HOME  
WHERE EDUCATION IS RESPECTED

## ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA

Brand new edition  
now available direct from the publisher on

### Book a Month Payment Plan

you get all 24 volumes now—pay later!



latest edition of Britannica—the test treasure of knowledge ever published—is the biggest and greatest in almost 200-year publishing history. enormous printing materially reduces costs and under an unusual direct-from-the-publisher plan, we pass these savings on to you. All 24 handsome volumes of this world-renowned reference library will be delivered to your home direct from the publisher. You pay at a cost so low it is as easy as buying a book a month!

Equivalent to a library of 1,000 books

Encyclopaedia Britannica is the valuable gift you can give yourself and your family—the priceless gift of knowledge. Contained in its pages is information on every subject significant to mankind. It is equivalent to a library of 1,000 books, bringing you the knowledge and authority of world-recognized experts in every field.

Just think of a subject—and you'll find it in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Whether it is information on the rules of sports, the background of a religion, or to build a brick arch in a fireplace,

or the science of launching a guided missile.

The new Britannica almost "televises" information to you, with 23,494 magnificent photographs, maps, and drawings. In every respect, Britannica is the largest and most complete reference set published in America, containing 26,000 pages and over 38,000,000 words.

#### Symbol of a good home

Encyclopaedia Britannica cannot help but have a lasting effect on you as well as on the growth and development of your children in school and in later life. Benjamin Franklin said: "An investment in knowledge pays the best interest,"

and Britannica gives you the accumulated knowledge of the world in clear, easy-to-read language and superb illustrations. It is essential in every home where education is valued and respected.

#### Preview Booklet Offered FREE

Simply fill in and mail the coupon today, and we will send you... without cost or obligation... a copy of our beautiful, new booklet which contains an exciting preview of the latest edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica. Send no money—not even for postage. It's yours, absolutely free! However, since this offer is necessarily limited, please mail the coupon today before it slips your mind.

#### Mail Coupon Now for FREE BOOKLET



ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, DEPT. 17-H  
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me, free and without obligation, your colorful Preview Booklet which pictures and describes the latest edition of ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA. Also include complete information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, direct from the publisher, on the Book a Month Payment Plan.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Please Print

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
In Canada, write E.B. Ltd., Terminal Bldg., Toronto, Ont.





## in India you say "Namasté"

Softly spoken, with palms folded together, "Namasté" is the Indian word for greeting and farewell—one of the many gracious customs that are typical of India's way of life.

Send for the illustrated 30-page brochure.

Contact your travel agent or dept. HM

GOVERNMENT OF  
INDIA TOURIST OFFICE

19 East 49th St.,  
New York 17, N. Y.  
Murray Hill 8-2245

685 Market St.,  
San Francisco 5, Cal.  
EXbrook 7-0066

*Advanced Programs  
at Lockheed require  
Engineers and Scientists  
to work on*

### THE FRONTIERS OF SPACE TECHNOLOGY

Lockheed holds such important programs as the Polaris IRBM for the Navy; the Kingfisher target missile for the Army; the X-7 ramjet test vehicle for the Air Force and other important projects.

Experienced engineers and scientists are needed for responsible positions in our research and development laboratories and in our project organizations. Please write to our Professional Placement Staff, Sunnyvale 23, California.

**Lockheed**  
MISSILE SYSTEMS  
DIVISION

SUNNYVALE, PALO ALTO, VAN NUYS,  
SANTA CRUZ, COOKE AFB, CALIFORNIA  
CAPE CANAVERAL, FLA.  
ALAMOGORDO, N. M.

ample, men seldom shove, gouge, or trip each other, and by unspoken agreement the man nearest the car door gets in first. This procedure is ignored, however, by any woman who happens to be on the platform—particularly if she is a little old lady with an umbrella and a low center of gravity.

"She flails her way through the crowd like a Notre Dame halfback," Mr. Gardner has reported, "and she will by God get aboard that train first no matter how many men she mangles in doing it. This same woman, under different—and stationary—circumstances often turns out to be mannerly, sometimes even demure."

(8) The chaos which is so characteristic of women-in-motion results, in large part, from the fact that they seldom know where they are *and they don't care*.

The man used as a control in this study was Mr. William Caperton of Clayton, New Mexico. It was found that he—like most males with normal reflexes—showed acute signs of discomfort whenever he was temporarily disoriented; these symptoms disappeared as soon as he found out which direction was north, the general layout of the terrain, and the distance to the next town.

By contrast, none of the women studied could identify any point of the compass; 23 per cent didn't know what "terrain" meant; 57 per cent couldn't read a map and didn't want to learn; and 19 per cent had forgotten what address they were bound for. Moreover, in no case did this terrifying lack of essential data cause the slightest indication of distress.

"What of it?" one of them said when a Fund investigator pointed out that she was, for all practical purposes, lost. "I let men worry about those things. I got more important matters on my mind."

If its money lasts long enough, the Fund hopes to find out what they are.

GWINN AND BEAR IT

**A**NOTHER soul that goes marching on, long past its time, is that of Ralph W. Gwinn, the Bronxville statesman. Like the

whooping crane, his species—once proud and powerful—is now almost extinct. Mr. Gwinn himself (an unusually fine specimen) has just been marked for political extermination; so if you are interested in our more exotic types of Congressional fauna you had better take a quick look at him while there is still time.

People who live in Bronxville, New York, are deeply pained if you confuse their community with The Bronx, as outlanders often do. The only thing they have in common is the Bronx River, which trickles in a discouraged sort of way through both places. Otherwise they are worlds apart.

THE Bronx is poor, crowded, uncouth, and Democratic. Bronxville is rich, spacious, sophisticated, and Republican. It may also be the most highly educated community in the world. Some of its residents have told me that it spends more money per capita on education than any other town in America; that its high school sends a bigger share of its graduates to college; and that no other place has so large a percentage of its citizens listed in *Who's Who*. I haven't tried to check up, but they may well be right.

If so, Bronxville presents a humbling embarrassment to everybody who believes in education.

All the sages, from Plato to Woodrow Wilson, have assured that education would improve the quality of political life—that the better educated citizenry would infallibly choose the best men for public office. Therefore, if all communities were as well educated as Bronxville, Congress presumably would be filled with statesmen much like the one who represents that splendid community.

A worse disaster would be hard to imagine. For in the last seven elections Bronxville has voted, by overwhelming majorities, for Mr. Gwinn, the roundest cipher in American public life.

During his fourteen years in Congress, Mr. Gwinn has accomplished precisely nothing. No legislation bears his name. No idea of his has made the slightest impression on the administration. His influence over his colleagues is nil. When he rises to speak in the House, the floor



empties as if somebody had pulled fire alarm.

None of his speeches that I have read—and I've collected them for years, as prime examples of unconscious humor—indicates even a remote awareness of the facts of life in the United States. From the barren lands across the sea he averts his eyes in Christian sorrow; he knows all of them are cursed with sin and Socialism—beyond any hope of redemption.

IN PRIVATE life Mr. Gwinn is an earnest, gentle person who gives large sums to worthy causes. He loves to deliver little homilies, to anyone who will listen, about the Great Seal of the United States which appears on every dollar bill; it was derived from Masonic symbolism, and Mr. Gwinn (who is a Mason) regards it as a talisman of all the virtues.

His piety is phenomenal. He is an acting member of the Reformed Church, director of Agricultural Missions, Inc., and president of the International Association of Daily Education Bible Schools. His main trouble seems to be that somehow he got the Four Gospels all tangled up in his mind with the economics of John Stuart Mill and the political maxims of James A. Garfield. To him, they are all Holy Writ.

Consequently he has devoted his public career to a frenzied, if ineffectual, battle against practically everything that has happened in the last quarter-century. His failure is due from want of courage. He once stood up before a labor meeting in New York and attacked the whole idea of unionism. When working men gathered together in rebellion against their kindly employers, he suggested, they flout the laws of God and Adam, which are equally sacred and immutable. If they don't like working conditions in the factory, he asked, why don't they go off and start a chicken farm in some pleasant rural place, where they can come in line with nature and the Almighty? Mr. Gwinn is a director of the Christian Rural Fellowship.)

Next to unions, he hates and fears the federal government, which is undermining our moral fiber and limiting our liberties. Even the Post Office he regards as a dangerous experiment in Socialism, and an in-

efficient one to boot.\* As a man of principle, therefore, he has automatically opposed practically all legislation brought before Congress.

This imitation of King Canute apparently is immensely satisfying to the highly educated burgers of Bronxville, since they have given every indication of their willingness to go on voting for him indefinitely. Finally, however, the Republican bosses of Westchester and Putnam counties, where his district lies, just couldn't take it any longer. They are all brass-bound conservatives, but Mr. Gwinn's eighteenth-century Toryism was making them look silly.

So a few weeks ago they informed the old gentleman that the time had come for him to retire. He absorbed this political stab in the back with the best grace he could muster, and immediately announced that he isn't licked yet. As a private citizen he plans to launch a nationwide campaign against liberalism.

A lot of people are no longer quite sure what "liberalism" means. The great liberal issues of the last two decades are now mostly settled, and the attitudes of the old New Dealers seldom seem particularly relevant to the problems of today. What, for example, is the "liberal" position on the policing of labor racketeers? Or the reorganization of the military establishment? Or the rescue of our nearly-bankrupt railway network?

Mr. Gwinn, however, is unbothered by any such perplexities. To him the word "liberal" includes all Communists, all Socialists, all unionists, most Democrats (barring Senator Harry Byrd and a few kindred spirits), many Republicans, and on occasion President Eisenhower himself. He will smite them all, with the sword of Gideon and all the vigor of his seventy-four years.

One of the Republican leaders in the Twenty-seventh District listened to these plans with wry affection.

"On Ralph's performance record to date," he commented, "this may be the greatest thing that ever happened to the liberal cause. If Ralph's against it, how can it lose?"

\* He may have something there. In pre-Revolutionary days private couriers delivered mail, on horseback, from New York to Bronxville a good deal faster than today's postal service.

## Here's all we have to know to open your account...

That's right. Dealing with a broker can be as easy as filling out this form.

If you think you might like to buy stocks or bonds—now or any time in the future—why don't you fill it out and mail it in?

It won't obligate you in any way, but it will enable us to set about the business of opening your account. Once that's done, we'll let you know, and then anytime you want to buy or sell securities, all you'll have to do is give us a call.

-----

NAME (Please print)	
Mailing address (Street)	
(City)	(Zone) (State)
Home Phone	Business Phone
Are you over 21?	Are you a U. S. Citizen?
Have you ever been a customer of this firm before?	
What office?	
Name of your bank	
To comply with New York Stock Exchange regulations, please supply the following information about yourself—or if you're a housewife—about your husband.	
Name of employer	
Kind of business	Position
Signature	

All filled out? Then just mail it to—

ALLAN D. GULLIVER, Department SW-82

**Merrill Lynch,  
Pierce, Fenner & Smith**

Members New York Stock Exchange  
and all other Principal Exchanges

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 112 Cities

# PERSONAL and otherwise

## Among Our Contributors

### COUNT 'EM

THE New York newspaper world is too crowded, newspaper executives say to one another, shaking their heads over the latest trouble of the *Herald Tribune*. Manhattan's new land offer some ten metropolitan dailies.<sup>1</sup> Besides these, there are a half-dozen suburban dailies, forty or so neighborhood papers, nearly fifty papers addressed to a score of foreign language groups, and nine or ten trade dailies. Even in the world's largest city, this outpouring of words threatens to drown the market.

In circulation, the tabloid *Daily News* is far out in front, while for quality, most critics concede, first honors go to "New York's Gay Old Lady" Ben Rathbun's apt phrase for the *Times* (p. 28). But both of these winners, and all of the others, are under heavy pressure from rising costs and the competition of radio, TV, and the news magazines.

You don't have to be a very old New Yorker to have gone through birth pangs, mergers, and last rites with several of Manhattan's papers. You saw the *Daily Worker* succumb in misery last January. You shared the short, happy life of *PM* (founded 1910, transformed into the *Star* 1918, the *Compass* 1919, deceased 1952).

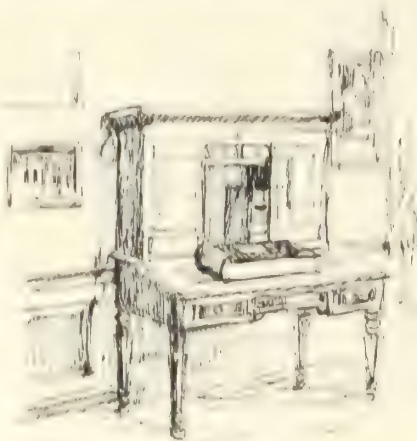
In 1950 you observed the *Sun* go down, taken over by the *World Telegram* (itself the child of a merger). So now you watch the *World Telegram* & *Sun* fighting for the afternoon market with the *Post* (the nation's oldest unmerged daily, now a tabloid) and the *Journal-American* (a Hearst amalgam).

If the national trend to fewer newspapers continues, the survivors will have to run with some special distinction. The saving factor for the *Times* has been its consistent, reliable coverage. Now, as Mr. Rath-

bun points out, its style is changing, in order to attract the best writers (at a time when advertising, public relations, and television pay better) and to hang onto enough readers (when *Time*, *Look*, CBS, and the *Daily News* are flailing). For even the *News* sets a standard in some respects that is hard to beat. For example, this run of the mill headline

Milady's Jeweled  
Garters Snap Back

Mr. Rathbun follows the newspaper business as a constant reader. He is managing editor of a management development program sponsored by the Bureau of National Affairs, Inc., a private publications house in Washington, D. C.



Desk of Henry J. Raymond, founder of the New York Times 1851. He was also editor of Harper's New Monthly Magazine 1850-55.

... The spectacle of Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell drafting a cable in Switzerland this summer to stir up a fight against the Kennedy-Lyes Labor reform bill in the Senate was a convincing demonstration that labor is not dead as a political force in this election year. Nevertheless, there is a strong argument for Dick Bruner's contention that "Labor Should Get Out of Politics" (p. 21).

Mr. Bruner reveals in this article that he also wrote the controversial piece in *Harper's* last August on

"Why White Collar Workers Can Be Organized." He was then working in Des Moines, Iowa, for District Council 3 of the United Packinghouse Workers of America. He resigned in November 1957 to take job with the NBC network's news department in Chicago. He is thirty-two, has a B. A. in English from the University of Minnesota, and worked for the Mankato *Free Press* and radio station KTOF before going into his union job in 1953.

... In "The Shadows of the Gods" (p. 35) Arthur Miller, whose "Death of a Salesman" is possibly the most famous contemporary American play, challenges new dramatists to do battle with the "ultimate question" of our society. The special audience to whom he was speaking was a theatrical of theater people invited by the New Dramatists Committee late this spring in New York.

The New Dramatists Committee has been working since 1919 to help young playwrights in various practical ways. The committee selects a group of promising candidates each year, provides theater tickets for them to New York and out-of-town productions, gets their scripts a professional reading before a critical audience (in the Elinor Morgan Workshop program), and sets up craft discussions for them by successful men of the stage.

So far no fledgling playwright has "made Broadway" with a play worked on under the New Dramatists Committee, but many of the alumni have had hits later, and two of them have won Pulitzer Prizes. At least two current Broadway hits (Inge's "Dark at the Top of the Stairs" and Gibson's "Two for the Seesaw") are by alumni of the unique group.

Mr. Miller's most recently performed works have been "A View from the Bridge" (1955 in New York, 1956 in London) and this summer off-Broadway production of "The Crucible" in New York. He has nothing to report about his new play except that "it is only safe to say I am always working on one."

... Felicia Lamport ("Eloise in Academia," p. 44) knows the academic community as a Vassar graduate, married to a law professor. She has two children and wrote *Minx on Weekdays*.

<sup>1</sup> See the *New York City Guide and Almanac* (1957-1958) issued by the New York University Press.



... Congress will soon have an opportunity of helping the consumer to check up on the filter and the tobacco he is buying—and, incidentally, of rescuing conscientious cigarette manufacturers and their advertising agents from their self-destructive battle of counter-claims. Tobacco men who have been having the jitters about possible Federal Trade Commission regulation of cigarette advertising ought to join ranks in pushing the bill which Congressman John A. Blatnik describes here in his article, "Making Cigarette Ads Tell the Truth" (p. 45).

Mr. Blatnik has been Democratic Farmer-Labor representative from Minnesota since 1946. He has been mainly interested in social welfare, conservation, and resources development—as well as in foreign aid. He is a former schoolteacher and state legislator who served nearly four years in the Army Air Corps Intelligence and the OSS.

He conducted the investigation on which his article and his legislation are based as chairman of the subcommittee on legal and monetary affairs of the House Committee on Government Operations.

... "Something Spurious from the Mindanao Deep" (p. 50) is by Wallace Stegner, director of the writing program at Stanford and author of many distinguished stories and a few very special books. One of those was *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*; another, about Saskatchewan, is in preparation. Meanwhile, Mr. Stegner will be finishing a new novel this summer.

... Only yesterday a young man who called himself a city planner had a hard time getting anyone to take him seriously. Now suddenly—because of the postwar suburban boom—he finds himself in big business, with all the urgent practical problems of schools, sewers, traffic, and zoning ordinances that no one else can cope with dumped in his lap. In "America's Super cities" (p. 59) Christopher Tunnard presents the case for urban regional planning, as opposed to temporary patchwork solutions.

Mr. Tunnard is the Director of the Graduate Program in City Planning at Yale and is the author

Sail a yacht-like voyage to

# New Zealand Australia

Tahiti  
Fiji • Samoa  
Hawaii

**SS Mariposa • SS Monterey**

- More space, more comfort, more service per passenger
- Passenger list limited to 365 — all First Class
- Modern, completely air-conditioned, gyro-stabilized liners
- Swimming pool, theater, complete program of shipboard activities
- Unsurpassed cuisine and entertainment
- The Pacific's most experienced line — the only regularly scheduled passenger service to Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, Samoa and Hawaii
- Sailing every 3 weeks
- \$505 one way to New Zealand, round-trip \$910.  
\$575 one way to Australia, round-trip \$1035. Comparably low fares to or between any of the ports.

Space available. See your Travel Agent today

## GO MATSON

MATSON LINES • THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

OFFICES: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DALLAS, SAN DIEGO, LOS ANGELES,  
SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND, SEATTLE, VANCOUVER, B.C.



See Cinerama's exciting, new "South Seas Adventure"



# NO ONE EVER NOTICES ME

Rose Marie is a shy and frail little three-year old American Indian girl. She is shy and timid because she thinks no one ever notices her or cares anything about her. Her father is away for long periods of time job hunting. He can't find any work on the reservation. She is frail because she has to survive as an infant with practically no milk diet. Her home is a shack with a dirt floor without furniture or the barest of comforts. She is hungry most of the time. Yet she is a pretty girl with winsome dimples and deep brown eyes—a wistful child who timidly seems to yearn for a bit of attention. She could be very affectionate and grateful if she knew someone loved her.

Rose Marie, like many other American Indian children, needs to find a friend and be "adopted" through Christian Children's Fund's Indian centers in four states. The cost of such an "adoption" is \$10 a month and the contributor receives the child's name, address, picture and story and can exchange correspondence.

I want to "adopt" an Indian boy ☐ girl ☐. Please send me my child's name, address, picture and story. I understand I can write to my child.

Enclosed please find \$120 for the year ☐ or \$10 for the first month ☐. I understand I have the privilege of cancelling my "adoption" at any time. I cannot "adopt" a child but I will pledge per month for a year ☐. I enclose my single gift ☐. Gifts are deductible from income tax.

Name

Address

City  Zone

State

For information about the "adoption" of non-Indian children in the United States or in 30 other countries, please write to:

Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke  
**CHRISTIAN  
CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.**

Richmond 4, Virginia

*Christian Children's Fund, incorporated in 1938, with its 250 affiliated orphanage schools in 34 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world. It serves 25 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.*

Rose Marie's tribe, the Papagos, live in a barren desert country where 50 acres of land is required for one cow. Less than a third of them speak English and 40% of the children are not in school. These "first American" children very definitely need help.

of *The City of Man*. His most recent book is *American Skyline*, written with Henry Hope Reed Jr. He is writing a new book on the subject of this article.

... While browsing contentedly through Anthony Trollope's *Orley Farm* not long ago, we were fascinated to make a minor discovery in the field of furniture design. There we met a traveling salesman named Kantwise who was peddling some do-it-yourself iron furniture, to be delivered in cartons ready for assembling—"ornamented in the tastiest way and fit for any lady's drawing room or boodoor . . . all gilt in real Louey catorse." Wood was going out, Mr. Kantwise said:

"In another twenty years, sir, there won't be such a thing as a wooden table in the country, unless with some poor person that can't afford to refurnish. Believe me, sir, iron's the thing nowadays."

Since this novel was published in 1862 (and since iron is the thing nowadays), we lay claim herewith to recording a "first" in a field of design where plagiarism is practically standard practice.

Rarely, however, is a specific design so "significant" as the Hardoy sling chair whose complex history is traced by Peter Blake and Jane Fiske McCullough on page 66. The authors began this investigation some years ago when Mr. Blake was curator of architecture and design at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and Mrs. McCullough (then Jane Fiske, just out of Vassar) was working there too.

Mr. Blake is now a practicing architect and an associate editor of *Architectural Forum*. He has designed many houses (including his own summer house whose walls slide around). His exhibit on U. S. architecture for the American Institute of Architects has just been shown in Moscow. He has written books on architecture, is married, and has two children.

Mrs. McCullough was co-founder with Mrs. Oliver Allen of *Industrial Design*. After four years as editor of that handsome and flourishing magazine, she is now a consultant editor, living with her husband and two children in Bennington, Vermont, and commuting to New York.



... By early summer, eight deadly mid-air collisions had alerted the public to a kind of traffic menace that they would prefer not to think about. A total of 159 such crashes in the preceding decade was already on record. With fast jet transports coming by the end of this year—the first of a fleet of 255 of these splendid monsters now on order for our airlines—the danger ahead is a caution even to the most ardent air traveler.

Pending the establishment of adequate ground-control centers—which still seem to be some years away—a good deal of interest centers on new kinds of airborne anti-collision equipment. A. M. Watkins describes one such device in "A Gadget to Cut Down on Mid-air Collisions" (p. 72). Mr. Watkins is a mechanical engineer who worked with aircraft electronics in the Navy Air Corps. After the war he was a sales engineer and later associate editor of *House and Home*. He is now a free lance, writing mostly about architecture, and airplanes.

... William S. White inaugurates his regular assignment as *Harper's* Washington correspondent this month with "Trying to Find the Shape—If Any—of the News in Washington" (p. 76). Mr. White is the author of a biography of Senator Robert A. Taft, for which he won the Pulitzer Prize, and of *Citadel: The Story of the U. S. Senate*.

He was Capitol correspondent of the *New York Times* in the postwar years, and is now writing a syndicated newspaper column for the United Features Syndicate, as well as his commentaries for *Harper's*.

... David Posner (p. 23) studied in English and American universities, did archaeology in Crete and Libya, won the Newdigate Prize for verse.

William Gibson (p. 49) wrote a novel, *The Cobweb*, and a play, *Two for the Seesaw* (now on Broadway).

A. L. Rowse (p. 75), one of England's most distinguished historians and author of the recent best seller, *The Churchills*, has also published three volumes of poetry.

Robert Pack (p. 80) teaches at Barnard. His book of poems, *A Stranger's Privilege*, will be published this fall.

# LOWER

## AIR FARES TO EUROPE

THAN ANY OTHER SCHEDULED AIRLINE

**YOU SAVE**  
UP TO

# 162

FOR TWO ROUNDTRIP



\$162.00 less than Economy and Thrift fares for two... even greater savings on Winter Rates effective Sept. 1.

**FULL TOURIST SERVICE**  
2 complimentary full-course meals, Cognac, midnight snack. More space, fewer passengers.

**SHORTEST OVER-OCEAN FLIGHTS**  
(never more than 400 miles from an airport). From New York via Reykjavik to  
**NORWAY • SWEDEN**  
**DENMARK**  
**BRITAIN • GERMANY**

ASK ANY TRAVEL AGENT



# ICELANDIC AIRLINES

15 West 47th St., New York 36  
PL 7-8585

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

FOR MORE VACATION FUN

## Get The GIMLET

30 YRS. TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELERS GUIDE

Where and How to Go. What to see. The Costs. CANADA thru FLORIDA, and Enroute. Nassau, Cuba, West Indies. Includes N.Y.C. 220 PAGES illus. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Address The Gimlet, Dept. 21-H, 745-5th Ave., N.Y.C. 22.

Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Baltimore, Md.

**THE SHERA (ON-BELVEDERE)**

Baltimore's Friendliest Hotel. "Preferred by Folks of Distinction" ... and renowned as the "Hotel of Personal Service." 300 Air-conditioned Rooms with colored tile baths, each equipped with Television and Radio assuring every comfort. Terrace Dining Room famous for Maryland cuisine; Special Dishes include seafood for which Chesapeake Bay is famous. Distinctive Lounge Bar with old world charm, Popular Coffee Shop. Conveniently located near all business activities and just two minutes from either railroad station.

Albert S. Fox, General Manager

Spring Lake Beach, N.J.

**THE ESSEX AND SUSSEX**

A resort world in itself, under the management of Fred L. Abel of the Sea View at Miami Beach. Situated directly on the ocean with its own private beach, the ESSEX and SUSSEX is a massive resort property accommodating 400. Convenient to MONMOUTH PARK racetrack. Tennis Courts, Putting Green on premises. Golf Club few minutes away. Famous Essex Lounge for cocktails and dancing. Formal and casual dance nights in the ballroom. Sixty miles from NYC off the Garden State Parkway (exit 96). Late June to early Sept. Am. plan.



See 13,000 miles of the world from the deck of a fine passenger liner!

From Japan and Hong Kong to Rio and Buenos Aires, with Singapore, Mauritius, Capetown and many other fascinating ports in between.

57 days of relaxation and enjoyment, seeing new places and new faces on the other side of the globe. The flawless service, and cuisine, the modern comforts, the unexcelled seamanship of a fine Dutch ship are your assurance of a successful voyage.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

# ROYAL INTEROCEAN LINES

General Passenger Agents for North America:  
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE • DUTCH WORLD SERVICES  
29 Broadway, New York  
Holland-America Line offices in principal cities of the U. S. and Canada



*The most remarkable company report ever issued*

Hank Viscardi is a remarkable man. The company he founded, Abilities, Inc., is no less remarkable. Little wonder, then, that its annual report is out of the ordinary.

For the first time in history, a company, Hank Viscardi's Abilities, Inc., has issued an annual report in the form of a phonograph record.

Born without legs, Viscardi was over 25 before he was to know what it was to walk erect like a normal human being. Once fitted with a set of artificial legs, he determined to prove to skeptics that the physically disabled, the so-called "handicapped," don't have to live on charity.

In Abilities, Inc., Hank Viscardi proved his point. Begun with four men, the company at first could call on only one usable leg and five usable arms. Today it consists of 340 highly skilled workers who manufacture products worth \$2,000,000 annually, contributing taxable wealth to its Albertson, L. I. community. And an outstanding insurance record has qualified Abilities, Inc., for a 27 per cent down-grading in premium rates!

INA has extra copies of this extraordinary company's annual report, for we are proud to be the insurers of this enterprise. We'll be glad to send you a copy, if you will write to INA, 1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia 1, Pennsylvania.

**INSURANCE BY NORTH AMERICA**





## LABOR SHOULD GET OUT OF POLITICS

DICK BRUNER

**A former union staff man, disillusioned with labor's efforts at the ballot box, tells why it has flopped—and how it could better use its energies to inject a little democracy into its own bureaucracy-ridden affairs.**

**M**ANY of labor's "friends" will win at the polls this fall—and some "enemies" may lose. The unions will claim—and get—a good deal of public credit for these victories. But AFL-CIO leaders and even the rank-and-file know that—with brilliant exceptions—their campaigning has been ineffective and their spirit dull.

As a former union staff man and a continuing supporter of organized labor, I think the AFL-CIO should pull out of party politics right now. Their candidates will do as well or better without them, will be just as grateful or ungrateful if they win, and will respect their influence more deeply the next time. Just possibly, labor could do worse than sit out the campaign in 1960 too.

To insiders in the labor movement, Senator Barry Goldwater's nightmares about the political

power of American unions are just plain laughable. I doubt whether even the United States Chamber of Commerce took him seriously when he told them:

"If you continue to sit on your hands in the 1958 Congressional elections, the labor leaders can again get done what they want done . . . [and] in 1960 the President of the United States will be picked . . . by the labor leaders."

Not long ago I sat down as a union staff member at a dinner meeting with community leaders in Des Moines and heard them argue that Walter Reuther could get the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1960. So the Senator from Arizona is at least representative of some pretty widespread myth-making among the American people.

Yet I can assure you that nearly everywhere the political power of organized labor is nothing but a myth. Professional politicians and labor leaders pay lip service to it, but they bluntly deny it in action. William Levi Dawson, for example—a veteran machine politician on Chicago's South Side—put the situation in a nutshell when he asked a labor lobbyist who approached him for support of a particular bill:

"How many votes you got?"

The truthful answer would be: "Pretty few."

James McDevitt, national director of the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education (COPE) grows more shrill with each appearance before a

union convention when he discloses the dismal fact that less than 40 per cent of the country's union members are registered to vote. A pilot project of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers has shown that only 20 to 30 per cent of its members in one Delaware and seven Maryland counties had registered. (And this in the once-powerful union of the revered Sidney Hillman, first chairman of the CIO's Political Action Committee!)

There are exceptions, to be sure. Michigan—where the United Auto Workers are chiefly responsible for giving all but one of the statewide elective offices to the Democrats—is the major center of labor's remaining political strength. But in neighboring Ohio, which is heavily industrialized and organized, both Senators, Frank Lausche and John Bricker, were opposed—ineffectively—by the unions. And in Indiana, with a large union membership, 10,000 workers who massed at the state capitol a year ago could neither stop passage of a "right to work" law nor persuade Republican Governor Harold Handley to veto it.

#### COLLAPSE OF A MISSION

**T**HE unions' waning political power reflects a basic loss of strength and prestige of organized labor among working people. A year ago in *Harper's*,\* I pointed out that labor's present inability to organize successfully can be explained by the revolutionary shifts in occupation which are replacing many blue-collar jobs with white, and so are changing both the status and the loyalty of the mass of workers.

This means a crisis for labor's hierarchy, and a loss of mission for many liberals who have pinned their hopes on a politically strong labor movement. For, at one time during the New Deal, organized labor seemed about to assume the role of a "social movement." Daniel Bell, writing in the February issue of the English magazine, *Encounter*, has described this earlier period as follows:

The emerging CIO, faced by the attacks of the industrial combines, tended to take on an ideological coloration. The influx of the intellectuals, particularly the Socialists and the Communists, heightened this radical-political quality. Support by the federal government gave labor an awareness of the necessity for political action. And John L. Lewis, a shrewd

and dynamic labor leader, realized the possibility of welding together a new political bloc.

Bell goes on to say that from 1940 to 1955, labor lost this ideological flavor and concentrated instead on "market unionism." However, Bell sees in Walter Reuther a man whose energies and ideas may act as catalysts for "a new unionism as a social movement"—once the UAW chief takes over from the more conservative, market-oriented George Meany.

After four-and-a-half years on the staff of an AFL-CIO union, I am much less hopeful than Mr. Bell that trade unions will soon be able to shake off their lethargy and play any significant role in American politics. The union-voter registration figures are discouraging enough, but in addition, I see three other reasons why organized labor is short of political vitality:

(1) It lacks ideas of its own. On many of the most fundamental political and social issues, it is hard to distinguish labor's position from that of the National Association of Manufacturers.

(2) It is pathetically weak on political organizing ability.

(3) It has adopted the "mass market" concept of many big organizations, and its leaders treat the rank and file with cynicism.

Recently, I asked the highest placed labor official I know what he thought the ideological future held for the American labor movement. He smiled wryly as he answered, "To continue the defense of the status quo."

#### LABOR'S OWN BUREAUCRATS

**A** HARD look at the AFL-CIO reveals little to attract the liberal citizen who is searching for alternatives to the mediocre leadership that our political parties have to offer. Once considered a haven for bright young intellectuals seeking a mass "base," the trade unions have evolved into a shelter for bureaucrats. As Harold Wilensky said in his book, *Intellectuals in Labor Unions*, the ideologically motivated youngster who joins a union's staff either adjusts to becoming a hack or ultimately seeks another creative outlet.

Currently, according to the *AFL-CIO News*, "labor has a vital interest" in taxes, jobless pay, minimum wage, schools, public works, social security, depressed areas, housing, welfare funds, federal pay, Taft-Hartley, foreign policy, and civil rights (in this order).

\* "Why White Collar Workers Can't Be Organized," *Harper's*, August 1957. This article was published anonymously.



It is no discredit to a service organization to give priority to economic issues which bear most heavily on its own members. However, a "social movement" which lists foreign policy and civil rights at the bottom would seem to have a somewhat parochial view of society.

The innocent citizen who thinks that unions can be a rallying point for the common good, approaches them only to find a mare's nest of intrigues and conflicting vested interests. If he is a Negro in Chicago who wants to do away with the corrosive influence of the South Side political machine, he discovers that local labor leaders have long ago made their peace with the party bosses. If he is a member of a foreign policy group concerned about this country's apparent race toward oblivion, he will find that most labor leaders merely echo the uninspiring statements of George Meany.

Labor's contribution to whatever debate exists on civil rights, foreign policy, civil liberties, and taxes usually consists of mouthing clichés originated by some other group. Mountains of literature are printed and sent out to collect dust on tables in the backs of union halls. It deals with such "safe" issues as Dixon-Yates, offshore oil, or Hells Canyon. Union pamphleteers, further, seem convinced that organized labor consists of a greedy army whose minds can be reached only through their pocketbooks. Even matters like race relations and civil liberties are approached from an economic point of view. White workers are urged to treat Negroes as brothers because "discrimination costs money." Their consciences and their public spirit are seldom appealed to.

---

DAVID POSNER

## PHOENIX

*For Santha and Faubion*

BE SILENT, ancient song.  
And you, sweet singer, sleep.  
Sleep soundly. Do not dream.  
For the phoenix and the mourning-dove  
Sleep soundly, there's no myth at home  
Nor peace abroad where nightbirds have  
Their dark domain;  
On earth no sacred bed of ashes  
To hold love till she rise again.

State labor groups rarely develop and fight for broad legislative platforms which include planks of any substance on taxes, mental health, fair employment practices, education, or welfare. The council-manager plan, for instance, attracts strong interest among liberals in some communities—but it provokes enormous resistance from the craft unions which have developed a stake in the municipal inspection departments. Through control of these departments, construction unions are able to exert pressure on non-conforming contractor-employers. They seldom sacrifice this weapon willingly. In view of these myriad tie-ins of special interests, it is merely quixotic to expect any one man—even Walter Reuther—to cleanse the AFL-CIO of its provincialism and lift its horizons.

## SMOTHERED IN ORATORY

NO OTHER group of full-time functionaries in the American labor movement is as skilled in the art of political organizing as those who serve the Auto Workers. Their success is the exception which makes even more glaring the political collapse of labor in general.

While I was working in Des Moines in 1954 as the employee of another union, I watched Robert Johnston, a UAW International Representative at that time, initiate and administer a campaign plan that successfully captured for Democrats all but a very few of the offices in Iowa's most populous county. Johnston thought of it as an experiment, whose pattern could be used by labor groups throughout the country.

Essentially, the operation was this: Johnston and local Democratic leaders studied precinct returns of the past several years. It was a fairly simple, though laborious, job to compile a complete list of the names and addresses of every registered Democrat in these areas. Using the resources of CIO women's auxiliaries and Democratic women's clubs, Johnston worked with the party chairman to prepare a comprehensive card file. Then, in the frosty pre-dawn hour before the polls opened, CIO block workers convened at homes in the strategic precincts and were given envelopes containing the names and addresses of approximately 200 professed Democratic voters. The workers were told to get these voters to the polls. They did.

Johnston, who now serves as director of Region IV of his union, with headquarters in Chicago, spent the next few months traveling around Iowa trying to inspire other labor groups to show the same initiative. His audiences were always duti-

fully attentive. When the meetings were over, however, they promptly went back to business as usual. Except for Michigan, no other area in the United States has consistently organized people for election work as Johnston did in Des Moines.

I am convinced that one reason why most unions have not done so well is that their leaders have been hypnotized by their own oratory. I got this idea from spending a quarter of my time at conferences designed to draft plans for union political campaigns. This is how such a conference goes.

Before you sit down you pick up from your chair several pounds of pamphlets, graphs, charts, and tables of organization. Then come several blackboard lectures on the art of getting workers registered to vote, of organizing committees, of setting up block and precinct structures, and of soliciting dollars from members in the shops. Perhaps a movie or two is shown.

Once these preliminaries are disposed of, one of the conference co-ordinators says cheerfully, "Well, let's get started on the planning."

These words are the cue for a series of long-winded speeches from the floor. One grizzled veteran will spend most of a half-hour endorsing every suggestion that has been offered up to that point and conclude by excusing himself from any activity on the grounds that "it's a job for the younger men in the movement."

Often at least one person works up the courage to question the entire notion of union political activity. Another spends a great deal of time apologizing for the poor showing his constituents have made up to that time. Still another boasts of the achievements of his group and explains, in great detail, "how we did things when I was back in the shop."

By this time, the conference leader is wondering, desperately, how he can infuse enough direction into the group to get them to function together. For part of the problem, of course, is the actual hostility among the various unions represented. Craft versus industrial unionism is implicit in many of the speeches. So difference of procedure and protocol suddenly become magnified into major obstacles.

Somehow, miraculously it seems, a nucleus is formed, and pledges of support are made. The conference breaks up and the delegates adjourn to the bar, grumbling about the length of the sessions and the monotony of the speeches.

After that, nothing much happens. The international representatives and business agents—preoccupied with the routine problems of administering local unions—find it easy to postpone

the unglamorous business of card-filing and tending to the countless grubby details which go into building an effective political organization. The union leader has become used to his labor-saving devices. The dues of most union members are collected through a payroll "check-off." Clerical functions are efficiently managed by office secretaries.

Of course, such methods are the earmarks of any modern organization. Yet they create barriers between the leaders and the members, and block those clear lines of communication which are absolutely necessary for effective action. And most staff workers can always plead lack of time.

#### ENTER THE "SPECIALIST"

SO AN international union hires a "specialist" to work with its locals on a regional basis in the field of politics.

He is usually young. He probably did not come up through union ranks, but graduated from a state university where he was active in liberal student organizations. He may have been a newspaperman for a while. Hired primarily for his writing skill, he edits a newspaper or mimeographed newsletter as part of his job. He is idealistic about political issues. His desk is piled high with periodicals, books, and pamphlets, ranging from the *Congressional Record* to the latest report of the Anti-Defamation League. He may be an active member of a number of organizations such as the United World Federalists or the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

He is treated by his colleagues with mixed emotions, sometimes with reverence ("he's terrific with words") and sometimes with a mixture of contempt and good humor. But his fundamental trouble is lack of power; or, put in trade union terminology, lack of a base. He is a general without an army, an apex with no foundation. He is, in short, a nobody.

He can do an excellent job at the blackboard during a meeting of department stewards or a local union committee on political education. He is a veritable encyclopedia of statistics and voting records of Congressmen. He composes discussion guides that will stimulate a committee's dullest member. But he can't knock heads together and get the job done. Therefore, his effectiveness depends upon the enthusiasm he can generate.

I held just such a job. During an election campaign, my first step would be to write or telephone a few union presidents and arrange a schedule of meetings with their executive boards.



Then, I would collect enough literature to distribute to the board members, and organize some notes.

Usually, I would be the first to arrive at a meeting and, while the board members were filing into the room, I would introduce myself and smile at the private jokes they exchanged about life in their industry. The presiding officer would open the meeting and call for a reading of the minutes. After a financial report, the chief steward would take the floor for a summary of the major—and minor—difficulties he was having with the local management. The board members would begin to nod sleepily during the discussion that followed and glance furtively at their watches. Then, as a preliminary to adjournment, the chairman would introduce me.

I would hastily adapt my notes to the changed time limit. When I had finished, one of the group would make a motion to hold the matter over until the next meeting. I would climb back into my car for the weary drive home.

"If you guys aren't after us for one thing, it's another," said one local union president to me after I had finished plugging my program. "You must think we got nothing to do after eight hours in the plant but take care of your pet ideas."

The veteran local union leader wears an expression of intense weariness. He is badgered from below and berated from above. His members feel that he fears to stand up to the demands of the international union, while the international's staff accuses him of lacking the courage to needle an apathetic membership. Caught in this vise, when it comes to politics, he procrastinates—simply because politics never has the urgency of the everyday bread-and-butter problems his local faces.

Lacking the genuine inspiration that goes with a "social movement," union leaders find the mechanics of shaping a political machine dull work. Therefore, it simply doesn't get done.

#### A LITTLE BALONEY

**B**EYOND the failures in ideas and in staff work that I have described, labor is even more devitalized in political action by the leaders' cynicism toward the members. If the leader regards the rank and file as his customers, then politics is just another commodity to sell them.

I first caught on to this attitude when I attended a seminar with other union representatives, sponsored by the American Labor Education Service at the University of Iowa. We were sitting around one evening discussing candidates

for Congress. Trying to apply some of the lessons I had learned that day, I questioned the convictions of the leading candidate on international relations.

"I don't think he's square on these issues," I said.

"So what?" said a friend.

"Well, isn't that important?"

"Listen. Politics is like anything else in this country. You spread a little baloney around while you're campaigning, but the important thing is to get elected."

I don't mean that these staff members were selling their members a bill of goods about the labor movement. Nowhere in our society could you find people who more fervently believe that they have the key solutions to the nation's ills—i.e., a reduction in workers' taxes, more unemployment compensation, a higher minimum wage, etc. Like any other interest group—veterans organization, chamber of commerce, or trade association—the labor movement has decided to live with what its leaders think of as the realities of politics. Thus, they make only limited demands on the men and women they back for public office.

Occasionally, the officeholder dares to bite the hand that purports to feed him. Shortly after William Proxmire's startling election to fill the short-term Senate vacancy created by the death of Joseph McCarthy, labor newspapers around the country quickly recovered from their shock and gave credit for his victory to the Wisconsin labor movement. But the new Senator just as quickly turned it down. Speaking to delegates at a state CIO convention, he said:

"I would rather lose an election than yield my independence to the will of any group." To this heresy he added the positively treasonous comment that "merged labor may constitute a danger to American society."

Proxmire challenged the contention that union members make their own political decisions. This is a valid question. For despite the fact that the majority of union leaders are dedicated to the proposition that—in the larger sense—the mass of "people" should make political decisions, they hardly ever allow their members to accept or reject the political stands taken either by the AFL-CIO or by individual unions.

As any piece of AFL-CIO political literature will tell you, the basic policy decisions of the federation are made at the biennial conventions. In reality, however, the policy resolutions are ground out by the staff members of various AFL-CIO departments and constituent bodies. I

would guess that less than one per cent—if any—of the resolutions adopted by the conventions originate in local union meetings.

Moreover, such lack of rank-and-file expression is not limited to fundamental statements on major political issues. The Committee on Political Education (COPE) is supposed to have its facsimile at every level of the labor movement—city, county, Congressional district, state, etc.—yet even these bodies are made up largely of persons appointed to their offices. Endorsement of candidates is a ticklish business and is done in a semi-conspiratorial way by county and district committees.

In my experience union members are rarely encouraged to go into politics on their own. In 1954, in Iowa, CIO leaders made an attempt to encourage their members to join political parties and seek offices within them. There was some talk about trying to take over the direction of the Democratic State Central Committee. To that end, functionaries held classes for workers in several communities, instructing them in the laws which governed party caucuses and how union men should seek election as delegates to conventions. Some union members began to take part in grass-roots politics. However, when the plan was outlined to a man from the national office of the CIO Political Action Committee (this was before the merger of AFL-CIO) he immediately discouraged its further operation.

"We don't want the responsibility of running a party," he said.

Another example is a man I knew who worked in a meat-packing plant. He took a keen interest in politics, and he got elected delegate to the national Democratic convention in 1952. When he arrived in Chicago he expected to be part of a national labor pressure group. He sought out labor celebrities at the convention to ask when the first labor caucus would be held.

None ever was. He was sorely disappointed to find out that union members acted no differently from other delegates and had no intentions of working as a national team.

#### THE WORKER AS "OUTSIDER"

**W**HEN, occasionally, union members are provoked into political action, they may be frustrated by a decision made higher up the line. Recently, members of the United Packinghouse Workers of America in the corn-belt states were urged by their leaders to seek out farmers and organize joint committees for the purpose of endorsing mutually acceptable candidates. I was instructed to go to Sioux City, Iowa, to help organize such a committee. After many days' work we were able to hold a meeting of some 300 farmers and workers. Within a week, however, orders came down to abandon the committee since it might offend the officers of the National Farmers Organization. I knew, from the talk I heard among Sioux City packinghouse workers, that I would have a hard time developing their enthusiasm for future political projects.

Shut out from any decision-making in politics, the worker feels all the more insulated from real control of his union. Why doesn't he revolt? He is constantly being urged to do so by many persons, ranging from Senator Goldwater and David Lawrence to his own clergyman. But the worker is not inclined to revolt because he is too institutionalized. His opportunities to make decisions affecting his own destiny have been limited to those which he can make within his own home (and with the advances of child guidance and family counseling, this last frontier is rapidly closing). Unless he is a skilled worker, even his place of employment is the result of sheer accident: he was standing in the right line when a factory needed employees. He does not decide

## BUT YOU STILL HAVE TO READ SIGNS

**T**HE Deputy Superintendent of Education in the State of Florida is quoted thus: "The training of our youth in sound practices in the operation of motor vehicles, for instance, is as important as learning to read. One might as well be illiterate as be ignorant of the basic principles of safe driving."

Perhaps we begin to get the first glimmering of an idea why so many of our young people can neither read nor write.

—Allred A. Knopf, in the *Borzoi Quarterly*, First Quarter, 1958.



whether or not he will pay his taxes: they are withheld from his paycheck and extracted "painlessly" from him through excise and sales taxes. If his plant has a union-shop contract, he has got to join the union whether he wants to or not. And if he attends meetings, he becomes a ratifier or rejector, not an initiator. He has no more influence on his international union's major demands during contract negotiating time than he has on the design of next year's automobile models or on this country's foreign policy. Walter Reuther and John Foster Dulles are equally inaccessible to him.

Whatever dissent the American worker offers takes the form of apathy. In politics he fails to register or vote—thus defying the urgings of posters, slogans, speeches, and editorial sermons. He may also refuse to contribute money to his union's political fund. Since the Taft-Hartley Act forbids the use of union dues money for a federal officer-seeker's campaign, COPE attempts to secure a single dollar from each of the estimated fifteen million AFL-CIO members. In 1956, a Presidential election year, its drive for contributions netted only \$456,293.55 to be spent on candidates—less than one dollar for every thirty members. (Of course, COPE does not get all the political money collected by labor.)

#### REPAIR JOB

**T**HE situation is not hopeless. But the cure demands something more profound than catchier slogans, more colorful posters, and bigger labor paper headlines. If union leaders persist in treating their members like consumers, they had better take a lesson from the revolt of the American car buyer: the customer is fed up with gimmicks. Therefore, any reappraisal must deal with the fundamentals.

First of all, I believe that **American labor should call a temporary halt to attempts to organize more workers.** Union recruitment has reached the saturation level. Drives aimed at bringing more money into union treasuries only increase apathy and cynicism; while attempts to open new frontiers—such as the white collar workers—merely frustrate energies which could be better spent reflecting on the present plight of unions, if nothing else. Such a moratorium might thrust American labor into a new period, during which it would attempt to raise the horizons of those within its ranks. And it would inhibit some of the rapacious "business-oriented" activities of unions by eliminating fratricidal "raiding."

Secondly, **unions should withdraw for a while**

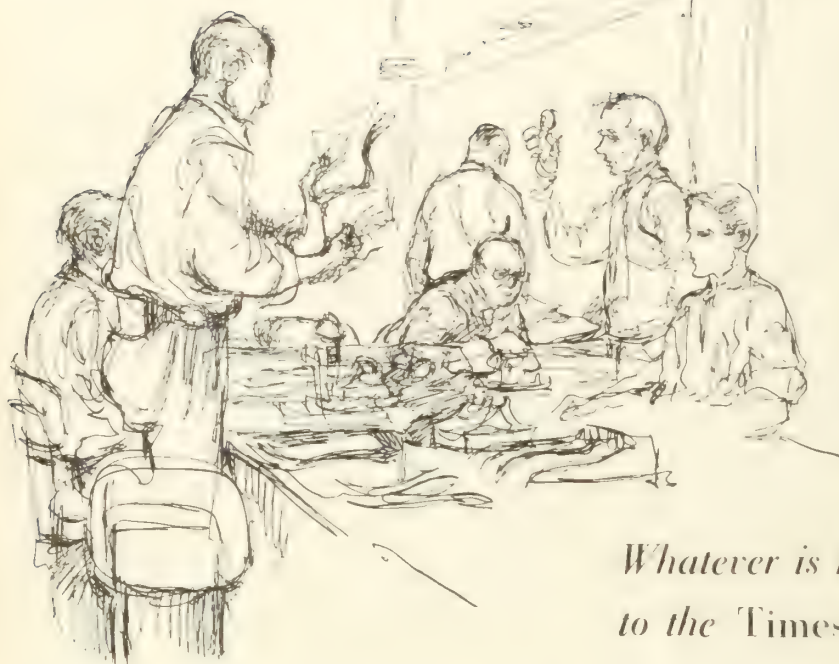
**from the entangling alliances of partisan politics.** This would mean: no endorsements of candidates; no collection of COPE dollars; and no compromises with politicians. Instead, it should redouble its efforts as a *pressure* group, in the manner of the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Friends Service Committee, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the League of Women Voters, whose influence is out of all proportion to the sizes of the membership. The AFL-CIO could be the biggest non-partisan pressure group in our society. Its dissents would be bound to provoke refreshing debate. But no group can attempt to "deliver" a mass vote without curtailing the free voice of its members.

Finally, **the direction that unions should take on any issue should be left wide open.** Let many flowers bloom. The top brass should encourage debate among staff and rank-and-file. And I mean *real* debate. Many leaders and members of the AFL-CIO take violent—but private—exception to George Meany's views on foreign policy, for instance. Someone should take the initiative in challenging Meany's convictions (which now purport to represent all of labor) in debates before rank-and-file unionists across the country.

As a supplement to this first step toward genuine democracy, the AFL-CIO and all its constituent bodies should circulate *all* resolutions slated for conventions to *all* local unions. Staff members and officers and, of course, local unions should be urged to express any disagreement. At the very least, this method would give leaders a more accurate sounding of member sentiment. Besides—if the system were free of restraint and threat of reprisals—it would be certain to provoke controversy, a sense of rank-and-file participation in policy decisions, and, inevitably, a quickened interest in politics.

None of these recommendations can be embodied in federal or state legislation. I do not side with such enemies of labor as Goldwater and Senator Carl Curtis of Nebraska, and I reject their contention that labor is politically either so powerful or so sinister that it needs legal restraint. Unions should, of course, continue their practice of exposing the voting records of politicians and of urging their members to vote.

But I am convinced that if organized labor will adopt this counsel of abstention—at *this time*—and go in for an honest appraisal of its real function, it can become a new progressive force in our democracy. And its influence "next time" may be equal to the weight of its numbers and consistent with the interests of our society.



*Whatever is happening  
to the Times?*

## *New York's* GAY OLD LADY

By BEN RATHBUN

*Drawings by Joseph Papin*

THE signs have long been multiplying that the *New York Times*, for years the most eminent practitioner of dullness among newspapers, has cast off that distinction. Even its financial department recently kicked up its heels and threw dignity away. On the first page of the business section late this March, sandwiched in between such headlines as "Optimism Voiced on Foreign Trade" and "Domestic Oils Up in a Weak Market," appeared a story on the annual meeting of the *New Yorker* magazine in an out-and-out parody of the *New Yorker's* "our man Stanley" style. "We sent our girl Elizabeth . . ." said the *Times*. "She came back with notes bulging her oversize handbag":

Elevator men in building at 25 West Forty-third Street highly excited. One had drawn horse in Irish Sweepstakes. Got off nineteenth—editorial—floor *New Yorker* offices; recep-

tionist had no idea there was to be an annual meeting. Sent to twentieth floor. Noticed both reception room windows needed paint badly, probably rubbed off by excitable contributors leaning over to argue with pretty receptionists. . . .

Was this the *Times* as we once knew it? The fact is, in recent years, that the "gray old lady" has taken to behaving in an uncommonly vivacious way. Among other things, she has trafficked regularly in whimsy, flippant headlines, sprightly writing, and frivolous chit-chat about personalities. Sometimes she has even been known to act like an old gossip.

The change is more than skin-deep. The *Times* editors have taken up arms against the notion that today's political and gossip columnists are the only licensed peddlers of the real low-down. Save for the libelous and the inexact, the *Times* now digs for more and more of the background detail, trivial and otherwise, that not only spices up a news story but often helps to illuminate its real meaning. Pour into your story, the *Times* reporters have been urged, everything you would include if you were telling



Three bold men are engineering a transformation of what was once the dulllest—though most distinguished—of America's newspapers.

it to a drinking companion at the local bar.

In talking this way, the *Times* has been doing real damage to tradition, for the paper's addiction to dullness was originally one of the verities of journalism's folklore. A. J. Liebling, a persistent gadfly of the American press, once described the *Times* as "colorless, odorless, and especially tasteless." He referred to Adolph Ochs, former *Times* publisher, as "the great merchandiser of stodginess." Others complained of the paper's "stuffy and elephantine pace."

In 1950 Dwight Macdonald, the magazine writer and editor, offered a harsher bill of particulars. "The *Times* is thorough," he wrote, "but I find its headlines ugly and hard to read; its layout inflexible and chaotic; its writing notoriously inept and long-winded; and its editing slovenly. The *Times* buries the significant news under a junkheap of useless information, and the only pleasurable part of a typical story is the last sentence." The *Times*, he concluded, "is not edited; it just happens once a day."

In the past, in fact, it sometimes seemed that the editors were daring the reader to beat his way through the heavy underbrush of a daily issue. For one thing, in Gerald W. Johnson's phrase, the paper had "typographical senility." Its face was bleak and had hardly changed in half a century. There were few pictures—particularly on the front page, where pictures were banned for years.

It also shunned those familiar staples of the press in the United States: the comic strip, the crossword puzzle, the tips on love, diet, horses, and health, the political cartoon, and the gossip columnist. Sports coverage was full but sober-sided. Headlines were stiff and formal, and the whole paper was marked by a sort of Union League solemnity.

Murkily-written stories topped by tangled and lengthy lead sentences were a normal part of the reader's fare. Also the paper was often a bulky thing. One tale has it that a copy of the *Sunday Times*, regularly delivered from a low-flying plane into a farmer-subscriber's field, killed an ox. Some of this formidable heft resulted

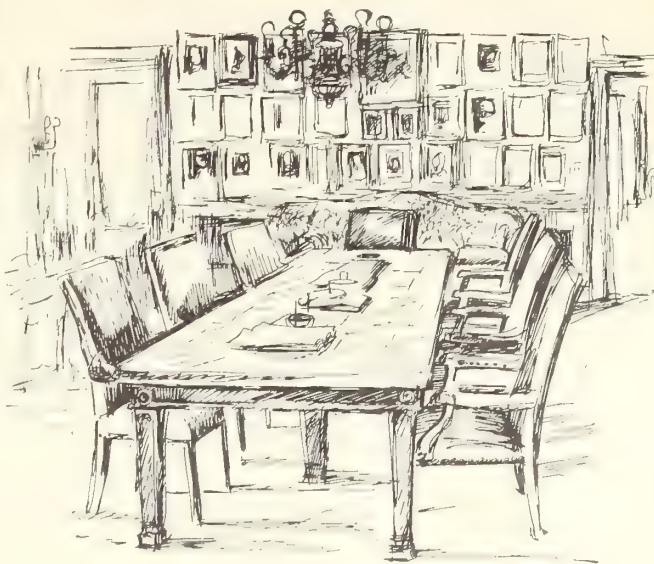
from the *Times*' dedication to its mission as "a journal of record."

Speeches, reports, treaties, and other documents regarded as significant by the editors are printed in full. The Yalta papers ran for a full thirty-two pages in 1955; the report of an official inquiry on Pearl Harbor covered fifteen. Examples of other textual material over the years include the Versailles Treaty, Papal encyclicals on education, and on divorce, trial marriage, and birth control; long sections of the 1951 MacArthur hearings; and the National Academy of Science's report on the biological effects of atomic radiation. Bales of United Nations' resolutions and election-year speeches also are printed in full.

#### EDS NIX DULL HEADS

BESIDES the pages and pages of text, the *Times*' long-standing obligation to the historians often leads to the publication of much material whose news value is close to nil—the sort of thing Dwight Macdonald ridiculed as The-Man-May-Or-May-Not-Bite-Dog story and the Man-Doesn't-Bite-Dog story. Also, the great diversity of subject matter—from cobalt bombs and commodity markets to chess, court tennis, and curling—helps make heaviness inevitable.

The *Times*' austere tradition seems to have caused few misgivings among its former managers. Its promotion department even took the step—which must be unique in the history of journalism—of boasting publicly about the



*Publisher's Conference Room*

paper's dullness. One piece of institutional hoopla issued during the Ochs regime asserted, with puritanical pride, that "diversion for the readers is not a main feature" of the *Times*.

However, since Macdonald wrote, the *Times* has been shedding some of her spinster ways. Consider, for instance, the following headlines from the intervening years:

Mocktail Jixing Kilt  
Cocktail Mixing Tilt Won By—  
Who Won 'At 'Ol Thing Anyway?

British India, Old Chap, Was Never Thus:  
Russians Are Toasted in Water at Poona

Fastener Company Helping to Develop  
Underzipped Areas

Early in his first term, President Eisenhower made the diplomatic error of beating Senator Taft at golf. The headline over a story commenting on this blow to GOP unity read:

President Putts the Party  
In An Impossible Dilemma

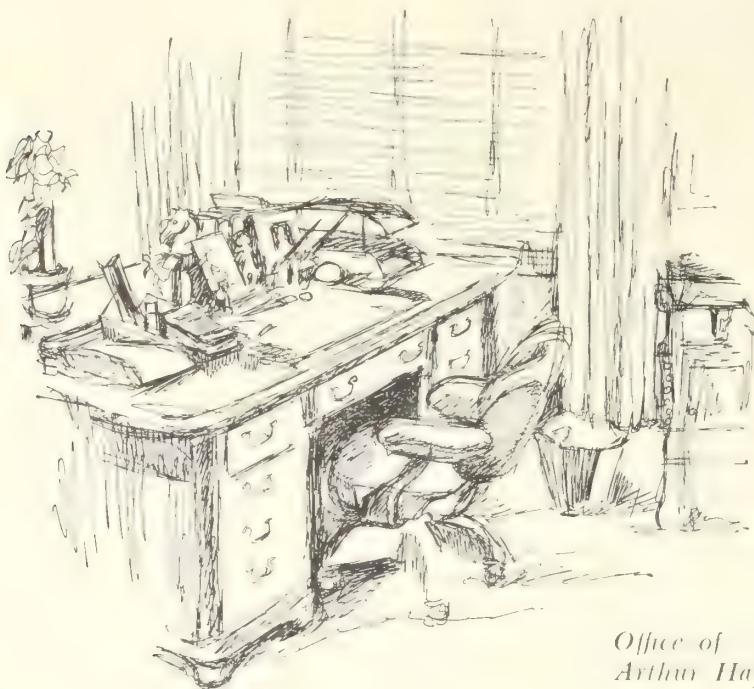
A 1956 story reported that T. Coleman Andrews, who had recently resigned as the country's chief tax collector, had recommended the abolition of the income tax. The headline read: "Ex-Tax Chief Opposes Tax (Now He Tells Us)."

A report from Africa by C. L. Sulzberger, the *Times*' chief foreign correspondent, bore the following headline: "If Ivory Coast Voters Ate

Senator They're Entitled to Pick a New One." Telling of the parliamentary dilemma presented by the disappearance of Ivory Coast Senator Biaka-Boda "during a stump-speaking tour of the bush," Sulzberger reported that he "may have been eaten by his constituents." For the benefit of Ivory Coast parliamentarians, he offered the pragmatic maxim: "You cannot have your Senator and eat him too."

Gossipy anecdotes also began to be served up for the *Times* reader who was prepared to believe his eyes. A chatty Monday morning pot-pourri from Washington in 1956 recorded the current wisecrack about Vice President Nixon being "the only man in Washington who can enter a revolving door behind you and emerge ahead of you." Ladies browsing in the expanding women's section on food, fashions, furniture, etc., might encounter leads like the following by Nan Robertson: "Chinchillas, one of the few rodents that can make a woman shriek with pleasure, attended a mass meeting in New York last week." Not even the pun was verboten. To take one chilling example, a *Times* review of a P. G. Wodehouse book lamented the author's use of an old joke "that has long since Cerfed its purpose."

On one occasion, when a long-range missile called the Snark slipped an electronic gear and swooshed off into the South Atlantic, Wallace Carroll of the Washington bureau did a story called "Of Snarks and Things." With his cheek



Office of  
Arthur Hays Sulzberger



full of tongue, Carroll told how the Counter-Intelligence Corps, looking for the fellow who had leaked the incident to the press, uncovered "a baffling document" called "The Hunting of the Snark." CIC agents noted, according to the story, that the report though "written in limpid verse that could easily be grasped by a child or a tired cabinet officer . . . contained words that obviously were code:—Thingamajig, Jubjub, Bandersnatch, Boojum."

The story concluded: "Whether the Defense Department's best cryptographers could crack the code words . . . was a matter of uncertainty tonight. They were said to be vexed particularly by the word, 'Boojum.' . . . [Defense Secretary] Wilson, it was reported, had sent his agents back to their desks with a black look when they offered him the dictionary definition: 'Boojum . . . a species of Snark, the hunters of which softly and suddenly vanish away.'" The by-line on the story, the first double by-line in *Times* history, was: "By Wallace and Lewis Carroll."

#### WINNERS AND SINNERS

WHEN a dignified old lady begins behaving in such a giddy way, the usual explanation is either too much tipping or the onset of senility. In the case of the *Times*, however, a more rational process was at work. The fact is that its editors had set out deliberately to jazz up their somber columns. The purpose, one of them noted recently, was to "make this massive paper of ours more inviting and easier to read."

The story of this revolt begins with Arthur Hays Sulzberger's accession as publisher in 1935. Sulzberger was impatient with the paper's turgid leads and its pervasive dullness, but he had to move slowly. He was a brand-new publisher who had married the boss's daughter. Furthermore, Edwin L. "Jimmy" James, who had become managing editor in 1932, looked with loathing on any changes.

In his first several years as publisher, Sulzberger made none whatever. Thereafter he tentatively called for more and more pictures, and tapped Meyer Berger, a great reporter, to do an anecdotal column called "About New York." Sulzberger also persuaded James to grant monthly cash awards for meritorious stories.

But not until 1951, when James retired and Turner Catledge became managing editor, did Sulzberger order a concerted drive toward greater liveliness and clarity. Working closely with Theodore Bernstein, who became assistant man-



*Meyer Berger*

aging editor in 1952, Catledge commenced the formidable task of putting some rouge, and an occasional smile, on the Old Lady's grave and pallid face.

An important instrument in this process was one of the world's best correspondence courses. Conducted by Bernstein, it consisted of periodic two-page communiqués, called "Winners & Sinners," sent to all news staff members at home and abroad. In these bulletins, Bernstein goaded, goosed, and jollied his class of more than six hundred reporters and copy-desk men in the direction of better writing, better editing, the droll touch, full and simple explanation, and what he whimsically referred to as "accuracy." He also pressed for more and more of the particulars to point up a story's "real meaning."

In promoting a heavier accent on the non-political side of the news, he took his text from a letter of Thomas Jefferson to a traveling friend: "Of political correspondents I can find enough, but I can persuade nobody to believe that the small facts which they see passing daily . . . are precious to me. . . . Give me facts, little facts, such as you think everyone imagines beneath notice." Among the returns he received were stories on the wild Tokyo taxi-drivers; on tea drinking in Turkey; on U. S. suburbia; and on



Ray Rogers  
Composing Room

an Italian controversy over "the moral aspects of jazz."

On some lesser technicalities Bernstein showed promise as a hair-splitter, but for the most part he was an inspired instructor. Epigrammatic leads, animated headlines, and other "bright passages" were quoted, complete with the writer's name, in a sort of class honor roll. When it came to gaffes, the "dead [trite] heads," the "two-faced [ambiguous] heads," and the "tired phrases" were docketed in anonymous anthologies. The teacher's comments on these stumblings ranged in tone from pish-tush to polite lamentation. In his Tired Phrases department, for example, Bernstein quoted the following: "Tomorrow Americans will eat Thanksgiving turkey and the 'fixins'." There followed the plaintive query: "Gee, Maw, does we-all have to eat them thar warmed-over clichés agin this year?"

In one memo, Bernstein sounded an alarm against the "monologophobe," whom he defined as "a guy who would rather walk naked in front of Saks Fifth Avenue than be caught using the same word more than once in three lines of type." What he suffers from, Bernstein went on, "is a compulsion to distract and, if possible, puzzle the reader by calling a spade successively a garden implement and an earth-turning tool. The affliction besets sports writers especially. For instance: 'Sugar Ray flattened Bobo in twelve rounds in 1950, outpointed him in fifteen sessions in 1952, and knocked him out in two heats last Dec. 9.' Not content with the legitimate variables of the sentence—the manner of the outcome in each fight and length of time it took—the writer tries to make what should be a con-

stant also look like a variable. Thus, the reader is left to wonder whether a session or a heat is something different from a round and if not, what the hell?"

#### SCOTTY'S CREW

**I**N Washington, Catledge and Bernstein had an eager confederate in James "Scotty" Reston, who became the *Times* Washington correspondent and its Washington bureau chief in 1953. Reston, one of the country's ablest newsmen, was a master of the delicate art of "interpretive reporting" and he needed no cram course on the mechanics of animating the printed page. Instructing him in making a news story lively would have been, in Earl Wilson's inelegant phrase, like sending hair oil to George Raft. Ever since he joined the *Times* in 1939, Reston's copy had read as though he mistakenly believed he had signed onto a high-class tabloid.

He began by adding Russell Baker of the *Baltimore Sun*, Allen Drury of the *Washington Evening Star*, Edwin L. Dale, Jr., of the *New York Herald Tribune*, and Anthony Lewis of the *Washington Daily News* to his staff. All were expert reporters but their most conspicuous common quality—and what Reston wanted—was a flair for brightly-written stories. They joined a crew which already included skilled writers like William S. White, William H. Lawrence, Joseph A. Loftus, Cabell Phillips, and John D. Morris.

Reston also instituted a saucily-written Monday-morning gatherum of gags, anecdotes, and other small bits that hadn't found their way



into the previous week's news stories. In this feature, called "Random Notes from Washington," the staff had a ready outlet for the background details requested by the head office for those figurative drinking companions at the bar.

Random Notes reported, for instance, on the music box in the Richard Nixons' new electric range that plays "Tenderly" when the roast is done. At the height of the excitement over missile launchings, the Monday column told a tale of two rum-soaked derelicts who passed the Washington Monument one freezing night. Workmen at the monument's base were warming themselves by a fire in an oil drum.

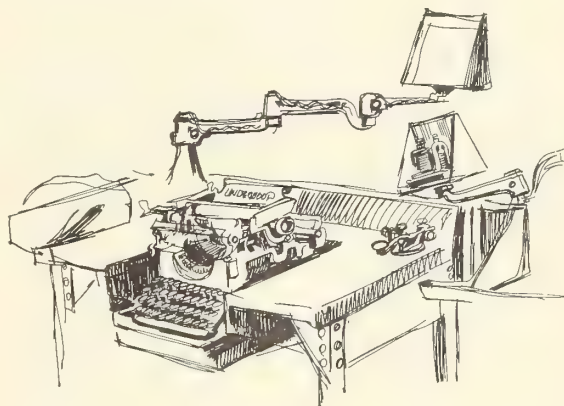
"After glancing at the great white shaft pointing skyward and noticing the flames at its base, one derelict turned to the other and observed: 'They'll never get it up!'"

In its coverage of the 1956 political conventions, Reston's staff—aided by Gladwin Hill from the Los Angeles office, Larry Davies from San Francisco, and others—turned in one of the *Times*' most impressive performances. Reston's own daily commentaries did much to put the rush of events into focus, but his associates also rose to near-Winchellian heights in providing the reader with the chaff—as well as the wheat. For example, Russell Baker, the chief chit-chaff correspondent at the Democratic convention, reported on the Arkansas delegation's breakfast one morning of champagne and pork chops; on Perle Mesta's ecstatic revelation that her life story on TV would run a half-hour longer than Louella Parsons'; on the Hotel Conrad Hilton's special convention cocktail, The President, "an unhappy marriage . . . of bourbon, Port wine, the white of an egg, and lemon juice"; on the rumor that the GOP's campaign slogan would be: "Don't change horses in the middle of the Suez Canal"; and on the fact that the celebrated "smoke-filled" room at the Sheraton-Blackstone where Warren G. Harding's nomination was decided upon "still smokes up in dandy style" despite the new air-conditioning.

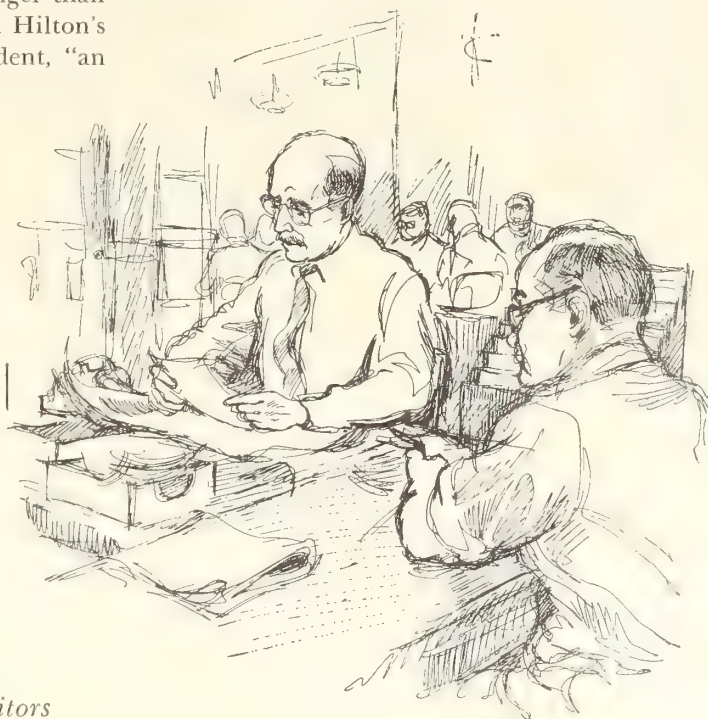
IN EARLY 1956, the *Times* brought out a new device for exploiting the journalistic principle that readers prefer personalities to policies. The theory, so skillfully practiced by Henry Luce, is that



*Frank Adams, copy editor*



*Morse set, key sounder*



*Foreign desk editors*

for every person panting for the details of a televised White House speech, there will be ten thousand eager for idle trivia about Robert Montgomery, the actor-producer who is the President's TV adviser.

The *Times*' solution was a continuing series of individual biographical essays designed, according to the editorial overseers, "to put warm flesh on the cold bones of the news."

The subject might be Abdul Rahman Ibbi al-Marhum Muhammad, the new ruler of Malaya, or George H. Mahon of Texas, the powerful but little-known chairman of the House subcommittee on military spending. It might be a behind-the-scenes type like George Weiss, the general manager of the New York Yankees, or Sir Bernard A. B. Burrows, one of the ablest Middle Eastern experts of the British foreign office. In the preparation of these sketches—sometimes run at the rate of two a day—the staff was directed to avoid "a dull obit routine ('Born in Yonkers, he attended the public schools and was graduated from New York University in 1936')." The editors demanded—and sometimes got—anecdotes and "fresh writing."

In addition, these essays often made a real contribution to the editors' aim of dealing with the "real meaning" of the news. An account of the left-wing Italian Socialists' complex relations with the Communists was a lot clearer, for example, as the result of an excellent sketch of Pietro Nenni, the Socialist leader. Added insights on the Suez crisis were provided by brief biographies of Dr. Mahmoud Fahzi, Egypt's foreign minister; Dr. Helmy Bahgat Badawi, the legal expert who drafted Colonel Nasser's plans for the Canal seizure; Captain Al Beale, an American Suez pilot who resigned his job after Egypt took over; and General Sir Charles Keightley, the commander of the British forces in the fighting around Suez.

#### STILL THE TIMES

LIKE an English constitutional revolution, the changes in the *Times* have come quietly, with no fuss and little smashing of the older idols. The *Times* has remained true to itself in its fashion. For one thing, it makes little concession to what Oscar Wilde, speaking of the press, described as "the great Darwinian principle of the survival of the vulgarest." The attention the *Times* still gives to sex and crimes will, in Ogden Nash's phrase, "have to grow to be even cursory." The news staff also remains on notice that "filth, stench, gore, and the purely

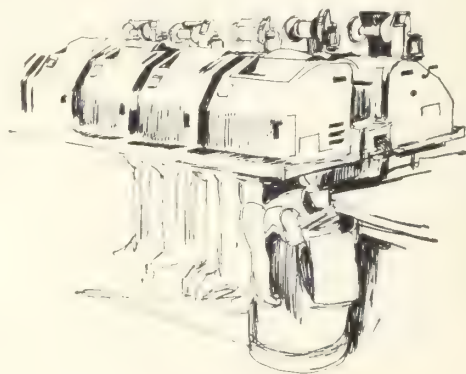
animal functions normally meet with little hospitality in *Times* columns."

The exceptions to this decree are rare. For instance: "If the nation is at war, it may be advisable in an occasional descriptive story to let the home folks know that the lads at the front are not vying for Boy Scout merit badges in woodcraft. As another example, even a bowel movement may be mentioned if it belongs to a President recovering from a heart attack. . . . Remembering that the paper usually accompanies the morning eggs and coffee, writers and editors must apply the *Times*-honored test: Is it fit for breakfast table reading?" Thanks to this preoccupation with the sensibilities of the squeamish, a Manhattan dowager with a queasy stomach can still face the *Times* at breakfast with no qualms.

And, although it now has a radio and TV column by Jack Gould, plus regular but drab Hollywood and Broadway news, there are still no daily cartoons and no comic strips.

Not until 1953 did the *Times*' news pages begin to show pronounced effects of the Sulzberger-Catledge-Bernstein face lifting. This change was followed by an impressive burst of circulation gains. From 1953 through 1957, daily circulation rose almost 20 per cent. Stockholders also were told that in 1957 "a larger number of persons became readers than ever before." Circulation has risen throughout the paper's history, but the recent upsurge was exceptional.

In sum, it would appear that Sulzberger's willingness to modify some of the hallowed formulas is reaping a substantial reward. Furthermore, the publisher has set off a strong intramural drive to reject the musty past. The old attitude of "Jimmy" James and many others, that the Ochs' tradition was not to be changed, even slightly, has faded away. As Bernstein, the dialectician of this quiet conversion, has remarked: "The *Times* doesn't have to be dull just because it's the *Times*."





ARTHUR MILLER

# THE SHADOWS OF THE GODS

## *A Critical View of the American Theater*

One of America's leading playwrights tells why he believes our theater has reached a major turning point—and describes the new kind of drama he hopes it will produce.

Based on a talk delivered recently to a group of his co-workers.

I SEE by the papers that I am going to talk today on the subject of the literary influences on my work. It is probably a good subject, but it isn't what Harold Clurman and I discussed when he asked if I would speak here. What he had in mind was something else. I am supposed to widen your horizons by telling something about the frame of reference I used when I started to write, and that included books I read, or music I heard, or whatnot.

I doubt whether anybody can widen horizons by making a speech. It is possible, perhaps, by writing a play. Still, I may be able to suggest an approach to our theater which—even if it is not valid for everyone—will not be quite the same as that of the various critics; and if nothing else is accomplished here maybe it will at least appear that there is another way of looking at drama.

Tolstoy wrote a book called *What is Art?* The substance of it is that almost all the novels, plays, operas, and paintings were not art but vanity, and that the rhythm with which a Russian peasant swung a scythe was more artful than all the dance on Moscow stages, and the paintings of peasants on the sides of their wagons more genuine than all the paintings in the museums. The thing that disheartened him most, I believe, was that inevitably artistic crea-

tion became a profession, and the artist who may have originated as a natural quickly became self-conscious and exploited his own gifts for money, prestige, or just for want of an honest profession.

Yet, Tolstoy went on writing. The truth, I suppose, is that soon or late we are doomed to know what we are doing, and we may as well accept it as a fact when it comes. But the self-knowledge of professionalism develops only as a result of having repeated the same themes in different plays. And for a whole theater the time for self-appraisal comes in the same way. We are, I believe, at the end of a period. Certain things have been repeated sufficiently for one to speak of limitations which have to be recognized if our theater is not to become absurd, repetitious, and decayed.

Now one can no sooner speak of limitations than the question of standards arises. What seems like a limitation to one man may be an area as wide as the world to another. My standard, my viewpoint, whether it appears arbitrary, or true and inevitable, did not spring out of my head unshaped by any outside force. I began writing plays in the midst of what Allan Seager, an English teacher friend of mine at Michigan, calls one of the two genuinely national catastrophes in American history—the Great Depression of the 'thirties. The other was the Civil War. It is almost bad manners to talk about depression these days, but through no fault or effort of mine it was the ground upon which I learned to stand.

There are a thousand things to say about that time but maybe one will be evocative enough. Until 1929 I thought things were pretty solid. Specifically, I thought—like most Americans—that somebody was in charge. I didn't know exactly who it was, but it was probably a busi-

ness man, and he was a realist, a no-nonsense fellow, practical, honest, responsible. In 1929 he jumped out of the window. It was bewildering. His banks closed and refused to open again, and I had twelve dollars in one of them. More precisely, I happened to have withdrawn my twelve dollars to buy a racing bike a friend of mine was bored with, and the next day the Bank of the United States closed. I rode by and saw the crowds of people standing at the brass gates. Their money was inside! And they couldn't get it. And they would never get it. As for me, I felt I had the thing licked.

But about a week later I went into the house to get a glass of milk and when I came out my bike was gone. Stolen. It must have taught me a lesson. Nobody could escape that disaster.

#### WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAN IN CHARGE?

**I** DID not read many books in those days. The depression was my book. Years later I could put together what in those days were only feelings, sensations, impressions. There was the sense that everything had dried up. Some plague of invisible grasshoppers was eating money before you could get your hands on it. You had to be a Ph. D. to get a job in Macy's. Lawyers were selling ties. Everybody was trying to sell something to everybody else. A past president of the Stock Exchange was sent to jail for misappropriating trust funds. They were looking for runaway financiers all over Europe and South America. Practically everything that had been said and done up to 1929 turned out to be a fake. It turns out that there had never been anybody in charge.

What the time gave me, I think now, was a sense of an invisible world. A reality had been secretly accumulating its climax according to its hidden laws to explode illusion at the proper time. In that sense 1929 was our Greek year. The gods had spoken, the gods whose wisdom had been set aside or distorted by a civilization that was to go onward and upward on speculation, gambling, graft, and the dog eating the dog. Before the crash I thought "Society" meant the rich people in the Social Register. After the crash it meant the constant visits of strange men who knocked on our door pleading for a chance to wash the windows, and some of them fainted on the back porch from hunger. In Brooklyn, New York. In the light of weekday afternoons.

I read books after I was seventeen, but already,

for good or ill, I was not patient with every kind of literature. I did not believe, even then, that you could tell about a man without telling about the world he was living in, what he did for a living, what he was like not only at home or in bed but on the job. I remember now reading novels and wondering, What do these people do for a living? When do they work? I remember asking the same questions about the few plays I saw. The hidden laws of fate lurked not only in the characters of people, but equally if not more imperiously in the world beyond the family parlor. Out there were the big gods, the ones whose disfavor could turn a proud and prosperous and dignified man into a frightened shell of a man whatever he thought of himself, and whatever he decided or didn't decide to do.

So that by force of circumstance I came early and unawares to be fascinated by sheer process itself. How things connected. How the native personality of a man was changed by his world, and the harder question, how he could in turn change his world. It was not academic. It was not even a literary or a dramatic question at first. It was the practical problem of what to believe in order to proceed with life. For instance, should one admire success—for there were successful people even then. Or should one always see through it as an illusion which only existed to be blown up, and its owner destroyed and humiliated. Was success immoral?—when everybody else in the neighborhood not only had no Buick but no breakfast? What to believe?

An adolescent must feel he is on the side of justice. That is how human indignation is constantly renewed. But how hard it was to feel justly, let alone to think justly. There were people in the neighborhood saying that it had all happened because the workers had not gotten paid enough to buy what they had produced, and that the solution was to have Socialism, which would not steal their wages any more the way the bosses did and brought on this depression. It was a wonderful thought with which I nearly drove my grandfather crazy. The trouble with it was that he and my father and most of the men I loved would have to be destroyed.

Enough of that. I am getting at only one thought. You can't understand anything unless you understand its relations to its context. It was necessary to feel beyond the edges of things. That much, for good or ill, the Great Depression taught me. It made me impatient with anything, including art, which pretends that it can exist for its own sake and still be of any pro-



phetic importance. A thing becomes beautiful to me as it becomes internally and externally organic. It becomes beautiful because it promises to remove some of my helplessness before the chaos of experience. I think one of the reasons I became a playwright was that in dramatic form everything must be openly organic, deeply organized, articulated from a living center. I used long ago to keep a book in which I would talk to myself. One of the aphorisms I wrote was, "The structure of a play is always the story of how the birds came home to roost." The hidden will be unveiled; the inner laws of reality will announce themselves; I was defining my impression of 1929 as well as dramatic structure.

#### NEWS OF THE INNER WORLD

WHEN I was still in high school and ignorant, a book came into my hands, God knows how, *The Brothers Karamazov*. It must have been too rainy that day to play ball. I began reading it thinking it was a detective story. I have always blessed Dostoevski for writing in a way that any fool could understand. The book, of course, has no connection with the depression. Yet it became closer, more intimate to me, despite the Russian names, than the papers I read every day. I never thought to ask why, then. I think now it was because of the father and son conflict, but something more. It is always probing beyond its particular scenes and characters for the hidden laws, for the place where the gods ruminate and decide, for the rock upon which one may stand without illusion, a free man. Yet the characters appear liberated from any systematic causation.

The same yearning I felt all day for some connection with a hidden logic was the yearning in this book. It gave me no answers but it showed that I was not the only one who was full of this kind of questioning, for I did not believe—and could not after 1929—in the reality I saw with my eyes. There was an invisible world of cause and effect, mysterious, full of surprises, implacable in its course. The book said to me:

"There is a hidden order in the world. There is only one reason to live. It is to discover its nature. The good are those who do this. The evil say that there is nothing beyond the face of the world, the surface of reality. Man will only find peace when he learns to live humanly, in conformity to those laws which decree his human nature."

Only slightly less ignorant, I read Ibsen in

college. Later I heard that I had been reading problem plays. I didn't know what that meant. I was told they were about social problems, like the inequality of women. The women I knew about had not been even slightly unequal; I saw no such problem in "A Doll's House." I connected with Ibsen not because he wrote about problems, but because he was illuminating process. Nothing in his plays exists for itself, not a smart line, not a gesture that can be isolated. It was breath-taking.

From his work—read again and again with new wonders cropping up each time—as well as through Dostoevski's, I came to an idea of what a writer was supposed to be. These two issued the license, so to speak, the only legitimate one I could conceive, for presuming to write at all. One had the right to write because other people needed news of the inner world, and if they went too long without such news they would go mad with the chaos of their lives. With the greatest of presumption I conceived that the great writer was the destroyer of chaos, a man privy to the councils of the hidden gods who administer the hidden laws that bind us all and destroy us if we do not know them. And chaos, for one thing, was life lived oblivious of history.

As time went on, a lot of time, it became clear to me that I was not only reporting to others but to myself first and foremost. I wrote not only to find a way into the world but to hold it away from me so that sheer, senseless events would not devour me.

I read the Greeks and the German Expressionists at the same time and quite by accident. I was struck by the similarity of their dramatic

means in one respect—they are designed to present the hidden forces, not the characteristics of the human beings playing out those forces on the stage. I was told that



the plays of Aeschylus must be read primarily on a religious level, that they are only lay dramas to us now because we no longer believe. I could not understand this because one did not have to be religious to see in our own disaster the black outlines of a fate that was not human, nor of the heavens either, but something in between. Like the howling of a mob, for instance, which is not a human sound but is nevertheless composed of human voices combining until a metaphysical force of sound is created.

I read O'Neill in those days as I read everything else—looking to see how meaning was

achieved. He said something in a press conference which in the context of those years seemed to be a challenge to the social preoccupations of the 'thirties. He said, "I am not interested in the relations of man to man, but of man to God." I thought that very reactionary. Until, after repeated and repeated forays into one play of my own after another, I understood that he meant what I meant, not ideologically but dramatically speaking. I too had a religion, however unwilling I was to be so backward. A religion with no gods but with godlike powers. The powers of economic crisis and political imperatives which had twisted, torn, eroded, and marked everything and everyone I laid eyes on.

I read for a year in economics, discovered my professors dispensing their prejudices which were no better founded than my own; worse yet, an economics that could measure the giant's footsteps but could not look into his eyes.

I read for a year in history, and lost my last illusion on a certain afternoon at two-thirty. In a lecture class a student at question time rose to ask the professor if he thought Hitler would invade Austria. For fifteen minutes the professor, by no means a closet historian but a man of liberal and human interests, proved why it was impossible for Hitler to invade Austria. It seems there were treaties forbidding this which went back to the Congress of Vienna, side agreements older than that, codicils, memoranda, guarantees—and to make a long story short, when we got out at three o'clock there was an extra being hawked. Hitler had invaded Austria. I gave up history. I knew damned well Hitler was going to invade Austria.

In that sense it was a good time to be growing up because nobody else knew anything either. All the rules were nothing but continuations of older rules. The old plays create new plays, and the old histories create new histories. The best you could say of the academic disciplines was that they were breathlessly running after the world. It is when life creates a new play that the theater moves its limbs and awakens from its mesmerized fixation on ordinary reality; when the present is caught and made historic.

I began by speaking of standards. I have labored the point long enough to state it openly. My standard is, to be sure, derived from my life in the 'thirties, but I believe that it is as old as the drama itself and was merely articulated to me in the accent of the 'thirties. I ask of a play, first, the dramatic question, the carpenter-builder's question—What is its ultimate force? How can that force be released? Second, the

human question—What is its ultimate relevancy to the survival of the race?

Before proceeding with these two queries I want to jump ahead to say that my object remains to throw some light on our dramatic situation today, the challenge, so to speak, which I think lies before us. I will pause for a moment or two in order to say a few things about a writer who has been, along with Ibsen, an enormous influence upon our theater whether we know it or not.

#### WHEN THE COACHMAN WAS YOUNG

IT IS hard to imagine any playwright reading Chekhov without envying one quality of his plays. It is his balance. In this, I think he is closer to Shakespeare than any dramatist I know. There is less distortion by the exigencies of the telescoping of time in the theater, there is less stacking of the cards, there is less fear of the ridiculous, there is less fear of the heroic. His touch is tender, his eye is warm, so warm that the Chekhovian legend in our theater has become that of an almost sentimental man and writer whose plays are elegies, postscripts to a dying age. In passing, it must be said that he was not the only Russian writer who seemed to be dealing with all his characters as though he were related to them. It is a quality not of Chekhov alone but of much Russian literature, and I mention it both to relate him to this mood and to separate him from it.

Chekhov is important to us because he has been used as a club against two opposing views of drama. Sometimes he seems—as he evidently does to Walter Kerr—to have encouraged dramatists to an overly-emphasized introspection if not self-pity. To this kind of viewpoint, he is the playwright of inaction, of perverse self-analysis, of the dark blue mood. In the 'thirties he was condemned by many on the Left as lacking in militancy, and he was confused with the people he was writing about.

His plays, I think, will endure, but in one sense he is as useless as a model as the frock coat and the horse and carriage. Our civilization is immeasurably more strident than his and to try to recreate his mood would be to distort our own. But more important, I think, is that—whatever the miseries of his characters—their careers are played out against a tradition of which they are quite conscious, a tradition whose destruction is regarded by them as the setting of their woes. Whether or not it was ever ob-



jectively true is beside the point, of course; the point is that they can look back to a time when the coachman was young and happy to be a coachman, when there was a large, firmly entrenched family evenly maturing over the slow-passing years, when, in a word, there was an order dominated by human relations. Now—to put it much more briefly than its complexity warrants—the Cherry Orchard is cut down by a real estate man, who, nice fellow that he may be, simply has to clear land for a development.

The closest we have ever gotten to this kind of relation to a tradition is in Tennessee Williams, when a disorganized refugee from a plantation arrives in our civilization some eighty years after the plantation itself has been destroyed. We cannot reproduce Chekhov if only because we are long past the time when we believe in the primacy of human relations over economic necessity. We have given up what was still in his time a live struggle. We believe—or at least take it completely for granted—that wherever there is a conflict between human relations and necessity, the outcome is not only inevitable but even progressive when necessity wins, as it evidently must.

The main point I would make here in relation to our theater, however, is that while Chekhov's psychological insight is given full play, and while his greatest interest is overwhelmingly in the spiritual life of his characters, his farthest vision does not end with their individual psychology. Here is a speech to remind you—and it is only one of a great many which do not at all fit with the conventional characterization of these allegedly wispy plays—concerned with nothing more than realistic character drawing and introspection. In "Three Sisters" Vershinin speaks:

What else am I to say to you at parting? What am I to theorize about? (Laughs) Life is hard. It seems to many of us blank and hopeless; but yet we must admit that it goes on getting clearer and easier, and it looks as though the time were not far off when it will be full of happiness. (Looks at his watch.) It's time for me to go! In old days men were absorbed in wars, filling all their existence with marches, raids, victories, but now all that is a thing of the past, leaving behind it a great void which there is so far nothing to fill; humanity is searching for it passionately, and of course will find it. Ah, if only it could be quickly. If, don't you know, industry were united with culture and culture with industry. . . . (Looks at his watch.) But, I say, it's time for me to go. . . .

In other words, these plays are not mere exercises in psychology. They are woven around a very critical point of view, a point of view not only toward the characters, but toward the social context in which they live, a point of view which—far from being some arbitrary angle, as we have come to call such things—is their informing principle. I haven't the time here to investigate the plays one by one and it is not the business of the moment. All I have said comes down to this: that with all our technical dexterity, with all our lighting effects, sets, and a theater more solvent than any I know about, yes, with all our freedom to say what we will—our theater is narrowing its vision year by year, it is repeating well what it has done well before.

I can hear already my critics complaining that I am asking for a return to what they call problem plays. That criticism is important only because it tells something important about the critic. It means that he can only conceive of man as a private entity, and his social relations as something thrown at him, something "affecting" him only when he is conscious of society. I hope I have made one thing clear to this point—and it is that society is inside of man and man is inside society, and you cannot even create a truthfully drawn psychological entity on the

stage until you understand his social relations and their power to make him what he is and to prevent him from being what he is not. The fish is in the water and the water is in the fish.



#### THE BANKRUPT PARENTS

I BELIEVE we have arrived in America at the end of a period because we are repeating ourselves season after season, despite the fact that nobody seems to be aware of it. In almost every success there is a striking similarity of mood and of mode. There is one play after another in which a young person, usually male, usually sensitive, is driven either to self-destructive revolt or impotency by the insensitivity of his parents, usually the father. A quick and by no means exhaustive look brings to mind, "Look Homeward Angel," "Dark at The Top of the Stairs," "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "A Hatful of Rain." I wish to emphasize at once that I am not here as a critic of these plays as plays, nor do I intend to equate their worth one with the other. I am rather looking at them as a stranger, a man

from Mars, who would surely have to wonder at so pervasive a phenomenon.

Now I am not saying there is anything "wrong" with this theme, if only because I have written more than once on it myself. It lies at the heart of all human development, and its echoes go to "Hamlet," to "Romeo and Juliet," to "Oedipus Rex." What I am critical of is that our theater is dealing almost exclusively with affects. Where the parent stands the world ends, and where the son stands is where the world should begin but cannot because he is either made impotent, or he revolts, or more often runs away. What is there wrong with this? Does it not happen all the time? It must, or so many playwrights would not be repeating the theme, and it would not have the fascination it evidently does for so many audiences.

What is wrong is not the theme but its failure to extend itself so as to open up ultimate causes. The fact, for one thing, is not merely the frustration of the children, or even the bankruptcy of moral authority in the parents, but also their common awareness in our time of some hidden, ulterior causation for this. If only because this theme is so recurrent, the phenomenon has the right to be called a generalized social one. Therefore, it is proper in this instance to say that the potential vision of these plays is not fulfilled and their potential aesthetic size and perfection is left unrealized. And perhaps even more important, there is implicit in this cut-down vision a decay of nerve, a withering of power to grasp the whole world on the stage and shake it to its foundations as it is the historic job of high drama to do. The mystery of our condition remains, but we know much more about it than appears on our stage.

I am not asking for anything new, but something as old as the Greek drama. When Chekhov, that almost legendary subjectivist, has Vershinin—and many others in his plays—objectifying the social questions which his play has raised, he is merely placing himself within the great tradition which set its art works fully in view of the question of the survival of the race. It is we who are the innovators, or more precisely, the sports, when we refuse to reflect on our stage a level of objective awareness at least as great as exists commonly in our lives outside.

I am asking for the world to be brought into the stage family, to be sure, but I begin and I end from the viewpoint of the dramatist, the dramatist seeking to intensify the power of his plays and his theater. There is something dramatically wrong, for instance, when an audience

can see a play about the Nazi treatment of a group of Jews hiding in an attic, and come away feeling the kind of—I can only call it gratification—which the audiences felt after seeing "The Diary of Anne Frank." Seeing this play I was not only an audience or even a Jew, but a dramatist, and it puzzled me why it was all so basically reassuring to watch what must have been the most harrowing kind of suffering in real life.



As a constructor of plays I had nothing technical of consequence to add. And I found myself putting to this play the question I have put to you—what is its relevancy to the survival of the race? Not the American race, or the Jewish race, or the German race, but the human race. And I believe the beginning of an answer has emerged. It is that with all its truth the play lacks the kind of spread vision, the over-vision beyond its characters and their problems, which could have illuminated not merely the cruelty of Nazism but something even more terrible. We see no Nazis in this play. Again, as with the plays I have mentioned, it is seen from the viewpoint of the adolescent, a poignant and human viewpoint to be sure, but surely a limited one. The approach of the Nazi is akin to the approach of a childhood Demon.

What was necessary in this play to break the hold of reassurance upon the audience, and to make it match the truth of life, was that we should see the bestiality in our own hearts, so that we should know how we are brothers not only to these victims but to the Nazis, so that the ultimate terror of our lives should be faced—namely our own sadism, our own ability to obey orders from above, our own fear of standing firm on humane principle against the obscene power of the mass organization. Another dimension was waiting to be opened up behind this play, a dimension covered with our own sores, a dimension revealing us to ourselves.

Once this dimension had been unveiled we could not have watched in the subtly perverse comfort of pathos; our terror would no longer be for these others but for ourselves, once that part of ourselves which covertly conspires with



destruction was made known. Then, for one thing, even tragedy would have been possible, for the issue would not have been why the Nazis were so cruel, but why human beings—ourselves, us—are so cruel. The pathetic is the refusal or inability to discover and face ultimate relevancy for the race; it is therefore a shield against ultimate dramatic effect.

In this instance the objection will be raised that I am demanding a different kind of play than "Diary" was intended to be. I am. I make this demand, if one can presume so far, even though I believe that the original book was very faithfully followed by the dramatists who adapted it. Who am I to argue with the martyred girl who wrote the original document? Her right to her point of view is irreproachable. I agree that it is irreproachable. I repeat, as a matter of fact, what I said earlier—that the adolescent viewpoint is and should be precious to us. In this instance, first of all, I am treating the play as a separate work, as another play opening in New York. Secondly, I am using it to show that even when the adolescent viewpoint is most perfectly announced and movingly dramatized, it nevertheless has a nature, an inner dynamic which prevents it from seeing what it cannot see and still be itself.

It is necessary, in short, to be able to appreciate a thing for what it is, and to see what it is not and what it might be. Our present failure to distinguish between low and high altitude, between amplitude and relative narrowness, leaves us—as it leaves the critics for the most part—at the mercy of "affects"; which is to say that if a small play of minor proportions achieves its affects well, it is as good as a large play of greater proportions.

One consequence of this inability to distinguish between the sizes of things, so to speak, is to condemn ourselves ultimately to minor art. For it is always more likely that small things of shallow breath will show fewer defects than the large, and if the perfecting of affects, regardless of their larger relevancies or irrelevancies, is to be our criterion, as it threatens now to be, we shall turn the theater into a kind of brooding conceit, a showplace for our tricks, a proving ground for our expertise, a shallows protected from the oceans.

I repeat that I am not here as a critic of individual plays but of the dramatic viewpoint which I believe imposes by no means unbreakable limitations upon them. They are limitations which tend to force repetitions of mood, mode, style, yes, and even the lighting and

settings of one play after another, even as they are written, by writers in their individual isolation. While on the one hand we prize the original work, the new creation, we are surprisingly unconscious of the sameness of so much that passes for new. But the new, the truly new dramatic poem will be, as it has always been, a new organization of the meaning, the generalized significance of the action.

#### ADOLESCENCE AND "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF"

A MOMENT ago I threw together several plays for the purposes of this discussion, one of which I should like now to set apart. In every way but one "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" differs from "Diary of Anne Frank," as well as from the others mentioned. Williams has a long reach and a genuinely dramatic imagination. To me, however, his greatest value, his aesthetic valor, so to speak, lies in his very evident determination to unveil and engage the widest range of causation conceivable to him. He is constantly pressing his own limit. He creates shows, as all of us must, but he possesses the restless inconsolability with his solutions which is inevitable in a genuine writer. In my opinion, he is properly discontented with the total image some of his plays have created. And it is better that way, for when the image is complete and self-contained it is usually arbitrary and false.

It is no profound thing to say that a genuine work of art creates not completion, but a sustained image of things in tentative balance. What I say now is not to describe that balance as a false or illusory one, but one whose weighing containers, so to speak, are larger and greater than what has been put into them. I think, in fact, that in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Williams in one vital respect made an assault upon his own viewpoint in an attempt to break it up and reform it on a wider circumference.

Essentially it is a play seen from the viewpoint of Brick, the son. He is a lonely young man sensitized to injustice. Around him is a world whose human figures partake in various ways of grossness, Philistinism, greed, money-lust, power-lust. And—with his mean spirited brother as an example—it is a world senselessly reproducing itself through ugly children conceived without the grace of genuine affection, and delivered not so much as children but as inheritors of great wealth and power, the new perpetuators of inequity.

In contrast, Brick conceives of his friendship

with his dead friend as an idealistic, even gallant and valorous and somehow morally elevated one, a relationship in which nothing was demanded, but what was given was given unmasked, beyond the realm of price, of value, even of materiality. He clings to this image as to a banner of purity to flaunt against the world, and more precisely, against the decree of nature to reproduce himself, to become in turn the father, the master of the earth, the administrator of the tainted and impure world. It is a world in whose relations—especially between the sexes—there is always the element of the transaction, of materiality.

If the play confined itself to the psychiatry of impotence, it could be admired or dismissed as such. Williams' plays are never really that, but here in addition, unlike his other plays, there is a father. Not only is he the head of a family, but the very image of power, of materiality, of authority. And the problem this father is given is how he can infuse his own personality into the prostrated spirit of his son so that a hand as strong as his own will guide his fortune when he is gone—more particularly, so that his own immortality, his civilization will be carried on.

#### WITHOUT WALLS

AS THE play was produced, without the surface realism of living room, bedroom, walls, conventional light—in an atmosphere, instead, of poetic conflict, in a world that is eternal and not merely this world—it provided more evidence that Williams' preoccupation extends beyond the surface realities of the relationships, and beyond the psychiatric connotations of homosexuality and impotence. In every conceivable fashion there was established a goal beyond sheer behavior. We were made to see, I believe, an ulterior pantheon of forces and a play of symbols as well as of characters.

It is well known that there was difficulty in ending this play, and I am certainly of no mind to try it. I believe I am not alone in saying that the resolution wherein Brick finally regains potency was not understandable on the stage. But my feeling is that even if this were more comprehensibly motivated so that the psychiatric development of the hero were persuasively completed, it in itself could not embrace the other questions raised in the play.

We are persuaded as we watch this play that the world around Brick is in fact an unworthy collection of unworthy motives and greedy actions. Brick refuses to participate in this world, but he cannot destroy it either or reform it and



he turns against himself. The question here, it seems to me, the ultimate question is the right of society to renew itself when it is, in fact,

unworthy. There is, after all, a highly articulated struggle for material power going on here. There is literally and symbolically a world to win or a world to forsake and damn. A viewpoint is necessary, if one is to raise such a tremendous issue, a viewpoint capable of encompassing it. This is not a study in cynicism where the writer merely exposes the paradoxes of all sides and is content to end with a joke. Nor, again, is it mere psychiatry, aiming to show us how a young man reclaims his sexuality. There is a moral judgment hanging over this play which never quite comes down. A tempting analogy would be that of a Hamlet who takes up his sword and neither fights nor refuses to fight but marries an Ophelia who does not die.

Brick, despite his resignation from the race, has thrown a challenge to it which informs the whole play, a challenge which the father and the play both recognize and ignore. But if it is the central challenge of the play—as the play seems to me to emphasize—then the world must either prove its worthiness to survive, or its unworthiness must lie dramatically proved, to justify Brick's refusal to renew it—or, like a Hamlet who will neither do battle nor put down his sword, it must condemn Brick to inaction and perhaps indifference to its fate.

Because of Williams' marvelous ability, I for one would be willing to listen—and perhaps to him alone—even as he pronounced ultimate doom upon the race—a race exemplified in his play by the meanest of motives. This is a foundation grand enough, deep enough, and worthy of being examined remorselessly and perhaps even shaken and smashed. Again, as with "The Diary of Anne Frank," had the implicit challenge ripened, we should no longer be held by our curiosity or our pity for someone else, but by that terror which comes when we must in truth justify our most basic assumptions. The father in this play, I think, must be forced to the wall in justification of his world, and Brick must be forced to his wall in justification of his condemning that world to the ultimate biological degree. The question of society's right to insist upon its renewal when it is unworthy is a question of tragic grandeur, and those who have asked this question of the world know full well the lash of its retaliation.



Quite simply, what I am asking is that the play pursue the ultimate development of the very questions it asks. But for such a pursuit, the viewpoint of the adolescent is not enough. The father, with the best will in the world, is faced with the problem of a son he loves best refusing to accept him and his spirit. Worse yet, it is to the least worthy son that that spirit must be handed if all else fails. Above the father's and the son's individual viewpoints the third must emerge, the viewpoint, in fact, of the audience, the society, and the race. It is a viewpoint that must weigh, as I have said, the question of its own right to biological survival—and one thing more, the question of the fate of the sensitive and the just in an impure world of power. After all, ultimately someone must take charge; this is the tragic dilemma, but it is beyond the viewpoint of adolescence. Someone must administer inequity or himself destroy that world by refusing to renew it, or by doing battle against its injustice, or by declaring his indifference or his cynicism. The terms upon which Brick's potency returns are left waiting to be defined and the play is thus torn from its climax.

#### THE SHADOW OF A CORNSTALK

AGAIN, I am not criticizing this play, but attempting to mark the outlines of its viewpoint—which is an extension of our theater's viewpoint to its present limits. Nor is this an entirely new and unheralded idea. Be it Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Hemingway, you, or I, we are formed in this world when we are sons and daughters and the first truths we know throw us into conflict with our fathers and mothers. The struggle for mastery—for the freedom of manhood or womanhood as opposed to the servility of childhood—is the struggle not only to overthrow authority but to reconstitute it anew. The viewpoint of the adolescent is precious because it is revolutionary and insists upon justice. But in truth the parent, powerful as he appears, is not the source of injustice but its deputy.

A drama which refuses or is unable to reach beyond this façade is denying itself its inherited chance for greatness. The best of our theater is standing tiptoe, striving to see over the shoulders of father and mother. The worst is exploiting and wallowing in the self-pity of adolescence and obsessive keyhole sexuality. The way out, as the poet has said, is always *through*. We will not find it by huddling closer to the center of the charmed circle, by developing more and more naturalism in our dialogue and our acting, that

"slice-of-life" reportage which is to life what an overheard rumor is to truth; nor by setting up an artificial poetic style, nor by once again shocking the householders with yet other unveilings of domestic relations and their hypocrisies. Nor will we break out by writing problem plays. There is an organic aesthetic, a tracking of impulse and causation from the individual to the world and back again which must be reconstituted. We are exhausting the realm of affects, which is the world of adolescence taken pure.

The shadow of a cornstalk on the ground is lovely, but it is no denial of its loveliness to see as one looks on it that it is telling the time of day, the position of the earth and the sun, the size of our planet and its shape, and perhaps even the length of its life and ours among the stars. A viewpoint bounded by affects cannot engage the wider balance of our fates where the great climaxes are found.

In my opinion, if our stage does not come to pierce through affects to an evaluation of the world it will contract to a lesser psychiatry and an inexperienced one at that. We shall be confined to writing an "Oedipus" without the pestilence, an "Oedipus" whose catastrophe is private and unrelated to the survival of his people, an "Oedipus" who cannot tear out his eyes because there will be no standard by which he can judge himself; an "Oedipus," in a word, who on learning of his incestuous marriage, instead of tearing out his eyes, will merely wipe away his tears thus to declare his loneliness. Again, where a drama will not engage its relevancy for the race, it will halt at pathos, that tempting shield against ultimate dramatic effect, that counterfeit of meaning.

Symbolically, as though sensing that we are confined, we have removed the doors and walls and ceilings from our sets. But the knowing eye still sees them there. They may truly disappear and the stage will open to that symbolic stature, that realm where the father is after all not the final authority, that area where he is the son too, that area where religions are made and the giants live, only when we see beyond parents, who are, after all, but the shadows of the gods.

A great drama is a great jurisprudence. Balance is all. It will evade us until we can once again see man as whole, until sensitivity and power, justice and necessity are utterly face to face, until authority's justifications and rebellion's too are tracked even to those heights where the breath fails, where—because the largest point of view as well as the smaller has spoken—truly the rest is silence.

Felicia Lamport

## ELOISE IN ACADEMIA

The following fragment was found blowing across the yard of a large Eastern university.



NOT since the time of Swift has there been so cleverly disguised a piece of social commentary as the two-volume work purporting to deal with a child, "Eloise." However, it was virtually impossible to recognize the profound and disturbing implications of the first volume until the second provided the requisite clues. Only then could the petals of allegory be unfolded one by one until the conception

became visible as a whole; only then could Eloise be recognized as surrogate for The American in Mid-Century, and her situation as symbolic of Everyman's tragic condition. The mood is set by the very title of the second volume (*Eloise in Paris*): *Eloise de Paris* is clearly a heartbreaking little anagram on Eloise in "despair."

Looking back, we find that the whole saga begins with the *cri-de-coeur*: "I am Eloise I am six," with the simple word-play masking the true meaning: "I am sick." But what is the nature of this sickness? Since the "child" represses all consciousness of it, we must deduce from negative evidence. What, we ask, is her significant lack, and we discover: *she lives without a mother*. Yet this is the problem only in its most superficial aspect. Given our understanding of the author's delicious sense of word-play, the deeper meaning emerges quickly. "Mother" is simply the anthropomorphization of "matrix." The problem is that of Everyman's desperation at his unfocused, matrixless existence.

Now the subtle allegory broadens. Consider

the child's revealing matutinal rite: "Then I . . . think of a way to get a present." This concept is puzzling at first; Eloise, with her infinite financial credit, has no need of presents. However, following the deeper theme, we recognize the true meaning: Everyman, finding his *present* untenable, desperately seeks an alternative to the "nothingness" surrounding him. (Note the artful interweaving of the Existential theme echoing Sartre's "*Je suis mon propre néant*.")

Where is our protagonist to turn? This question brings us to the core of the incisive analysis: the retroactive tropism. In this light Eloise's telephonic cathexis becomes a dynamic little ballet of flight. What does she seek when, repeatedly, she turns to the telephone? Obviously René, the waiter—symbol of the yearning to be reborn (*re-né*) into a different life. At once the umbilical function of the telephone cord becomes apparent, and the punning conversion of the womb and its cervical passage into "room service" is so blatant as to approach vulgarity.

In this limbo between an untenable present and an unfulfillable retroactive dream, Eloise (the lost child in everyone) is naturally engaged in a desperate ego-drive. This theme is rung with delicate changes throughout both volumes, often in the reiteration: "It's me Eloise," a pathetically gallant attempt to create identity by dogged reassertion.

Paralleling the identity-search, we note the faint refrain of Everyman's transcendental aspirations in the figure of "Nanny"—a puzzling symbol until we grasp the deliberate and significant ambiguity. While Nanny often functions as the superego ("Eloise you cawn't"), still the Trinitarian implication of her habit of saying "everything three times" marks her also as a religious figure: the daringly succinct reconciliation of God and Freud.

Yet illuminating as these shafts may be, one feels that they must surely have a focal point, that a magnificent flash awaits those with the wit to discover it. But we cannot hope to penetrate the arcanum with ease. We must re-examine in the light of all we have learned the picture of Eloise as first seen in the vast pillared lobby of the "Plaza." At once we realize that in a work so coruscant with symbolism, this basic name, "Eloise," must surely be significant. Yet the flash escapes us still until we remember the author's brilliant letter-jumbling (itself symbolizing the chaos of our times). Then at last the conception entire becomes visible in the dazzling bilingual pun-anagram: OEILES(S) IN PLAZA! ★ ★ ★

(The fragment broke off here.)



# Making Cigarette Ads Tell the Truth

A Congressional investigation found that many of them are grossly misleading about the effectiveness of filter tips as a protection against lung cancer. Here the committee chairman announces the legislation he will introduce to halt this deception.

**M**OST scientists now agree that cigarette smoking is related to both lung cancer and heart disease. The public is uncomfortably aware of this fact, but not sure what to do about it. Some people have stopped smoking altogether. In order to overcome this trend, much of the current cigarette advertising is misleading the public into thinking that it is getting a protection which really isn't there. And the principal device that is used is the filter tip.

I reached this conclusion after serving as chairman of a Congressional subcommittee which recently investigated cigarette advertising. During the hearings I had a unique opportunity of listening to the testimony of some of the leading cancer experts and of examining cigarette advertising—particularly for filter-tip cigarettes. It struck me as significant that not one of the cigarette companies sent a witness to explain to our committee the value of filter tips, although they had representatives sitting in the audience during the hearings.

I was so alarmed by what I learned that I intend to introduce—at about the time this magazine reaches the newsstands—a bill to protect cigarette smokers from the misleading use of the word “filter” and from some of the other glaring misrepresentations in tobacco advertisements.

The whole problem started in 1953 when the first scientific reports on cigarette smoking and lung cancer were published. As a result, for the

first time in twenty-one years, cigarette sales began to drop. The industry searched desperately for an answer and was not long in coming up with one: filter tips. About this time P. Lorillard had put on the market—and widely advertised—Kent, a king-size, filter-tip cigarette. Believing that the filter screened out the cancer-producing substances, smokers started the big switch. Sales of filter-tip Viceroy's, long on the market, rose.

Other companies scrambled on the band wagon. The American Tobacco Company, Liggett & Myers, Reynolds, and Philip Morris hastily introduced their own filter-tip models. And as competition between them increased and new scientific groups released new and more damaging findings on the connection between health and the nicotine and tar in cigarettes, tobacco advertising became more and more extreme in its claims.

Let us take, for example, the L & M campaign in the winter of 1954-55. Liggett & Myers ads declared: “No filter compares with L & M's pure, white Miracle Tip . . . *much more* flavor, *much less* nicotine.” The obvious question is, of course: “Less than what?” In 1955, tests showed that each regular-size L & M contained 1.5 milligrams of nicotine and 11 milligrams of tar.

Two years later, when the company was ballyhooing “This Miracle of the Modern Miracle Tip,” the new regular-size L & Ms had an increase of 70 per cent in nicotine and 33 per cent in tar over the 1955 blend. This spring the company was advertising that you should “Light into that Live Modern Flavor and you get a *more effective* filter on today's L & M.” But comparative tests made by *Consumer Reports* in April revealed that king-size L & Ms had 17 milligrams of tar—scarcely different from L & M in March 1957, or in 1955, for that matter.

The ad is also misleading in another way. Most people who see the words “less tars” and

buy the product do so in the belief that they are getting less tar than there is in other cigarettes. According to the same *Consumer Reports* tests, of seventeen brands tested, eleven had less tar than king-size L & M. King Samo had 10 per cent less; Kent, 30 per cent less; Marlboro long filter, Old Gold king filter, Old Gold straight regular, and Parliament, 18 per cent less; Philip Morris regular, Tareyton king filter and Viceroy king filter, 12 per cent less; Lucky Strike regular and Old Gold straight long, 6 per cent less. To be fair, it must be noted that L & M—like many other cigarette firms—frequently changes both its filter and its tobacco blend. Tests published by the *Reader's Digest* in July (which are not comparable with the *Consumer Reports* tests, since a different method was used) showed that L & M contained substantially less tar than it had a year earlier—but that fifteen other brands contained even less.

#### GIMMICKS AND FACTS

**R**IGHT here I should perhaps make clear that I have no particular feeling about L & Ms and that I am 100 per cent for advertising, particularly in a nation as large and heterogeneous as ours with its highly competitive economy. But I do believe that advertising should be honest, and as a Congressman I in-

tend to do whatever I can do to make it so.

As a matter of fact, some cigarette advertising is frank and to the point. A few months ago the Lorillard Company advertised Old Gold straight (no filter) as "An all tobacco blend of scientifically selected finest natural leaf tobaccos having a reduced tar and nicotine content under our previous tobaccos." This is a perfectly straightforward statement. The comparison is to itself, not its competitors, and it says, in effect, that if you liked Old Gold in the past, you should like it even better now because it is milder.

I feel that if a cigarette has good points, like a relatively low or even moderate tar and nicotine content, it should stress them in its advertising, with the facts to prove them. This may seem a pretty self-evident proposition, but some companies seem to stress irrelevancies. Anyone glancing at the recent Philip Morris ads for Marlboro—the perpetual tattooed man's hand holding a cigarette—might think they were advertising tattooing. Anyone reading the copy would glean the information that "white smooth ash—the kind Marlboro has—is always a sign of good tobacco and a mild smoke." Marlboros have less tar and nicotine than some other brands. But the whiteness of the ash—which I have been told is due primarily to the composition of the paper, the physical form of the tobacco, and the method of construction of the cigarette—has nothing whatever to do with tar content.

Some advertising men would tell me, I suppose, that a gimmick sells more cigarettes than a flat statement of fact. My answer to them is that in the present state of alarm about smoking, I would put my money on the flat statement.

Because it was not in our province, our committee did not go on record stating that there is a causal relationship between cigarette smoking, lung cancer, and coronary disturbances. But I and others who heard the testimony are convinced that there is. I am a habitual smoker, but since the hearings I have cut my smoking in half. More and more of the general public is becoming similarly convinced. This is what the cigarette companies are up against, and for their own good, as well as that of the public, I would urge them to remember it in their advertising.

#### *Togetherness Among the Comanches*

**M**AYO was still conscious when Crow Appearing made a surgical-like incision around his head with his scalping knife, put a foot against the base of Mayo's skull and pulled off the sandy-colored scalp. . . .

That was the last sound Mayo ever heard. For Crow Appearing let his wife practice with her bow . . . to make very certain that he was dead. And, a few minutes later, Sun's Sister was stretching the scalps of the traders on willow hoops. . . .

Sun's Sister was very happy. She was back with her husband and they were having this good recreation, killing the enemies of Tex-a-see. It was good to do things with your husband.

—From *The Staked Plain*, by Frank X. Tolbert, Harper & Brothers, 1958.

#### THE SEAL OF APPROVAL

**O**NE series of ads that produced a storm of complaints, and resulted in the Federal Trade Commission's taking action, was the Parliament campaign featuring the United States Testing Company's seal of approval. Used in news-



papers, magazines, and on TV, these ads were likely to mislead many smokers into thinking the cigarette had government approval. Actually the United States Testing Company is a private concern which does commercial testing for a fee.

Here, for instance, are the instructions to the cameraman for the filming of the TV commercial:

ZOOM UP PACK. LOSE BG. CRAWL SUPER: "THE FIRST FILTER CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD THAT MEETS THE STANDARDS OF THE UNITED STATES TESTING COMPANY."

Simultaneously Mike Wallace was saying: "From the Nation's leading Independent Research Laboratory comes this important announcement—The first filter cigarette in the world that meets the standards of the United States Testing Company."

I submit that the use of the word "nation" is quite likely to make the listener think of the nation's capital, and the phrase "standards of the United States Testing Company" to confuse him into believing that Wallace was talking about the United States Bureau of Standards, a government testing agency. And in addition to the very official-looking seal, the early ads also used a picture of the entrance to the U. S. Testing Company—a façade that seemed almost as imposing as that of the U. S. Supreme Court. After protests, the picture was removed.

Complaints about the use of the words "United States Testing Company" and the seal have been brushed off with the retort that no one thinks the United States Steel Corporation is part of the federal government, so why should anybody be confused about the United States Testing Company? The difference is obvious: the U. S. government does not have a steel company, but it does have a testing agency.

#### THE HAMSTRUNG FTC

IT IS the responsibility of the Federal Trade Commission to protect consumers from false and misleading advertising, but it has been doing an inadequate job. In September 1955, it issued the *FTC Cigarette Advertising Guide*, a seven-point yardstick against which cigarette ads could be measured. Among other things it prohibited the use of medical approval of cigarette smoking and of phony testimonials.

For a time after the *Guide* appeared the companies limited their claims to tobacco *taste*, an apparently innocuous approach which turned out to have harmful effects. Taught that if a ciga-



rette had a filter the smoker was therefore protected from harmful substances, many people decided that the only criterion for choice was taste.

But the *Reader's Digest* and *Consumer Reports* tests revealed that filter-tip cigarettes often contained *more* tar and *more* nicotine than the same companies' regular brands. After these were published, and after our committee hearings, which received widespread publicity, smokers began to worry again about the effectiveness of filters. The cigarette companies—apparently in a desperate counter-move—began to make wilder and wilder claims in their advertising.

When complaints about the Parliament campaign described above reached the FTC, the Commission's specialists agreed that these advertisements were misleading. But three months later they were still appearing. FTC's excuse for its inaction was that the company had contract commitments with magazines, newspapers, and TV programs for the ads; it apparently never considered that the copy could possibly be changed. These incidents—added to those revealed at our committee hearings—helped persuade me that legislation was necessary to safeguard the interests of consumers against the onslaught of a five-billion-dollar industry.

I fully appreciate that the FTC at the present time is largely hamstrung. It does not have the right to obtain a court injunction against tobacco products, as it does against food, drugs, devices, and cosmetics. I shall therefore introduce a bill in Congress to include tobacco products under the injunctive powers of the FTC. This automatically will give the Commission the authority to apply to the courts for action against cigarette

advertisers who refuse to co-operate. I shall also, as I mentioned earlier, propose a bill regulating the use of the word "filter."

#### WHAT "FILTER" MEANS

THE average smoker naturally believes that filters filter out injurious substances in cigarettes. Therefore he concludes that if a company puts out both a filter-tip and a regular cigarette, the filtered cigarette should contain less tar and nicotine than the regular. However, the April tests showed that, for instance, American Tobacco Company's filter tip—Hit Parade—contained 25 per cent more tar and 29 per cent more nicotine than its regular, Lucky Strike. The same company's king-size Pall Mall, which advertises that its "greater length *filters* the smoke and makes it mild," has 25 per cent more tar and 24 per cent more nicotine than Lucky Strike. The Pall Mall ads which tell the reader that "the end of the king-size cigarette filters while you smoke," don't mention that the more you smoke, the more tar and nicotine you get—particularly since Pall Mall had, as of last April, one of the highest tar and nicotine contents on the market. But American Tobacco Company has recently been changing its product. According to the July *Reader's Digest*, Hit Parade now has one of the lowest tar and nicotine contents of any cigarette. However, Pall Mall still has very much more tar and nicotine than Lucky Strike.

How is the customer to know? As things stand now, he can't tell when a company changes its product. Even an effective filter can be made comparatively ineffective if the company uses a strong, heavy tobacco with a high tar and nicotine content. This is precisely what many companies have done with their filter cigarettes. But standards can be set up.



According to Dr. Ernst L. Wynder of the Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, who has spent years studying the subject, the regular-size cigarette using fairly mild tobacco normally yields 18 milligrams of tar in its smoke when tested by the chloroform-extraction method. If an effective filter tip is added, this is reduced about 40 per cent, to 11 milligrams—"a significant reduction in cancer risk," Dr. Wynder says.

In my bill I am therefore stipulating that the word "filter" be prohibited in advertisements and on cigarette containers, unless the filter screens out enough of the tar and nicotine and results in a product containing no more than 11 milligrams of tar when tested by the chloroform extraction method. At present this presents a special problem because there are more than three different methods of measuring tar and nicotine and each uses a different scale. This is as if one company used Centigrade and another Fahrenheit to measure temperature and no standard conversion factors were available. But both government and industry are aware of these differences, and on February 26, 1958, the FTC called a two-day industry conference to try to establish standard methods of measuring tar and nicotine. I believe that if the industry does not quickly agree to this, the FTC or preferably the U. S. Bureau of Standards which has facilities should establish a single standard of measurement. And it should become obligatory.

I am also introducing legislation to require all tobacco companies to state in their advertisements and on the labels of their packages "Not more than — milligrams of tar, not more than — milligrams of nicotine." And since manufacturers change their mixtures or filters from time to time, the law should provide that they change their statements of contents at the same time. Think of the smoker's dilemma. In June 1958, six different cigarettes simultaneously were being advertised as having the lowest tar content of any on the market.

Something is wrong and the government is not doing a thing to correct it or to inform smokers of the truth. Therefore I am asking Congress to appropriate funds for the U. S. Bureau of Standards to start testing cigarettes for tar and nicotine. This will enable the FTC to learn which companies are being factual and which are not and should result in its taking stronger action against companies using misleading ads of this type.

My labeling legislation would prevent a cigarette like Winston from advertising: "Fine, mild



tobacco, expertly blended and *specially refined for filter smoking*." According to the April tests, Winston was one of the strongest cigarettes around. It had 36 per cent more tar than Parliament, 58 per cent more than Kent. If it had to specify its tar and nicotine content, every smoker would know that. According to the July *Digest* tests, Winston is still highest in tar of all filter tips.

And finally, I shall recommend that a program to educate school children on the cigarette-health problem be conducted by the U. S. Public Health Service and the U. S. Office of Education in co-operation with the proper authorities in the states. A great deal of cigarette advertising is slanted toward young people. The Boston Sunday *Globe* has been running a comic strip: "Philip Morris, the cigarette with the man's kind of mildness, presents 'Duke' Handy."

While many adults admittedly read comic strips, they are primarily designed for the young, and in this series Philip Morris obviously is putting its arguments before lots of young people.

Camels' TV commercial has a similar appeal when it shows Lew Burdette on the mound at

the Yankee Stadium while the announcer intones, "He likes the rich tobacco flavor of Camels. The agreeable mildness that makes this cigarette so easy to get along with." In other words, Camels don't affect Burdette's breathing or his athletic prowess, and what's good enough for him is good enough for you.

I believe it is the duty of the federal government to warn boys and girls of the dangers of smoking. The Surgeon General of the United States has issued two statements on the causal relationship between cigarette smoking and cancer of the lung. But neither he nor members of his staff have done a job in bringing the story to the people. The U. S. Public Health Service has not a single movie, slide film, or booklet on cigarette smoking. This is in contrast to England, where warnings are issued to the general public.

It's not that I don't like cigarettes. I smoke them. But I believe the American public thinks its government protects it from false and misleading advertising. The fact is, up to now, the government has followed a largely hands-off policy as far as cigarettes are concerned. It's time for a change.

## APOLOGY FOR NO POEMS

WILLIAM GIBSON

The birds are still.  
Time was, when each wind at my scarecrow nose  
Made my eyes fill  
And my head was a loveless rag,  
Cries

That I never chose  
Would like an exaltation of larks in my bag  
Of ribs be up  
To breed in my tattered throat  
Words;

Childless as sticks  
Were my arms; my head was peopled with birds.  
Now it is six  
Years gone, love like a great coat  
Wraps

My bones, and my rag  
Is a riches and crown, of wife, infant son,  
And friends; what claps  
At me now is a windful of coins,  
Done

Is my dance of lonely  
Sticks. Kingdom is come in my fathering loins  
And a summer is on  
My griefless head; no wind is ill.  
Only,

The birds are gone.

# *Something Spurious from the Mindanao Deep*

A Story by WALLACE STEGNER

*Drawings by Jim McMullan*



A HALF-HOUR before noon, Burns had the bar to himself. Warm air blew in gusts through the room; outside, awnings and pool and umbrellas and lounges blazed under the vertical sun. Beyond the breakwater and the bordering palms, Manila Bay was congealed lead, with three rusty hulks jutting above the surface, not quite melted down. It was all as lurid as a surrealist painting; it half fused in his mind with a picture he had in his study at home—a painting by the Mexican Meza, a desert water hole and a shrouded Indian with feet like bird claws or like roots. He was as metamorphosed as that Indian; his own feet might be claws or roots, the emaciated face reflected back at him from a dusky glass door might be a caricature of his real face, or again it might be face of beast or bird.

In the sharp lime taste of his gimlet was concentrated a memory of all the places where in the last seven months he had braced himself with that characteristic drink of the Empire. Cairo, Alexandria, Karachi, Bombay, Bangalore, Hyderabad, Madras, Calcutta, Singapore, Bangkok—

in all of them there had been residual fortresses like this one where Europeans and Americans kept themselves aloof. They had drawn his criticism, those segregated compounds.

As a cultural ambassador, representing a foundation dedicated to the unity of mankind, he was eager to show himself the very opposite of a snob. Unfortunately, he had found that there were other reasons than snobbery for the compounds. By mingling democratically with all levels of life around the globe, snooping in *suqs* and bazaars, eating and drinking everything that hospitality and good will put before him, Burns had managed to contract most of the diseases that snobbery might have saved him from. He reflected with gloomy irony that it was in payment for an excess of democracy that he now dragged on doctor's orders over to the Army and Navy Club every morning to build himself up with regular, gentle exercise. Nearing the end of his tour of duty, he was also nearing the rueful admission that East was East and West was West. All men were human but their humanity took



very different forms; and to insist on overlooking the differences was to come finally to massive doses of vitamin C and a reliance on the gimlet to get you from breakfast to lunch, from lunch to dinner, and from dinner to bed.

It was near the time of his appointment with the editor, Avellanos. Burns signaled the waiter, signed his chit, and got out. Outside, the sun was pale and intense, the air milky. The promontories that enclosed the bay reached out and faded distantly in veils of heat. MacArthur Boulevard poured with the converted jeep taxis they called jeepnies; a squad of constabulary had stacked arms and was resting in the shade of Rizal's statue. Walking slowly, not to heat or exert himself, Burns had made it halfway across the lawn that stretched to the Manila Hotel when he saw the pearl peddler coming. The transparent sport shirt with its tails blowing, the bony grinning Malay face, made him feel tired. If he had had a hearing aid he would have tuned it out.

From twenty feet away the peddler hailed him. "Hey, Joe, how about those pearls today? You think it over? Real Mindanao pearls, my brother just come back with them. Real bargain, four for eighty pesos."

Burns waved him away. Quite apart from his professional determination to be friendly to everyone, he could not dislike this cheerful crook, but he had heard the spiel every day for five days. He said, smiling fiercely, "Go sell your phony pearls to someone else!"

"Phony pearls? Now hey, Joe, you just look. My brother dives, he got these himself. . . ."

"Right out of the Mindanao Deep," Burns said, still walking.

"You guessed it, Joe." The peddler hopped backward, untying a knotted bandanna. His grin, Burns thought, was part of a considered practice of scoundrelship; it said that of course you were as crooked as he was, you came into the racket as a sort of guest. "Look! Pearls, they're small, go in your shoe, anywhere. Customs never look. You sell these in the States a hundred dollars apiece. You don't get these big oysters, with these big pearls, anywhere but Mindanao, down in that Deep like you say."

Burns walked through him. "Away, away!"

"You got a girl," said the peddler, skipping at his side. "Maybe wife. Man like you. Nice present for a lady. Just take a look. I make them seventy-five."

Finally he succeeded in blocking Burns off and shoving the opened bandanna before his eyes. The pearls were the size of flattened marbles,

rather pretty, opalescent, with a look like moonstones. Someone had evidently ground them out of an abalone shell on an emery wheel.

"Very pretty," Burns said. "But no. I don't need any pearls. Find some other sucker."

The pearl man was not upset. He did not affect the injured dignity that an Egyptian or Indian sharper would have assumed if his integrity had been doubted. "You come out again soon?"

"Not if I see you waiting."

"I be around," the pearl man said with great friendliness. "I wait for you."

SHAKING his head, Burns went into the hotel and looked in the bar for Avellanos. The editor was not yet there. He sat down and ordered a gimlet.

Within ten minutes Avellanos came in, a short man, compact, full of energy. Being patriot and politician as well as editor, he wore a pineapple cloth shirt. He carried an important brief case, he smoked cigars like torpedoes, he had a cocky air that reminded Burns a little of the pearl peddler. And he had a change of plans to suggest.

It was his assignment and his pleasure to open up Manila to Mr. Burns for three weeks. Very well. But instead of going this afternoon to three universities, at each of which Burns would probably be asked to make a speech on English as a world language, how about going to a party? With a smile that was boyish and sly he took a newspaper from his briefcase and pointed out a small box advertisement at the foot of page one. It said:

Pacita Delgado, feeling that it is much too long since the old crowd of writers met, is taking this means of inviting them all for roast pig and plenty tuba at her house on January 10. For old times' sake, come.

Politely but positively Burns shook his head. "It would be charming, I know. But I've been sick, and I have to be careful."

"Of roast pig? That's delicious, a feast. That won't hurt you."

"In the last six months," Burns said, "I have had hepatitis, a strep throat, mononucleosis, and two bouts of what is affectionately called Delhi Belly. All I need is a case of amoebic to set me right up. No, I'm sorry, I'd love to come otherwise. But I just don't have any resistance to strange bugs."

"Don't eat, then. Just drink."

"Is it important to you? Is there some special reason?"

Avellanos wagged his head. "It's a literary crowd. You'd meet most of Manila's writers."

Watching his brown face, the face of a tough good-natured boy, Burns said, "It seems an odd way to issue an invitation."

The editor rocked back on the hind legs of his chair and guffawed so that people lunching under the windows looked up. "All right, I'll confess," he said, and the chair legs came down with a clack as he hunched close. "This advertisement is aimed at me, you see? In my own paper. How she ever got that front-page space is interesting, too. I would like to know. This Pacita is my mistress—my ex-mistress, you understand? I haven't been to see her for three months."

Beginning to feel like the captive audience of a tale by Conrad or Somerset Maugham, Burns licked the taste of Rose's lime juice off his lips. He was not eager to share this Avellanos' over-lively private life. But out of politeness he said, "You haven't? Why not?"

"Naturally a man has other things to think of. She was becoming possessive. Also, as a politician I have to be careful." His cheeks crumpled in the wide delighted grin that seemed his most natural expression. "Besides, there are so many women, all charming. And I dislike scoldings."

"Why do you think she advertised this barbecue?"

Avellanos cocked thumb and finger, winked his eye. "Maybe she plans to shoot me."

"You're kidding, of course."

"She's a reckless woman."

"Maybe she's just sentimental."

"Sentimental too. I admit. I'm curious to know what this girl has in her head. She is never dull, and she is also very good-looking."

"Well, let's go, then," Burns said. "It must be marvelous to be so sought after."

The smile that Avellanos threw at the ceiling was ecstatic; his brown throat worked with laughter. "My friend," he said, "you have no idea!"

THERE was no chance for a rest after lunch. Already tired, Burns waited for Avellanos at the hat-check stand under the sign, "Check all firearms here." After five days in Manila he was used to giving cultural speeches while a guard with a carbine patrolled the hall, and he had dined in gardens where a watchman, also with a carbine, moved steadily up and down. But he thought the hat-check sign absurd and melodramatic. Filipinos lived for drama; if the Huks had not existed they would have had to be

invented. Burns said so, in effect, and Avellanos, giving the girl his check, accepted with a broad smile the automatic she handed him. He slipped it into the briefcase and hooked his arm in that of Burns.

"There are all sorts of possibilities," he said.

On the way to Pacita Delgado's house, which seemed to be far out, Burns leaned back and closed his eyes, opening them once when the car stopped at a roadblock and brown faces of constabulary looked in, and again when they parked in an unpaved street of banana trees and small fenced houses on stilts. Avellanos had slammed the door and started up the path when Burns, noticing, said, "You're forgetting your briefcase." The editor tossed his fingers in the air with a laugh.

"Did you think I carried it for Pacita? No, if she shoots me, she shoots me."

This house was built not on stilts but on the ground, with a garden that went around behind. Inside the bamboo fence they met whiffs of richly flavored smoke and cascades of brittle talk. That was another thing about Filipinos: they spoke English as if it were another language, they reduced it to its particles and made it a language not of words but of syllables. Burns braced himself for the party chatter, the amenities of thoroughly decent people whom he would never see again and who were marked in his mind as unalterably different from himself. His long, idealistic, exhausting tour came down in the end to a reiteration of banalities, a constant assertion of good will as empty as a Presidential handshake. Avellanos knocked on the door.

The young woman who appeared in the doorway had to be Pacita Delgado from the way she looked at Burns' companion—nothing so vulgar as spite or fury, but a look watchful, intimate, composed, smiling. Avellanos took her hand and held it. "Pacita."

"Ramon. It's nice of you to come to my party."

"I couldn't have stayed away," he said, watching her. "Also I brought a guest, Mr. Robert Burns, the greatest American novelist, editor, and critic."

"At least," Burns said. When her dark eyes lifted with a sweep of lashes, he was jolted. The delinquent lover was right: she was very good-looking—small, well-made, with soft dark hair parted in the middle, and a golden skin. Her clothes looked so starched and cool that he thought of her as something caramel flavored in a crisp, crinkled cone.

"I know all about Mr. Burns," Pacita said. "I



have heard him speak." Burns bowed politely.

"If I had known you were there I would have spoken better."

Her eyes played an amused game with his. Avellanos lifted his blunt chin, chortling meaninglessly; he replaced the girl's hand at her side as if leaning a gun against a wall. "Pacita is one of our best writers, you know. She has won prizes for stories."

"Ah?" Burns said. "I must get them and read them."

"They wouldn't be worth your time. But come and meet my friends." She was impeccable and composed. Behind her back Avellanos winked at Burns, to Burns' irritation. The editor was a fool, both for letting so charming a girl go and for flattering himself she was breaking her heart over him. Burns found himself wishing he could touch her skin, which should feel as cool and smooth as old ivory; and the thought of old ivory recalled the little figurine of the goddess Lakshmi that he had bought in Darjeeling, the one he had been stung on. Straight out of a Tibetan temple, stained brown with temple incense through hundreds of years, yah! Soaked in soy sauce to age it, more likely, or buried in a manure pile. Now what had made him think of that thing, and the taint of the spurious that clung to it? This girl was not spurious—but then neither was the goddess Lakshmi. Only the image was spurious; and anyway, spurious or not, he liked that figurine as well as anything he had collected on his travels.

A thin man with a Chinese face put a gin and tonic in his hand. Shouting over the noise, Pacita introduced him to three short story writers, a pair of poets, the widow of a hero of the resistance, a man who worked at the American Embassy, a girl who had been to the States on a YWCA fellowship. The standard literary crowd: he had met them in India, Burma, Thailand, except that here they were less likely to be Communists. They all looked absurdly young; they were ardent, perhaps talented; they flattered him by being eager to meet him. So he would answer questions, arouse awe by admitting that he had met Caldwell and Steinbeck and Faulkner, say earnestly and with complete conviction that there ought to be the freest kind of cultural exchange between their two countries. And he would remain a fatigued stranger in a crowd not his own.

It was jammed and steaming in the small rooms. In the back yard he saw men working over the pit where a pig on a pole hissed fat into the embers. As Burns watched through the



open window they slid the brown carcass onto a board and a vehement little man started sharpening a knife the size of a machete. There were cheers, much laughter. Temporarily relieved of social demands, Burns sat in a rattan chair and sipped his second drink, and it was there that Pacita Delgado, hunting through the house with a plate of food, found him.

Because she gave him a brilliant dark glance and a smile of a certain warmth, he took the plate when she offered it. It contained only fragments of roast pig and something like French beans—those seemed safe. Gingerly, while her smile encouraged him, he tasted. The pig was crisp and melting at the same time, the beans tender and salty.

"Delicious," he said.

Abruptly she sat down by him; the rest of the party was out in the yard. Feeling absurd, wearied with his own routines, he asked her what she was writing now, and she replied that she was not writing: she had to be happy to write.

"You're not happy?"

Her lips pursed; her eyes glowed at him as if tears had momentarily brightened them; she shook her head with a quick, sober smile.

"Oh, come on!" Burns said. "If the young, beautiful, and talented can't be happy, what chance do the rest of us have?"

Instead of answering, she laid her hand on his wrist; he expected her touch to be cool, but it

was warm. "I'm grateful to you for making Ramon come."

"I? It was he who brought me."

"He wouldn't have come without you for an excuse. This way he could tell himself he was introducing you to Manila writers. Without you he would have seemed to be coming to see me."

"And he wouldn't want to give that impression?"

Her mouth twitched. "No."

"I can't understand why not."

"Of course you can." She brushed aside his implied admiration as of no consequence. "We were lovers. He told you, didn't he?"

Burns was embarrassed. He filled his mouth with food and made a wordless, deprecating face.

"It isn't my doing that we aren't now," Pacita said in her low intense voice. Her eyes followed Avellanos, who had just come in the back door, joking with two other men. He did not look toward her, but her eyes stayed on him somberly. "He is the best man in the Philippines." The way she said it, pronouncing it "Pilippines," made Burns smile, but Pacita did not smile. "He is. The very best. He did incredible things during the occupation, he was a real hero, he is full of talents. Next election, Magsaysay is going in and Ramon is going in with him, into something big. He is going to help end this *jefe* government of grafters and landlords and put down the Huks. He is going to be one of the fathers of his country."

"I hope so," Burns said, embarrassed by the obscure demands she seemed to make on him. "Well, I'm sorry," he mumbled, and then, to make a diversion, slid his emptied plate onto a table and said, "The pig was marvelous, and so were the beans."

"Beans?"

"The vegetables. Weren't they beans?"

For a moment her face was blank. "Oh. Those aren't vegetables. Those are something from the pig's insides."

At the pit of his stomach Burns felt something deadily uncoil itself—tapeworms, trichina worms, liver flukes, my God. Pig's insides! Pacita was saying intensely, "I wanted him here. I wanted him to know I don't hate him because he doesn't come any more. Do you think he has got that idea?"

Burns hesitated before he said it. "Maybe he thinks you held the party to try to get him back."

The flattening or hardening of her eyes told him he had struck something sensitive, but he was only half attending to her. His mind kept

returning to the alimentary indiscretion he had committed. There was nothing to do except to drown the things, whatever they were, in alcohol, but his glass was empty.

"Of course that's what he would think," Pacita said. "I was depending on it that he would sniff a danger, and therefore come. He is not one of these cautious or cowardly or cry-baby people. Ramon is a rare kind. He is not afraid of anything, even me."

More people were crowding in; the room was insufferably hot. Burns stood up to be introduced to someone, and when the someone had passed by he shook the ice in his sweating glass and met Pacita's wide and rather stary eyes. She bothered him; he felt something false or hysterical in her manner or her words, and so he coughed in bright awkwardness and said, "Well, probably it will work out right after all," and tipped his empty glass to his lips. Eventually she caught on and took it from him; the hostess look came back to her face. "Another drink?"

"Please," Burns said. "It's very warm."

Later he was at the door when Pacita and Avellanos said good-by, but he could detect in the girl's face no chagrin at having failed. So far as Burns had seen, Avellanos had not said a word to her except in arriving and departing. Now he picked up her hand again and said, "Well, Pacita, it was a wonderful party. I'll see you around."

"I hope so." She took her hand from Avellanos and gave it to Burns.

"Did I mislead you?" the editor said on the way back. "She's good-looking, eh? Like an essence of woman. Today you heard her purr. Sometime you should hear the tiger roar. Oh, oh!" He fended off imaginary claws. "Well, what time shall I come tomorrow?"

So there went little Pacita's chances, as casually as that. They turned off the boulevard into the hotel drive. The palms hung without stir in the red evening, the hulks were black on the molten water, the promontory of Bataan was a dark low silhouette against a salmon-colored sky.

"How's nine o'clock?" Burns said. "I should be over at the club around eleven." Privately, he wondered if what he had eaten would let him rise at all in the morning.

**B**UT it was not he who called off the date next day. At a quarter of nine Avellanos telephoned in great agitation. Pacita, he said, had seen the last of her guests home, cleaned the house, washed the dishes, and swallowed a half bottle of sleeping pills.



"My God!" Burns said. "Is she dead?"

"Not dead," said the crackling voice. "A neighbor found her. But I can't meet you—you understand. What a fierce little . . . well. I am at the hospital now."

"Don't have me on your mind for a minute," Burns said. "There's nothing special till Monday anyway. But I'd like to hear how she is, if you get a minute to call."

He found he was genuinely upset. The embarrassment he had felt at her party, the feeling of falseness she had communicated to him, had its explanation in this news, and it gave him gooseflesh. Not falseness, but a more passionate reality than he had been prepared for, had looked out at him from the girl's hostess-face. She had advertised all her friends into her house and carried her death around among them like canapés on a tray.

That day he did not go to the club at all, but lay in pajamas with the doors open to the breezy galleries, and wrote letters and brought his journal up to date and read a collection of Filipino poets. Through the late afternoon, nursing a succession of gin-and-tonics, he watched the hours pass over hotel and palms to quench themselves in another volcanic burst in Manila Bay. He had no bad effects from the pig's insides; there was no word from Avellanos; he felt lonely and abandoned and somehow abused.

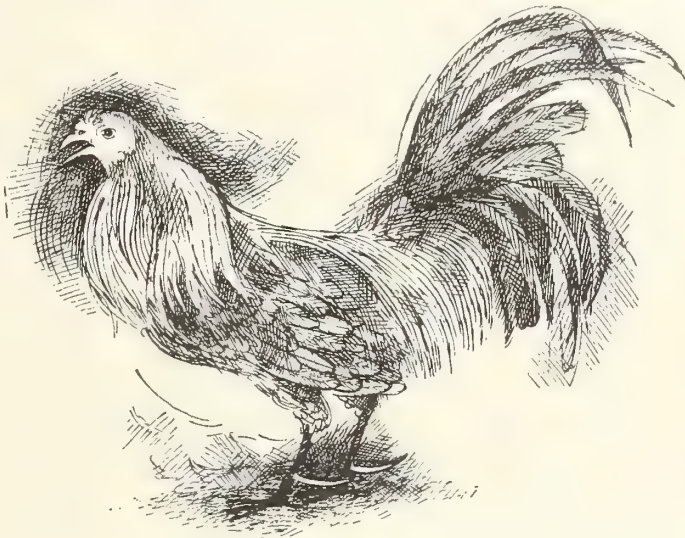
In sleep that night he returned home, and struggling back toward consciousness as through a traumatic birth he woke wringing wet, and looked mournfully, and saw the foreign sky, the galleried balconies, the palms, the leaden bay, and in the room the portable typewriter, the notebooks, the suitcases of exile. Home was still a month and a half away. Meanwhile, on Monday afternoon he had a talk to give at the USIS.

After breakfast he sat in bed making notes, saying that the peaceful co-existence of peoples depended not on arms or alliances but on knowledge, sympathy, the freest exchange of ideas and attitudes and the value systems by which each people conducted its life. Exchange of people, ideas, books, more important than sale of copra or iceboxes, and not just a few books, but whole sciences, whole literatures. Must apologize for fact that despite long friendly relations etc. with Ph., he and his countrymen knew so little of Ph. cultural life. Except for Rizal's *Noli Me Tangere*, no knowledge Ph. literature. Since coming

to Manila, eyes opened: every sign of young, lively, vigorous lit. both prose and poetry, both English and Tagalog. Dismiss Tagalog—incomp. to comment. But in English, a new, a real variety, fresh intentions, new names: Gonzalez, Santos, Joaquin, others. Delgado? Well enough known? Get her stuff, read. . . .

The telephone rang.

It was Avellanos, jubilant. "Listen! Everything is all right! She is being let out of the



hospital. It's a weight off a man's soul. What are you doing?"

"Oh, say, that's wonderful!" Burns said. "I've been worried. . . . Doing? Why?"

"Because you are coming to a cockfight. Nobody knows the Philippines till he has gone to a cockfight when he should have been in church."

The very thought was exhausting to Burns. He said cautiously, "You know, I wonder if I should. I'd like to, but I'm not feeling so stout, and there's this speech on Monday. Also I shouldn't miss my exercise session. Anyway, isn't it illegal?"

"Illegal?" Avellanos roared into the telephone. "You are not in Stockton, California!" Burns held the receiver away, and it bellowed at him from arm's length, "By God, man, I'm relieved. I want to celebrate. Come along."

Burns hesitated only a moment, held firm. "Really, I hadn't better. Some other time, maybe, when I'm back on my feet."

"All right, all right!" the editor roared. "I won't press you. But I want to see you anyway. I'll be by the hotel in twenty minutes."

It seemed as good an excuse as any for Burns to get dressed. Waiting in the lobby—he somehow did not want Avellanos invading the private clutter of his room—he found himself thinking

of Pacita Delgado's melodramatics as an illustration of the peculiar ardency of the Filipino temperament. People elsewhere might die for love, or pretend to, but where else would you encounter a gesture like that party? She was already an anecdote in his mind, and so he was surprised when, as the government car pulled in, he saw in the front seat beside Avellanos the glimmer of a sheer *camisa* and the flash of a woman's face. She was on his side of the car; her golden skin was paler, her eyes were shadowed, but the smile she turned toward him as he crossed the drive was utterly natural, slightly amused, as if they shared a joke. Well, perhaps they did.

"Hello, hello!" he said, and bent to the window, took her small cool hand. "This is a very pleasant surprise. I heard you were ill."

"You heard worse than that," said Avellanos. "You heard she was so stupid she tried to kill herself. What you didn't hear yet is that I have talked her out of all that. We are going to get married. What do you think of that?"

Moved to excessive and awkward congratulation, Burns said it was the best conclusion to a dramatic story he could think of. It seemed to him that Pacita's upturned face was astonishingly demure. Studying the blunt angle of Avellanos' jaw and the look of cocky satisfaction on that smiling face, Burns thought, though he did not say, that no bridegroom had ever looked less trapped. And yet he had been very neatly trapped indeed.

"Let me persuade you about this cockfight," Avellanos said. "You want to see the Philippines; this is where you see us best. You don't know Filipinos until you have seen some little fellow who has trained a chicken for months put it into the ring against another's rooster. He bets everything he owns on it, steals his wife's savings, sells his children's shirts to raise a peso. If he wins, glorious; if in one pass his rooster gets its throat cut, then you will see how a philosopher takes disaster. His first act after losing everything will be to beat his wife to shut her mouth, which he thinks opens only to say no and raise objections. His next will be to go hunting for a new rooster. You should come along and meet this philosopher."

"I'm afraid I hadn't better."

"Would you send away a visitor to the States before he had seen a baseball game?"

Burns still shook his head, smiling. The editor regarded him for a second in a friendly, appraising way. Then he gave up, slapped his shirt pocket, and sprang out of the car. "Well, I'm

sorry we'll have to celebrate alone. Excuse me a minute. I am out of cigars and I have to make a phone call." Ahead of his energetic rush the door man opened just in time; otherwise, Burns was sure, the editor would have bolted right through the glass.

FROM the car Pacita smiled up enigmatically, and taking a chance, curious to hear her say what he knew was true, Burns slid in beside her. "I congratulate you," he said.

"Thank you. I am very lucky."

He studied her. She was extraordinarily attractive, and she feigned well the weakness of recent illness. He said, "You did me the honor of being frank with me at your party. Will you be frank with me again?"

"Of course."

"I'm afraid you may be offended."

"No, please. Why?"

He plunged. "Does Ramon think this suicide attempt was really serious?"

Smiling, with a forming wrinkle between her brows, she said, "I don't suppose he thinks it was a joke."

"But he believes you swallowed the pills."

The wrinkle between her brows became a knot; hard lines and planes appeared under the softness of her face; her eyes flickered at him. "You don't?"

He would have retreated, but he was in too deep. "It occurred to me to doubt," he said. "According to Freud, anyone who wants to kill himself succeeds."

Literary curiosity, as he now saw, had led him into an inexcusable gaffe; her eyes were hard to meet. "So I win him back by a trick," she said, or spat. "I am full of weak despair and cunning. I bribe some intern to pump my stomach and give me something to make me look sick. I pretend I am dying so he comes to the hospital, and pity restores him to me. Let me tell you, that would be the way to drive him away forever."

"Then why . . ." he said. "I'm sorry, I've offended you, and I truly didn't mean to. It just seemed to me you have so much to live for, I couldn't believe you seriously meant to die."

"I didn't mean to die."

"You said you swallowed the pills."

"Thirty of them." She threw a hand in the air in a gesture exactly like one of Avellanos'. "A neighbor came over around midnight. I had asked her to come."

"Telling her why?"

"No, of course not."



"But to take such a risk!" Burns burst out. "Good heavens, suppose she hadn't come?"

"Then I would have lost," Pacita said, and turned her stiff, unfriendly face to look across the bayside lawns dotted with strollers. Burns felt that erratic winds were plucking at his feelings as the gusts plucked at the dresses of women out there. After a thoughtful moment he opened the door and stepped out, just as Avellanos burst from the entrance with an enormous cigar at an angle in his mouth. When he removed the cigar to smile at them he took it in his whole fist, the way he might have held a cold chisel. "Changed your mind?"

Surer than ever now, Burns said, "I'm afraid I'd better not."

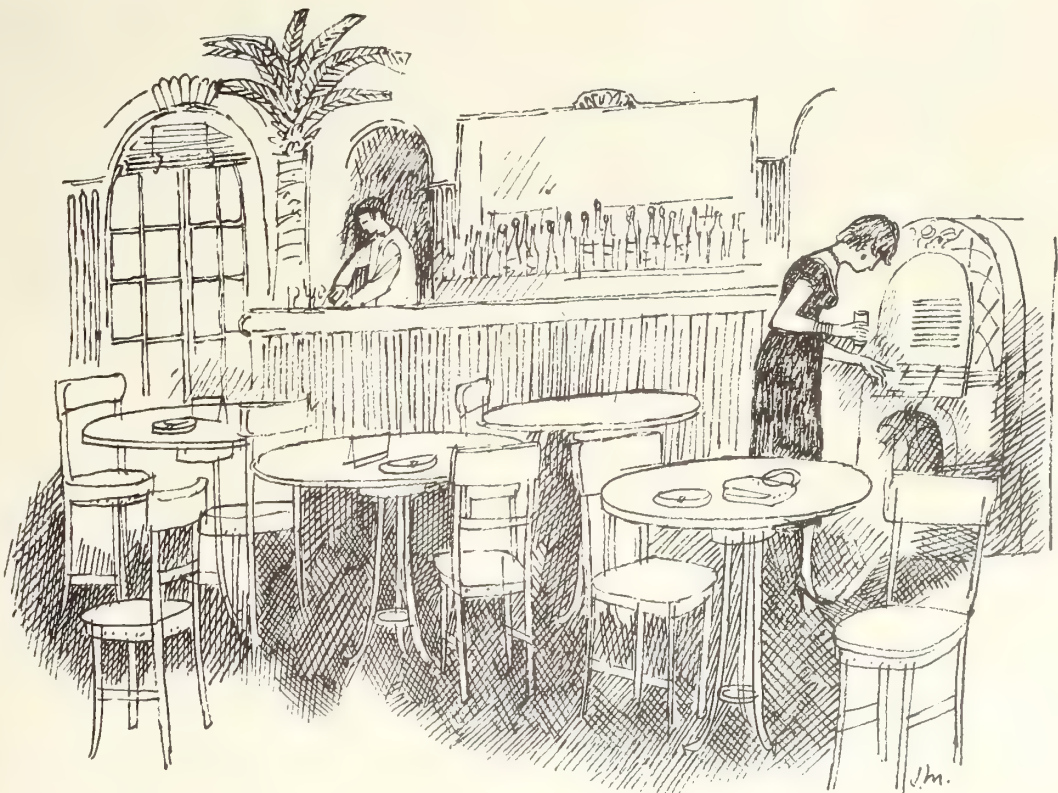
Avellanos climbed in and slammed the door. "Well, you will miss something. Pacita knows, she is a gambler like these chicken people. Eh?" He laid a hand on her knee, filling the car with laughter. "Pacita knows all about these dramatic gestures," he said. "Well, I'll see you tomorrow and you will make a speech." He raised his fist in farewell and stamped on the starter. Pacita's head turned, and her eyes touched those of Burns. She smiled slightly.

He stood with his hand raised and watched them shoot off in an explosion of small gravel toward the boulevard.

It was nearly eleven. Gloomily, upset by his own gaucherie and ruffled by the girl's show of temper, however justified, Burns went across to the club and worked dutifully on the weights a little and tried a few push-ups that instantly drained him of strength. He swam two lengths of the pool, struggling to keep his fleshless bones from sinking like lead. At eleven-thirty he gave up and went into the bar.

There was one other person there, the sort of Army-wife, foreign-colony woman he had seen plenty of times: a little ravaged, the figure better than the face, the hair blonded. As Burns entered, she was just sitting down from having put a record on the player, and now the music began to throb through the room with a deep sad booming of the double bass. A lugubrious contralto mourned that she was dancing with her sweetheart to the Tennessee Waltz when an old friend she happened to see. A little later her friend stole her sweetheart from her. She remembered the night and the Tennessee Waltz.

Burns sat consulting his drink. The record ended and the woman rose and started it over. Across the space of thirty feet her eyes brushed his, with what expression? Indifference? Dislike? Petulance? Apathy? Hatred? Self-pity? While the homesick music mourned, she brooded, holding her cigarette like a conductor's baton, and



her forefinger tapped, and tapped, and tapped, shaking off ashes that were not there. Her mouth was fixed on bitterness. With quick impatience she tinkled her rings against the glass to summon the steward. She seemed to Burns the epitome of every weak nostalgia, every self-pitying and spiteful yearning, every failure of contact. She offended him with her half-observed resemblances to himself, and though he knew that the comparison was unfair, he rose abruptly and called for his chit. It occurred to him that those who feared getting wet should not walk in the rain.

As he crossed the lawn toward the hotel he saw the pearl man coming in his transparent shirt. The worst thing about him was that he made Burns feel so much like a tourist, a boob whom persistence would sooner or later fetch. Before he could speak, Burns leveled a finger at him. "Now look. I don't want your pearls. I wouldn't want them even if they were real. But I do want to be left alone. I'll give you five pesos to disappear."

The mouthful of white uneven teeth gleamed, incredulous. "You want buy eighty peso pearls for five pesos?"

"No pearls. Just to be left alone."

A gust struck them. Burns staggered; the flimsy shirt was plastered against the pearl man's chest so that his ribs, his hard pectoral muscles, his rigid nipples, stood out through it. Along shore the palms clashed with a noise like surf, the water was heavily uneasy. The edge of a typhoon, according to the papers, was due to strike Luzon in the next few hours. For a second they stood braced and squinting. Then the peddler shrugged. "Okay."

Smiling broadly, seeming to search Burns' face for some corroboration, he took the five pesos. The wind flapped his shirt tails. "Well, what the hell," he said, and emptied into Burns' palm the four polished bits of shell. Moving away, he threw his open hand into the air in cheerful, perhaps mocking, salute.

**B**URNS walked on, rubbing between his fingers the satiny pebbles: something spurious from the Mindanao Deep, something to put with the ivory image of Lakshmi, goddess of wealth, aged in soy sauce. He rather liked having the pearls; they were a commitment, of a sort. And yet it seemed to him that the mementos of his mission, like his relations with the people he met, too often turned out to be spurious or ambiguous, or forced upon him. The real thing eluded him, or he evaded it. But why, when he

took this journey seriously, believed in one world and (on the hardest sort of practical ground) in the brotherhood of men and nations? Why, when what he tried hardest for was sympathetic contact? Too much sickness? Timidity? Not enough vitality? A real temperamental revulsion against life itself, that betrayed him when he least expected betrayal? Or simply good sense, a habit of forethought and sanity, a perception that it was better to be a live ambassador than a difficult foreign corpse?

Nevertheless he wished he had gone to the cockfight, however hot and uncomfortable and swarming with xenophilic germs. He would have liked to find a way of telling Pacita Delgado that he admired her spirit, the way she risked everything on a throw and posted a life for a forfeit.

Walking through the noon crowd in the lobby, he wondered what they did when a cock would not fight. Step in and wring its neck like a yard chicken's, probably. Among plungers, combatants, the vital and the reckless, the reaction to weakness or fear could only be contempt or shame. It was a sort of rebellious, wistful shame, as he discovered without surprise, that he had been feeling for the past hour. Even if you didn't approve—and he didn't—of recklessness, even if you could cite the ten thousand ills that living dangerously brought into human affairs, even though you had always been on the side of those who lived by reason against those who lived by passion, with what a glitter the reckless ones recommended themselves, how that kind of temperament strutted high-toed around the chicken yard among the drab feathers and the submissive envy of the chickens dedicated to eggs and *arroz con pollo*! It was not a pleasant thought that that pair of gamblers, if they were thinking of him at all, which was improbable, were thinking of him only to feel sorry for him.

For the way he was feeling now there was a solution, rational but temporary. At the hat-check stand he looked up at the sign suggesting that firearms be checked at the door. Phony? Maybe. But as Avellanos said, there were all sorts of possibilities. He ordered a gimlet and sat at a table by a window. Ironically he reflected that if there were a jukebox he could put on the Tennessee Waltz. When the gimlet was on the table before him and its penetrating lime odor was rising to his nostrils as clean as the sniff of benzedrine from an inhaler, he fished from his shirt pocket the envelope he carried there, and out of its assortment of pills and capsules selected an iron pill, a multi-vitamin capsule, and a concentrated capsule of Vitamin C.



Christopher Tunnard

# America's Super-Cities

Most Americans will soon be living in fifteen great, sprawling, nameless communities—which are rapidly changing the human geography of the entire country.

HERE is a great American city to which no one has given a name. In 1950 between twenty-five and thirty-five million people lived in it—between a sixth and a quarter of the total American population. Half the economic power of the entire world is now concentrated in it, and the possibilities of what its ultimate shape and character may become are staggering.

Just look.

Start driving down the coast from Bangor, Maine, along the old Post Road, and keep going until you swing out at the end of the journey at Norfolk, Virginia. You will have traveled through the heart of Anglo-America, the land-before-the-frontier, the financial center of the world, the heart of the communications industry, the part of the United States called by Westerners "older." The region has something of all 350 years of our history in it—historic houses and ranch houses, water-powered mills and steel rolling mills, farms and suburban estates, company towns and seaside resorts, the nation's capital and the world's largest city; drive-in movies, regional shopping centers, summer theaters. It has no mountains to speak of, but it has some picturesque scenery, especially east of New York where upland meets the drowned Atlantic plain, creating little bays and rocky harbors.

From its appearance a great deal of the landscape through which you drive on this route still is countryside, but if you were to think of it as rural, in the strict sense of the term, you would

be fooling yourself. By any scientific standard of calculation you have traveled six hundred miles through a giant city. Look at a map, the kind that deals with people and their activities—sales, densities, traffic. There are only very small stretches of a few miles each between Boston and Washington which are not, as the census defines them, part of metropolitan areas. This sprawling city is the Atlantic Urban Region.

H. G. Wells gave it part of this name. In his *Anticipations*, which was published in 1902, he accurately foresaw—as no one else seems to have foreseen—what cities were going to turn into. "Enough has been said," he wrote, "to demonstrate that 'town' and 'city' will be, in truth, terms as obsolete as 'mail coach.' For these new areas that will grow out of them we want a term, and . . . we may for our present purposes call these coming town provinces 'urban regions.'"

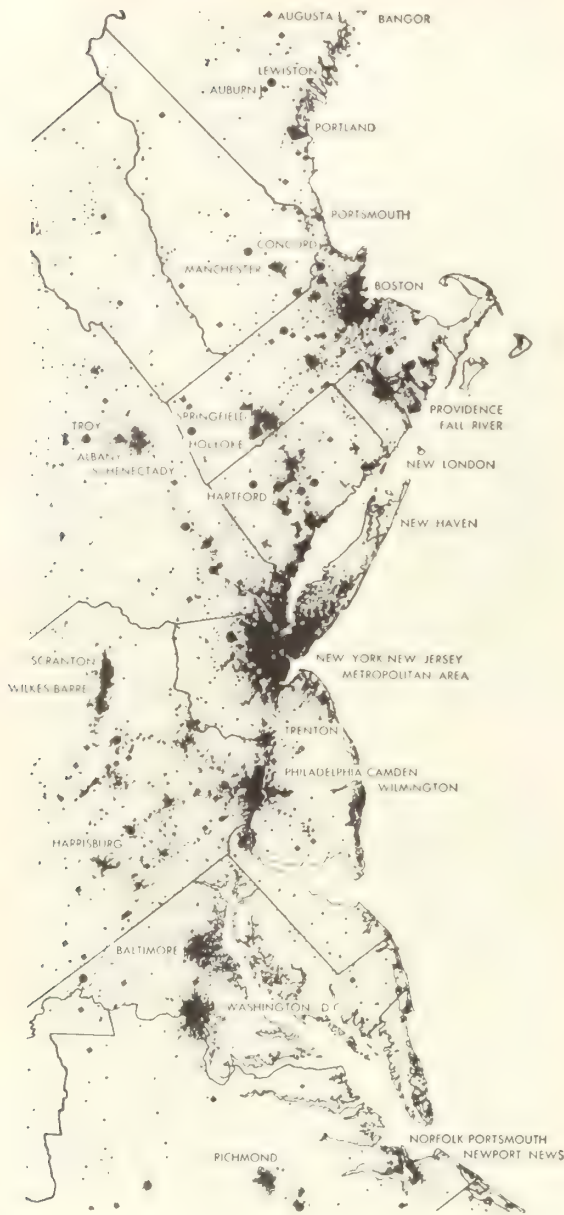
Although it is the world's largest, the Atlantic Urban Region is by no means the only one of its kind in existence.

## CITIES WITHOUT LIMITS

OVER the past five years or so the Graduate Program in City Planning at Yale University has been making the first study of this region and it has discovered others. There is the steel belt—Pittsburgh-Youngstown-Canton-Akron-Cleveland—and the cities that are growing together around Detroit. The Chicago-Milwaukee area is another, and a new strip seems to be joining Chicago and Detroit. In the Far West there is the Los Angeles-San Diego strip; and Charlton Chute, of the Institute of Public Administration, has pointed out that the Seattle-Tacoma area is still another urban region. One is developing in Florida as a linear city grows up between Palm Beach and Miami; the region is in the process of changing from just a playground to a Southern industrial center.

Not so very long ago an outlying community was drawn to the nearest city, however small, as its cultural and financial and commercial lodestone. But the automobile has changed that; and as mobility increases and distances shrink, a small town today can easily have access to several regional centers, only one of which is the old city to which it was formerly tied.

An urban region six hundred miles long cannot, of course, be called one big city for any but the most specialized purposes. Nobody in his right mind would say it should be under one government. (Even in New York's borough system, some political scientists think, the units



**The Atlantic Urban Region**  
*Population Distribution, 1950*

are too large to permit effective administration.) Nobody would agree that the long Atlantic linear strip is one community with common interests, activities, and experiences. Maine's Down Easterners don't think or vote like Virginians.

But they usually share some of the same problems. Down Easterners and Virginians have to worry about highways, recreation, and water supply, for example, and they travel surprisingly long distances back and forth along parts of the strip for work and pleasure. From Maine to Vir-

ginia there is a constant overlapping of interests and activities, and for the purposes of physical and economic planning, as well as for sociological reasons, it has become essential to know what this overlapping is, how it happens, and how communities which may be many miles apart are tied to one another.

If you will look again at the map you will see that within the big Atlantic Urban Region one city, New York, dominates the whole area. But Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington dominate considerable areas of their own. Boston, for instance, although no longer "The Hub of the Universe," nevertheless holds sway over an area which meets New York's region somewhere between Hartford and Springfield, especially in such matters as banking and newspaper circulation. Within these big orbits of influence are smaller ones. Hartford and New Haven have their own zones of influence and, while these two cities are about the same size, their influence is markedly different. Hartford dominates or services a much larger region than the university city.

The size of each of the great new Urban Regions, of course, has its limitations. Albany-Troy-Schenectady, for geographical reasons, are still outside the Atlantic Region and so are Harrisburg-Pittsburgh and the steel towns. The southernmost boundary of the Atlantic Region is likely to remain at Norfolk-Portsmouth-Hampton Roads because of the absence of good harbors and the long stretch of Cape Hatteras below this point. This has hindered the growth of modern industry, just as it plagued the early settlers on that part of the coast. But there are no exact boundaries that one can be sure will limit an urban region; its extent depends on the orbit of influence of its regional centers. Don Bogue, the demographer, has suggested, for example, that the influence of Boston, if you measure it by its trade, reaches northwest almost to Montreal.

#### "CITY PLANNING" IS OBSOLETE

ANY careful consideration of the urban regions and how they grow should make it quite plain that old concepts of regional planning just don't apply to them. As life in America becomes more and more urbanized, the sectional and historical boundaries which we have long taken for granted have less and less meaning.

Take New England as an example. Southern New England has a great deal more in common with the New York-New Jersey area than with



any part of New Hampshire, Vermont, or Maine. In a part of the country whose resources consist largely of the skills of urban workers, it doesn't make much sense to apply the old concept of "regional resources" to planning. You can't foster the idea of an agrarian culture in Connecticut, for example, when the base of the culture has become urban. You are wasting your time when you hold onto the ideal of the small town (as television soap opera does and as politicians and popular novelists do) as the place where rural virtue persists, when the typical small town is merely part of a fringe area that sends its inhabitants as commuters to many different business and industrial centers. These are not people who live on the land; they live on the highway.

But old concepts of planning die hard. Though there have been some champions of the city-regions, the promoters of the garden-city idea—most notably Lewis Mumford—have held the floor. The garden cities, according to their doctrine, were to be built outside large centers to take the overspill of the population. They were to have their own industries, and thus achieve a built-in financial balance. They would cut down on commuting and be protected from the encroachment of developers by green-belts. The ideal garden city should never exceed 50,000 residents, for only communities from 25,000 to 50,000 represent the "biological norm" that can reproduce itself. They were the answer to the dying "megapolis"—a favorite word of the Scot, Patrick Geddes, coined by Oswald Spengler in *The Decline of the West*.

But the trouble with the garden-city theory was that it ignored what was actually happening to the modern city. Frank Lloyd Wright recently said that our cities have become "just hopeless" and that they are centers of "sin and banking." It is not as simple as that. Leaving aside sin, which is universal, Wright should have added that cities are centers of wholesale and retail trade, newspapers, central telephone offices, population density, cultural activities, and a host of other factors that affect the lives of people who live far outside the city limits. The automobile, the Federal Housing Administration, the forty-hour week, and the do-it-yourself craze have exploded cities like baskets of popcorn. Their circles of influence spread wider and wider and communities within their orbits have become more and more interdependent.

So city planning is giving way to regional planning. In February Governor Ribicoff of Connecticut complained to the Stamford Good

Government Association that "few voices are raised on a regional basis in this state. Most of the voices come from organized pressure groups that have special interests." He asked for study, appraisal, and suggestions for ways in which communities could better contribute to "regional planning."

Also in February New York's Mayor Wagner and Harold S. Osborne, president of the Regional Plan Association, instituted a study of the recreation and park needs of three states, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. Recently the Bronx found itself embroiled with Westchester County over the use of the suburb county's recreational facilities. Westchester closed its golf courses and beaches to non-residents and in retaliation the Borough President of the Bronx threatened to prevent Westchester dwellers who work in the city from parking their cars in his borough. It becomes ridiculously apparent that community interests overlap at more and more points, that the idea of solving the city's problems with outlying garden cities is, if it ever made any sense, now obsolete, and that the Urban Region must be the center of focus.

#### THE INTERURBANITES

LET me give you an example of the sort of life we at Yale found when we arbitrarily chose for study a section of Connecticut which included seventy-nine towns, an area comprising several urban cores surrounded by rural-urban fringe. We discovered, first of all, that 24 per cent of the population lived on 86 per cent of the residential land. On this land some people have built their homes with their own hands, others have ordered expensive country estates, and still others have bought houses in subdivisions. There is still some unbuilt-on land around nearly all of the houses, though low-income families are likely to be on small building lots.

This is the kind of district where a housewife's remark that she is just going to step out to take the children over to the neighbor's house means that she is going to drive them five miles down a country road. Or if she says she's just running down to the store, she may drive fifteen miles to a shopping center, or a supermarket, or an upholsterer. She lives in an infinitely more complicated world, both socially and financially, than the one Spector sky describes in *The Exurbanites*. The economist Richardson Wood has called it "interurbia."

The family that lives in the rural-urban fringe

is not beholden to any one central business district either for shopping or for employment. Travel time is the chief factor here, not distance, and it is quite possible that husband and wife may go in opposite directions to get to their jobs. In all of Connecticut only 3 per cent of the population lives on farms which means that almost everybody commutes to work. They do not necessarily commute to cities but to factories and offices located in small towns about the state, or they may even cross the state border into Massachusetts and New York. These people are urbanized folk, and for all practical purposes the entire state of Connecticut might properly be considered part of an urban region.

#### LIVING ON THE FRINGE

**A**S WE can see, the growth of interurbia is by no means an Eastern Seaboard phenomenon. According to a recent census estimate 43 per cent of the total population increase between 1950 and 1955 has happened on the rural fringe of metropolitan areas. The rural fringe has grown faster than the suburbs, and the fringe is a busy place. Family life is geared not to a town but to a region. The children may go to a regional school, and health is looked after by regional public-health districts, and those who are hard up can look to regional welfare schemes. If father loses his job in a textile mill, and can no longer go back to work on a farm, he may, by turning around and driving off in another direction, get a job in an electronics plant or a light metals factory that is taking up the slack.

But this is only a start. A whole new set of regional institutions will have to be set up to deal with the needs and aspirations of interurbia. With the community taking on the dimensions of the region, the planner's and the social scientist's approach will have to change. The idea of community "self-sufficiency" which has been used for so long to justify the self-contained garden-city approach falls apart in the face of interdependent regions. The "balanced town" with its own industries, stores, businesses, and homes is giving way to specialized communities in which industry or shopping or residences dominate. Some parts of a region may have no industry, no agriculture, no houses; while other parts may have nothing else. The balance between urban and rural landscape, for example, between built-up and open land will not be the problem for a single township but for a whole region. Agricultural land and recreation areas will serve the region, not just the individual

community—and unless the region is served interurbia is going to waste its land, despoil the very qualities that attract so many families to it, and turn into a slum, miscellaneous peppered with houses, hot-dog stands, and factories.

Picture, if you can, what the laissez-faire attitude to the urban region means; it is pretty terrifying. Power lines, clearings for gas pipelines, oil storage tanks cut across the landscape in a haphazard fashion; strings of houses cut themselves off from the very landscape their owners moved out to enjoy; new roads are built without regard for topography or the existing order—merely to solve mounting traffic snarls or to take advantage of the least costly right of way. Private developers of gravel pits or subdividers are not always to blame—after all, they are controlled in those states and communities which have set up strong zoning and planning regulations. Government agencies, from highway traffic departments to the Atomic Energy Commission, are equally culpable and often "above" the usual restrictions. We are well on the way to creating, often with official sanction, a man-made American mess.

#### THE FATE OF BIG CITIES

**B**UT if interurbia, let to grow like Topsy, becomes a slum, what about the centers of big cities, so many of them slums already?

The older cities are developing more and more as office and communication centers, as centers for specialty shopping, for head offices of national firms, for television and advertising companies. But there are attempts in many of them to turn their slums into attractive residential areas. Just how attractive is another matter. The bloodless redevelopment projects with their towering brick boxes, set about on lawns where children are not allowed to play, offer poor competition to interurbia with its room for children to romp and for father to build a boat in the back yard. In the long run the public will accept or reject the urban redevelopment projects, not for their efficiency or for their nicely calculated arithmetic of man-per-square-foot, but because of the way they look and the pleasures and amenities they provide. As William H. Whyte, Jr. wrote recently in *Fortune* of urban redevelopment: "The institutional approach is dominant, and unless the assumptions embalmed in it are re-examined the city is going to turn into a gigantic bore." American redevelopment architects could learn a great deal from some of the European postwar reconstruction schemes in which architects have tried





**Fifteen Super-regions  
of the United States**

hard and often successfully to fit their designs into the fabric and character of the older city.

The intolerable congestion that now plagues cities may not be their permanent fate. One of their problems is created by the fact that highway networks, instead of being built according to the needs of a region, now are built merely to join big cities, with the result that masses of traffic are dumped from one city to another. The new federal highway program can help to relieve this congestion if the highway engineers and construction co-ordinators see the wisdom of introducing connector streets to take traffic through or around densely populated areas and central business districts, rather than relying on local roads to do the job. If this is true of major cities it is equally true of smaller centers.

The mounting problems of the central cities are providing the spur for broad changes in administration and in the manner of financing local government activities. More and more one hears responsible city officials in New York and Cleveland calling for "a new type of federalism across state lines" or "a joint interstate metropolitan government development commission." Municipal pride and self-interest die hard, but serious and mounting problems of competition for water supply, interstate transportation, and pollution control are beginning to alert the public to the foolishness of trying to deal with common problems on an individual basis. The recently-formed New York Metropolitan Council bears testimony to this.

No one has worked out the machinery for

handling problems of this sort in any detail, but it looks as though—without destroying the structures of local governments—the regional council is the answer. Under such a council towns might have a status similar to that of city boroughs, each with its elected officials. Tax burdens would be shifted and revenues redistributed on a regional rather than a town basis. There are some authorities who believe that this is a problem that should be handed to the states to administer and that the responsibility should be shifted to them, but it seems to me that we will have to know a good deal more about the nature of urban regions than we do now before it would be wise to suggest governmental and fiscal changes. As the Renaissance humanist Alberti wisely observed five hundred years ago, "It is useless to bend the bow if you don't know where to aim the arrow."

#### SUPER-PROBLEMS FOR SUPER-REGIONS

**A**CTUALLY the target grows bigger and bigger. The urban region already shows signs of entering a new stage, even before most people are aware that urban regions exist at all. The land that is back from the urban strips, the "interland," is filling in and is creating a merger of the present regions. A super-region is beginning to appear that will create super-problems, and super-opportunities. We can already trace its course through the East and Midwest, where the Atlantic Urban Region is linking up

through New York state to Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago and bulging out through Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh and the Ohio Valley, then stretching down toward St. Louis. If you will trace the truck highways you will find the path of the super-region. It is now the economic center of the world, and someday it may be its cultural center as well.

The super-problems that face urban regional planning are many. Probably the most urgent of these are:

(1) to see that fringe housing is properly located and does not become a jerry-built super-slum;

(2) to determine a rational use of land on a broad scale;

(3) to design a highway network that makes industry, decentralized offices, and regional commercial centers accessible to more people;

(4) and to provide a vastly increased recreational system of parks and reservations.

These are a few of the things that city, town, or county planning in the classical sense cannot conceivably accomplish.

If the estimated population increase of 60 million people between 1955 and 1975 is correct, we already have a pretty good idea where the bulk of them will be living. It won't be down on the farm. Only by planning entire urban regions instead of towns and cities in isolation, by a system of "federation" in local governments, and by state or regional tax redistribution, can a desirable living pattern for the future be achieved. There is absolutely no reason why the new urban regions, with their hierarchies of places large and small, should not provide an expanding context for American economic and cultural life—more opportunities for employment, more communication between more people, more institutions, and new and interesting kinds of recreation.

#### SEVEN FIRST STEPS

**H**ERE are a few of the directions we should be moving in (and aren't):

(1) **Conservation of space.** In spite of the efforts of conservationists, we have no real policy for buying up open land in the urban region and saving it for public use. We need a forward-looking policy that includes state and county committees working on land *as it is about to become available*. Breathing spaces that once were thought inviolate are now coming on the market—small water company reservations, golf courses,

even Army bases. Many of these spaces, including about-to-be-abandoned Army reservations around Chesapeake Bay and Washington, D. C., have formed natural buffer zones between industrial and residential areas. If the communities don't get them, the subdividers will.

(2) **Federal action.** Over a year ago, the Federal Housing Administrator, Albert M. Cole, in a speech at Yale, announced his willingness to initiate a White House Conference at which the problems of our sprawling urban regions could be discussed by experts—if, that is, there was a demand for it on the part of planners. It's not too late, but it's getting late, for such a spearhead meeting. If it should be held, it needs to get out beyond the urbanized and metropolitan areas, and explore what's happening along the highways and outside the big centers. The main difference between the country and the central city today is only one of density—most of the older distinctions have been swept away.

(3) **Helping the Do-It-Yourselfers.** Apart from hints in the home-making magazines, there is no useful service for people who build out in the fringe without benefit of architect, landscape architect, or often of even a builder. Quite often, a family will build, perhaps with the help of an electrician and a friend who has a bulldozer, doing practically all the work with their own hands. We need advisory systems set up to function through local or state government which would assist individuals and developers in outlying areas.

(4) **New regional centers.** The village green, the local shopping street, and town square have been replaced in our generation by at best the regional shopping plaza and at worst by a strip along a highway junked up with stores, motels, automotive service facilities, hot-dog stands, and billboards. The enticing feature is usually lots of parking space. The central business district is trying to compete by providing parking space too, and usually ends up by looking as ugly as the other, with gaps, holes, and the inevitable billboards as well. Do we realize the number of good or plain decent buildings that are being swept away in this unplanned nightmare activity? In some communities we have good land-use controls, but in all too few do we have regulations which would preserve the best of the past and encourage adequate new design.

(5) Along with this, let's start a *Society for the Preservation of Rural America*. While some of America is still rural.

(6) **Urban regional planning.** Back in 1935 the National Resources Committee turned away



from urban regional planning and announced: "To construct regions which would adhere to cities rather than to the broader aspects of resources, economic patterns, and regional interests is to place the emphasis upon one factor rather than the total region. Upon such a basis, regional planning tends to become an expanded form of city planning." Of course, this was just what was needed.

The National Resources Planning Board, as it came to be called, did a great deal to stimulate local planning, but its weight wasn't thrown behind the idea of urban regional planning. Thus the first important metropolitan planning body today in North America is to be found in Canada, at Toronto. It is already discovering that the logical planning area today is the Toronto-Hamilton urban region, much of which is outside the jurisdiction of the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto.

(7) *Professors should teach.* We have some excellent planning schools in the United States today, most of which teach city planning and some regional planning, but in too few is the structure of the city-region taught or even understood. This goes for political scientists, too. Urban region studies should be set up in universities all over the country, enlisting our best geographers, demographers, and planners, as well as a philosopher or two. There is no discipline which cannot contribute to our knowledge of the new environment, no questioning more important than that which explores its nature and form.

#### THE URBAN REGIONS OF THE FUTURE

I HAVE often been asked what the new planned urban regions will look like. Let me refer you again to the author of *Anticipations* and his half-century-old vision. You must make allowances for transatlantic differences and imagine a broader distribution of national income than his picture allows for. But it suggests, I think, that "interurbia" need not necessarily be a new kind of hell:

It will certainly be a curious and varied region, [Wells wrote] far less monotonous than our present English world, still in its thinner regions, at any rate, wooded, perhaps rather more abundantly wooded, breaking continually into park and garden, and with everywhere a scattering of houses. These will not as a rule, I should fancy, follow the fashion of the vulgar ready-built villas of the existing

suburb, because the freedom people will be able to exercise in the choice of a site will rob the "building-estate" promoter of his local advantage. . . . Each district, I am inclined to think, will develop its own differences of type and style. As one travels through the urban region, one will traverse open, breezy, "horsy" suburbs, smart white gates and palings everywhere, good turf, a grandstand shining pleasantly; gardening districts all set with gables and roses, holly hedges, and emerald lawns; pleasant homes among heathery moorlands and golf links, and river districts with gaily painted boathouses peeping from the osiers. Then presently a gathering of houses closer together, and a promenade and whiff of band and dresses, and then, perhaps, a little island of agriculture, hops, or strawberry gardens, fields of gray-plumed artichokes, white-painted orchard, or brightly neat poultry farm. Through the varied country the new wide roads will run, here cutting through a crest and there running like some colossal aqueduct across a valley, swarming always with a multitudinous traffic of bright, swift, (and not necessarily ugly) mechanisms; and everywhere amid the fields and trees linking wires will stretch from pole to pole. . . . All that is pleasant and fair of our present countryside may conceivably still be there among the other things. There is no reason why the essential charm of the country should disappear; the new roads will not supersede the present high roads, which will still be necessary for horses and subsidiary traffic; and the lands and hedges, the field paths and wild flowers, will still have their ample justification. A certain lack of solitude there may be perhaps, and—

Will conspicuous advertisements play any part in the landscape?

But I find my pen is running ahead, an imagination prone to realistic constructions is struggling to paint a picture altogether prematurely. . . .

And now the prophecy has become the reality, with "conspicuous advertisements" everywhere, and public taste showing its power and nature in the split-level or the ranch house. I don't think Wells would have been horrified at all; he would have found our hedge-hopping fringe dwellers quite fascinating. Looking across at our "nameless city set in a distant sea" he would have at once made suggestions to improve its well-being, its science, and its culture.

Without the help of this man who foresaw the new environment, Americans will now have to create Utopia in the midst of the biggest population dispersal of all time.



By Peter Blake and  
Jane Fiske McCullough

Drawings by Burmah Burris

## *very significant* CHAIR

Mystery, intrigue, and piracy attended the birth of what has now become America's most sat-upon piece of furniture.

THE curiously twisted object shown above is probably the most famous modern chair in the world today. It has been called Butterfly, Safari, Sling, Wing, African Campaign, and Italian Officer's Chair. Among the cognoscenti of the design world, it is known as the Hardoy Chair (for one of its three designers, the Argentine architect Jorge Ferrari-Hardoy).

Its construction is simple: it is formed of a seemingly continuous wrought iron rod, approximately one-half inch in diameter, bent and twisted to resemble four giant hairpins locked in mortal combat. A sling of canvas or leather, cut roughly in the shape of a four-leaf clover, is dropped over this construction to form a hammock-like seat. The whole thing weighs about sixteen pounds and can be bought, currently, for as little as \$5.95, retail.

It is almost impossible to discover how many people in the United States let alone the rest of the world—have bought one or more of these chairs. Some estimates run as high as five million sold since 1950 in this country alone. One reason for the difficulty in reaching an authoritative figure is that Hardoy Chairs have been bootlegged by housewives in Los Angeles back yards, by adventurous undergraduates at Harvard, and

by blacksmiths in Rhode Island just as often as they have been produced legitimately—or, at least, openly—by many of the leading makers of modern furniture.

But questions of design piracy or patent-infringement are not the only interesting issues connected with this chair. A short dozen years ago, the Hardoy Chair was the badge of the most advanced spearheads of the avant-garde. Today a version of it occupies a place of honor (and respectability) on page 842 of the Sears Roebuck catalogue. Its picture has appeared in almost every illustrated magazine in America—supporting dogs, cats, fashion models, babies, monkeys, nudes, "whodunit" corpses, and boys in cowboy suits. It has become a standard prop in movies, TV shows, and advertisements for everything from nylons to beer. In short, it has ceased altogether to be *avant* and has become as home-spun as the Boston rocker.

### WHO MADE IT FIRST?

IN NOVEMBER of 1950, in the United States District Court for the District of Massachusetts, the Burtman Ornamental Iron Works was being sued for bootlegging the Hardoy Chair by its then exclusive (or *almost* exclusive) American manufacturer, the late Hans Knoll. Before the hearing, attorneys for the plaintiff and the defendant met briefly. The defendant's attorney, in trying to effect a compromise, suggested that the Hardoy Chair was an old design, that it had, in fact, been something of



a household item with the Ancient Romans, and that, in short, Ferrari-Hardoy & Co., rather than Burtman Ornamental Iron, had done the boot-legging.

Counsel for the defendant was not entirely accurate in this claim: it is quite true that the principle of *folding stools* (two Xs with a sling between them) has long been familiar to just about everyone—from the Bronze Age men of Northern Europe to the earliest residents of Korea, who held X-chairs in such high esteem that they restricted their use to the most important of VIPs. But it's a long way from X to Hardoy, and no valid case can be made for any direct derivation.

As it happens, the history of the present Hardoy Chair is fantastically complex. When Jorge Ferrari-Hardoy was asked by a friend, in 1947, to explain the origins of his chair, he readily admitted that it "was an improvement over previous designs." He added that the re-designers of the chair were three persons: "Antonio Bonet, Juan Kurchan, and myself. Hence we decided to call it the B. K. F. chair." (The F, of course, stands for the Ferrari in Ferrari-Hardoy. It is part of the monumental confusion that surrounds the history of this chair that Señor F.-H.'s friends in this country amputated the more important half of his name and omitted reference to his talented associates altogether. But since the confusion exists, F.-H. will be referred to hereafter as "Señor Hardoy.")

Señor Hardoy and his friends had seen the wooden, folding, pre-Hardoy Hardoys widely used in Italy (where a manufacturer named SLICA, in Recco, near Genoa, makes them to this day). In all likelihood they may have heard someone mention—as someone invariably does when the origins of the Hardoy Chair are discussed in design circles—that Mussolini (or, at least, the late Field Marshal Graziani . . . or, at the *very* least, some young Italian paratroop officers) sat in a pre-Hardoy Hardoy while defeating the Emperor of Ethiopia (or, maybe, a tribal chief in Tripolitania, or was it Eritrea?). In other words, the attorney for Burtman Ornamental Iron had a pretty good case in claiming that the chair was not the latest thing, but he simply did not have his facts straight.

Neither, for that matter, did anyone else. While the attorneys for Knoll and Burtman were fighting it out in Boston in 1950, the well-informed New York furniture designer, George Nelson, stated in an article about the chair that "the wooden version, which folded, was used by Italian officers in North Africa before Hardoy

found it. Where *they* got it we don't know."

Now, some eight years later, the Case of the Missing Ancestor is finally solved; and this is the first full report on a remarkably mysterious bit of cultural history.



#### TRACKING DOWN THE CLUES

WHEN we started out we knew even less than Mr. Nelson. All we had was a Hardoy Chair. At parties, whenever conversation began to lag, someone invariably started to talk about it—and about those Italian officers, African colonies, the British Army, or the Belgian Congo. To put it mildly, the subject of the chair was beginning to pall.

Then, suddenly, on October 27, 1953, the ninety-fifth anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth, things started to happen. That day the Natural History Museum opened a display of Roosevelt memorabilia—including a photograph taken in 1903, in Colorado, showing T. R. and John Burroughs standing in some sort of camp. Behind them, clear as could be, were three folding, pre-Hardoy Hardoys. Two were unoccupied; the third supported a rather disreputable looking trapper who was in the process of lacing up his leggings.

A few weeks later a small, torn booklet published in 1905 turned up in a pile of "10¢ Specials" outside a second-hand book dealer's place on lower Fourth Avenue. The volume was entitled *The Complete American and Canadian Sportsman's Encyclopedia of Valuable Information* and its author was one Francis H. Buzzacott of Chicago. Buzzacott was a member of numerous expeditions, including the British South African Expedition of 1878-79, the Voyage to the Arctic of 1881-84, and the Wellman Polar Expedition of 1906. No slouch on his feet, but quite a slouch sitting down: for his book contained no less than six drawings of the pre-Har-



dox Hardoy which he recommended as a piece of standard equipment for hunters, trappers, fishermen, and other outdoor types.

In June 1951, a new showroom was opened by the Olivetti people on New York's Fifth Avenue. Its seating equipment—a dozen, very dashing, folding, wood-and-leather, pre-Hardoy Hardoys. We questioned Dino Olivetti, the head of the American branch of the company, on the origins of the chair. "Of course you *know*," he said, "it's the *Tripolino*, standard equipment with the Italian Air Force in the North African Campaign."

"Which North African campaign, for Heaven's sake?" we asked.

"Well, confidentially, it was an English invention," Olivetti whispered, smiling mysteriously. "I said to all the colonials."

Clue, seemed to be piling up. We started to feel that the answer might be just around the corner.

It was. We stumbled on our first really productive clue on the eighth floor, at Abercrombie & Fitch, on the corner of Eith Street and Madison Avenue. There, in a department devoted to making outdoor living more like indoor living, were two rather angular contraptions, each consisting of twelve straight pieces of wood ingeniously joined, hinged, and braced, and covered with a rectangular khaki canvas sling. One chair was smaller than the other, but both followed the "tangled harpin'" principle of the modern Hardoy in every major respect. Both chairs, of course, folded.

An inquiry addressed to the manufacturer—the Gold Medal Furniture Co. of Racine, Wis.—soon produced an immediate reply from a Mr. F. A. Anderson.

"We believe that the first chair of this type was patented in Great Britain in 1877," said he. "The chair was placed in production by us about

1895. When furnished with natural wood frame and khaki-colored canvas covers, it is widely used by campers, sportsmen, and hunters. It was further popularized when pictured in use by such outstanding celebrities as Thomas Edison, Firestone, and Henry Ford.

"We do not know," Mr. Anderson added, parenthetically and thoughtfully, "how the chair became a standard piece of equipment with the Italian Army officers during the Ethiopian War. . . ."

To support his story, Mr. Anderson enclosed a page from the 1915 edition of Gold Medal's "Camper's Manual." A detailed drawing of the chair shows it to be very similar to the modern Hardoy—except, of course, for the fact that the 1915 Gold Medal job was made of twelve straight pieces of wood rather than a bent iron rod. The descriptive text states, among other things, that "the chair is strong enough to support the weight of the heaviest man or woman, being guaranteed to easily sustain a weight of 300 pounds." (Teddy Roosevelt, who weighed something well over 200 pounds in 1903, may have served as an unwitting test pilot.)

The blurb continues: "It is comfortable for all, adjusting itself perfectly to the body and affording a better rest than any other folding chair made." The price was \$1.66 each. The weight, six-and-a-half pounds.

The design of the Gold Medal chair has changed very little over the past forty-three years: the only new features listed in the most recent catalogue are a version with a plaid, woven plastic seat in place of the original canvas—and, of course, a price about six times as high.

#### THE UNSUNG MR. FENBY

THE Patent Office in Chancery Lane, London, confirmed Mr. Anderson's recollection. The original documents prove that a patent was indeed taken out on March 22, 1877, by one Joseph Beverley Fenby, a civil engineer, of Yardley, Worcestershire, for the invention of "Improvements in Camp or Folding Stools, Chairs, Tables, and Beds." His drawings show a chair virtually identical with the Gold Medal type of today, though somewhat simpler in construction since it consists of only ten pieces of wood instead of Gold Medal's twelve. The patent was granted on September 15, 1877.

For a man who was to revolutionize the sitting habits of millions of people three generations hence, Joseph Beverley Fenby made a remarkably small splash in his own day. In fact, the 1877



patent is just about the only remaining record of his achievements. He died in 1903, in King's Norton, not far from where he was born. A possible distant relative, Charles Fenby, editor-in-chief of the *Birmingham Gazette and Despatch*, recently asked his staff researchers to see what other facts could be unearthed about Joseph Beverley. The search was a complete failure.

"It seems incredible," the Birmingham editor said, "that a man who had such a success should have passed into oblivion, but I dare say this is not unusual with inventors."

Whether Joseph Beverley Fenby had his chair manufactured in England right away is not clear. There is no evidence today of any production of the chair between 1877 and 1895, when Gold Medal, in Wisconsin, began to make it. According to them, Fenby transferred the American rights to a Jason Marvin Bowen, of New York; the French and Italian rights seem to have been sold to manufacturers there at about the same time.

ONCE the Fenby Chair got into large-scale production in America, it became an immediate success. During the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904, a "complete Tented City" was erected at a cost of \$60,000. Fenby Chairs were used in many of the tents, and surviving pictures of the large "Hospital Pavillion Tent," in particular, show gaily striped Fenby Chairs in great profusion.

Shortly thereafter, the Fenby Chair invaded the circus (where it is still enormously popular with clowns, and where it is still referred to as the "Circus Chair"). Mr. Pat Valdo, the Director of Ringling Brothers, who has been with the circus for more than fifty years, recalls that the first time he saw the Fenby Chair was in 1909. That particular job was homemade by a member

of an Italian acrobatic troupe; circus performers were then forbidden to carry non-folding chairs because they took up too much room.

Apart from the Italian acrobats' contribution, at least four Fenby Chairs are known to have arrived in this country in the summer of 1912, from England. John McAndrew, head of the Art Library at Wellesley, recalls them vividly.

"I was quite literally brought up on those chairs," he said recently. "My family had four of them at our camp in Maine. They were known as 'Officer's-Chairs' and I have some memory that my father had seen them in England, and that they had been brought there by some English friends who had been stationed in one of the British African colonies."

McAndrew was not to see anything quite like those chairs again until 1940. In that year, a blurred picture of something remarkably similar to his childhood chairs was printed in *Retailing Daily*. He was then Curator of the Department of Architecture at the Museum of Modern Art, and in an excellent position to do something about the picture. What he did had far-reaching results.

#### ENTER THE HARDOY CHAIR

THE picture that appeared in *Retailing Daily* on March 6, 1940, was described as a "newly invented Argentine easy-chair . . . for siesta sitting." The caption under the picture also stated that the chair had been designed "by Grupo Austral, Buenos Aires," a nom de plume for Bonet, Kurchan, and Ferrari-Hardoy. They had just won an Argentine furniture competition with the design, and it had attracted considerable attention in Buenos Aires. Their chair was identical in every major respect with the Butterfly Chairs now being mass-produced throughout the United States. Its sling was made of leather.

In March 1940, the manufacture of modern furniture in the United States was still in its infancy. Among the few men daring enough to make or sell modern pieces was Clifford Pascoe, whose handsome showroom, on East 48th Street, was one of the headquarters of the design avant-garde in New York at the time.

Since the Museum of Modern Art, where John McAndrew officiated, was then the strongest outpost the avant-garde had managed to establish in Manhattan, it is not surprising that McAndrew should have got in touch with Pascoe immediately after seeing the picture of the Har doy Chair in *Retailing Daily*. At the same time,



Edgar Kaufmann Jr., who was then in charge of industrial design at the Museum, wrote to Hardoy asking, "How much?" Upon learning that he could import one for \$25, Kaufmann ordered the first two Hardoy Chairs to enter the United States. Both are still in use today: one in the Kaufmann family's beautiful Frank Lloyd Wright house at Bear Run, Pennsylvania; the other in Mr. Kaufmann's New York apartment.

After winning the Argentine furniture competition, Hardoy was much interested in having the chair produced in this country and in Europe, and succeeded almost immediately in getting Raoul Guys, the Paris decorator, to manufacture it in France.

In the United States several manufacturers were considered, including Pascoe and Hans Knoll. Pascoe's offer won out at first: the arrangement was to have the slings imported from Argentina, where leather is cheap. The arrangement held until the time of Pearl Harbor when the metal shortage forced Pascoe to stop production. He considered the venture a failure: for about \$75 each he had managed to sell fewer than 1,500 chairs, most of them to young artists and architects around New York and Boston. It is unlikely that any of these avant-gardists knew, when they bought them, that they were joining a rather non-select fraternity that included circus clowns, animal trainers, campers, and African colonials, or that their newest favorite had been designed originally by a loyal subject of the much-maligned Queen Victoria.

By the time the war was over, the Hardoy Chair had become well known far beyond the confines of New York and Boston. Clifford Pascoe's early and short-lived version had hauled down in publicity what it had failed to attract in cash sales. An Associated Press picture of the chair was reproduced in more than five hundred American newspapers alone.

Such renown was soon to tempt some of the chair's more adventurous admirers. At the Harvard Graduate School of Design, a number of young architectural students decided that they would like to have a couple of Hardoys made for themselves and their immediate friends. They approached the Burtman Ornamental Iron Works at Roxbury, Massachusetts, and had a few chairs made there at a cost of only \$11 per chair. At the same time, in New York, the late Hans Knoll took up where Pascoe had left off and under a royalty agreement with Señor Hardoy began to manufacture the chairs commercially. His investment, in both equipment and publicity, was considerable, and as a result his

retail price for the chair (with a canvas sling) rose to the neighborhood of \$35.

After Knoll had thoroughly popularized his "official" Hardoy, people all over the United States caught onto what the Harvard students had discovered earlier: that the chair could be made a lot more cheaply, especially if your overhead was small, your publicity costs nil, your wrought iron frame thinner, and your royalty payments to Hardoy zero.



#### THE END OF THE MONOPOLY

**B**EFORE long Knoll discovered that Burtman Ornamental Iron had gone into fairly large-scale unlicensed production. He also found out that one Harvard student (an ex-poet, of all things!) had started to manufacture his own Hardoys for sale in a shop in Greenwich Village. A similar little clandestine operation seemed to be flourishing in the vicinity of Providence, Rhode Island. Knoll's attorneys thought that Knoll should sue *somebody*—if only to scare his competitors (who had driven the retail price down to around \$21.50) out of business.

The lawyers believed that the courts of the State of Massachusetts offered the most favorable conditions for a test case, so they proceeded to sue Burtman Ornamental Iron. Unhappily they were mistaken; the decision went against Knoll. There was some suggestion, on the part of the judge, that imitators could be restrained from copying any little trade-marks or emblems that Knoll might wish to print on the canvas slings of his chairs. This idea Knoll found repugnant; and without further ado he gave up the unequal struggle of making Hardoys. The time was 1950, and the chairs were quoted at around \$19.95, retail.

The news of the court decision traveled like wildfire, and within a matter of weeks, welding torches were flashing from Maine to California. In Greenwich Village the ex-poet started to mass-



produce Hardoys at a phenomenal rate, cutting his labor costs down to six cents per chair. Across the East River, in Astoria, a Brooklyn entrepreneur bought a new factory and started making Hardoys too. Three thousand miles away, in Los Angeles, everybody with a welding torch was making them. By the end of 1954, the Hardoy production in that city alone amounted to a conservatively estimated 3,000 chairs a week.

As Hardoys moved into mass production, the price dropped rapidly. Within a few weeks after the disappearance of the Knoll-Hardoy, the retail price of the canvas sling model leveled off at about \$14.50. Soon it dipped again to around \$11, then down to about \$8.75, until, today, it is possible to buy the chair, on and off, for as little as \$5.95 (with a mere  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch-diameter rod). That seems to be about rock bottom, for the low price has stayed above that level for a couple of years. By comparison, the traditional American ladder-back wooden chair, for decades a staple in furniture shops in the South, sells for around \$5, and you cannot really curl up in it.

#### THE MOSQUITO LEG SCHOOL

**H**ARDOYS have now become so accepted that they have introduced a new style into American decoration. Its trademark is the tangled hairpin, generally used as a leg to support some heavier object. Perhaps the first man to recognize the advent of the Hardoy style was furniture designer Edward Wormley who, in 1949, warned the National Home Fashions League in New York that a "Mosquito Leg" school of design was on the march. The "anopheles school of thought," he called it.

And he was absolutely right. Before very long there was, of course, a baby Hardoy, ten inches high (for modern tots). There were anopheles stools, anopheles lamps, anopheles ashtrays, candlesticks, wastepaper baskets, tables, chests, bowls for fruit, and anopheles patterns on drapes. The tangled hairpin invaded every nook and cranny of the American home-furnishings industry so that, today, the average modern furniture or gift store looks like a malarial swamp, infested with iron mosquitoes, big and small.

As the Hardoy style began to sweep the country, the avant-garde which was responsible for its success found itself in an unfamiliar dilemma: as Frank Lloyd Wright has said, there is nothing quite so unsettling for a professional radical as to discover that he has become fashionable. The avant-gardists, brooding in their white-walled



living rooms, decided that the Hardoy Chair must go.

At first it went into the nursery, to be demolished by the kids. When that failed, it was kicked out into the garden, where the weather might slowly take its toll. Rumors were circulated to the effect that the popularizers had made changes in the exact curvature of the original hairpin frame and in the exact shape of the sling. A whisper campaign of defamation spread through design circles: Hardoy was passé.

Still the avant-gardists had to sit down *somewhere*, if only to brood. They got their answer from a leading member of their own set, the designer Charles Eames of Venice, California, who had made some highly original contributions to the art of sitting himself.

As the Hardoy style swept triumphant through Sears Roebuck warehouses and Lucky Strike ads, a new kind of chair appeared in Mr. Eames' famous house—a curious chair of many pieces of wood, hinged together so that it could fold, its frame covered with a khaki canvas sling. Mr. Eames (it was rumored) had discovered the chair in a circus, where clowns have apparently used it for years. Seems that it has been manufactured somewhere in Wisconsin ever since the turn of the century. Superficially not unlike the Hardoy chair, as a matter of fact, but in its *un-designed*, primitive straightforwardness a much more beautiful object, of course. Historians report that the chair originated in the British—no, the *French* colonies. Anyway, it definitely was standard equipment with Italian Air Force officers in the North African campaign. Or was it during the Ethiopian war?

A. M. WATKINS

# a gadget to cut down on *MID-AIR COLLISIONS*

You may feel a lot less nervous about flying as soon as the air liners start using "a little black box" which will tell pilots exactly where they are at all times and in any weather.

A REVOLUTIONARY new automatic navigator for planes holds exciting promise for a safer air age. Mid-air collisions will be fewer, flying will be more accurate, and much of the dangerous human error present in flying today will be eliminated. This device is being tested for regular airline flights now. By 1960—or soon after—it will have taken a lot of the scare out of flying.

The new gadget, called a Doppler system, is the first self-contained navigator perfected for planes. It will tell a pilot his exact position in the air anywhere in the world without reference to any star, ground radio beam, or visual landmark. It makes the necessary calculations automatically within the plane with split-second speed. Thus, for the first time since the Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk in 1903, man can fly anywhere over the earth in any weather without reference to an outside navigational aid.

The basic Doppler unit comes in a compact box a little bigger than the side drawer of a desk and weighs only eighty-nine pounds when it is completely installed. (It is based on a principle of sound and light waves first formulated in 1842 by the Austrian physicist Christian Johann Doppler.) The new device operates by bouncing a continuous series of radio waves down from the plane to the earth and back again. The returning waves vary slightly in pitch or frequency according to how fast the plane is traveling.

These variations, measured in a millionth of a second, are fed into a small electronic brain which converts them instantaneously into the two fundamental quantities required for fast and precise navigation: the "ground speed"—or the exact speed of the plane as it travels over the earth—and the "drift angle"—the degree to which the plane is pushed off course by winds. For the pilot, knowing these two facts simultaneously will mean that he is at last independent of the ground in guiding his plane.

Present-day instruments give an airplane's speed and direction only in relation to the air and wind around it. This process allows much error to creep in; converting such data to find the actual ground speed and true heading accounts for the greater part of a navigator's job in the air today. The new self-contained navigator does the same job but with little or no danger of slip-up.

In addition, the automatic navigator, used along with a computer, can supply an impressive variety of other vital data to the pilot, including the accurate speed and direction of the wind. By calculating the plane's changes of position from the point of departure, the two devices can furnish continuous latitude and longitude, regardless of where the plane is over the earth.

## PINPOINTING PLANE TRAFFIC

THE latest version of the new system is so accurate that on a regular 3,440-mile flight from New York to London over the Great Circle, a pilot coming out of the clouds on his approach to Britain should make his landfall within sight of his destination. Conventional equipment can be counted on to do no more than bring a plane within fifty to a hundred miles on one side or the other of the land target—even assuming that a



first-class pilot and navigator are on the job. The Doppler system achieves its greater accuracy with practically no attention from the crew. God and the airline unions willing, it should eventually make the human navigator as obsolete as pilot goggles.

The new automatic navigator will also help solve our critical domestic air traffic problem. We now have two to three near-collisions a day; with fast jet airliners coming within a year or two the problem is bound to get worse. Unfortunately, traffic control today is pretty loose. Under current instrument flying rules airline pilots report in to ground-control stations as they pass radio check points beamed along their routes. But between check points they may not know for sure how much they are held up or blown off course by changing winds, particularly in bad weather. They must guess their position until they pass a check point, and even then conventional radio beams cannot pinpoint their precise position overhead. And during good weather, non-airline pilots are free to fly without having to follow rigid traffic directions.

The best solution suggested so far for all-around safety is centralized, twenty-four-hour a day, all-weather Civil Aeronautics Administration traffic control over *all* planes in the air, military and civilian. The new automatic navigator can make such control effective because it is the first equipment available that will tell pilots exactly where they are at all times. It takes the guesswork out of flying. At the same time, of course, administrative reforms—some of them quite difficult to work out—will be needed to lay down the law. Besides accurate traffic control, improved ground control procedures, improved communications, and other innovations will have to be put into effect. But the Doppler system will furnish the vital information which any air control system needs to work successfully.

Another advantage of the new automatic navigator should be to eliminate the "stacking up" of a dozen or more planes over busy airports, each waiting to land. The new equipment will be a big help in keeping all flights spaced evenly in the air *between* cities.

#### THREADING THE HURRICANE

**L**ONG-RANGE weather forecasting should be greatly improved by virtue of Doppler's ability to seek out the winds and precisely catalogue their direction and speed. Wind velocity is automatically obtained with Doppler equipment since it is, in effect, the

difference at any moment between the plane's real, or ground, speed and its "air speed"—or the speed it would attain if it were not affected by winds. In fact, weather-tracking planes outfitted with the Doppler apparatus now have a separate dial which indicates wind velocity simultaneously with ground speed.

This gear has already proved an enormous help in hurricane hunting; it permits the pilot of a weather-tracking plane to thread the eye of a hurricane and report accurately on its location, heading, and wind speeds. Conventional equipment is simply incapable of providing the same data accurately, and, in any case, electrostatic disturbances at such storm centers will distort its operation.

Self-contained navigators are also the hitherto little-known factor behind many of the Air Force's record-breaking jet-stream flights across country. The unit permits a pilot to locate such fast, high winds and then lock his plane on one. He knows instantly that he has found a jet stream because his Doppler ground-speed indicator jumps forward showing 150 to 250 miles an hour of extra speed. In the same way, pilots flying regular routes can hitch themselves to the best prevailing winds—on a trip to Europe, for instance—then avoid them on the way back. This advantage alone should pay back the airlines' initial expense for automatic navigators in a short time. One engineer estimates that fuel costs can be reduced by about 25 per cent, not to mention reduced wear on plane and crew.

#### THE IDEAL NAVIGATING MARRIAGE

**D**OPPLER units are now being made by at least three firms. The first one out of the laboratory was developed secretly by a group of ex-MIT scientists of the General Precision Laboratory Incorporated of Pleasantville, New York, working hand-in-hand with the U. S. Air Force. The GPL men hit on the basic idea for the airborne Doppler in 1944, flight-tested their first handmade model in an Air Force C-54 in 1948, and finally achieved secret quantity production of military units in 1954. It was not until last year, however, that Doppler units were declassified for non-military use by Pentagon officials.

Another Doppler unit has been developed by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company Limited (British Marconi) for the RAF. The English scientists, who started their program after a visit to see the GPL equipment, occasionally pooled

their knowledge with the Americans, in the interest of mutual defense. This collaboration is said to have paid off handsomely, as each group already had found answers to seemingly insurmountable development problems faced by the other. At the same time, the Naval Research Laboratory was at work on its own Doppler; later, the Ryan Aeronautical Company was called in to engineer and produce the Navy's unit.

When will self-contained automatic navigators be put into regular use by the airlines? The answer is anywhere from six to eighteen months or more because preliminary testing and experimentation must be carried out first. Pan American is already testing one of GPL's Doppler units in a DC-7C in regular service. This plane, incidentally, was the first to make a regularly scheduled flight with a self-contained automatic navigator. On November 8, 1957 it made a quick warm-up trip from New York to Bermuda, returned to Idlewild, and then flew as Pan American Flight 70 to London. The same plane has since been piling up detailed test data on the Doppler operation. Trans-Canada put its first test unit, a Canadian Marconi model, into the air in March 1958. TWA is expected to be next. The basic problem is to determine exactly what kind of final unit, down to the last tube, is best for airline carriers before it is standardized and produced in quantity for all planes. And then, of course, all crews must learn to use the new gear.

Another new type of automatic navigator

which promises to figure importantly in the air travel of the future is called the Inertial Guidance system. Its key element is a highly accurate gyroscope which for basic reference purposes always points to the center of the earth. IG has received much publicity lately but still sits unused on the sidelines as far as regular flying is concerned. Though highly accurate, it is "fantastically complicated" and still too heavy and expensive for planes. So far, it works mainly in rockets and missiles. Dr. Charles Stark Draper, chief of MIT's famous Instrumentation Laboratory, favors developing a small compact inexpensive version for regular flying but he notes that nobody will foot the bill to do it. He feels confident that the prototype of such a unit could be developed in two to three years, at a total cost of around one million dollars.

Most experts seem to think, however, that the ideal future navigator for regular flying will consist of an electronic marriage between Doppler and Inertial Guidance. Doppler will contribute the long-distance accuracy, while IG will provide great short-term precision, they say. Then future flight may well be completely automatic: planes will be able to take off in any weather, fly on a rigid pre-set course regardless of outside wind gusts, and at their destination hook onto an electronic landing device. Nothing will be left to the human hand. Air navigation will have come a long way from the barnstorming days of the 1920s—when pilots defied the weather and leaned out of the cockpit to see where they were.

## THE ULTIMATE MACHINE

**I** CANNOT leave Bell Labs without mentioning one more device which I saw there, and which haunts me as it haunts everyone else who has ever seen it in action. It is the Ultimate Machine—the End of the Line. Beyond it there is Nothing. It sits on Claude Shannon's desk driving people mad. (Or sat, as Shannon is now at MIT.)

Nothing could look simpler. It is merely a small wooden casket the size and shape of a cigar-box, with a single switch on one face.

When you throw the switch, there is an angry, purposeful buzzing. The lid slowly rises, and from beneath it emerges a hand. The hand reaches down, turns the switch off, and retreats into the box. With the finality of a closing coffin, the lid snaps shut, the buzzing ceases, and peace reigns once more.

The psychological effect, if you do not know what to expect, is devastating. There is something unspeakably sinister about a machine that does nothing—absolutely nothing—except switch itself off.

—From Arthur C. Clarke's *Voice Across the Sea*, to be published by Harper & Brothers, fall 1958.



## SOREN KIERKEGAARD

**H**IS life was a perpetual Lutheran Sunday,  
Cheerless, loveless, impotent, and null,  
Tortured alike by doubt and doubting faith,  
Lacerated by the sense of sin,  
The guilt brought down upon his innocent head  
By the father who, driven by a rebellious will,  
From a hill in Jutland cursed God and all his works.

Now he sits in the cold autumnal garden  
Melancholy with the weight of the curse  
Upon him, the sin of the father visited  
On him, the cheerful sparrows at his feet  
Unseeing, the ducks of the world of Hans Andersen—  
A family party on the pond—unheeding,  
Nor feels upon the weary leaden shoulders  
The soft caress of birch fronds as they wave  
To and fro, moving in the autumn wind,  
Lightly touch and withdraw—a woman's hair.

This is the latitude of Edinburgh,  
The latitude of the tortured conscience,  
I remember. In this kingdom he received  
The stigmata of genius and pain,  
Imprisoned in the primal fear of the flesh,  
As now in lead and stone.

I am back again  
In the garden—the clock strikes the three quarters—  
My footsteps lead me to seek the company  
Of the solitary man whose mind researched  
Into the innermost recesses of guilt  
As the tongue seeks the sore place in the tooth.  
Inventor of the formula of Angst,  
Come and solace me now, you who knew  
The strength in the treacherous reserves of doubt,  
The courage and contempt to be found in fear,  
The consolations of solitariness.  
Your eyes that now see nothing once looked out  
On human misery and understood  
Every inflection of its voice and mood,  
Hugged its satisfactions to yourself,  
The concave mirror of a fractured world,  
Where all is microscopically clear:  
The nightmare of a too percipient mind.

Aloft he sits, slightly askew on his chair,  
Uneasily to the world, alone and very famous,  
The man that died of spiritual pride.

# *Trying to find the Shape — if any — of the* NEWS IN WASHINGTON

How "too damned much togetherness" has made much of our national reporting so bland, so timid, and so lacking in harsh candor.

WASHINGTON—"Remember," Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg once told me, putting his finger alongside his nose in a manner both coy and touching, "remember that this is neither *from me nor for me*."

In this very private way he was imparting a clandestine budget of then-important information. (The net of it, by the way, was that he was not, and for various reasons could never be, a genuine candidate for the Presidential nomination.)

The phrase "neither from me nor for me" was a top politician's shorthand in those days for saying in substance: "Here is something you can publish, and with trust in its truth. But you cannot attribute it to me, nor can you write that it is said by my 'friends' in my behalf."

Introductions are often sticky things; self-introductions almost invariably so. Nevertheless, the main purpose of this column is precisely that. Let it then be understood, as an alternative to putting intolerable strain upon the perpendicular pronoun, that all which follows is from me and for me.

A journalist's work is in one way unique. It is a profession, a calling, a craft, or a trade that permits great intrusions upon, and impertinences to, the public. He has a heavy obligation, in

ordinary decency, to remember always that these are rather dubious privileges. The line between proper public inquiry and prying private insolence is very thin—and too often crossed.

And as to public policy, this is properly made, it seems to me, only by public men, publicly and responsibly chosen. Journalism suffers quite as much—and maybe more—from overstating its responsibilities as from under-discharging the responsibilities it really has. Political writers have not been elected by anybody to anything.

Being a correspondent or writer ought to mean being often alone; but today Washington correspondence has too little loneliness in it relative to, say, twenty years ago. To the language has been added a repellent but descriptive word—"togetherness." There is in Washington—in reporting, in politics, in everything—altogether too damned much togetherness.

The fact is that this pleasant city has become a kind of monument to a national force that has been drawing everything and everybody together since about the time of the New Deal. This is not to suggest that President Roosevelt never should have started Social Security, so to speak. It is to suggest, however, that Washington conformity and the cult of the country club were not simply ordered up, by-the-numbers-hand-salute, on the morning after the inauguration of General Eisenhower as Captain of the Team.

This overly-bland situation has been around a good deal longer than that.

Even so, press coverage in the Roosevelt days had a pleasantly uneven quality, where now it is smooth and homogenized. It is a good deal



better than it was in some important ways: more complete, more adult in a sense, and perhaps a bit more sophisticated. But in some other ways the story is less heartening. For the widespread national notion that this is a great, big, wonderful world—a notion persisting even in the recession and under the fearful threats that hang over mankind—has largely pervaded the press along with the rest of our society.

#### WHAT DOESN'T GET REPORTED

**I**T WOULD be easy to blame "the team" for this. And, indeed, it can be indicted as a major participant in an amiable conspiracy of milk and water—and cheery nonsense. The hardy cliché of "the team" was fostered by the "modern" Republicans, to whom all things are good and practically no man or idea is vile—only a bit maladjusted, maybe. But it has older roots. It sprang from an Anglo-American conviction that has gone even deeper into the American than into the British national character. This is the belief that the best things—and certainly the best possible manners—in life are expressed in the ideal of team play.

The very term shyly rebukes what we don't like:

Studied and candid excellence of performance, for which read "Fancy Dan."

Any frank and open desire to work alone, for which read "... thinks he's too good. . . ."

It is thus not surprising that the notion of "the team" has an enduring vitality—in spite of the fact that it is demonstrably and absurdly inapplicable to the Presidency. The office by definition is magisterial; its obvious Constitutional burden is upon one, never upon many.

But when a large part of the nation takes up a dogma of living such as this, the press is bound to do the same—if only because it is a part of that common body. Thus, there is more than a trace of truth in the frequent complaint that the Eisenhower Administration has been "protected" by the press. But the question is rarely asked: Protected from whom and for what? It is only fair to say that the Administration has, for a great part of its time in power, faithfully—if rather muzzily—reflected the desires and attitudes of a large part of the American people. Opposition has been thin and sterile.

It has been, in short, an almost incomparably "democratic" administration in precisely the terms to which the philosophy of its shrillest liberal critics leads with logical inevitability. What could possibly be more democratic, in this

theory of politics, than a government that has done quickly, in a sort of relaxed and almost automatic way, what most of the people have clearly wanted?

For example, did the United States let down its oldest and best friend, Britain, in the Anglo-Israeli-French invasion of Egypt? In my view, it certainly did. But does anybody suggest that anything like an operative majority of the people ever wanted to take the contrary course—to cut the cackle, the cant, the moralizing, and simply and honestly to say—as was once said of the Constitution—"What is the United Nations among friends?"

Some would not have been at all happy to see us take such a decision; but when the issue was at hand and one had at last to fish or cut bait, they would have fished with the British rather than joined the Russians in rushing up the worm cans.

In general, this column lays only a fairly soft impeachment upon the press. But Egypt was one case in which a charge of press misfeasance could be brought.

For this was an ill-reported and ill-editorialized story—not in its surface and obvious meaning, but in the amazing kernel of news within it. This kernel was the fact that Anglo-American relations had reached such a desperate—and foolish—pass, perhaps as much for human and internal reasons as for geopolitical and external ones. It was the first time in history that an ally had said of us, not simply that he violently disagreed with our policy, but that he could not give us his personal trust.

If it had reported this candidly, the press would have had to cut pretty close to the bone. And nobody likes to make these ugly incisions right out in public—except, perhaps, those medics who seem always to be laying open a gall bladder or the like in *Life Magazine*.

But, if there is doubt that the Constitution grants the press any right merely to pry about, this situation reflects the other side of the thing: A journalist also has an obligation, when the going is really tough, to act as though he had on his long pants—even if he must leave all the rest of the pack.

This lack of creative loneliness and personal responsibility is perhaps the most serious shortcoming in Washington news coverage. There has not been any syndicate of suppression here to "make the Republicans look good"—don't make any mistake about that. And I don't myself believe for a moment that any considerable number of editors—or even publishers, incontestably Re-

publican though most of them are—has wanted any such thing. It is just that refinement and crowd-consciousness have been running rampant in the streets—and not just in the streets here, but in all the streets of this country, from here to the Golden Gate.

#### SINKING YOUR TEETH IN JELLY

**W**HAT has perhaps been needed most of all is more of that well-known “individual enterprise” of which the Republicans used to speak—though not quite the kind of individual enterprise they had in mind. To run with the crowd is to adopt, deliberately or not, the images of the crowd. And to the crowd—to crowd journalists as well as crowd realtors—life has been a bowl of cherries.

Critical reporting has considerably declined, in volume and in effectiveness, both here and elsewhere.

No doubt this is due in part—maybe in major part—to the fact that there has been less than usual to criticize in any concrete way. The jelly-like aspect of national affairs—reflecting the jelly-like notions of the country itself—is not an easy substance for a reporter to sink his teeth into. By contrast, it was a rare day in either the Roosevelt or Truman Administrations when something wasn’t going on which invited—even demanded—criticism.

The Eisenhower Administration cannot be made out, on any fair estimate, to be in any way evil. But its lack of evil is no less marked than its lack of taste. This is said wholly without malice, because I look upon politics simply as a profession, or an art like painting and music; consequently I have few political villains and no outright heroes. I am merely attempting here to report certain phenomena which form part of the political and press landscape in Washington today.

They are illustrated by an old Washington story (perhaps based on fact) about a foreigner who remarked that he liked old “Engine Charlie” Wilson, the now departed Secretary of Defense, “because he is the only man around here who is not always talking about God.”

Harsh candor has been mostly absent from Washington news stories because it has been mostly absent from public life. Wilson was an exception. He never moralized his problems or himself—and when the problems got the better of him, he acknowledged that nasty fact with loud, honest maledictions upon fate, in language

which must have been profoundly deplored by Apostle Ezra Taft Benson and Elder John Foster Dulles. Moreover, Wilson could take it as well as dish it out. But at least one change in the Washington scene in the last two decades is unmistakable: Too few in public life can take it, and not many can really dish it out any more.

Politicians, as it happens, are my favorite professional people. They command my liking, respect, and sympathy to a degree that probably sets me apart—not to say critically below—most of my colleagues. But as a pro-politician writer, I must report that their sensitivity—with the perhaps surprising exception of most of the Old Guard Republicans and Southern Democrats—has grown embarrassingly touchy.

#### THE SENSITIVE POLITICIANS

**A**NATIONAL reporter finds that most of his political friends expect him to assume that what they do is invariably high-minded and selfless, in pursuit of their mission of making this the best of all possible worlds. Many politicians—nay, most—have developed an illusion that the function of the press is not much different from that of a press agent.

Traditionally a politician was supposed to take the line: “I don’t give a damn *what* you say about me so long as you spell my name right.” This happy day, if it ever really existed, is gone without trace. The average Washington politician’s view of himself today is almost as precious as that of any fashionable minister of the Gospel or a cult-leading professor in an Ivy League college.

It is sad to have to record that the Democrats—who like to picture themselves as the really tough old pros, and generally used to be just that—are well forward in this matter of delicate self-regard. Now they are at least as quick as the Republicans to holler for the umpire or the cops.

Reporters have aimed many a hard blow at Senator William Fife Knowland without yet hearing a murmur of pain or protest. Better yet, when good things have been said about Knowland, he has never come around to say, “How very perceptive, thank you very much.” The like cannot be said of many other politicians whose *public* points of view are far preferred by many commentators—including this one.

Maybe the press is partly to blame for the fact that some politicians generally don’t show the respect for a reporter’s professional responsibilities that they used to show. Anyway, the odd truth is that those public men whose politics



are least likable from my point of view are often the most likable simply as men.

Perhaps this is so partly because the right-wingers—in both parties—know in their hearts that what they represent in public life isn't going anywhere. Consequently they are less sensitive in defending a position that is fundamentally untenable. But a more far-reaching explanation may be that only the right-wingers have resisted homogenization.

Thus they have retained genuine personal identities, just as they have retained identifiable political philosophies, however unpopular these philosophies may be. So they provide about the only targets of opportunity still open here for the exercise of personal journalism—either in the ordinary meaning of the term (that is, highly subjective writing) or in another meaning that appeals more to me. This second kind of personal journalism is that which usually seeks the significance of large events in the human personalities of individual men in high places.

You cannot see this kind of significance in the pervasive teamism of today's Washington. If it is there at all (and this is debatable) it is at best so diffused—so covered over with a sort of large-corporation liquid veneer—that no useful amount of it can be uncovered in any one place at one time. You could discern very little that was real about the insurance business, for example, by attending a happy annual banquet of all the people, down to the junior telephone operators, who work for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. But if you happened to know intimately the president of the company and were able to drop in on him of a Sunday afternoon for tea, or something, you probably could get a pretty good working idea of what was really going on in that business and why.

The press is not being excluded from the facts. Rather, the facts themselves are formed in large, inchoate masses and covered with a cocoon made up, in a manner of speaking, of peanut butter.

#### OBJECTIVITY RUN WILD

THE technique of the Washington leak—and indeed of the Washington “exclusive”—is an inevitable consequence of this situation. The leak or exclusive story is rarely an example of a reporter's persistence and skill. More often it is simply an evidence of the harassed necessity of some official to put a situation before the public with a spurious sense of drama in order to gain attention for it.

The big leaks, moreover, are usually imper-

sonal, and may conceal matters a good deal more interesting and important than what they reveal. I am generally pro-leak and pro-exclusive; there is much to be said for the time-honored method of having disclosures made by those faceless and disembodied “friends” whose spectral help Vandenberg did not desire—if this is the only way to get the disclosure out, and if it is an honest disclosure. It is extreme to say that such “friends” are synthetic and sinister. That would be like denouncing Santa Claus as a hairy and obese fraud—and probably a racist, too—when you might just as well describe the old boy as a kindly creature of the spirit world.

All the same, there are friends and friends; and some leaks have their perils.

Often reporters handle a leaked story with a solemn uncriticalness. The documents, or whatever, are ceremoniously produced for the public—which at times must scratch its head in perplexity as to what the devil they are all about. But the motivation for the leak usually is not mentioned, although that may be the most significant part of the story.

Why not? For one thing, the acceptance of a leak lays some unstated obligation on the reporter. It is of course never crudely put, in so many words, that he engages not to make unnecessary trouble; but there it is. And for another thing, the news is increasingly an impersonal commodity which does not invite the personal approach.

Then, there is the matter of “objectivity”—and what a pompous beaut of a word that is. This bland, loosely flowing garment often covers the true political angularities in a way that is overly-kind—just as the sack dress covers the non-angularities of the female form in a way that is most unkind. In practice, to be “objective” often simply means to be uncritical.

Thus there is a tendency to be much more “objective” toward the powerful and the popular than toward the powerless and unpopular. To cite a specific example, the Washington press ordinarily is far more “objective”—in quotation marks—toward Northern than toward Southern politicians. It is as easy for a Washington correspondent to be trenchantly critical toward the South as to come out against the man-eating shark—and as safe.

Indeed, one of our great Foundations—most of which, by the way, are doing far more than most people realize to preserve the decencies of American life—could do worse than to spend a hatful of its money to prepare an objective definition of the word objective. The point has been

reached where the expression "so and so had an awfully objective piece on Senator Grumble" often means simply that it was a very kind piece.

Again, objectivity is sometimes taken to mean only a careful—indeed, a meticulous—measuring out of absolutely even-handed credit and blame to this man as against that, or to this movement as against another. The theory seems to be that all's fair—and nobody has been impermissibly subjective—so long as everybody and everything comes out even in the end. This has sometimes put a curious veil over great and harsh issues.

A well-known Washington commentator—much given to melancholy observations on the need for a higher public and private morality—left this general impression, over a period of

many months, about the meaning of the contest between the late Senator McCarthy and Dean Acheson: "Well, McCarthy *was*, perhaps, attacking the Bill of Rights. But Acheson? Well, Acheson too was far from blameless; his abrupt manner toward Congress—and, worse yet, toward the press—was not at all what it ought to be."

Now, this sort of thing is not common; but it has occurred in comparatively high journalistic places, and it is significant. For its whole tendency is to lump men and causes into some large and shapeless generality, rather than to separate them for what they are—what each is, and each alone.

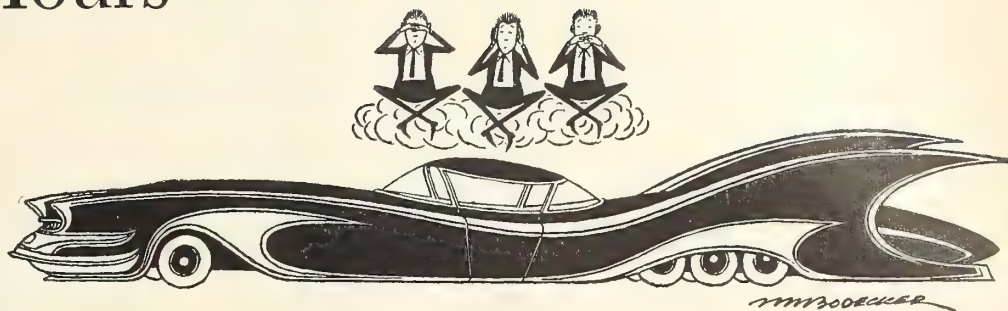
But is this not a national, and not merely a Washington failing?

## THE OTHER LIVES by Robert Pack

SHE never could be his, too much required  
Change, and his world, if once left behind,  
Would run to dreams, beckoning him backward  
To the past as her life beckoned him  
Into the future. Not for these lives he longed,  
But that encompassing experience  
Of winter and of spring come back again  
Until the cliffs slid back into the sea.  
He, who had exorcised the fear of death  
Out from its innermost retreat, would not  
Relinquish willingly a single breath,  
And wished to share with her the sense of worlds  
In which a brother's voice is in the wind,  
In which the spiny mountain strides behind,  
The lake at twilight answers kingfisher  
And loon to say the long day has gone well;  
And they would shiver to the ringing hours.  
He leaned to her, for he would tell her this,  
That there was nothing they could ever have  
Except this knowledge, nothing but a moment  
Free from space and time, coming from nowhere  
And leading only to the wistful country  
Of all that could not be. Woodcock warblings  
From an ancient sleepiness gave out  
Upon the patient listening of the lake,  
And on pine needles she reclined her head.  
Through spruce and pines the slanting sun  
revealed  
The dust before his eyes; dust filled the air  
And rested on his hands. It was not clear,  
But there was not enough of breath to make  
The endless vindicating explanations;  
Not breath enough, and dust was falling dry  
Upon his lips, and she would turn to him  
Only in murmurings of other worlds.



# After Hours



## NOBODY HERE BUT US VICTIMS

THE first week in May was a bad one for Benson Ford. On Tuesday he made a speech in Canada to the effect that the automotive industry was the victim, and not the cause, of the current recession. But on Saturday Elmo Roper and Associates released the findings from a survey which showed, to put it mildly, that the situation is more confused than it looks.

In his speech Mr. Ford, who is a vice president of the Ford company, took the line which has now become obligatory for big wheels in the auto business. He said that small-car sales have little to do with the present decline. He said that the cars now selling well are the fanciest, and that this proves Detroit's estimate of consumer desires to be correct. And he said that anyhow the whole thing was the public's fault, since the manufacturers were nothing but busy in the hands of their customers.

"The upgrading of the automobile and, correlatively, of automobile prices," he said, managing to use two okay-academic words in one breath, "is largely the work of the consumer himself. The consumer is literally forced every company in the business to add value and add features to the automobile or suffer competitive defeats."

The first question Mr. Roper asked his respondents (followed by others described a week later) was what they thought about that bedrock underpinning of the American way, the annual model change. To avoid bias, he managed to phrase the

question so that it was loaded both ways:

"In general, do you feel that having new car models every year is a good idea because it brings change and improvement, or not a good idea because it is expensive and wasteful?"

To this innocuous query 50 per cent (as opposed to 38 in favor) said it was *not* a good idea. Of course, as Mr. Roper is well aware, 38 per cent may be a large figure, in the sense that many Americans have always been more interested in second-hand cars than in the new models—and that new ones with decisive style changes still sell the best. All Mr. Roper is sure his figures show is that somebody is mixed up.

THE people in favor of suspending the annual change and continuing the present models for several years, to spare manpower for defense, were then asked what they thought was the best method of bringing this about. Here the public's lack of faith in the industry was completely outmatched by its lack of faith in itself. Out of this 50-odd per cent, only a monumentally insignificant 6 per cent thought results could be achieved by people refusing to buy new cars. Those who thought a law should be passed amounted to only 12 per cent, while those who thought the automobile companies themselves should voluntarily hold off for a while were twice as many—25 per cent. In so many words, "Let Detroit do it."

Detroit, at this point, was in the throes of preparing for exactly the opposite, the change-over to the 1959 line that is going to be unveiled this September. If some indication can

be gleaned from advance hints of what the 1959 cars will be like, then the chances of Detroit accepting the self-denying mission that the public wishes on it are nil. The word so far is that 1959 will be the biggest year for style changes since the fall of 1954. Chevrolet: longer and lower. Ford: more chrome. Plymouth: bigger fins. If the industry is going down, it will go down with the old flag flying.

The real tragedy, in that case, is that it will have done so unintentionally. You could almost admire the manufacturers for their all-out disregard of the public if this were not simply an accident. They have to work so far ahead of time, and freeze their designs so long in advance, that the 1959 models had to be decided on in early 1957, well before the storm clouds had gathered on the economic horizon. The faster they make the changes, the harder they make their own job. What other major industry is so successful in sabotaging itself?

The result is a stand-off. Benson Ford, and the dozens of other auto executives who have voiced the same views, seem honestly to believe that they are much put upon by an ungrateful nation. They accept as reliable evidence only the hard facts of the market—contrasted, Mr. Ford said, with "superficial impressions gained from reading the papers and talking to one's friends"—and the market, naturally, reflects only the decisions of the people who buy. Those who don't buy—nearly two million of them this year, compared to last—show up only by their absence. What they think does not reveal itself in the figures.

Mr. Roper's questions, on the

other hand, produced a flood of answers.

"These comments show," he reported, "that while the *principle* of yearly change has its advocates, almost no one has a good word to say for the way it is currently *practiced* by the Detroit manufacturers. . . . The general sentiment seems to be: 'Enough!'"

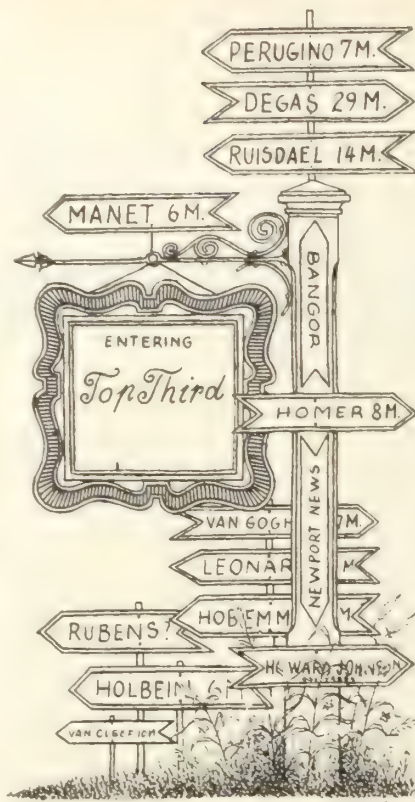
Over and over again he got remarks like: "Automobile manufacturers should stop trying to outdo each other in making cars bigger and more expensive. . . ." Possibly, as Detroit keeps telling itself, there is no connection between such sentiments and the tobogganing slide in sales—but a man who'll believe that (as the Duke of Wellington said to the man who addressed him as "Mr. Smith, I believe") will believe anything.

The problem is, who's in charge here? The customers clearly feel they have nothing to say about what gets dumped on them, while the industry feels in no way involved in the junk the fools insist on buying. If, just supposing, the big beautiful monsters you get to look at next month should fail to sell, we would have a nice dandy catastrophe on our hands for whom no one at all was responsible. Watch this space for further absurdities.

#### ART IN THE TOP THIRD

ELSEWHERE in this issue of *Harper's* Christopher Tunnard points out that there is a continuous city that starts at Bangor, Maine, and doesn't stop until it gets to Newport News, Virginia. In the top third (roughly) of this city is one of the most extraordinary mines of art to be found anywhere. It is not all in one place; indeed it is scattered all over New England and it has been very difficult even for art experts to run it down. A gentleman named S. Lane Faison, Jr., professor of art at Williams College, has taken this problem in hand and, from my point of view, solved it.

Mr. Faison is the author of *A Guide to the Art Museums of New England* which has just been published by Harcourt, Brace—five dollars and worth every penny of it. I had a feeling after an hour or so



with Mr. Faison's book that I would as soon look at pictures with him as anyone I've met on the printed page in some years. He is enthusiastic, scholarly without being pedantic, and occasionally extremely tactful. But most of all he is literate, a quality all too rarely found in guide books of any sort. He made me want to get into my car and spend the summer driving around New England poking my nose into all sorts of museums, historical societies, and houses.

The big, important New England collections such as the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and the Fogg at Harvard are known to anybody who knows anything about art . . . at least they are partly known. Fewer people know that one of the most interesting collections of painting in America is in the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford, or that Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, has a gem of a little museum and a remarkable collection, especially of nineteenth-century French pictures. Almost nobody except the local citizenry (and probably not many of them) knows that there are first-rate pictures by Manet and Degas in the Hill-Stead Museum in the town of

Farmington, Connecticut. I'm sure I didn't, until Mr. Faison told me.

He describes in some detail six old New England museums and the emphasis is on the fine arts rather than on the useful arts and Americana, though where these are important he gives them their due. Do you know that Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine, has a very distinguished collection of early American portraits? Or that there is a remarkable collection (Perugino, J. van Cleve, Ruisdael, Monet, etc.) in Manchester, New Hampshire, in the Currier Gallery of Art? Or that you'll look far and wide before you find better Winslow Homer water colors than those at Colby College in Waterville, Maine?

Mr. Faison's book is organized in the greatest convenience of the traveler and reader. There is a red map at the head of the description of each museum showing precisely where it can be found. At the bottom of each page there are illustrations (very small but quite adequate) of the pictures or *objets d'art* that he has selected for special discussion. The text is full of cross references to other works in other New England collections, so that comparisons can easily be found and made. Days and hours when museums are open, if (if any), and the names of the directors of the institutions are provided. As Mr. Faison says, pictures are often out on loan or are sometimes stored to make way for current special exhibitions, but if there's something you specially want to see, most museums are glad to dig it out for you, or let you know when it will be back on show. In the back of the book Mr. Faison lists "Historical Houses and Buildings, Historical Societies, and Museums of Local Interest" with brief descriptions of their most interesting attributes, and also tells when they are open to the public.

This is a book equally useful to the neophyte and the connoisseur. It contains brief histories of Western and Asian art, deftly written (look at the Preface to find where they are in the book), and easily digested. I wish that it contained a map of New England with all of the places he mentions indicated. It would make planning tours far easier, but this is a quibble.



## AFTER HOURS

The book, incidentally, is tall and narrow and, though I don't know if the publishers had this in mind when they designed it, it would fit very handily into the glove compartment of any car . . . and it would certainly raise the tone of most glove compartments I know.

—Mr. Harper



### CULTURE NOTE

A communication came the other day from Hally Prentis Nelson of Columbia, Missouri, a teacher of English whose faith in literacy got leg up recently.

"Culture," she says, "is where you find it." She writes as follows:

WHILE I stood in line at a ticket window in the St. Louis bus station at the peak of the rush hour, an earring dropped on my shoulder and bounced to the dirty floor. I began to scramble for it.

"Lose your money?" asked a policeman.

Tearfully, I answered, "No, an earring."

He shrugged. "Valuable?"

I pointed to the lapel pin on my jacket. "It belonged to a jade set I had loved for years."

"Don't use the past perfect yet," he said.

I couldn't believe my ears!

"Sure you dropped it here?"

Getting on his knees, he groveled along the filthy floor. Triumphant, he produced the earring from a crack in the baseboard.

"Screw it on tight." Brushing his dusty, rumpled trousers, he grinned triumphantly.

"Sir Walter Raleigh!" I said.

"Life is not so short but that there's always time for courtesy," he replied.

For weeks his answer nagged my memory. Now I've found it—in Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. See Ralph Waldo Emerson's *Social Aims*.

**More than 1,500 laugh-provoking stories to brighten your speeches, dramatize your ideas, and make your friends laugh . . .**

# THE SPEAKER'S HANDBOOK OF HUMOR

**How to Tell, Select and Create Funny Stories for Every Occasion**

By MAXWELL DROKE

• Let Maxwell Droke, an "old pro"—in experience—show you the finer points of telling a funny story, and put in your hands a rib-tickling treasury of more than 1500 sure-fire stories classified under 59 helpful headings.

Here's some of the expert advice Maxwell Droke gives you:

- How to Introduce a Story Casually.
- How to Polish and Personalize a Story.
- How to Build Up the Laughs.
- How to Deliver the Final Punch Line.
- How to Determine Whether a Story is Worth Telling
- How to Choose the Most Appropriate Story.
- How to Adapt a Story to Suit a Special Occasion.
- How to Bring Old Favorites Up to Date.
- How to Create New Jokes From Current News Items.

### AND

1451 separate and numbered stories (not including over 100 more in the text) classified for instant reference according to subject. Separate Story-Topic index and Celebrities-Involved index.

**464 big, clearly printed pages.**

THE SPEAKER'S HANDBOOK OF HUMOR is a double-barreled book. Maxwell Droke packs the first barrel with expert, inside, "how to" hints that public speakers have been praying for. He shows you How to Select Your Funny Stories, How to Adapt Your Stories to a Special Occasion, How to Make Up Your Own Stories, What Stories You Shouldn't Tell—and Why, How to Build Up Your Stories, How to Deliver the Punch Line with the greatest effect, and many more tested suggestions that will help brighten your way as a speaker, and that of your listeners, too.

### FIND THE RIGHT STORY IN A FLASH!

The second barrel of THE SPEAKER'S HANDBOOK OF HUMOR is the real payoff! 1451 funny stories—not including more than 100 "examples" told by Maxwell Droke in the first "how to" part of THE SPEAKER'S HANDBOOK OF HUMOR. These 1451 stories are expertly classified under 59 headings, suitable for every type of audience and every occasion. Suppose you want to tell a story about Politicians. Simply turn to the detailed index and you'll find the just-right story you need indicated by number. The same goes for Animals, English Stories, Preachers, Sports, Salesmanship, the Battle of the Sexes, Women, Children. Whatever your need, here it is at your finger tips. And the stories are all fresh, bright, in good taste, told with a professional touch.

### A GOLD-MINE OF PROFESSIONAL TIPS

THE SPEAKER'S HANDBOOK OF HUMOR is a gold-mine of valuable advice and suggestions for anyone who speaks in public before gatherings of all kinds, large or small. And for everybody, the speaker as well as the general reader, it's a sidesplitting treasure-house of laughter. For your increased success as a speaker and for hours of good fun, order your copy NOW!

## ----- Ten Days' FREE Examination -----

HARPER & BROTHERS,  
51 East 33rd St., N. Y. 16  
Gentlemen: Please send me THE SPEAKER'S HANDBOOK OF HUMOR for ten days' free examination. Within that time I will remit \$4.95 plus a few cents mailing charges, or return the book postpaid.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .....

State .....

3913F

# the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## The Cultured Man and Some Less Formidable Types

ASHLEY MONTAGU is a British-born anthropologist who now practices his trade in this country. According to some ladies of my acquaintance whose competence in such matters is beyond dispute, he is irresistible on television, but on the printed page, or at least on the printed page of his new book, *The Cultured Man* (World, \$3.75), resistance comes more easily.

The book is made up of two sections. The first and shorter section is an essay in which Montagu describes his conception of a cultured man. It is a loosely thought out and shoddily expressed piece of work, a collection of unsupported assertions and hasty generalizations that make pretty good sense if they are read fast enough. But with more careful reading, and some reflection, they seem not quite to describe the real world, but instead a world in which problems are simpler and solutions easier than they are in the world we know.

A typical passage is the one in which Montagu lays down the law on prejudice. "The cultured man is free of prejudices . . .," he writes. "He will not make judgments on insufficient evidence." That seems to me an account of the matter so oversimplified as to be useless. I doubt that anyone is free of prejudices (certainly Montagu shows that he has plenty of them), and I believe that we have to make many of our judgments on insufficient evidence, simply because life often does not wait to be lived until sufficient evidence is accumulated.

If there were such a being as a cultivated man, he probably would not be foolish enough to suppose that he could divest himself of his prejudices by a simple act of the will. He would know that he had grown up in a particular time and place and that the circumstances of his life had left their mark upon him. He would try to be aware of his prejudices and to see that they did not victimize either himself or others; he would accept them as part of the truth about himself that must be lived with, but he would not accept them as necessarily the truth about

the world he lived in. He would stand to be corrected—that is, he would have courage enough to make decisions when decisions had to be made, even if the basis for making them was flimsy, but he would have the honesty to admit that he was wrong when further experience showed him his error. He would not declare himself free of prejudices simply because *prejudice* happened to be a dirty word in the journalism of the moment; he would try to understand what role prejudice actually played in his life and in the lives of others, and where it operated necessarily as well as where it was needless.

THE second and longer section of *The Cultured Man* is a series of quizzes on all the main branches of knowledge. The reader is supposed to take the quizzes and keep an elaborate score on his own performance, in order to see how cultured he is or to arrive at what Montagu calls his "culture quotient." I did not discover what my culture quotient is, because I started with the questions on literature, hoping to bolster my confidence by beginning with the area of knowledge where I might expect to do best, and I found so many mistakes in the answers that I saw no reason to go on.

Here are some mistakes that occur within a few pages:

"[Chaucer] called his 7-line stanza *rhyme royal*, in pentameter couplets, later it was called heroic couplets." All of that is wrong. Chaucer could not have called his 7-line stanza *rhyme royal*; it was given that lofty title only after it was used by King James I of Scotland in his poem *The Kingis Quair*, which was written about a quarter of a century after Chaucer died. Furthermore, *rhyme royal* is not entirely in couplets (it is impossible to write a 7-line stanza entirely in couplets), and *heroic couplets* is not a later name for *rhyme royal*; it is the name for something else.

"*Orlando* is . . . a novel by Virginia Woolf." Doubtless it was a little whimsical of Mrs. Woolf to call *Orlando* a biography, but surely it is even more whimsical to call it a novel.



"*John Brown's Body* [is] . . . a drama in verse." It is in verse all right, but it is not a drama.

"*Paradise Lost* [is] . . . an epic poem in ten books." Oddly enough, the first edition was in ten books, but Milton later made it into twelve, and so it is almost always printed now.

"The composer of *The Beggar's Opera* . . . is John Gay." No, John Gay wrote what we would call the book; the composer was John Christopher Pepusch, though the airs were traditional.

Some of Montagu's answers are correct in a dictionary sense but, like his introductory essay, show a limited acquaintance with the facts of life—e.g.: "An operetta is a short, amusing, musical play."

But at bottom what is wrong with *The Cultured Man* is not that Montagu writes carelessly or makes mistakes in the answers to his questions; what is wrong is the book's very conception, the idea that people have "culture quotients," the notion that you can tell whether or not people are civilized by counting the number of odd facts they have lying around in their heads. No one is less "cultured" for not knowing the metrical pattern of *rhyme royal* or the name of an obscure Anglo-German composer who arranged the music for Gay's plays (I had some trouble finding it myself), but certainly no one is more cultured for thinking he knows such things when he knows them wrong. Probably a really cultured man could get a good deal of not entirely innocent fun out of *The Cultured Man*, but for those of us who still have a long way to go, it does not seem to be a wholly reliable guide.

#### A WORLD RESTORED

AFTER Montagu's fragmentation of culture into odds and ends of information and attitude, it is refreshing to turn to Mary Renault's new novel, *The King Must Die* (Pantheon, \$4.50), because it is an attempt, and a remarkably successful one, to take a world that survives only in fragments and turn it into a whole again.

Miss Renault has chosen as her subject the myth of Theseus, whose most famous adventure culminated in the slaying of the Minotaur, after penetrating the Labyrinth with the aid of Ariadne's web. She sets the story in the Aegean Bronze Age, and tells it from the point of view of Theseus himself.

The myth as it survives is of course a series of startling, wildly improbable, but exciting events, and what Miss Renault has tried to do is to show how, to a certain kind of man at a certain stage of history, it might all have made sense. To accomplish this she draws Theseus as a young

man whose chief characteristic must be called, for want of a better word, piety. Theseus is not pious in the modern sense of being quiet, self-abnegating, and puritanical; on the contrary he is intensely active, a born fighter and promiscuous in love, proud and bold, clever and barbaric. But he is pious in the sense that he believes that life is a contract with the gods, and the gods set the terms of the contract. The object of a man's life is to know "the shape of his fate"; to consent to the fate the gods have shaped for him is to be free.

Since Theseus comes from a line of kings in an age when kings are also priests, he stands in a special relation to the gods; his fate is particularly grand and may be particularly grim, for the king must always be ready to die as a sacrifice for his people, and to live in expectation of a more comfortable end is to fail fully to be a king. Hence the title: *The King Must Die*.

Because of her skill in creating this attitude of heroic piety, Miss Renault is able to achieve a remarkable credibility for the ancient myth. However strange and unlikely the events that befall her Theseus, he accepts them simply as manifestations of the divine, and the reader soon finds himself equally credulous. Miss Renault alters the legend in certain details to make it more acceptable to the modern reader (the chief change is that the Minotaur in her story is no longer half-man and half-bull, as he is in the myth, but only a very bull-like man), and she certainly succeeds in convincing the reader that this is what the world might once have looked like to men.

Theseus is represented as anything but literary, and since he tells the story, the prose is appropriately simple, masculine, almost brusque. The story begins slowly, but the concluding section—the account of Theseus' adventures at the diseased and decadent court of the Cretan Minos—is very brilliant. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

#### DEATH OF A KING

ANOTHER new novel that is built on an ancient mythic pattern, though perhaps unconsciously, is *The Horn*, by John Clellon Holmes (Random House, \$3.75). The characters are Negro jazz musicians in contemporary Manhattan, but the situation recalls the myth of the ancient priest-king who guarded the golden bough in the sacred grove at Nemi. His watch was sleepless, for he had won his position by slaying his predecessor and would lose it when he in turn was slain by his successor. The myth is an expression, among various other things, of the guilt of the young who must dispossess the old, and of the tragedy of the old who must surrender.

The main character in *The Horn*, the old king, is a man who has been the greatest jazz trumpeter of his time, known simply as "The Horn." The story opens on a night when a young trumpeter steps up beside The Horn and takes him on in musical combat. The youngster is almost unknown, but he is very good; the old man has known too many one-night stands, too many adoring audiences, too many drinks and "fixes" and women and years. His time has come.

Unwilling to acknowledge defeat, The Horn latches onto a desperate hope to disguise from himself that the sacred grove of jazz has passed into the keeping of a new king: he tells himself that if he can only raise the bus-fare to get back home to Kansas City he will be himself again. So he stumbles drunkenly through nighttime New York and tries to make a little money by sitting in with various jazz groups, but he is too sick to play, humiliated by the laughter of the audience and the desertion of the younger musicians. The closest he gets to Kansas City is Bellevue.

HOLMES has attempted to give his novel something of the structure of jazz by using its terms to label various flashbacks and asides with which he fills out his account of The Horn's last days, but his writing has certain qualities that I suspect he would not admire in music. There is a strain of pretentiousness in the book—the chapters are introduced with quotations from the most respected classic American writers; sometimes there are flights that can only be described as prose poems, and that bear about the same resemblance to good prose as tone poems bear to good jazz; Holmes is a little too fond of phrases like "the raw immensity of American night," which sounds pretty good until one begins to wonder if night in America is really any larger than it is elsewhere.

But Holmes's writing is less blowzy than the writing of most people who try to make novels out of the world of jazz; he has a powerful situation which is developed effectively; and many of the scenes, especially those that are simply descriptive, are excellent. *The Horn*

is certainly one of the two or three best novels about jazz that I have read.

#### PORTRAIT OF A SOCIETY

ANTHONY POWELL belongs to a group of English novelists who are not at all interested in the mythic dimension of fiction; they stick very close to the surface facts of society, and their novels often seem to be less fiction than memoirs. The member of the group best known in this country is C. P. Snow. He and Powell are both engaged in writing an extended series of books depicting English society in the last thirty or forty years. Both are writers of no great imaginative power, but with intelligence, accomplished prose styles, and extensive experience closely and shrewdly scrutinized.

Probably Snow's books are more readily enjoyed by an American reader than Powell's, because the kind of subject Snow deals with—the struggle for power in a university or the civil service or among "the new men" of atomic science—is not very different from the kind of thing that goes on in American society. Powell's subject, on the other hand, is much more peculiarly British; since the series is not yet complete it may be premature to guess what the subject of the whole will be, but it seems to be the breakup of the English class system since the first world war. And Powell's attitude toward his subject may be less exportable than Snow's. Powell is a comic writer, and to read comedy one needs some acquaintance with the social usages underlying it.

At *Lady Molly's*, Powell's latest book (Little, Brown, \$3.75), takes its title from the household of a London hostess of the 1930s, a woman who first married into the aristocracy and then married into nothing in particular. She is vaguely *déclassée*, yet people of birth and position still come to her house. Her parties are a symbol of the social confusion of the times, a meeting place for all kinds of human odds and ends who would once not have met socially.

Powell presents his social gallery with wit and incisiveness, and an amusing group of people they are.

Yet the book reads more like a long chapter from a novel than like a novel in itself. More and more characters are introduced, but nothing in particular happens. One character becomes engaged and another unengaged, a woman who has been living with one man goes off to China with another, and so on. One keeps waiting for a story to begin that isn't there, though the sharpness of the observation and the wit in the writing make *At Lady Molly's* an entertaining book.

DORIS LESSING is an English writer associated with a generation younger than Powell's and Snow's; she contributed a piece to the volume of essays by the "angry young men" recently published under the title *Declaration*. But in fact he is fiction, as represented in a new collection of short stories, *The Habit of Loving* (Crowell, \$4), does not have much in common with the stories of the "angry young men."

Although Miss Lessing is a philosophical Marxist, there is little of no social protest in her book. Her best single story in *The Habit of Loving* is a sketch of what happened to a young woman writer on the day Stalin died. She has lunch with a bishop's spinster daughter who is a passionate Communist and who spends the lunch hour berating her for the lack of class struggle and social consciousness in her work. Then the young woman spends the afternoon with a complacent, domineering Tory aunt who supposes that since her niece is a writer she must spend her days in unmentionable but fascinating Bohemian antics. If I read the story correctly, Miss Lessing is trying to show that these two women are equally ignorant of what a writer's work is really like, that for all their ideological differences they are equally foolish and meddling creatures.

As a group, the best stories in *The Habit of Loving* are several studies in loneliness with South African settings, especially a couple of stories in which women are driven into humiliating affairs with commonplace men because of solitude and boredom, and a touching account of a girl who chooses a life of prostitution in Johannesburg rather than go back to the isolated railroad sta-



ing where her parents live. The collection ends with a long story about an English couple in Germany in the 1950s. It is not a complete success, being somewhat too heavily symbolic in its method, but it certainly conveys a disquieting impression of postwar Germany.

Miss Lessing is a finished, literate writer. There is nothing theatrical about her stories and sometimes little that is dramatic, but each makes its quiet point effectively.

#### UNLUCKY JAKE

THE influence of the younger English writers with whom Miss Lessing is associated is beginning to show itself in American fiction—John Barth's new novel, *The End of the Road* (Doubleday, \$3.95), bears more than casual resemblances to Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* in its manner, is it also shows more than casual acquaintance with French existentialism in its ideas. Yet *The End of the Road* is not by any means an entirely derivative novel; in fact, it strikes me as having far more freshness, more wit and invention, and more intellectual life of its own than most recent American fiction. It is a horrifying book too, and neither the vocabulary nor the situations will recommend themselves to the squeamish.

The main character, one Jake Horner, who also tells the story, is in amusing, neurotic young man without purpose or object in life. He is in every way the antithesis of Theseus in Miss Renault's *The King Must Die*—utterly unheroic, unable to take himself or anything else seriously, too lacking in character to have a fate, without conviction that anything he does matters. Some time before the novel opens he collapsed into complete immobility in a railroad station in Baltimore and spent a night sitting there without movement because he could think of no reason to move. In this state he was found by an eccentric Negro psychiatrist, either charlatan or genius and possibly both, who took him to his farm, a kind of clandestine hospital, where the doctor treats immobilized patients by an elaborate series of therapies which are supposed to restore them to movement.

For Jake the doctor prescribes what he calls "mythotherapy"; he argues that a human being has no essential nature, no fate in the sense of a character that is given him; life is a form of play-acting in which we write our own scripts and choose our own parts and create our own myths, and the "authentic" man, the man of integrity, is simply the man who plays his own part convincingly.

Jake is sufficiently helped by the doctor's treatment to take a job on the faculty of a small teachers' college on the eastern shore of Maryland, but there he meets an energetic and charming young colleague, Joe Morgan, who preaches a gospel exactly the opposite of the doctor's. Joe Morgan believes that it is possible to be absolutely sincere, that integrity is achieved by stripping away all play-acting and all pretense until we reach the bedrock of our natures. He is an impressive young man and, like the doctor, something of a genius as well as patently absurd.

It would be unfair to tell how the conflict between these two attitudes is worked out in the story, but it is permissible to say that the character who really bears the brunt of the conflict is Joe Morgan's wife Rennie, a pleasant, wholesome young woman whose life is wrecked between Jake's play-acting and her husband's cult of sincerity.

I am not quite sure what it all means; perhaps it is a rejoinder of sorts to Socrates' famous observation that the unexamined life is not worth living, for certainly it shows that if life is examined too closely it may be made unfit for living too. The book is comic in manner but tragic in its events; perhaps it simply means that we have turned our powers of analysis upon our lives with such brutal thoroughness, denied their mystery so completely, that there is nothing left to do but laugh at the destruction we have wrought.

HOLLIS ALPERT'S novel, *The Summer Lovers* (Knopf, \$3.95), is a book that poses no problems of interpretation. It is the kind of story that is usually reviewed at this season under the general category of hammock reading—at the same

For PLEASURE

beyond MEASURE

read these new

BORZOI BOOKS



## BORNEO PEOPLE

A travel book by  
MALCOLM MACDONALD

The former Governor-General of Malaya and British Borneo tells the gay, warm, unconventional story of his experiences with pagan tribes in the exotic interior. 44 illustrations and 2 endpaper maps. \$6.50

## ALGERIA

The Realities  
by GERMAINE TILLION

"No one can henceforth discuss the Algerian problem without having read what [this] understanding and cultivated woman has written about my misunderstood, desperate native land."  
—ALBERT CAMUS \$2.50



## THE HARD BLUE SKY

A novel by SHIRLEY ANN GRAU  
author of *The Black Prince*

Passion, pain, and laughter in an exuberant island world off the Louisiana coast. "Very distinguished."—*Harper's Magazine* \$5.00

## THE SUMMER LOVERS

A novel by HOLLIS ALPERT

What goes on among the summer people at a fashionable seaside resort. . . . A new angle on the triangle. \$3.95



## THE NAKED VILLANY

An entertainment by  
JOCELYN DAVEY

The new novel by the author of *A Capitol Offense* is all about monkeys and Mayfair. Murder? Well, yes. But it's fun—urbane, utterly delightful fun!

At most bookstores \$3.50

ALFRED A. KNOPF, Publisher

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI

by Paramhansa Yogananda



## The Inspiring Story of A Man Who Found God

"I am grateful to you for granting me some insight into this fascinating world."

THOMAS MANN,  
Nobel prizeman

At All  
Bookstores  
\$4.00

Self-Realization  
Fellowship, Dept. AM-8  
Los Angeles 65, Calif.

## OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.  
(We also supply all current books at retail store prices. —Postpaid, and all books ordered and verified or listed in this issue of *Harper's Magazine*.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE  
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.  
N.B. We also buy books and magazines.

## THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent established 27 years. Manuscript criticism, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts. Poetry Catalogue on request.

Dept. B. Agnes M. Reeve. Franklin. 0

## ATHEIST BOOKS

32 page catalogue free

TRUTH SEEKER CO. 35 Park Row, New York 5, N. Y.

## OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

—AT LOWEST PRICES!  
We have them in stock. Fast service. No obligation. Send us your wants.

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS  
Box 3003-H, Beverly Hills, Calif.

## MANLIUS

Founded 1929. For boys. Accredited. Grades 7-12. Curriculum includes preparation, ROTC, Highest U.S. Army rating for boys. 50-acre 120-acre campus. Remedial teaching. Sports. Dance. Summer Session. Potential graduates. Catalogue.  
Robert D. Weekes, The Manlius School, Manlius, N. Y.

## THE NEW BOOKS

time reasonably entertaining and gently soporific.

The main character is a charming, worldly woman in early middle age who has recently acquired a new husband. He is an attractive but caddish political scientist who has married her chiefly because she is rich enough not to put any strain on his modest academic income. It is a marriage convenient enough all around, except that the woman has a beautiful daughter who has been in love with her mother's husband for a long time, a feeling that he doesn't exactly reciprocate but is perfectly willing to take advantage of.

The setting is a fashionable summer resort on Long Island, and around the central triangle Mr. Alpert has arranged a variety of well-drawn characters such as might be encountered at such a place: an illustrator of children's books, who takes the marriage relationship rather more seriously than most of his neighbors, and his former wife, who does not; a nice earnest college boy about to go into the Army, who is in love with the junior member of the triangle and gets little reward for his pains; and so on.

*The Summer Lovers* is undemanding and unimportant, agreeably written and a pleasant enough way to spend a summer afternoon.

IN *The Hours after Midnight* (Random House, \$3), Joseph Hayes has written a brief, dramatic novel about juvenile delinquency that manages to combine an exciting story with considerable psychological and moral insight.

The action begins when a girl from one of the "nice" families in a small American city quarrels with the socially acceptable young man who has been taking her out. They are having something to eat at the end of a date when the quarrel erupts; she tells the young man to go home without her and he is angry enough to do it. Then she asks a leather-jacketed, side-burned boy from the wrong side of the tracks to take her home. Once this boy gets her in his car he realizes that at last he has in his power a representative of the society that has always seemed to rebuff and ignore him, and his sick young mind hatches an ill-

formed but extremely dangerous scheme of using the girl for revenge.

What follows is a skillfully plotted chase, in the course of which each of the major characters discovers the weakness or inadequacy or mistaken choice that has brought him or her to this situation. Hayes probably contributes nothing new to the causes of juvenile delinquency that others have suggested, but he manages to give them considerable dramatic force. He avoids the easy solution that everything is society's fault, which, since "society" is always other people, neatly excuses ourselves; though he does not let the parents off easily he does not put the entire blame on them. In fact, one of the best things in the book is the girl's slow and painful realization that she bears some of the responsibility for the plight she is in.

*The Hours after Midnight* is primarily the fast-moving story of a crime, but the author takes his subject seriously enough to give it more than its undoubted value as entertainment.

## GENIUS AT HOME

*Part of a Long Story* (Doubleday, \$4) is a volume of reminiscences by Agnes Boulton Kaufman, the second wife of the late Eugene O'Neill. Mrs. Kaufman does not attempt to tell the whole story of their tempestuous relationship, but only the part from their first meeting in New York up to the birth of their first child, Shane, in Provincetown. (The second child, their daughter Oona, is now Mrs. Charles Chaplin.)

It is a curious book, of no literary merit or distinction. At the time she met O'Neill, Mrs. Kaufman was making her living by writing novelettes for pulp magazines, and that apprenticeship has left its mark on her style. Her account is rambling and sometimes repetitious; often her feelings become so strong that they explode in clusters of dots. In the advance copy I have read there are some absurd errors of fact (O'Neill is given the wrong middle name, for instance), but I trust that these will be eliminated before the book reaches a larger public.

But of course no one will read *Part of a Long Story* for its literary quality; people will read it because

**give!**

...because  
**they need the money**

for DISASTERS • ARMED FORCES  
BLOOD BANK • TRAINING PROGRAMS



they want to know more about the private life of Eugene O'Neill, and the real question is how reliable the account is. My guess—and it is nothing more than a guess—is that it is not very reliable in detail but fairly reliable in the general impression it creates.

Mrs. Kaufman says that she did not keep a diary during the years she recounts, and even if she had it could be difficult to believe that the long conversations she reports and her very detailed accounts of what happened on particular occasions could be anything but imaginary constructions. Yet the speeches she ascribes to O'Neill are generally convincing—they sound like the talk of a man whose favorite reading was Nietzsche and the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Her stories of O'Neill's drinking bouts in New York, both before and after they were married, have the ring of authenticity, and certain anecdotes she could hardly have invented. The best is her story of how a friend of theirs in Provincetown, knowing how much O'Neill disliked appearing before any public authority, persuaded the local official to charge of marriage licenses to go

around and see them when they (finally) decided to get married. This accommodating Yankee walked in to find the prospective bride and groom taking a nap together, O'Neill without a stitch of clothing and the lady's costume, if any, undescribed.

The portraits of O'Neill's father and older brother in Mrs. Kaufman's book bear a strong resemblance to the portraits O'Neill drew of them in his autobiographical play, *A Long Day's Journey into Night*, except that the brother is older and more pathetic. His mother, on the other hand, is presented as stylish, handsomely dressed, gracious and affectionate—rather different from the ruined woman in the play. Mrs. Kaufman's account of O'Neill's first marriage, as he related it to her, is much fuller than I have seen elsewhere, but I used to know the gifted son of that marriage before his untimely death, and from hints that he dropped (and that I may have misunderstood) I had supposed that the circumstances were somewhat different.

*Part of a Long Story* is a kind of soap opera about a famous man, but quite possibly his private life had its soap-opera aspects.

## BOOKS *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

*Country E*, by Richard Frede.

This book is a small (in size), large (in import), and very literate footnote to stories one reads in the papers about the college generation. It is a fictitious Hayden College (Mr. Frede went to Yale), over the Princeton weekend, a party (gang-bang) takes place breaking all the rules of decency and incidentally of the college and involving a young girl, a minor. One boy, alone, wants to stop it, but when he can't stop it himself he doesn't call the university cops. He finally, and much too late, gets the girl out, sobers her up, and puts her on a train. Whether he gets the same punishment as the others

is the Dean's problem and the Dean calls this undergraduate's problem Indifference. But is it? This is an interesting, intense, occasionally too wordy first novel by the author of "All the Guts in the World," Mr. Frede's first story, which we published in this magazine in 1957. Contrary to all talk of "the silent generation" this book has a lot to say and says it very articulately.

Random House, \$3.50

*The Color of Murder*, by Julian Symons.

Brighton is the scene of the crime; the middle-class principals are many, but not so many that you can't keep them straight—and they are all credible people. One character dis-

## Study at home with the



## UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO

**Creative Recreation . . .** share the resources of the University, WHEREVER YOU ARE, for a life-long investment in intellectual self-improvement. Whatever your aim: write a better poem or business report, be a better executive or teacher, learn more about Russian foreign policy, invest your money more wisely, increase your understanding of Toynbee's philosophy or of your adolescent offspring.

**For the mature mind . . .** if you're over 25, consider the advantages of using your leisure creatively through our unique Home-Study curriculum FOR ADULTS—in all, 150 courses in Philosophy, Creative Writing, Psychology and Human Relations, Astronomy, Investments, World Affairs, Semantics, Literature, Geography, Education, Great Books, Library Science, Mathematics, Pharmacology, and other fields.

**Individual instruction . . .** enjoy a conversation-by-mail with a University instructor in ADULT courses like . . .

Short-Story Writing  
World Politics  
Elementary Figure Drawing  
Introductory Psychology  
God, Faith, and Reason

**Open to all . . .** whether you're self-educated or hold the Ph.D., select any subjects that interest you. You'll find Chicago Home-Study enormously CONVENIENT: whether small children keep you at home, or you learn best in your favorite easy chair . . . you can add to your fund of knowledge and broaden your intellectual horizon AT HOME. Begin at any time . . . study at your convenience . . . earn academic credit.

**For full information, write for the Home-Study ANNOUNCEMENTS; no obligation, of course.**



The Home-Study Dept.  
**UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO**  
Box H-88 Chicago 37, Ill.

integrates before your eyes. A prostitute steals a scene. In the courtroom you are swung back and forth between guilty and not-guilty, as you should be in all such scenes—and, to put it mildly, the end will surprise you. Sharp and discerning as well as full of suspense.

Harper, \$2.95

**Strangers When We Meet**, by Evan Hunter.

The author of the best-selling *Blackboard Jungle* has written what I can only call a shoddy book. The main characters—a man and wife who live with their two children in a housing-development suburb of New York—are sympathetic characters and in the beginning seem to be intelligent too. The husband is an architect good enough to have won impressive prizes, and the wife is attractive and bright and they are happily in love. Then he falls in love with a bosomy, beautiful blonde down the street and the whole structure (not only of their lives but of the book) falls apart. It doesn't fall apart because a good husband falls in love with another woman. But because she is the kind of woman she is, the reader can no longer believe in the validity of the earlier characterizations of husband and wife. By the time they have given a stupid Saturday night party which exemplifies all the clichéd horrors of suburban Saturday nights, one suddenly doesn't care at all what happens to them. But plenty does happen and many will want to read to the melodramatic denouement. Infidelity can be many things; funny or sordid or awkward or tragic, but it can't be tragic as the author tries to make it here without involving people of real stature, which these are not.

Simon & Schuster, \$4.50

#### NON-FICTION

**The Question**, by Henri Alleg. Introduction by Jean-Paul Sartre.

In France this book—although banned within two weeks of publication—has still sold 150,000 copies. M. Alleg was the French editor of the Communist Algerian daily, *Alger Républicain*, from 1950 to 1955 when it was banned and he was forced into hiding. He was

subsequently captured by General Massu's paratroopers and put to torture by them—other Frenchmen—in ways as horrible as the Gestapo ever used. This is M. Alleg's simple, literate, and dreadful story of that torture, which he somehow held out against with what seems superhuman strength of spirit and purpose. It is intolerable to think that now, a year later, he is still held—and by Frenchmen—somewhere in a prison in Algiers, his case still "under investigation," and that these same methods of torture are still being used daily against those captured unfortunates who support the Algerian nationalist stand. True, as a Communist he must have condoned in his paper policies involving this kind of torture for others; but free people cannot accept the use of these methods against their worst enemies. True, also, that one cannot always trust the words of a Communist. But this frightful story rings true; the book has been suppressed not only in Algiers but in France; and such politically diverse Frenchmen as André Malraux, Roger Martin du Gard, François Mauriac, and Jean-Paul Sartre have been moved to write a stirring and "solemn petition to the President of the Republic" calling on the administration "in the name of the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen, to condemn unequivocally the use of torture which brings shame to the cause it supposedly serves." M. Alleg's book is prefaced with a line from *Jean Christophe*: "In attacking corrupt Frenchmen, I defend France." It is a book to shatter complacency, for one feels that if it can happen there it can happen here.

Braziller, \$2.95

**My Secret Diary**, by Giovanni Guareschi.

The author of *Don Camillo* calls this book "a humorist's account of his prison." And the reason there is humor in it is not only because of the man's nature, but because he wrote these essays to be read aloud to his fellow internees in the German prison camps of World War II. He, with other Italian officers, had refused to sign a paper swearing to give his last drop of blood for the German Reich. In a little prologue called "Instructions for Use," there

is one paragraph which not only outlines his philosophy but explains more succinctly than I've ever seen it the inherent madness and senselessness of war.

Like millions of others, better than worse than myself, I was drawn into this war. As an Italian, I found myself an ally of the Germans at the start and at the end their prisoner. In 1943 the Anglo-Americans bombed my house; in 1945 they freed me from prison and gave me cans of soup and condensed milk. As far as I am concerned, that is the whole story. I had no more influence than a nutshell tossed about on the ocean, and I emerged without ribbons or medals on my chest. I emerged as a victor, however, because I came through the cataclysm without hatred in my soul and I made the discovery of a precious friend, myself.

A moving epilogue describes a pilgrimage back to his prison compound in the summer of 1957 with his teen-age son. A beautiful and thought-provoking book.

Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.50

**Mayor Watching and Other Pleasures**, by Philip Hamburger.

As all readers of the *New Yorker* know, Mr. Hamburger has lived 17 years in a converted brownstone facing Gracie Mansion, home of New York's mayors, and has reported 17 years in that magazine on their comings and goings—LaGuardia, O'Dwyer, Impellitteri, and Wagner. In this book are not only his New York mayoral observations (all an account of some days spent in Mexico City with ex-Mayor O'Dwyer) but discerning and amused reports on such diverse subjects as baseball, Toscanini, Oscar Hammerstein, Indian Summer in New York, James Casey of the United Parcel Service, and Dame Sybil Thorndike. The pieces seem to be published exactly as they appeared in the *New Yorker*, which makes for occasional repetitions and other oddments of timing, but does not bother the reader, since the essays are carefully dated. The style varies from easy and graceful conversational reporting to a crisp diary-esque. Both styles create atmospheres of their own and have an unusual quality of emotion which gives his subjects an extra and important dimension. It is a sad footnote that



he brownstone observation post is to be torn down to make room for new apartment houses. And who now will watch the mayors for us? Rinehart, \$3.75

**Born Innocent**, by Creighton Brown Burnham.

The author of *Born Innocent* is not a born writer but she has made a lively and informative, if of course not altogether happy, story of her ten years as superintendent of a girls' reformatory in Tecumseh, Oklahoma. She had had no special training for this job and her successes with these 175 rejects of society are all the more astonishing. A book for those who like dramatic scenes, political intrigue, human tragedy and comedy, and learning from case histories.

Prentice-Hall, \$3.95

# FORECAST

## Music Into Books

The fall music season starts in August with the publication of a book of essays on an infinite variety of musical subjects and people by that wise and witty commentator, Irving Kolodin. The book will be called *The Musical Life* and Random House will publish it. September will be Gershwin month. Merle Armitage has written (and illustrated) a biography called *George Gershwin: The Man and the Legend* and Ira Gershwin has written an introduction. It will be published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce. In the same month Doubleday is bringing out *The Gershwin Years*, a dual biography of Ira and George by Edward Jablonski and Lawrence D. Stewart, with more than 200 pictures. . . .

In October, from Funk, we have the story of *Alec Templeton's Music Boxes* (a very rare collection) as told by the veteran reporter Rachel Baumel; *Folk Blues*, a collection meant to be used, compiled by musicologist Jerry Silverman for facsimillan; and *More Essays From the World of Music* by Ernest Newman of the *London Sunday Times*. From Coward McCann. . . .

In November more folk music in *The Abelard Folk Song Book*, collected by Norman Cazden, composer, pianist, and author, and illustrated

by Abner Graboff. It will be issued by Abelard-Schuman. And from Yale a facsimile edition of the manuscript (now owned by Yale) which Bach "compiled for the instruction of his nine-year-old son in 1720"—*Johann Sebastian Bach: Clavier-Büchlein vor Wilhelm Friedemann Bach*, with an introduction by Ralph Kirkpatrick.

## Music to the Cook's Ear

The following books have barely been announced, with little description, so I shall let their titles whet the appetite in their own ways: In September: *Alexandre Dumas' Dictionary of Cuisine*, by (you guessed it) Alexandre Dumas (Houghton Mifflin); *Game Cookery in America and Europe*, by Raymond R. Camp (Coward McCann); *Family-Favorite Meat Cook Book*, edited by Demetria M. Taylor (Bartholomew House); *The Kate Smith Company's Coming Cookbook*, by Kate Smith and Josie McCarthy (Prentice-Hall); and *Rain, Hail and Baked Beans: A New England Seasonal Cookbook*, by Robb Sagendorph and Duncan MacDonald (Ives Washburn). In October, *Chinese Cooking for American Kitchens*, by Calvin Lee (Putnam) and *Cooking the Smart Way* by Marion W. Flexner, author of *Cocktail Supper Cookbook* (Barrows). Along in November will come *Gourmet Kitchen* by Evelyn R. Patterson who was chosen as "Best Cook in Our Town" by *McCall's* (Abelard-Schuman). Start making room on the kitchen shelves now.

## Great Lady

Every year is Eleanor Roosevelt year but this fall will be particularly rewarding in terms of books by and about her. Harper's is publishing in September *On My Own*, Mrs. Roosevelt's story of the thirteen years since Franklin Roosevelt's death, while in the same month Putnam will bring out *Mrs. R: The Life of Eleanor Roosevelt*, by Alfred Steinberg, with sixteen pages of photographs; and in October from Duell, Sloan & Pearce comes a "panoramic pictorial story," *Eleanor Roosevelt: Her Life in Pictures*, by Richard Harpity and Ralph G. Martin—over 200 pictures, excerpts from diaries, letters, and composition books. Happy days are here. . . .

**How to achieve a youthful body and vibrant health—without tiring exercises in just ten minutes a day!**

# LOOK BETTER, FEEL BETTER

By Bess M. Mensendieck, M.D.

Foreword by Paul B. Magnuson, M.D.

Chairman of the President's Committee on the Health Needs of the Nation

Gloria Swanson, Fredric March, Jascha Heifetz, Ingrid Bergman and many other notables have benefited from and enthusiastically endorse The World Famous Mensendieck System of Functional Movements.

Now, you too, can enjoy the advantages of this amazing, natural health method available for the first time in simple, popular form. In your own home without equipment, you can banish fatigue, sparkle with new vitality, and add new grace and beauty to your body. AND you can accomplish all this and much, much more in only 10 minutes a day.

## Easy-to-follow drawings and instructions show you how . . .

Step-by-step functional movements—scientifically designed to revitalize specific muscles and joints—help you to end backaches . . . flatten the abdomen . . . take inches off hips and waist . . . correct aching feet . . . banish double chin . . . tune up chest muscles . . . relieve fatigue and nervous tension.

## Different from ordinary exercises . . .

The Mensendieck system is wholly different from ordinary exercises. The exertion and perspiration required in "exercising" are totally absent. Even those afflicted with heart ailments can safely benefit from the mild graduated movements included in LOOK BETTER, FEEL BETTER. Here is your guide to a happy life, a constant sense of well-being, and freedom from the laxness imposed by modern-day living.

## —Ten Days' FREE Examination—

HARPER & BROTHERS,

51 East 33rd St., New York 16

Gentlemen: Please send me LOOK BETTER, FEEL BETTER, for ten days' free examination. Within that time I will remit \$3.50 plus a few cents mailing charges, or return the book.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone.....State.....

5102S

SAVE! If you enclose payment, we will pay mailing charges. Same return privilege.

# the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## STEREO DISC: THE COMING BIG MERGER

The stereo revolution is going further than most of us realize. In a few years, I suspect, we'll be buying nothing but stereo equipment—records and tapes—but the transition is going to be only moderately painful as far as disc is concerned.

I'll admit that the forced-draft, all-out push toward stereo now getting started looks like the most bare-faced form of planned obsolescence. It is, in a way, but perhaps I can persuade you there are good reasons for it—granted (as I said in this column last December) that stereo can add a great deal to serious music listening.

The big push is based on this compelling premise: *that all stereo-disc equipment, of every sort, will play either stereo or ordinary records absolutely interchangeably, without adjustments.* In other words, though few present phonograph pickups will play the new stereo records without groove damage, the new equipment will have a remarkable 100 per cent compatibility.

Moreover, it turns out that the basic manufacturing conversion is surprisingly economical as well as adaptable both to precision hi-fi and to low-cost, mass-produced equipment. Soon stereo pickup cartridges, to play all types of

record, will cost hardly more than present ones and will simply take over the market. Dual amplifiers will replace single ones at a very moderate rise in cost for equivalent performance—5 or 10 per cent at most. Improved motors and arms are already in the works, at no great price increase. You can pay double or more for stereo—but you certainly will not have to.

On this basis, a large part of next year's home phonographs will already be converted for stereo, the second speaker system sold as an optional extra. You'll get the new-type cartridge and dual amplifiers automatically, and the price rise will be scarcely more than 5 per cent. With the second speaker, the total increase will be perhaps 20 per cent—but the musical effectiveness, with two speaker systems, will be a lot greater, model for model, to offset that extra cost, even for standard records. A second speaker has always been a good idea anyway.

On the new equipment, then, your present record collection will actually be better served than in the past. You may buy either stereo or standard discs, play them freely, mix them up. Even without the second speaker system you'll get standard sound from both.

In terms of hi-fi component the same principle applies. You may double your present equipment at double cost, if you want to, but a new stereo hi-fi system should not cost more than 20 per cent more than its non-stereo equivalent, in terms of musical effectiveness.

Note also that the stereo groove is cut both sidewise and up-and-down, while the standard record groove "wiggles" only sidewise. The two separate stereo recordings are impressed in this single groove in terms of diagonal motions, 1 right and left at 45 degrees—hence the term "45/45." The stereo stylus follows both the vertical and lateral groove motion, sending out its two signals in response to the combinations of sidewise and up-and-down movement.

Now an odd feature of this arrangement is that the difference between the two recordings in the same stereo groove—the stereo effect itself—turns up entirely in the vertical motion. The sidewise motion takes care of the sound the two have in common. The stereo pickup, then, finds only the one sound in the ordinary record groove—lateral motion—and sends it to both speaker systems.

You can anticipate my conclusion: in the end, the stereo and standard disc will simply merge. Degrees of stereo effect will be available, to choice, according to subject, ranging all the way from none at all—the standard record—to the stereo maximum. By then the present 20 per cent price difference will already have vanished.

But that ideal flexibility, you see, must wait until we are all safely converted to the new-type equipment. I don't think it will take long.

## German Song

Elizabeth Schumann—Wolf, Strauss Lieder. Angel COLH 102.

One of Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century," this beautifully restored collection of Schumann performances (from the late 1920s through the mid-1940s) nearly brings us the great singing of German lieder in contemporary recording terms. In the best of these, group from the mid-thirties, she might almost be singing today with a modern tape recorder.

She was a great singer—no doubt about it. The very high soprano voice was full and rich as well, with a brilliant color and a luminous intonation that are really stunning to hear. She sang the tune, especially in the tricky Wolf songs with their sudden modulations—and that alone is enough to mark her as extraordinary.

But there is also a nostalgic quality



"There! Now didn't that make you feel a lot better?"



his singing. This kind of emotional emphasis, with its chesty diction, its stylized swooping-up to the pitch, is gone over. (Plenty of singers still swoop, but not with this calculated expressiveness. It's usually just a bad habit.) Younger listeners may well think Schumann is naïve and over-emotional, her vocal delivery uneven. It isn't! The rantings and swoopings are merely superficial attributes of that poetic, highly personal, confiding approach to the listener that is traditional in German song.

If you sing the lied, you must speak it in tone. The text itself comes first, head of the music, carrying it along by sheer force of verbal expression. You must "emote" in this music, unabashedly, but actually, the emoting is strictly controlled, within very careful stylistic limits, as you'll realize on longer acquaintance with such great ladies as Schumann and Lotte Lehmann.

They were our best models, of their generation; but their style has passed. The modern singer must find new means for the same music—and more power to be one who can equal a Schumann.

**Hildegard Seefried Sings Goethe Songs (Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Wolf).** Erik Werba, pf. Decca DL 9974.

**Hildegard Seefried Sings (Schumann: Frauenliebe und Leben; Mozart: Nine Songs).** Erik Werba, pf. Decca DL 9971.

Here, it seems to me, is a singer who has found a way to project the German lied in new and modern vocal terms. Seefried has Schumann's very high soprano voice, if with less brilliance and control in the forte passages. She has the same superb musical ear, the same wonderful accuracy of pitch and musical understanding. (Her Wolf songs are particularly fine, for this reason.) She has the same feeling for German diction

—she even rolls her Rs, for emphasis, exactly as Schumann did.

On the other hand, Seefried has put aside the honorable tradition of the swoop. Her notes invariably begin exactly on pitch, whatever the expression. In place of the older ways, she uses a new dramatic technique that clearly belongs to the microphone age. She sings in a constant half-voice, seldom rising to full power; there is an almost whispered intimacy in some passages and there are sudden dramatic "flat" tones, without vibrato. These are things we understand today, and can appreciate.

In this very different manner, Seefried does as well as Schumann at her best.

**Hilde Gueden Recital (Lieder by R. Strauss).** Friedrich Gulda, pf. London LL 1591.

Elizabeth Schumann was one of Richard Strauss' favorite singers; Gueden is a modern Strauss soprano, with the same superb musical sense and that golden brilliance at full voice in the very high register that was Schumann's in her early days—a thrilling musical sound. Gueden is a sure, intelligent, persuasive interpreter; very few sopranos can match her Strauss—and in her singing you can understand what a potent composer he was, too, how concentrated and modern his vocal line could be, even in what seems to be an old-fashioned idiom.

The best part of this record is its first side, a whole group of "late" songs (1918), of the most difficult and operatic sort, reminiscent of the soprano parts in his later operas—yet genuine lieder even so. They are fiendishly hard to sing, with extraordinary twists and leaps of the vocal line, tricky sequences of shifting harmony. Gueden gets the very last bit of expression out of them, though in a few places even her splendid voice isn't up to the tortured extremes of the vocal line. Really astonishing music, this, and beautifully

# first!

Enjoy VANESSA, 1958 Pulitzer Prize winner, exclusively on RCA VICTOR records. Hear the original Metropolitan Opera Production, starring ELEANOR STEBER, NICOLA GEDDA, ROSALIND ELIAS, GIORGIO TOZZI. Deluxe 3 L.P. Album. Recorded in New Orthophonic Sound. Also available on RCA VICTOR Living Stereo Records.



## expecting an order?

You'll get it quicker if your postal zone number is on the order blanks, return envelopes, letterheads.

The Post Office has divided 106 cities into postal delivery zones to speed mail delivery. Be sure to include zone number when writing to these cities; be sure to include *your* zone number in *your* return address — after the city, before the state.

## WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

**Hilfred Poell Sings Songs of Wolf.** Franz Holetschek, pf. Westm. XWN 18696. A serious, fervent Viennese singer with fine voice—his Wolf is somewhat colorless.

**Walter: Songs of a Wayfarer.** Brahms: Lieder. Fischer-Dieskau, bar. Philharmonia, Furtwangler; Hertha Klust, pf. Angel 35522.

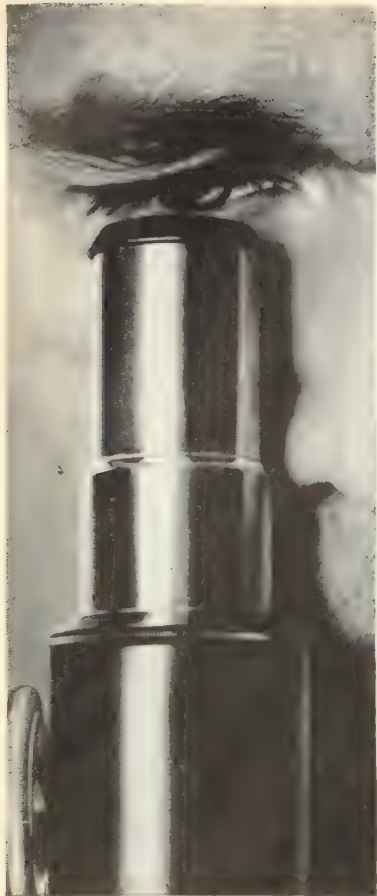
The finest German baritone lieder singer in music more often heard in soprano recordings.

**Kirsten Flagstad Brahms Recital.** Edwin McArthur, pf. London 5319.

Much of this is moving, but trouble with high notes and recurrent sliding make listening a strain.

**Bartok: Songs, Op. 16; Hungarian Folk Songs.** Magda Laszlo, sop., Fr. Holetschek, pf. Westminster XWN 16685.

This full-voiced Hungarian soprano is wonderfully at home in Bartok, both folk and "art" songs.



## This man is looking into your future

How does it look? Rosy? Free of cancer? You hope! But hoping isn't enough. Of every 6 Americans who get cancer this year, 3 will die because science still has no cure. It will take research . . . *lots* of research . . . to find that cure. And research, let's face it, takes money.

Instead of just standing by with hope, pitch in and help. Send your dollars . . . whatever you can afford . . . to the American Cancer Society today. You'll be bringing yourself and everyone else that much closer to a sure future. Send your check to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office.

**American Cancer Society**

### THE NEW RECORDINGS

recorded; the most outright voice-hater will surely be moved by it, especially with the brilliant accompaniment of Friedrich Gulda, who plays as Strauss himself must have played for Elizabeth Schumann years ago.

**Lisa Della Casa Lieder Recital** (Schubert, Brahms, Wolf, R. Strauss). Karl Hudez, pf. London LL 1535.

Della Casa is one of Europe's leading sopranos and a fine technician; but in comparison here with Gueden, with Seefried and Schumann, her performances are insipid, though she sings properly enough and even powerfully by most ordinary standards. An active, well-disciplined, but essentially cold voice.

Two of the late Strauss songs of the Hilde Gueden recording are also sung here—and what a revealing comparison the two versions make, the difference between very good and truly superb singing! Where Della Casa sings notes, tones, words, Gueden projects living music in the direct, intense way that is characteristic of great musical performance.

### A SOUR NOTE ON STEREO

MR. CANBY'S remarks about stereo records (see above) are well taken, but I beg to add a brief postscript. There is one other factor to consider besides the quality of the gadget and the determination of its manufacturers: *will enough people buy it?* I'm less sure than Mr. Canby is.

In the past few years many customers have entered the hi-fi market whose attitude is different from that of the enthusiasts who opened it up. These late-comers, taking advantage of the many assimilated improvements, have been able to get machines that simply sit in the corner and perform—no replacements, no fuss, no constant tinkering. They like it that way.

There comes a point when change for its own sake is resisted for its own sake, no matter how preferable the new is to the old. I would be very surprised if we hadn't reached this point in high fidelity. The high degree of compatibility that Mr. Canby describes is a great technical achievement that will be welcomed by those who want to make the change. But there must be many, like myself, who are quite satisfied by the sound quality they get now—and uneasy about the forced pace of obsolescence that is increasingly built into so many industries. Resistance is being encountered by such self-evident advances as color television and the 1958 automobiles. There may be a moral here for stereo.

—E. L.

## JAZZ notes

*Eric Larrabee*

FATS

It is too often said of Thomas Waller and just as often protested, that he was a fine pianist but unfortunately a clown. Verbal byplay ("No Baby, no now!") does indeed break into the best of his recordings, and one returns to them as much for these interjections as for the music. Can't we have both?

Fats was, if nothing else, a thoroughly irresponsible man ("Why I'll knock you through your knees!") and a great consumer of life's pleasures. Behind the clowning there is defiance in his ever shout, and the same enormous appetite for existence that enabled him to play as he breathed, with a non-stop, no holds-barred vitality. ("Git up off'n the floor! Ain't nobody talkin' about lunch!") Of course it burned him out and he died before forty, in a train berth, at night, coming into Kansas City.

With the man gone, it seems particularly absurd to subdivide his vast gifts for living into those parts that we will and will not accept. The Fats who went up into the organ loft of Notre Dame ("First Mr. Dupré played the God-box and then I played the God-box") is the same Fats who sang "Swingin' Them Jingle Bells": he took musical raw material where he found it, and what happened next depended less on how good it was than how good he felt that day. The memorable Fats is the one who could make a banality burst with song, and you come upon him in his records anywhere ("One never knows, do one?").

**Young Fats Waller.** Rediscovered Early Solos. Riverside RLP 12-103.

**The Amazing Mr. Waller.** Piano, organ and voice. Riverside RLP 12-109.

**Ain't Misbehavin'.** Fats Waller and His Rhythm. RCA Victor LPM-1246.

**Handful of Keys.** Fats Waller and His Rhythm. RCA Victor LPM-1502.

LATER this month the Lippincott company is publishing an excellent book called *The Collector's Jazz*, by John S. Wilson. It is a paperback (\$1.45) covering the classic and traditional periods and containing a critical summary for each musician of his recordings available on LP. I hope the publisher will make good on the promise of a second volume. This is too fine an idea to stop halfway



# Brand Names

make

wise

buying

easier!



You don't have to be an expert shopper to be assured of satisfaction when you buy by Brand Name.

Brand Names are built on your confidence. You and your neighbors dictate the standards a Brand Name product must meet to consistently deliver the value and service you want.

A respected Brand Name is a manufacturer's most valuable asset and he spares no effort to protect it by constantly bettering his product.

A Brand Name is the maker's guarantee of satisfaction which is *doubly endorsed* by the dealer who sells it.

For dependable quality and consistent satisfaction you do better with brands you know; get to know those you see advertised in this magazine.

To get the most for your money *buy by Brand Name and be sure!*

*A Brand Name is a maker's reputation*



Choose Your Free Albums  
from this list of \$3.98  
and \$4.98 Recordings

9. THE KING AND I. Movie cast album of 14 songs from Rodgers and Hammerstein's hit.
4. GUY LOMBARDO. A full 40 tunes spanning the years from 1928 to 1958.
2. STOKOWSKI. The celebrated conductor performs works by Bach, Debussy, Strauss, Sibelius.
12. RAY ANTHONY. "Cheek to cheek" music. This Love of Mine, Embraceable You, 10 others.
20. MISTY MISS CHRISTY. June Christy sings 12 songs in the hand-holding mood.
15. FAVORITE CLASSICS FOR PIANO. Pennario plays selections by Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Debussy, Strauss.
18. LES AND MARY. Les Paul and Mary Ford's sampler of 16 of their popular confections.
10. NAT "KING" COLE. The King sings 12 love songs for those who know how sweet love can be.
19. DUKE ELLINGTON. The Duke plays 12 of his own jazz compositions—as only he can!
28. MANHATTAN TOWER. Gordon Jenkins conducts an expanded version of his classic love song to New York.

# An Amazing NEW Gift Offer of CAPITOL RECORDS!



# Take 3 FREE!

40. NOCTURNE. Carmen Dragon—Hollywood Bowl Symph. Orch. Grieg's Nocturne, Schubert's Serenade, Debussy's Reverie, etc.
22. STEPHEN FOSTER. Old favorites, given new beauty by the Roger Wagner Chorale.
7. FRANK SINATRA reveals every side of his remarkable versatility in this magical album of 12 all-time hits.
39. DEAN MARTIN croons 12 easy-to-listen-to songs about the Pretty Baby a fellow loves best.
42. HEY... LET YOURSELF GO! Nelson Riddle with 12 hot hits to let you "live a little".
11. TENNESSEE ERNIE. Twelve sacred songs—to bring you peace and comfort... to revive cherished memories.
30. BRAHMS' VIOLIN CONCERTO in D Major. A thrilling new high fidelity performance by virtuoso Nathan Milstein.
23. HARRY JAMES. The man with the horn leads his orchestra through his all-time best-selling hit numbers.
44. VOICE OF THE XTABAY. Yma Sumac, the Incan Princess sings the songs of the high Andes.
1. GERSHWIN. Rhapsody in Blue and An American in Paris. Leonard Pennario with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony.
21. GEORGE SHEARING. 10 lovely, shimmering tunes for sharing with the one you love best.
36. GORDON MACRAE sings 19 romantic "Operetta Favorites" from Student Prince, Naughty Marietta, Red Mill, etc.
41. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT. Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians. A full dozen hit showpieces!
6. STAN KENTON in HI-FI. The greatest in "progressive jazz"—vividly recorded "big sound".
8. SCHEHERAZADE. William Steinberg conducts Rimsky-Korsakov's exotic tone poem in a brilliant recording.

NEW 12" HIGH FIDELITY LONG PLAY



## RECORD ALBUMS

Yes, any 3 FREE when you join the Capitol

Record Club and agree to buy as few as four record selections during the coming year!

**HOW TO SAVE MONEY on the Albums you want ... from the greatest of classics ... to the biggest of hits!**

**YOU GET THREE ALBUMS FREE AT ONCE!** Take ANY 3 of these 12" Capitol long-play high fidelity albums—yours as a gift if you join the Capitol Record Club and agree to buy as few as four records (from almost 200 to be offered) during the coming year. To retain privileges thereafter you need buy only 3 albums per year. You may resign, if you wish, any time after your fourth purchase.

**THE GREATEST NAMES—THE GREATEST SOUND!** World-famous musicians and performers—from the latest recordings of Stokowski to the latest Sinatra albums—are yours to enjoy. And Capitol's repertory of music—from the greatest classics to the newest hits and show tunes—are all reproduced in Capitol's "big sound" high fidelity.

**FREE BONUS ALBUMS!** For the records you decide to buy, you pay only the usual retail price of \$3.98 or \$4.98—plus a small shipping charge. But—each time you purchase two records after your first four, you get a 12" long-play BONUS ALBUM worth at least \$3.98... absolutely FREE! You choose your own Bonus from an always up-to-date list of current Capitol best-selling albums. It's just as if you were getting 50% interest on the

money you invest in your collection.

**UNLIMITED CHOICE!** You may join any of the three divisions in the Club: Classical... Best-Seller Hits and Show Music... or Hi-Fi Jazz. Each month you'll receive the illustrated Record Review magazine describing the current selection of each division. If you want the selection of your division, do nothing. It will come to you automatically. If you prefer, you may order from any other division, or from the Club's fabulous catalog of extra selections (with full bonus credit). Or notify the Club to send no record at all, on the form provided.

But hurry to get your three FREE albums right now! One is a free gift in return for your agreement to buy four selections from the Club during the next 12 months—the other two are Bonus Albums which you will earn by purchasing your second and fourth albums (at the rate of at least one every three months), but which are given to you now, in advance.

**NO RISK GUARANTEE!** If not delighted, simply return the three albums within 7 days and your membership will be cancelled without further obligation. Mail the coupon to: The Capitol Record Club Inc., Dept. A-633, 100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, New York.



CHECK THE NUMBERS OF THE ALBUMS YOU WANT

- ☐ 9. THE KING AND I
- ☐ 4. GUY LOMBARDO
- ☐ 2. STOKOWSKI
- ☐ 12. RAY ANTHONY
- ☐ 20. MISTY MISS CHRISTY
- ☐ 15. FAVORITE CLASSICS FOR PIANO
- ☐ 18. LES AND MARY
- ☐ 10. NAT "KING" COLE
- ☐ 19. DUKE ELLINGTON
- ☐ 28. MANHATTAN TOWER
- ☐ 40. NOCTURNE
- ☐ 22. STEPHEN FOSTER
- ☐ 7. FRANK SINATRA
- ☐ 39. DEAN MARTIN
- ☐ 42. HEY... LET YOURSELF GO!
- ☐ 11. TENNESSEE ERNIE
- ☐ 30. BRAHMS' VIOLIN CONCERTO
- ☐ 23. HARRY JAMES
- ☐ 44. VOICE OF THE XTABAY
- ☐ 1. GERSHWIN
- ☐ 21. GEORGE SHEARING
- ☐ 36. GORDON MACRAE
- ☐ 41. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
- ☐ 6. STAN KENTON IN HI-FI
- ☐ 8. SCHEHERAZADE

## THE CAPITOL RECORD CLUB

Dept. A-633, 100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N.Y.

Please accept my application for membership in the Capitol Record Club in the division checked below, and send me at once the 3 ALBUMS I have checked at the left as a FREE GIFT.

I agree to buy 4 records during my first year of membership (from almost 200 to be offered). For each record I accept I will send you 7 days after receipt the usual retail price plus shipping. If I wish, I may cancel my membership after buying 4 records.

You will send me FREE each month the handsomely illustrated Record Review magazine, describing the forthcoming record album releases of each division. You will also send me a printed form each month so that I may notify you whenever I do not wish the forthcoming selection of my division, but prefer some other record, or do not want any record at all.

After I have purchased four records, you will send me a FREE BONUS ALBUM, of my choice, worth at least \$3.98 each time I purchase two additional records.

**NO-RISK GUARANTEE!** If not delighted, I will return my 3 FREE ALBUMS within 7 days and my membership will be cancelled without further obligation.

**CHECK THE DIVISION IN WHICH YOU WISH TO BE ENROLLED**

- ☐ 1. Best Seller Hit Albums (Dancing, Listening, Mood Music and Show Albums from Theatre, Screen and TV)
- ☐ 2. Classical Albums
- ☐ 3. Hi-Fi Jazz

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

STATE

If you wish to enroll through a CAPITOL Records dealer authorized to solicit Club subscriptions, fill in below:

DEALER'S NAME

DEALER'S ADDRESS

Slightly higher in Canada. Capitol Record Club of Canada Ltd. 1184 Castlefield Avenue, Toronto 19, Ontario. (Membership limited to one subscription per household.) HA-8





Gibson

# What you don't **KNOW** won't hurt you?

Never has "know-nothingism" been in greater dispute in the U. S. than it is right now.

The man who KNOWS his field is the man we respect, reward, listen to, seek out.

His field may be science or the law, politics or industry, building or teaching or medicine.

Just so he knows it, has mastered it, we value him now with a heightened intensity.

For we are all feeling a new hunger to KNOW, a new clamor to know, new things as well as old.

And these include the unrolling story of mankind's week, of states and statesmen, of rockets and recession, of worry and good cheer.

So complex a story is it, so vast and often so hidden, that many of us turn for help to the writers, researchers and editors of TIME.

Throughout the world, wherever men still may read freely, more than two-and-a-half million families take TIME each week of each year.

**TIME — The Weekly Newsmagazine**



*Bottles have changed...*

*but never the quality of*

**I.W. HARPER**

*since 1872*

PRIZED KENTUCKY BOURBON

100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND OR MILD 86 PROOF



From left to right: "DANDY" Pinch Bottle, 1900; "AMBER" Colorful Glass, 1880; "CANTEEN G. A. R." Reunion Souvenir, 1895; "PEWTER PITCHER" Gift Decanter, 1900; "COMPANION" Long-Necked Decanter, 1910; "BAR BOTTLE" Ornate Cut Glass, 1910; "DWARF" Round Etched Decanter, 1885; "GOLD MEDAL" Embossed Decanter, 1949; "HARPER'S OWN" Ceramic Jug, 1890; "LITTLE COMPANION" Cut Glass, 1910; "NAUTICAL" Shippers Tribute, 1890; "THE AMERICAN" Hand-Blown Flask, 1875; "CARBOY" Wicker-Covered, 1880; "CAMEO" Cut Glass Miniature, 1899. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.





# Harper's

*magazine*

## The Coming Ice Age

When Will the Glaciers  
Reach America?

How to Get  
Better Public Servants  
Governor Averell Harriman

TV Ratings: What  
They Really Mean  
Bernard Asbell

Why Russia  
Is Winning  
the Ruble War  
Waldemar A. Nielsen

George Simeon



# DEWAR'S

## "White Label"

and ANCESTOR

### SCOTCH WHISKIES

Famed are the clans of Scotland  
 ... their colorful tartans worn in  
 glory through the centuries  
 Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label  
 and Ancestor, forever and always  
 a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle

*Dewar's  
 never varies!*



Dewar Highlander





# Those Two Important Words on Your Telephone

**W**estern Electric is the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. Its specialized abilities in these fields and the efficiencies and economies of centralized operation have proved of great value over many years.

There's a distinct advantage for telephone users in the fact that Western Electric works for the most part only for the Bell System, and for the U. S. Government when called upon.

Because defense and telephone service are so vital, Western Electric must manufacture for the utmost in dependability and long life without compromise anywhere along the line.

The repeater units in the new underseas cables are one example of how Western Electric must build for long, trouble-free service.

A further advantage is the way research and manufacturing are tied



**WESTERN ELECTRIC** means efficiency, quality and long life in telephone equipment. All are reflected in the speed, clarity and dependability of your telephone service.

together. Being a part of the Bell System, Western Electric can work closely with the Bell Telephone Laboratories and the local telephone companies.

Western Electric must be ready at all times to produce 200,000 kinds of apparatus and component parts for telephone equipment. It also purchases for the Bell System, distributes supplies, and installs central office equipment.

Western Electric maintains thirty-two warehouses strategically located throughout the country. You have seen dramatic evidence of the benefits of this arrangement in fire, flood, hurricane and other emergencies. They are important also in plans for national defense.

There are great values in the Western Electric setup. No other way would work out half so well for telephone users and the nation.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



Chairman of the Executive  
Committee: CASS CANFIELD

Chairman of the Board:  
FRANK S. MACGREGOR

President:  
RAYMOND C. HARWOOD

Vice-Presidents:  
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.,  
EUGENE L. MAN, ORDWAY LEAD,  
DANIEL F. BRADLEY,  
JOHN FISCHER, EVAN W. THOMAS

Treasurer: LOUIS F. HAYNIE

Assistant to the Publisher  
and Circulation Director:  
JOHN JAY HUGHES

#### EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor in Chief: JOHN FISCHER  
Managing Editor: RUSSELL LYNES

Editors:  
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON  
ERIC LARRABEE  
CATHERINE MYER  
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD  
ROBERT B. SILVERS  
LUCY DONALDSON

Washington Correspondent:  
WILLIAM S. WHITE

Editorial Secretary: ROSE DALY  
Editorial Assistant:  
VIRGINIA HUGHES

ADVERTISING DATA: CONSULT  
HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.  
49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.  
Telephone MUrray Hill 3-5225.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE issue for  
Sept. 1958. Vol. 217. Serial No. 1300.  
Copyright © 1958 by Harper & Brothers  
in the United States and Great Britain.

All rights, including translation into  
other languages, reserved by the  
Publisher in the United States, Great  
Britain, Mexico and all countries  
participating in the International  
Copyright Convention and the  
Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Published monthly by Harper &  
Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16,  
N.Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A.  
by union labor by the Williams Press,  
99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter at  
the post office at Albany, N. Y.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 60¢ per copy;  
\$6.00 one year; \$11.00 two years;  
\$15.00 three years. Foreign postage—  
except Canada and Pan America—  
\$1.50 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Six weeks'  
advance notice, and old address as  
well as new, are necessary.  
Address all correspondence relating  
to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept.,  
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

# Harper's MAGAZINE<sup>®</sup>

SEPTEMBER 1958



VOL. 217, NO. 1300

## ARTICLES

- 25 WHY WE ARE LOSING THE RUSSIAN WAR,  
Waldemar A. Nielsen
- 39 THE COMING ICE AGE, Betty Friedan
- 46 THE WONDERFUL ZOO IN THE BRONX, Edith Iglauer  
*Drawings by Richard Waring Rockwell*
- 55 HOW TO GET BETTER PUBLIC SERVANTS,  
Governor Averell Harriman  
*Drawing by Oscar Berger*
- 60 THE ALMOST PERFECT COOK, Mira Michal  
*Drawings by Mircea Vasiliu*
- 66 TV RATINGS: WHAT THEY REALLY MEAN, Bernard Asbell  
*Cartoon by Robert Day*
- 72 "TALENT FOR LIFE" IN A NEW RUSSIAN NOVEL,  
Babette Deutsch
- 77 THE MISUNDERSTOOD CONSERVATIVE, William S. White

## FICTION

- 32 JUST A SIMPLE COUNTRY BOY, Priscilla D. Willis  
*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*

## VERSE

- 35 THE GUNFIGHTERS, Constance Urdang
- 75 EGOTIST, Felix Stefanile

## DEPARTMENTS

- 6 LETTERS
- 14 THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR—*Self-portrait of the Harper Reader*, John Fischer
- 22 PERSONAL & OTHERWISE—*Among Our Contributors*
- 84 AFTER HOURS, Mr. Harper, Carl Koch, and  
Richard Leacock  
*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*
- 89 THE NEW BOOKS, Paul Pickrel
- 97 BOOKS IN BRIEF, Katherine Gauss Jackson
- 100 THE NEW RECORDINGS, Edward Tatnall Canby  
*Cartoon by Ed Fisher*
- 103 JAZZ NOTES, Eric Larrabee  
*COVER by George Samerjan*



**AN EXPERIMENTAL OFFER . . . LIMITED TO 2500 FAMILIES  
WHO JOIN THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB AT THIS TIME**



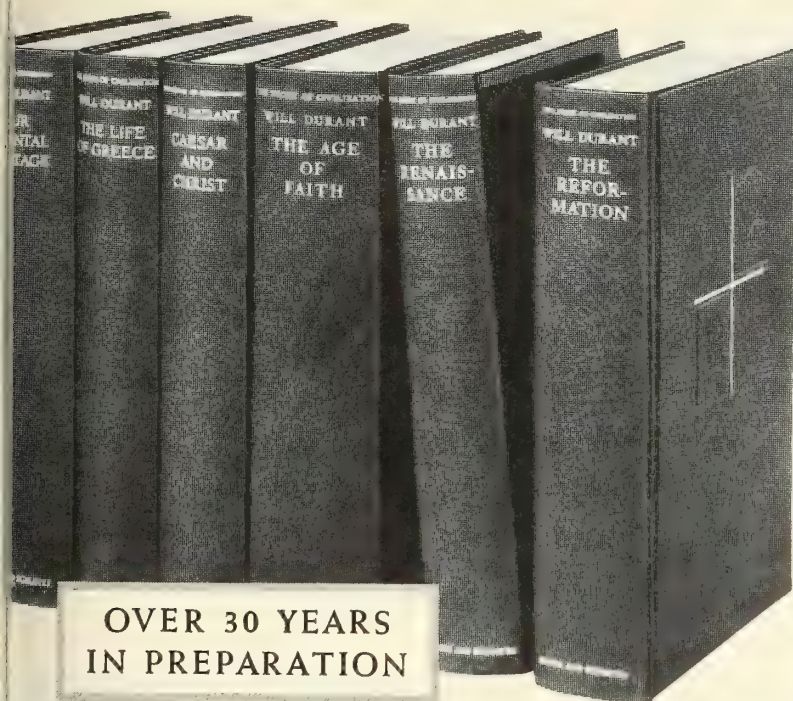
# The Story of Civilization

## BY WILL DURANT

### SIX VOLUMES [RETAIL PRICE \$60] FOR \$6



... if you join the Club now and agree to  
buy **six books** during the next year from  
at least 200 that will be made available



THE PURPOSE of this extraordinary offer is to demonstrate the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price—**simply by buying books they would buy anyway.** The Club has ordered 2500 of these sets—enough to meet a reasonable demand from a limited program of advertising. If the result justifies a larger edition, one will be ordered but it cannot possibly be ready until late this year, and perhaps not until 1959. Consequently, if you are interested, immediate action is advisable. Should the present edition be exhausted before your order is received you will be notified and will then have the option of canceling your membership or deferring it until a new edition is printed.

\* The six-volume set will be sent with the first book you purchase. The five other books can be chosen from at least 200 Selections and Alternates that will be made available during the next year.

\* You will pay—on the average—20% less for them than you would otherwise.

\* If you continue after this six-book trial membership, with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend, averaging around \$7 in retail value.

\* More important than the saving, this sensible system will keep you from missing the books you intend to read.

**Volume I**  
**OUR ORIENTAL HERITAGE**  
civilizations of ancient Egypt the Near East to the death of Alexander, and of India, China and Japan to our own day.

**Volume II**  
**THE LIFE OF GREECE**  
history of Greek government, manners, morals, philosophy, science and art from the earliest times to the Roman conquest.

**Volume III**  
**CAESAR AND CHRIST**  
rise of Rome from a crossroads of civilization, ending with the collision of Roman and Christian morality and the collapse of classic civilization.

\* **Volume IV**  
**THE AGE OF FAITH**  
Medieval civilization from Constantine to Dante, including the achievements of Christian, Islamic and Judaic life, and the Crusades.

\* **Volume V**  
**THE RENAISSANCE**  
A history of Italy's Golden Age, beginning with the birth of Petrarch and ending in the sunset glow of Florence and Venice with Titian.

\* **Volume VI**  
**THE REFORMATION**  
Europe's world-shaking religious conflicts, from before Martin Luther to Calvin, and the effect of these conflicts on modern history.

#### BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE BOOKS

- |                          |                                     |  |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>THE KING MUST DIE</b>            | by Mary Renault<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>THE ENEMY CAMP</b>               | by Jerome Weidman<br>Price (to members only) \$4.25  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY</b>          | by John Gunther<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>MASTERS OF DECEIT</b>            | by J. Edgar Hoover<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION</b>       | by Alan Moorehead<br>Price (to members only) \$4.25  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>THE WINTHROP WOMAN</b>           | by Anya Seton<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>BY LOVE POSSESSED</b>            | by James Gould Cozzens<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>THE NEW CLASS</b>                | by Milovan Djilas \$3.95   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>THE MOUNTAIN ROAD</b>            | by Theodore H. White and SEIDMAN AND SON<br>by Elsie Moll<br>Combined price (to members only) \$4.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>ANATOMY OF A MURDER</b>          | by Robert Traver<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>A STUDY OF HISTORY</b>           | The two-volume abridgement of the Toynbee work<br>Price (to members only) 2 vols. \$5.95             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <b>PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES</b> | by Jean Kerr \$2.00  |

**BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A39**  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION in six volumes, billing me \$6.00 (plus a small mailing charge), with the purchase of my first selection, checked at left. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain my membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend\* with every second Selection—or Alternates—I buy. A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

**PLEASE NOTE:** A "double choice"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. {  
Mrs. {  
Miss { (Please print neatly)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, and shipped from Toronto at a 10% surcharge, to be paid for in either U. S. or Canadian currency.





CIRCUIT ANALYST



BRAKE SEALER



PHYSICAL CHEMIST



MACHINIST



LABORATORY ASSISTANT



MANAGER, FINANCE



TOOLMAKER



DRAFTSMAN



GENERAL MANAGER  
CHEMICAL DEVELOPMENT



ASSEMBLER



DIE REPAIRMAN



NUCLEAR ENGINEER



WINDER



CABLE STRIPPER



WELDER



PHYSICIST



ASSEMBLER



TUBE RE-NECKER



MANAGER  
COMPUTER OPERATIONS



MANAGER, MATERIALS



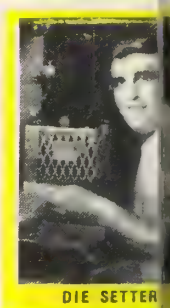
ELECTRICAL ENGINEER



FOREMAN



SENIOR  
ELECTRONICS ENGINEER



DIE SETTER



PRESSURE DIE CASTER



ASSEMBLER



FLAME TREATOR



MULTILITH OPERATOR



NUCLEAR ENGINEER



QUARTZ BLOWER

# What

Photos outlined in color represent some of the new jobs created by General Electric since World War II and highlight the fact that 1 out of every 3 employees works on new products developed since that time.

Where did these jobs come from? It does it take to create new jobs?

**It takes sales to make jobs,** and also mean customers. In our free society economic progress is determined by the decisions of customers to buy or not to buy. When customers have confidence in the economy . . . when they feel they are being offered attractive values . . . the sales are made and jobs are created.

**It takes profits to make jobs.** From make possible research and development that lead to new, appealing products, new jobs and even to whole new industries. They make possible plant improvement and expansion for more production and more jobs. By rewarding business owners who risk their savings in business, profits attract the capital required to operate and expand a business.





PLANT ENGINEER



TESTER



STRANDER OPERATOR



ASSEMBLER



ARMATURE WINDER



VACUUM FORM OPERATOR

# What makes jobs?

...es a job well done to make jobs. A company can stay in business very long cannot make products that are competitive in price and performance. This for the highest-quality workmanship the greatest efficiency on the part of employees. By providing the exciting features and innovations that we want and will buy, a company the profits to expand and create more jobs.

...at, then, makes jobs? In America's economy, jobs are created by the actions and decisions of millions of people: customers who seek the product values that help to enrich their lives; share owners who invest capital to develop these and improved products; and employees who take pride in doing their jobs and who use their skills to build value into the products they make.

This system, in which jobs are generated, not by the government or by some other agency, but by individuals, is the real key to America's economic progress.



As part of a continuing effort to build sales and jobs, the men and women of General Electric are carrying

ing on OPERATION UPTURN — a nationwide program to help accelerate the upturn in business by providing customers with extra values. Not only all General Electric employees, but the company's half a million share owners, the men and women of 45,000 supplier firms, and 400,000 independent firms that sell or service General Electric products are working actively to make the program a success.

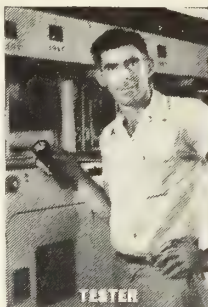
*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

## GENERAL ELECTRIC

Another in General Electric's series of reports on progress for customers, share owners, employees, suppliers and dealers, and nearly every citizen.



COMPUTER PROGRAMMER



TESTER



SPECIALIST  
PATENT PROCEDURES



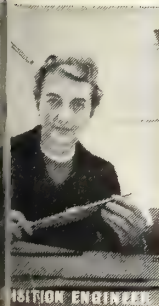
TESTER



PLANT GUARD



WRAPPER OPERATOR



POSITION ENGINEER



LAP OPERATOR



GROUP LEADER  
WIRE & PHOSPHORS



SECRETARY



TESTER



MOTOR-SHELL  
FABRICATOR



CONTROL ASSEMBLYMAN



CHEMIST



WELDER



SALES ENGINEER



ASSEMBLER



WELDER





## Which way?

Maybe you feel that way these days about your own investments.

You can't seem to make up your mind which way to go—whether to buy, sell, or hold certain securities.

We don't know all the answers, of course. No broker does.

But for many years now, we've been plotting the progress of most major industries . . . keeping track of the more important companies . . . erecting the best road signs we can for the benefit of investors.

If you've been wondering just what course you should follow yourself . . .

If you'd like to know just what we think of any given stock—or your complete portfolio—just ask. And the more you tell us about yourself—your financial situation and your investment objectives—the more helpful you'll find our answer.

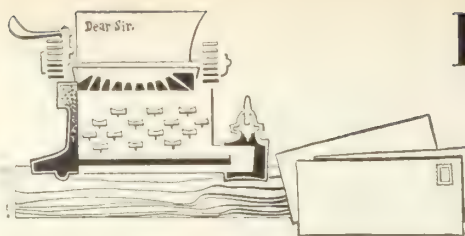
Customer or not, there's no charge for such an analysis, no obligation. Just address—

ALLAN D. GULLIVER  
Department SW-69

**Merrill Lynch,  
Pierce, Fenner & Smith**

Members New York Stock Exchange  
and all other Principal Exchanges

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.  
Offices in 112 Cities



## Dilettantes and Leisure

TO THE EDITORS:

Russell Lynes ["Time on Our Hands," July] validly complained that the word *dilettante* had acquired a pejorative tone, and that this left the language with no word for the genuinely enthusiastic and knowledgeable counterpart. May I propose *aficionado*? This is the precise Spanish equivalent of *dilettante* in Lynes's sense. . . . It is still too new to have become a pejorative or to have acquired other wrong connotations. It has already acquired a limited use among the young unbeat and unashamed egg-heads with whom I associate and to whom Lynes's thesis is quite familiar.

WALTER H. BREEN  
New York, N. Y.

. . . What is America doing with its new-found leisure? It is working harder than ever. Even the distinguished president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York can kill himself falling off a ladder—doing work, no doubt, that no tradesman could be found to do. So are we all. We're paper-hanging—something no respectable middle-classer would have been caught dead doing a half-generation ago. We're painting, transplanting, laying concrete.

And so our new leisure is a snare and a delusion. It is like the rest of our civilization which produces fancy automobiles and few mechanics; fancier houses and no carpenters; more fixtures and no plumbers; more committees and fewer decisions; more organizations and less results; less hours at work and darn little fun. . . .

HARRIS VENNEMA, Ed. & Pub.  
Eastern Banker  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## Veterans' Rights

TO THE EDITORS:

John Booth's article ["Veterans: Our Biggest Privileged Class," July] has my hearty endorsement all along the line.

I resigned from the American Legion for just the reasons he has set forth so truthfully. I was one of the earliest members (1920), but when the Legion went out for "non-service disabilities"

# LETTERS

I quit in disgust, as did several of my friends of World War I. . . .

C. S. ROBINSON  
Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . Mr. Booth and *Harper's* speak for thousands of veterans in their longing for over unwanted handouts. To these men the full responsibility of citizenship is not satisfied by serving in the armed forces; instead it represents part of the requirements demanded by a country whose government must act for the common good. . . .

ROGER L. DILLON  
Avon, Conn.

. . . As a veteran I have long wished that someone would turn a glaring spotlight on this sacrosanct private barrel. Bully for Booth!

And bully for *Harper's* I might add for continuing to print articles which bear out Norman Podhoretz's thesis "The Article as Art" [July].

NEIL HENDRICKS  
Austin, Tex.

. . . The reluctance of members of Congress to tangle with the American Legion is a misguided conception of the strength of Legion leadership in influencing voters. The American Veterans Committee made a study of the 1960 Congressional elections, held shortly after Congress voted on the Legion-sponsored bill to provide a general non-service-connected pension for veterans over 65. The study showed that all five members of the House who voted against the bill were re-elected, even though the Legion had made this measure its number one objective. Additionally, some of the members who voted for the measure were defeated.

President Eisenhower also seems reluctant to tangle with the old-line professional veterans' organizations. The report of the Bradley Commission, which would recommend removal of many of the inequities of our pension system, is buried in his files since April 1956. . . . Citizens' interest in this report could force it out. . . .

SAMUEL TAPPISS, Admin. Dir.  
American Veterans Committee  
New York, N. Y.

. . . [Mr. Booth] stated that "Above the only group opposed [to pensions] is the very small American Veterans Committee." . . . He completely overlooks





## WILL OUR CHILDREN LIVE TO BE 100?

Are we on our way to becoming a nation of hale and hearty centenarians? Dr. Paul Dudley White, President Eisenhower's heart specialist, thinks we are.

This and many other fascinating predictions of the life we will be leading in the near future were made by a panel of experts in many fields at the first annual Family Happiness and Security Conference sponsored by Insurance Company of North America Companies at Disneyland, California.

Purpose of the conference was to project a picture of the social and economic problems of tomorrow's families so that the insurance industry may expand and improve its services to meet the needs of the richer, longer lived, more populous America of the future.

No one is closer to the security problems of the American family than the independent insurance agent

himself. And forty-five of those agents and their entire families from every corner of the nation attended the conference, to catch a glimpse of things to come and to plan accordingly.

Through conferences such as this and by constant striving to provide the best possible insurance protection at the lowest possible cost, INA continues to justify its 166-year-old reputation as leader and pioneer in service to the American family.

If you would like a copy of our Disneyland Conference report, write to INA, 1600 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. We'll be glad to send you one.

\* \* \*

Insurance Company of North America  
Indemnity Insurance Company of North America  
Life Insurance Company of North America • Philadelphia

INSURANCE BY NORTH AMERICA





# HENNESSY SUPREMACY

is created by  
the world's largest stocks  
of choice cognac brandies.



Only this unparalleled quantity of aged stocks can produce Hennessy's unique quality. And for that quality, Americans choose Hennessy over all other cognacs combined.

★ ★ ★  
**HENNESSY**  
COGNAC BRANDY

84 PROOF • Schieffelin & Co., New York



## LETTERS

the steadfast opposition to the pension proposals expressed by AMVETS, the only Congressionally chartered organization for World War II and Korean veterans. Testifying before Congress, AMVETS stood alone in opposing a liberalization of veterans' pensions. . . . AMVETS also stated that the present pension structure needs review.

AMVETS has always maintained that the needy, not the greedy, should receive government benefits. This group includes the disabled, widows, and orphans. They are our primary concern and responsibility. . . .

We believe that military service is an extraordinary act of citizenship. . . . Military duty in America falls on a relatively small percentage of the nation's population. In that respect, veterans are a special class and do indeed deserve special consideration. . . .

Many of Mr. Booth's points are well taken. We cannot agree, however, that the non-service-connected hospitalization program should be eliminated. Care for the indigent veteran is a legitimate public responsibility.

We do not favor "giveaways" to veterans, but many of these programs were and are necessary. For example, when Mr. Booth rejected his compensatory payments, perhaps he accepted a G.I. home loan or advanced his education under the G.I. Bill. . . .

STUART J. SATULOFF  
National Commander  
AMVETS, Washington, D.C.

*To the surprise of both author and editors, almost all the letters we received up to the time of going to press with this issue, supported Mr. Booth. Officials of the American Legion refused to debate with him on radio and TV.*

—The Editor

## White Buck

TO THE EDITORS:

Re The Easy Chair's "Recipe for Fast Million" [July]: in the spring of 1949, as a junior at Colgate—a school which hovers athletically and sartorially on the edges of the Ivy League—I succumbed to the demands of style and bought a pair of white buck shoes. No white bucks pose a problem . . . and was only after several weeks of walking in the rain and leaving them under a red bed to collect thick dust that . . . I conformed to the pattern set by the Tassel makers who, Dr. Elmer Hammacker believes, were in this case "a rather small in-group at Yale." (Students then at Yale were classified as white shoe, brown shoe, and black shoe; but that is another story.)

However, Dr. Hammacker will,



YOU CAN BEGIN MEMBERSHIP IN

# The RCA Victor Society of Great Music

WITH A BRILLIANT RECORDING BY **VAN CLIBURN**  
OF TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO



The common-sense purpose of this new Society—which is directed by the Book-of-the-Month Club—is to help music lovers build an excellent record library systematically instead of haphazardly . . . and at an immense saving

Because of more systematic collection, operating costs can be greatly reduced. The remarkable Introductory Offer the right is a dramatic demonstration. It can represent 45% saving the first year.

Thereafter, continuing members can build their record library at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING**. For every two records purchased (from a group of at least fifty made available annually by the Society) members will receive a third RCA Victor Red Seal Record free.

A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE**. The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function it is to recommend "must-have" works for members. Members of the panel are: **EMMS TAYLOR**, composer and commentator, Chairman; **MUEL CHOTZINOFF**, General Music Director, NBC; **JACQUES MARZUN**, author and music critic; **JOHN M. CONLY**, editor of *High Fidelity*; **AARON COPLAND**, composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN**, music critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE**, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN**, composer and president of the Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH**, chief of the Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODORTH**, Professor of Music, Harvard University.

Each month, three or more 12-inch 33 1/3 R.P.M. RCA Victor Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is always singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record will be sent to the member. If he does not want the work, he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay \$4.98 (the nationally advertised price), plus a small charge for postage and handling.

## VAN CLIBURN

NOW AN RCA VICTOR ARTIST

A RECENT and exciting addition to the distinguished artists who perform on RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records is the lanky young Texan who, a few months ago, shot into the international limelight when he won the famous Tchaikovsky Piano Competition in Moscow. His first recording—Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1 in flat minor, conducted by Kiril Kondrashin—is a recent selection of the Society, and, if you wish, you may begin your membership with it. Simply check the box on the coupon.

... and beginning members who agree to buy six selections (including the Van Cliburn recording, if they want it) will receive . . .

## The Nine Symphonies of Beethoven

CONDUCTED BY

## Arturo Toscanini

WITH THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A SEVEN-RECORD ALBUM  
FOR ONLY

**\$3<sup>98</sup>**

[NATIONALLY ADVERTISED  
PRICE: \$34.98]



RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music

V3-9

c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music* and send me the seven-record Toscanini-Beethoven album, billing me \$3.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy six selections within twelve months from those made available by the Society, for each of which I will be billed \$4.98, the price nationally advertised (plus a small charge for postage and handling). I may cancel my membership any time after buying six records from the Society. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA Victor Red Seal Record, free.



Check here if you wish to begin with the current selection **TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO** played by **VAN CLIBURN**. (This counts toward fulfillment of the six-selection agreement.)

MR. ☐ MRS. ☐ MISS ☐ (Please print plainly)  
ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....  
NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in here:

DEALER'S NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

PLEASE NOTE: Records can be shipped only to residents of the U. S. and its territories, and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.



# JAL

GRACIOUS INTRODUCTION TO THE ORIENT



**LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT!** You'll fall in love with Japan Air Lines, too, once you've experienced such Oriental delights as colorful Happi coats to wear enroute... authentic Kuchitori hors d'oeuvres... hot O-Shibori towels to refresh you. Flights daily, radar-equipped. See your travel agent.

fly **JAPAN AIR LINES** U.S. to the Orient via Hawaii

New York • Washington, D. C. • Chicago  
San Francisco • Los Angeles • Seattle • Honolulu



**100 Lire.** Worth about 16 cents. The lira is over 2000 years old. Nowadays in Rome, about 100 of them buy a dish of Tagliatelle alla Marinara (extra thin "spaghetti" with seafood sauce) at a Trattoria. *Fabuloso!*

BOAC's "Highlights Tour" this fall takes you to Rome as well as Brussels, London, Zurich and Paris. 17 all-expense days only \$816 round-trip from New York. Get the "BOAC Tours to Britain and Europe" booklet from any Travel Agent or:-

World Leader in Jet Travel **B.O.A.C.** takes good care of you

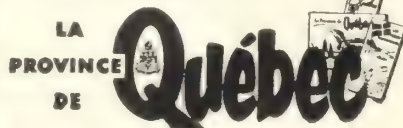
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION  
Dept. BE-15, 530 Fifth Ave., New York 36, MU 7-8900



## TREAT YOURSELF TO AN AUTUMN VACATION IN QUEBEC

The countryside of French-Canada is unbelievably beautiful when the fall colors blaze on the hillsides of the Laurentians, the Eastern Townships, the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence. The nights are cool and crisp, the days bright and warm. Fewer cars on the roads, accommodations easier to find in our comfortable, modern inns and hotels, where you will be welcomed with old-time hospitality.

For free road maps and booklets, write: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Quebec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.



## LETTERS

think, be enlightened by a chance discovery I made shortly after. A book volume of *Life* from 1939 revealed the proper dress for a Princeton man of the year: odd jacket, white button-down shirt, rep tie, gray flannels, and *white bucks*. Presumably the spread of the uniform was hindered by the adoption of others, government supplied, from 1941 to 1945. But by 1948 or 1949 the primordial Princeton pattern had conquered the Northeastern colleges.

Now Dr. Hammacker predicts that the dirty-white buck shoe will reach the West Coast "about three months from now." The culture-lag, then, between the innovation and mass adoption of status symbols is far greater than the five years he has postulated. It is almost twenty. What he and his Institute need are more observers, quickly, and I am ready to offer my services. Have bucks will travel.

ROBERT GORDON  
Fort Lee, N.J.

## The Iowan's Curse

TO THE EDITORS:

Charles G. Finney's "The Iowan Curse" [July] was the most delightful whimsy I have read in a long time.

What a pity that a man who can delight others should spend his days reading copy. . . . J. TROY HICKMAN  
Laredo, Tex.

[It is] our boon that Mr. Finney has decided to write again and for *Harper's*. . . His light touch on heavy human and natural shortcomings is a summertime delight. Such failings are, on occasion, everywhere, but never so apparent under the wide Arizona desert sky.

D. D. McHALL  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Finney's story was amusing, but not entirely accurate. The Iowan has lived in Arizona for four years and the power of his curse obviously had been weakened by his absence from native soil. . . .

There is nothing more powerful than the curse of an Iowan against another Iowan in Iowa. I know. One winter night four of us were returning from a basketball game in Lineville . . . [when our engine conked out.

We tensed against the sub-zero cold and waded through snow to the nearest farmhouse. We stepped on the porch and pounded on the door. We managed to raise a voice on the second floor. I shouted to us to go away. . . . We shuffled back to our car, resigned to a freezing death.

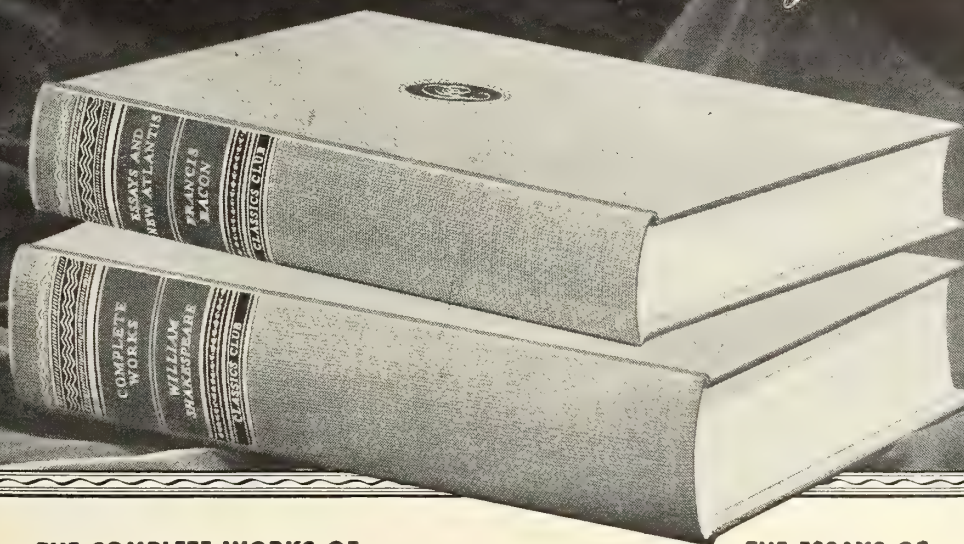
We were saved by an out-of-state truck driver. I've often wondered who put the curse on us. Of course I put our curse



**BOTH** *Free*  
TO NEW MEMBERS

WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB  
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE

*These Two Beautiful De Luxe Library Editions*



THE COMPLETE WORKS OF

THE ESSAYS OF

# Shakespeare and Bacon

All 37 Plays • Comedies, Tragedies,  
Histories and Poems

EVERY word Shakespeare ever wrote—every delightful comedy, stirring tragedy, and thrilling historical play; every lovely poem sonnet—yours *complete* in this beautiful 1312-page volume. Pickle at the ever-modern comedy of Falstaff; be fascinated by the notorious Cleopatra; shudder at the intrigues of Macbeth; thrill with love in the ecstasies of love. Be amazed at Iago's treachery; step a delight into the whimsical world of Puck and Bottom.

Shakespeare is the one writer who understood human nature as no one ever has, before or since. So deep did he see into the hearts of all is that he is more alive today than he was over 300 years ago!

On Love, Truth, Friendship, Riches  
and 54 Other Fascinating Subjects

HERE is another Titan of the Elizabethan era—Sir Francis Bacon, whose surpassing intellect laid the groundwork of science and philosophy for generations. Anyone in search of personal guidance and a practical, day-by-day philosophy of life can do no better than to read these immortal essays . . . about love, politics, books, business, friendship and the many other subjects which Bacon discusses so clearly, incisively, wisely. So much wit and wisdom is packed into these writings that quotations from them have become part of our literature.

Both these handsome De Luxe volumes—Shakespeare and Bacon—are yours *free*, as membership gifts from the Classics Club.

## Why The Classics Club Offers You These 2 Books Free

WILL YOU add these two volumes to your library—as membership gifts in the Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

### Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can equal the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those

are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

### Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions—bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre—books you and your children will read and cherish for years.

### A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE copies of The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE and BACON'S ESSAYS—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.

### THE CLASSICS CLUB

HZ

Roslyn, L. I., New York

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me *FREE* the beautiful two-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of The Complete Works of SHAKESPEARE and BACON'S ESSAYS, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

Mr. }  
Mrs. } ..... (Please Print Plainly)  
Miss }

Address .....

City ..... Zone No. .... State .....



# Harper's

magazine

## NEXT MONTH

### IMPERIAL HARVARD

*An Intimate Portrait*

Behind its aura of tradition and prestige what is Harvard really like today? A candid look at its classes, students, clubs, excesses—and the famous Chapel fight of last year. First in a series on American colleges.

*By David Boroff*

### THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

Modern science has become so complicated that no one man can understand more than a tiny segment of it, and most of us understand none of it. How, then, can we tell what its new achievements signify? A major scientist suggests a way out of this dilemma.

*By Robert Oppenheimer*

### THE DAY THE TAPS RUN DRY

Water, our most carelessly wasted resource, is fast becoming our most precious one. Water shortage is already a crisis in many parts of the country. Soon it will be a catastrophe everywhere—unless somebody does something now.

*By Robert and Leona Rienow*

AMERICAN HOMES—through the eyes of Osbert Lancaster

WHY THE ISRAELI ARMY WINS, *by General S. L. A. Marshall*

on that farmer. I wonder where he is now.

ELIZABETH POSTON McHARRY  
New York, N. Y.

mountain ravine where Washington put him to sleep would again provide complete isolation for another twenty-year rest.

GEORGE D. TAYLOR  
Stamford, N. J.

## Wave of the Future

TO THE EDITORS:

In Personal & Otherwise's comment on David Boroff's tour of the Catskills [July], a statement was made referring to a prediction of mine on vacations in the year 2000. . . . It represented me as commenting on *three-week* vacations forty-two years hence. The reference should have read *three-month*. . . .

Three-week vacations? Long since outmoded in a growing number of union contracts which call for four- and five-week vacations. And one concluded in mid-June provides for a two-month vacation in 1959 for members of one union, the American Radio Association, AFL-CIO. . . .

LOUIS HOLLANDER, Pres.  
N. Y. State CIO Council  
New York, N. Y.

## The "Real" Catskills

TO THE EDITORS:

The story ["The Catskills," July] of the modern glorified Coney Island resorts in Sullivan County, New York, is, indeed, a fantastic one. . . . But to identify this area and its fifty-year-old circumstances with "the Catskills" is to commit a sacrilege. . . . The Catskill Forest Preserve, which embraces the Catskill Mountains, scarcely extends at all into Sullivan County—and not at all into the "Borscht circuit."

But most blasphemous for us "yokels" whose families have lived here since the Indians is the complete omission of the early resort glories of the real Catskills. Almost everybody took in "city boarders," and, to name a few of the famous big hotels, there was the Catskill Mountain House (500 guests) . . . ; the famous Kaaterskill House (1,200 guests); and there were the Rexmere and Churchill Hall (700 guests between them) in Stamford—then famed as the "Queen of the Catskills." . . .

One of my neighbors drove 100 cows from Delaware County to the wilderness pasture on the east side of the mountains to provide a milk supply for the guests in the Catskill Mountain House and the Kaaterskill.

Scores of orchestras played sedate music every evening and the men danced in white tie and tails. That glory is gone, but the simple semi-rugged quality of the real Catskills is still largely unspoiled. . . . Rip Van Winkle would again be at home in the little village where he lived, and the forest-covered

## The Article as Art

TO THE EDITORS:

Thanks for printing Norman Podhoretz's "The Article as Art." He explains what he is talking about, and an old busted-down non-fiction writer myself I tune him in very clearly. From the year 1932 on I was always running into literary people who kept asking me why I didn't write novels. I thought then, and I think now, that this was kind of mania, as if there could be flying and singing except, say, by bluebird.

I didn't know—as I learned from your article—that Isaac Rosenfeld was dead. . . . He was a real writer. We have lost something.

WALTER MOSELEY  
Englewood, N. J.

. . . As a prodigious reader and a tedious optimist, I have a question I wish Mr. Podhoretz had answered: Are there in fact no novels being written which deal with ideas which are "vitalized by contact with a disciplined intelligence and a restless interest in the life of our times," or are these novels merely not being published? . . .

Is it possible that the novel, as literature, has declined because only the explicit discussion of sex is considered economically feasible? . . .

SHIRLEY HARRIS  
Highland Park, Ill.

## Iowa Politics

TO THE EDITORS:

I realize that sometimes, in gathering facts, it is necessary for a writer to accept only the bare surface. . . . Such may have been the case with Mr. William Carleton who wrote "Grass-roots Guts" to '58 and '60" [July].

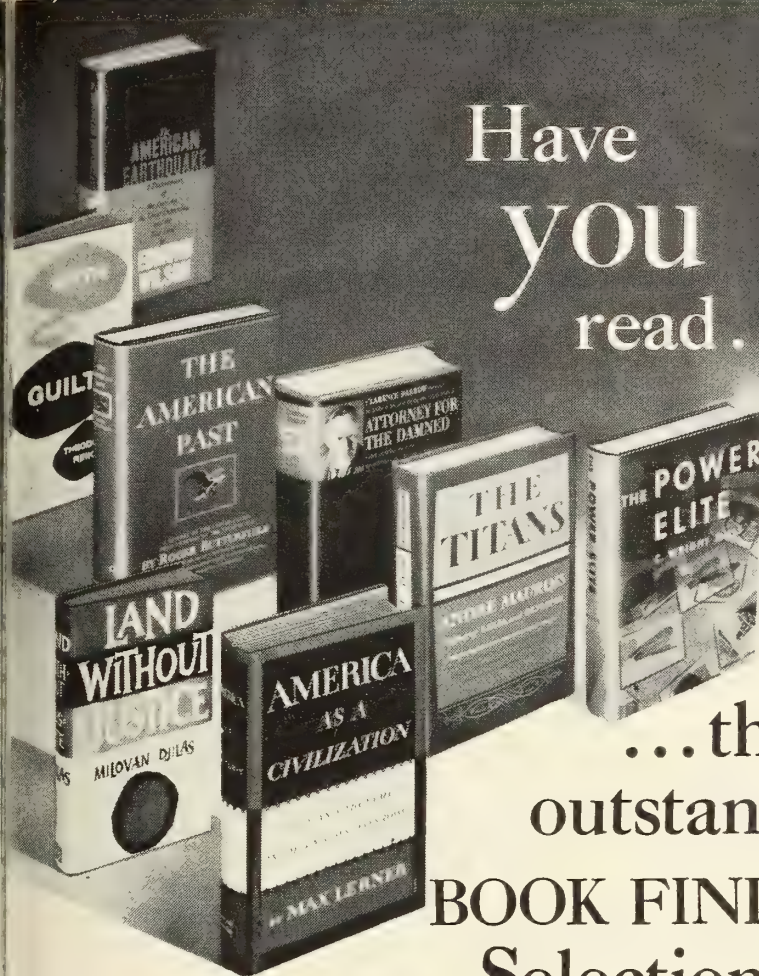
As far as Iowa is concerned, Democratic Governor Loveless is *not* gaining in popularity. His battle with the legislature was climaxed by his veto of the sales tax increase from 2 cents to 3 cents, thus canceling out badly needed improvements at our state colleges. . . .

This coming November's election will see the Republicans sponsoring Dr. William G. Murray (state college professor on leave) who advocates a 3 cent tax with 1 cent earmarked for better education. . . . will tell to what extent Iowa is awakened to the needs of future generations.

MAXINE SCHWEIKER  
Des Moines, Iowa



Have  
you  
read...



...these  
outstanding  
**BOOK FIND CLUB**  
Selections?

Here are some of the outstanding selections offered to members of THE BOOK FIND CLUB during the recent months. These are books people are talking about, provocative reading in every area of interest. And these are representative of the books which have earned THE BOOK FIND CLUB the reputation for "The Best In Fiction and Non-fiction."

Now, you can have any 3 of these important books for only \$3.95. As a member of the club, you will have the opportunity to purchase monthly selections at prices up to 50% below retail. And with each fourth purchase, you will receive an outstanding Bonus Book FREE.

**Choose any 3 for only 3.95**

with membership in **THE BOOK FIND CLUB**

**Critical Acclaim**

"Mr. Galbraith's underlying thesis is something new under the sun . . . so daring and so convincingly argued that it deserves front rank in any debate in economics . . . A compelling challenge to conventional thought."  
THE NEW YORK TIMES

"The most significant commentary on matters of general public concern to have been published in many a year . . ."  
THE WASHINGTON POST

"Galbraith takes the dismal slant out into the sunlight . . ."  
THE REPORTER

"He has a gift for charming irony, picturesque analogy, and witty aphorisms . . ."  
WALL STREET JOURNAL

"As disturbing as it is brilliant . . ."  
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

"A more refreshing examination of the stereotype of both liberal and conservative economic thought has not appeared in many years . . ."  
THE NATION

Each Month, Book Find Club members receive the interesting and informative *Book Find News*, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and other information about the many selections offered to members . . . each at a special low membership price. If you choose to receive the selection, you need do nothing: it will be sent to you automatically. If you would like to reject the selection or substitute another of the many volumes offered, you simply return the conveniently provided form. *Begin your membership now by accepting any 3 of these outstanding books for only \$3.95.*

**Mail this coupon today! ➡**

THE BOOK FIND CLUB  
215 Fourth Avenue  
New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me for only \$3.95 plus 24¢ postage and handling, the 3 books I have indicated. I am to receive free the monthly Book Find News. I agree to purchase at least 5 additional books during my first year of membership and I am to receive a Free Bonus Book for each four purchases. I may cancel my membership at any time after accepting five selections. Note: Save the cost of postage and handling of your introductory offer by enclosing check or money order.

	Pub. at
<input type="checkbox"/> THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY	\$ 5.00
<input type="checkbox"/> AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION	10.00
<input type="checkbox"/> LAND WITHOUT JUSTICE	5.75
<input type="checkbox"/> ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED	6.50
<input type="checkbox"/> THE AMERICAN PAST	6.95
<input type="checkbox"/> THE TITANS	5.95
<input type="checkbox"/> MYTH AND GUILT	5.75
<input type="checkbox"/> THE POWER ELITE	6.00
<input type="checkbox"/> THE AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE	6.00

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Same Price in Canada Address: 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Canada)

HA-9-58b

# the editor's EASY CHAIR

## Self-Portrait of the Harper Reader

EVERY professional writer (and editor) carries in his mind a sharply-drawn picture of the people he thinks he is talking to.

I once knew a writer for movie-lan magazines who tacked on the wall behind his typewriter a snapshot of a teen-age clerk in a dime store, to make sure that he would never for a minute forget who his audience was. In like fashion, a writer for the *Ladies' Home Journal* keeps before his eyes a mental icon of The Middle-class Housewife, and the editors of *Fortune* carry on an imaginary conversation with their Platonic ideal of The Business Executive.

So too with the editors of this magazine. When it was started, 108 years ago, *Harper's* was aimed at what was then the only potential audience for a national publication—the so-called educated class. In those days, before universal public education, this small group alone had the ability, the leisure, and the money to read much of anything. It was, in effect, the governing class of the country—those people in the professions, industry, and government who largely decided the issues and set the taste for the rest of the population.

During the last century *Harper's* naturally has undergone many changes in its format, content, and editorial technique; but its chosen audience has remained much the same. The magazine is still intended for that one per cent of the population which might be described as the decision-makers, opinion-formers, and taste-setters. These now make up a sharply rising proportion of the total, since our increasingly complex society now takes more administrators, managers, and professionals to keep it running. Consequently *Harper's* circulation (now about 200,000) has also grown considerably in the last decade—but it will never become a mass magazine. It couldn't, and still serve the needs of its primary market: what the sociologists call (rather stuffily) the leadership elite group.

The editors have always *thought* they knew pretty well what this group was like and what it wanted to read. But we (and our predecessors)

never knew for sure how accurately our image of the *Harper's* audience matched up with the real thing. We decided it might be useful to find out.

So a few months ago we hired a well-established independent research firm—Erdos and Morgan—to take a careful look at these people. It selected a scientific sample of our subscribers throughout the country and asked them a lot of highly personal questions. It is a tribute to their good nature that 70 per cent answered fully and frankly; to all of these, our profound thanks.

The firm's report has just come in. I found it fascinating—and, since most people have a natural interest in themselves, I thought you also might like to know what the investigation turned up.

FOR the editors, it was a comfort to discover that by and large our notion of our readers had been quite accurate. We did, however, discover a few surprising facts—which ought to help us turn out a better magazine in the months ahead.

It was no great surprise to find that *Harper's* is read mostly by city people; only 2 per cent of our subscribers are farmers. We had known, too, that our readers are fairly heavily concentrated in the great metropolitan areas of the East, Middle West, and Pacific Coast. More of them live in California than any other state—more, in fact, than in all of New England.

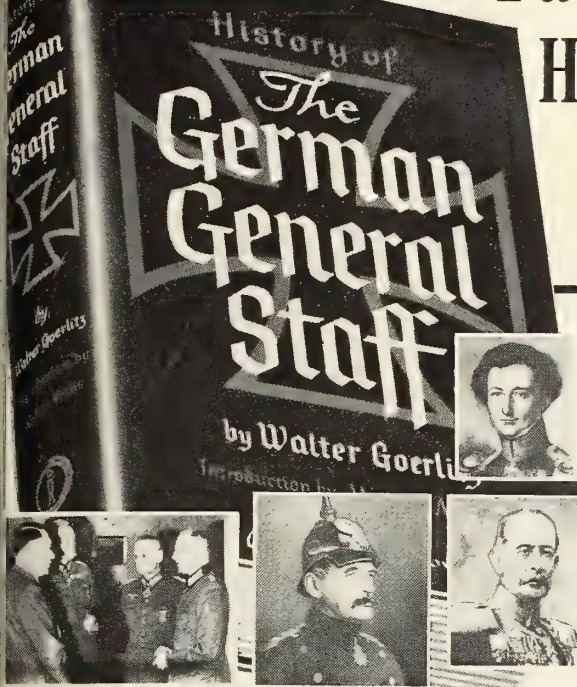
We also had assumed that they were pretty well educated, so that it was not unexpected to learn that 88 per cent of the heads of those households taking the magazine had been to college. But it was surprising that well over half of them had done post-graduate work, and nearly 40 per cent hold post-graduate degrees.

Perhaps we should have guessed this. After all, the big corporations—especially those such as du Pont, General Electric, IBM, Boeing, and the makers of missiles and electronic equipment—are hiring vastly more people with post-graduate degrees than they did a few years ago. Moreover, 45 per cent of the family heads questioned are classified as “professional or semi-professional”—doctors, lawyers, scientists, and

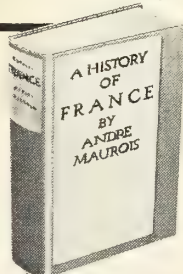


# DEMONSTRATION OFFER

Take any 3 new books of  
**HISTORY AND WORLD AFFAIRS**  
 for only \$3.95 with membership  
 (VALUES UP TO \$23.00)



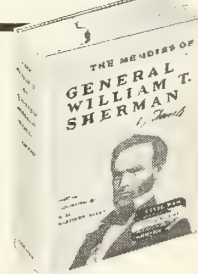
**STORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL AFF** by Walter Goerlitz. From master strategist von Clausewitz, this master warrior Rommel, this usual volume discusses the most feared and respected military geniuses of all time—and how you their personalities, their triumphs, and their fatal miscalculations. 508 pages. 31 photographs. List price \$7.50.



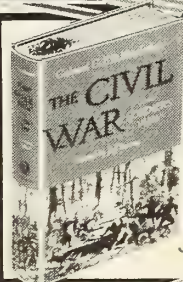
**A HISTORY OF FRANCE** by Andre Maurois. A rich and detailed tapestry of victories and defeats, of kings, mistresses, politicians and heroes—by one of France's greatest writers. List price \$7.50.



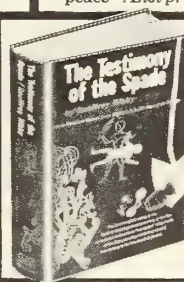
**DECISION TO INTERVENE** by George F. Kennan. Striking picture of the Russian Revolution. Here are ruthless Red leaders, confused diplomats—and those few Americans who sought an illusory "peace". List price \$7.50.



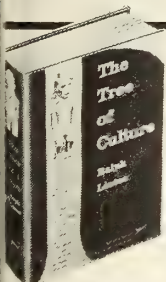
**MEMOIRS OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN**. Exciting story of the most damned-and-praised campaign of the Civil War—by the amazing strategist who virtually invented "total war". New one-volume edition. List price \$8.00.



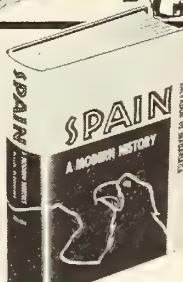
**THE CIVIL WAR: A SOLDIER'S VIEW** by Col. G. F. R. Henderson. An extraordinary critique of the campaigns, the generals and their men gathered from the frank accounts of a British military observer. List price \$6.00.



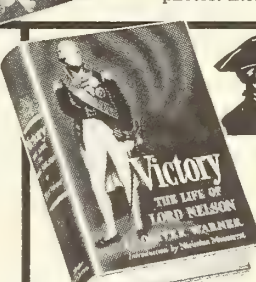
**THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE** by Geoffrey Bibby. How did European man live 15,000 years ago? You'll find the answer in this fascinating reconstruction of the lives, customs, and minds of the men and women of pre-history. Maps and photos. List price \$6.75.



**THE TREE OF CULTURE** by Ralph Linton. This brilliant and immensely readable volume traces mankind and his cultures—his religions, caste systems, and complex relationships between families and sexes—from tribal beginnings to the complex world of today. List price \$7.50.



**SPAIN: A MODERN HISTORY** by Salvador de Madariaga. Here is a new, impartial and utterly fascinating historical picture of Spain—as it was under the King and the Republic, and as it is today. In every way this fine work of scholarship is as thrilling to read as a great novel. List price \$7.50.



**VICTORY: THE LIFE OF LORD NELSON** by Oliver Warner. Here is the story of a life so filled with valor and animated by passion, that it glows like a great legend. Critics are hailing this beautifully written, continuously exciting new book. \$6.50.

generous **DEMONSTRATION OFFER** from The History Book Club!

Here is an amazingly generous demonstration offer. It is made solely to prove to you how much you will enjoy a WIDE VARIETY of important new books of history and world affairs you can get at cash savings through the History Book Club.

The distinguished selections pictured here—all handsomely bound, and many of them illustrated—sell for as much as \$8.00 each at publisher's list prices. But we invite you to choose ANY THREE of these valuable books for only \$3.95, if you join the History Book Club on this Trial Membership offer.

The History Book Club selections are chosen by an eminent Board of Historians made up of Dumas Malone, Walter Millis and Louis B. Wright. Each book is described to you—in advance—in a careful and objective review. If you do not want a book, you

merely return a printed form (always provided) and it will not be sent. You may accept as few as four selections or alternate a year, and resign at any time after accepting four such books.

With every fourth purchase after your initial selection, you receive a Free Bonus Book of your own choice. (Last year, counting the value of Bonus Books, members saved an average of \$3.16 on each selection.) And, in addition to current selections, a great many other important new books are always available to you, at special Members' low prices and with full Bonus Credit.

Right now, you may take ANY THREE books from this page (total value up to \$23.00) for only \$3.95. But don't delay. Choose the three books which interest you most, and mail the entire coupon at once—without money—to History Book Club, Dept. HA-25 40 Guernsey Street, Stamford, Conn.

Check the 3 books you want and mail the coupon, now, to:

## THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

Dept. HA-25 40 Guernsey Street, Stamford, Conn.

Send me at once the THREE books I have checked below, two as my enrollment gift and one as my first selection, and bill me ONLY \$3.95 (plus a few cents for postage and packing).

Forthcoming selections will be described to me in advance, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable FREE BONUS BOOK of my choice with every fourth additional selection or alternate which I purchase. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books. **GUARANTEE:** If not completely satisfied, I may return my 3 books within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF | <input type="checkbox"/> THE TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A HISTORY OF FRANCE                 | <input type="checkbox"/> THE TREE OF CULTURE              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DECISION TO INTERVENE               | <input type="checkbox"/> SPAIN: A MODERN HISTORY          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MEMOIRS OF GEN. WM. T. SHERMAN      | <input type="checkbox"/> VICTORY: THE LIFE OF LORD NELSON |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE CIVIL WAR: A SOLDIER'S VIEW     |   |

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ HA-25



the like—which ordinarily means post-graduate training.

Bright, well-trained people usually make a good deal of money. We had not realized, however, that *Harper's* readers earn nearly twice as much as other Americans. Last year the median family income for the whole country was \$4,971. (Half got more than this sum, half got less.) For *Harper's* families the median income was \$9,770—and 14 per cent of them made more than \$20,000 a year.

A lot of them seem to invest their money pretty shrewdly, since 15 per cent reported a net worth above \$100,000. One reason for this may be that they are used to dealing with financial matters; 21 per cent are engaged in selecting investments, arranging bank financing, supervising pension schemes, and similar chores, either for their businesses or for non-profit organizations.

This kind of responsibility seems a little odd, in view of their comparative youth—their median age is only forty-two. Yet it fits in with their habit of climbing fast. Nearly a third of those in business and industry are either owners or officers of their companies; another 32 per cent are managers, department heads, or superintendents; 20 per cent more are in legal, scientific, or other professional assignments. (Only 9 per cent are clerks, salesmen, or laborers.) And 27 per cent of the heads of *all* families taking *Harper's* serve on a board of directors.

THEY spend their money in some curious ways. An astonishingly large part of it goes for travel and music. For example, 83 per cent reported that at least one member of the family has been abroad (aside from military service)—and last year alone 26 per cent visited foreign countries. (A quarter of them also went to Washington last year, presumably to argue with the bureaucrats, and 40 per cent visited New York, presumably in hopes of seeing "My Fair Lady.") Somebody in half the families took a plane trip in 1957, 5 per cent traveled by ship, and 15 per cent by rented car. By way of comparison, three-fourths of the adults in this country have *never* been in a plane.

To me, the most unexpected fact in the whole survey was the number of amateur musicians. I had known, of course, that America has become the most musical nation in the world—but I had never thought of *Harper's* readers as a bunch of dedicated music-makers. Apparently they are. They have invested twice as much in musical instruments as in TV sets. Even when you rule out their pianos, a costly item, 28 per cent own

other instruments, in which they have invested an average of \$352.

They listen a lot, too. It is a rare home that doesn't have some kind of record-playing equipment—nearly half of them have hi-fis—and their record cabinets hold an average of 67 long-playing records.

There also is some evidence that they drink more than most people—probably more than is good for them.

Since they spend such a large part of their incomes on these and similar items, they obviously have to spend less-than-average on something else. I'm not sure that I interpret the figures correctly on this point, but it looks to me as if they put less money into automobiles than the average family in their income brackets. It is true that 92 per cent of them own cars, and more than a third own two or more; it is also true that they spend far more for automobiles than most Americans—but they probably buy less gaudy and expensive cars than other families of equal wealth. They also show a kindred un-American symptom: 8 per cent now own imported cars, and 40 per cent have either bought or considered buying a foreign make at one time or another.

Frequently their views on automobiles are downright fierce. One subscriber—typical of many—remarked that "Without exception, Detroit cars are too large, too clumsy, and too expensive. I'd like a car with adequate room that's cheap to operate and maintain, but above all is easy to maneuver in town. Except for price, the small Mercedes is outstanding. . . ."

Another commented that "having a Volkswagen in the family is fun in a way that cannot be expressed in terms of the American mass-produced car. . . ."

STRONG opinion, vigorously expressed, is a characteristic of these people we have been familiar with for a long while, from the extraordinary number of letters they send us every month. They write our authors, too. Many contributors have told us that they get more reaction from an article or story in *Harper's* than from any other magazine—including those with circulation twenty times as large.

One explanation may be that nearly all of our readers are, one way or another, in the words-and-ideas trade. Practically every executive and administrator finds that skillful use of language is his basic tool; he spends most of his waking hours explaining, persuading, issuing instructions, and analyzing the reports of others.

Then, too, a high proportion of *Harper's* readers are in the communications industry—newspapers, magazines, TV, and radio—or in government: two callings which demand articulatness. More than a quarter of them have been paid for published writings. Thirteen per cent



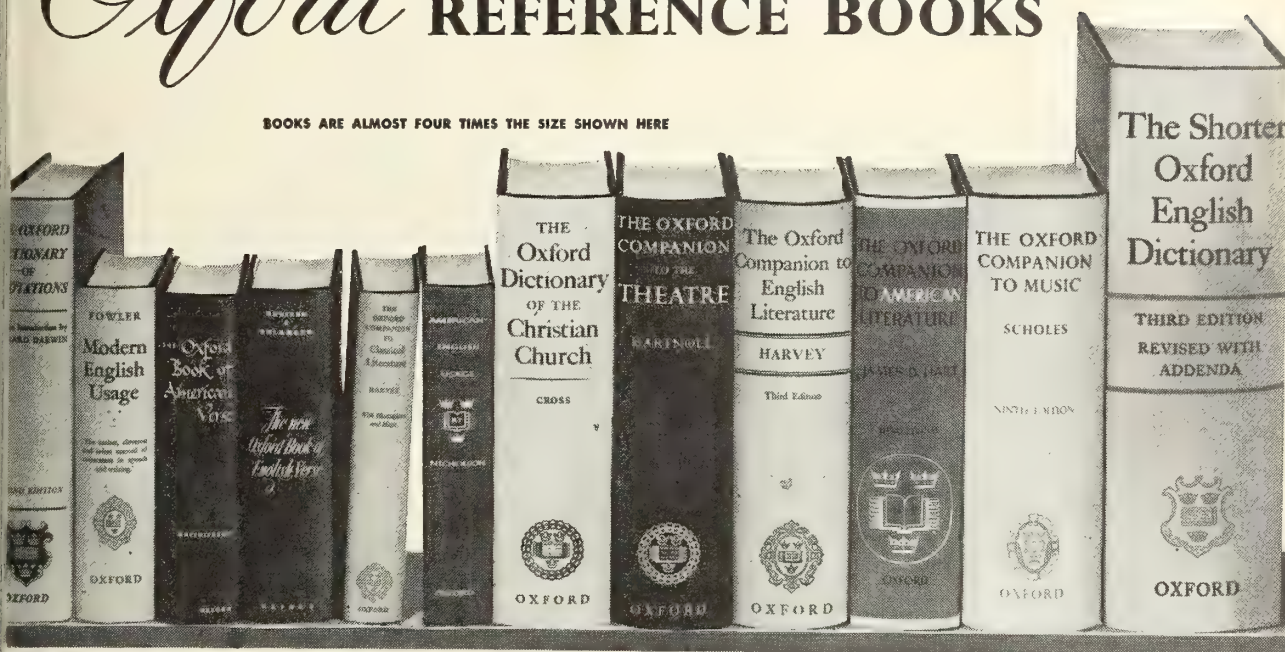


# Take your choice

## OF THESE INDISPENSABLE

# Oxford REFERENCE BOOKS

BOOKS ARE ALMOST FOUR TIMES THE SIZE SHOWN HERE



### THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

With an introduction by BERNARD DARWIN. Most convenient of quotation books. Fuller as reference of more than 40,000 quotations makes it possible to compare similar related phrases and ideas. New Index sets the number of each quotation on its page. 2nd Revised Edition. 1,022 pages.

### A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

H. W. FOWLER. The classic authority on correct speech and writing. Settles innumerable knotty questions of correct spelling, grammar and recognized usage, with sound advice and many examples. 14th Printing. 304 pages.

### THE OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE

Edited and introduced by F. O. MATTHESEN. Includes 571 selections from the works of 51 American poets ranging from the seventeenth century to the young poets of today. 1,188 pages.

### THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE

Edited and edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-ROUCH. The best known and probably the most highly prized anthology of English poetry. Covers seven centuries of poetic development from thirteenth-century lyrics to modern poetry. Revised Edition. 1,198 pages.

### THE OXFORD COMPANION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE

Compiled and edited by SIR PAUL HARVEY. Alphabetically arranged for ready reference, this single volume covers the whole range of Greek and Roman literature, showing at the same time its background and its influence on English literature. 499 pages.

### THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Historical • Biographical • Theological Edited by F. L. CROSS. A comprehensive one-volume reference book on religion containing over 6,000 entries. The most accurate, informative, and best balanced Dictionary in the field. 1,512 pages.

### A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN-ENGLISH USAGE

By MARGARET NICHOLSON, based on Fowler's *Modern English Usage*. The "Faster Fowler," especially prepared for Americans. Adds new words and idioms and variations in American and English usage and spelling. 684 pages.

### THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE

Edited by PHYLLIS HARTNOLL. A one-volume encyclopaedia of the theatre in all countries and all periods. This second edition has a supplement containing 154 illustrations and four pages of additional bibliography. Second Edition. 1,028 pages. Illustrated.

### THE OXFORD COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE

Compiled and edited by SIR PAUL HARVEY. Covers alphabetically by title and author more than ten centuries of literature in the English language, with brief biographies of writers, summaries of plots, and explanations of the many allusions commonly met with in our literature. 3rd Edition. 940 pages.

### THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE

By JAMES D. HART. The standard guide to American books and authors, thoroughly revised and brought up to date with summaries of recent books and information on writers who have come into prominence since 1948. 3rd Edition. 898 pages.

### THE OXFORD COMPANION TO MUSIC

By PERCY A. SCHOLTES. The most famous of all one-volume musical encyclopedias, brought up-to-date with new material on contemporary music and musicians. Includes biographies, opera plots and a Pronouncing Glossary of some 7,000 names and terms. 9th Edition. Illustrated. 1,255 pages.

### THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY

Prepared by WILLIAM LITTLE, H. W. FOWLER and J. COULSON. Revised and edited by C. T. ONIONS. The big one-volume dictionary (also known as *The Oxford Universal Dictionary*) based on the renowned "historical principles" which have made the original 13-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* a recognized classic. 3rd Edition. 2,538 pages.

## A unique offer to Harper readers

"OXFORD... publishes the best reference books in the English language," says Charles Poore in *Harper's*. Undoubtedly you have always wanted to own several, or all, of the books described on this page. Now, for a limited time, you have the privilege of examining your choice of these titles in your own home, with the understanding that you may pay for them on a budget plan. (Details are explained in the coupon below.)

This is your golden opportunity to build an Oxford reference library that is the dream of every educated person... on terms that permit easy monthly payments.

Published and periodically revised by Oxford University Press, honored by scholars and treasured by their owners, these modern reference works form a bond of kinship between men and women of culture throughout the world. Which of them belongs in your library now? You can make the choice without moving from your chair; use the coupon below to order as many volumes as you wish. *You need send no money.* Simply indicate the titles you wish, clip the coupon, and mail it.

### SPECIAL OXFORD PURCHASE PLAN

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, INC.  
16-00 Pollitt Drive, Fair Lawn, N. J.

Please send me the Oxford Reference Books I have checked. If my order totals more than \$11.00 I am to receive an itemized invoice. This may be paid in full or at the rate of \$5.00 a month until the last remaining balance is paid.

Orders totaling less than \$11.00 will be accompanied by a bill payable in full at the end of 30 days.

Name

Address

City  Zone  State

☐ Send descriptive folder:

H-1 "A Selection of Oxford Reference Books,"

- ☐ COMPANION TO THE THEATRE.....\$11.50
- ☐ FOWLER: MODERN ENGLISH USAGE.....\$3.75
- ☐ NICHOLSON: AMERICAN ENGLISH USAGE.....\$5.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO ENGLISH LITERATURE.....\$10.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO AMERICAN LITERATURE.....\$10.00
- ☐ COMPANION TO CLASSICAL LITERATURE.....\$3.75
- ☐ COMPANION TO MUSIC.....\$21.50
- ☐ OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE.....\$6.00
- ☐ OXFORD BOOK OF AMERICAN VERSE.....\$7.00
- ☐ OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS.....\$10.50
- ☐ OXFORD DICTIONARY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.....\$17.50
- ☐ SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH (OXFORD UNIVERSAL) DICTIONARY.....\$25.00

# *Look into a child's eyes...*



*Look into a child's eyes, it has been said, and you will see the future. And if you could but glimpse into the wonderful world that awaits our children of today, you would see life with a new dimension and abundance . . . where disease and pain will give way to health and comfort . . . and where the human body and spirit will grow with a new vigor. This is the world for which we strive at Pfizer—and its dawn has already been hastened by Pfizer*

*research and production. Already, the new miracles are being placed into the hands that guide our lives—into the hands of our physicians . . . our pharmacists . . . our agriculturalists . . . and our scientists. And they will come with ever-increasing speed. For wherever there is a margin for progress in human health and happiness . . . there you will find Pfizer—advancing through research . . . devoted to integrity of manufacture . . . and dedicated to our new world.*

Science for the World's Well-Being

**Pfizer**

Since 1849

Pharmaceutical,  
Agricultural and  
Chemical Products



ave run for public office, and ightly more than that have held fice in a political organization. bove half of them have taken the ouble to write letters to their Congressmen, and 65 per cent have addressed public meetings.

In fact, meetings apparently take p a good part of their spare time. hey are gregarious people. Ninety-ve per cent belong to civic, rofessional, cultural, or social rganizations—ranging from yacht lubbs and drama groups to the Bar ssociation and PTA—and nearly all serve as officers or directors.

They are, in sum, people who are sed to exerting a good deal of influence on others. No wonder, then, at they let us know with both barrels when something in the magazine uffles them. (A peculiarity: when ey like something they write the uthor, when they don't they write he editors.) Furthermore, they read ne magazine carefully, as we learn o our embarrassment whenever a ypographical error or debatable fact reeps in. Twenty per cent reported hat they read it from cover to cover, nother 52 per cent that they "read most of it"—and the typical subscriber spends three hours with it very month.

THEIR comments on what they like and dislike were often thought-provoking—especially when read in the light of their occupations. The myth that Americans are a bunch of stereotyped conformists clearly doesn't apply to this sample.

Take, for instance, the sales-promotion manager of an electrical manufacturing company in St. Louis. According to the legend, he should be the gray-flannel-suit type of Organization Man, without a single unconventional taste. In fact, what he likes best are the most controversial articles, plus such rather special items as a piece about the Budapest String Quartet.

Or the president of an Ohio sand and gravel company; his favorite item was a difficult scientific report on new discoveries about the nature of the universe. And the executive vice president and treasurer of a pre-fabricated housing firm—who described his occupation as "hatchet man"—singled out George F. Kenan's recent critique of American

foreign policy and Ralph Lapp's series on atomic fallout.

At the other end of the economic spectrum, tastes are just as ruggedly individual. The proprietor of a fish bait shop wanted "more articles on singers and so forth," while a spot welder—who never graduated from high school, but writes in his spare time—asked for "more fiction and poetry of a more profound sort."

(Incidentally, a remarkable number hold positions which did not even exist a few years ago—"prime contractor for AEC" . . . "executive director of labor organizations," a job which pays between \$25,000 and \$50,000 a year . . . "television news director" . . . "aerial photographer" . . . "theoretical physicist" . . . "manufacturer of electronic products." The younger subscribers, in particular, seem to be fairly well concentrated in the scientific fields.)



VIRTUALLY all of these people share one common characteristic: they are caught in the same dilemma.

On the one hand, nearly all of them are specialists, who are forced by the nature of their work to concentrate most of their time and attention on a single subject—whether it is law, automotive design, theatrical production, politics, or industrial management. (Even those engaged in what is theoretically the broadest of professions—education—are in very large part specialists. That is, they are either university professors or administrators; relatively few teach in the grade or secondary schools, or even junior colleges. And, as any dean, university president, or school superintendent can tell you, his sort of administration is as confining as any other. The better he does his job, the further it pushes him away from research and general teaching.)

Here lurks one of the sorrows of

## Antibiotics That Act More Swiftly



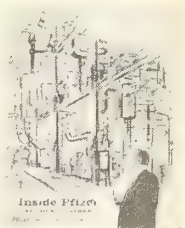
Ever since the first antibiotic was discovered, science has tried out many hundreds of agents in the hope of finding one which would persuade the human organism to absorb these "wonder drugs" faster and better. At Pfizer alone, research workers had tested 84 compounds before they discovered the remarkable "antibiotic speed-up" action they were seeking in a substance called glucosamine . . . currently incorporated in many of Pfizer's wide range of antibiotics.

**Fermentation Triumph.** The Pfizer development of faster-acting antibiotics through glucosamine is a triumph of fermentation chemistry—an intricate process that is today playing a vital part in creating raw materials for human betterment.

This is but an isolated example of Pfizer's constant contribution to progress in the fields of medicine, agriculture and industry.

Today the world leader in fermentation chemistry and in the production of the life-saving antibiotics, Pfizer will this year alone invest more than ten million dollars in creative research.

John Gunther has written a special report entitled "Inside Pfizer". It is a fascinating tour of a new world of science. For your free copy, send your request to Dept. 60 at address below:



Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.  
11 Bartlett St., Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

Science for the  
World's Well-Being

**Pfizer**

Since 1849



# New all-transistor recorder works anywhere without plug-in!



It works in cars, commuter trains, planes or boats—*anywhere!* Name: Dictet. Power source: devilishly effective little mercury batteries.

Dictet is *so* easy to work. Any time you want to tear off an observation or pearl of wisdom, just lift its mike and talk. Mike doubles as speaker for instant playback.

Busy men have found Dictet ideal for travel notes, field reports, small conferences, and—you-name-it.

In any case you ought to find out more. There is a coupon nearby for that express purpose.

## DICTET<sup>®</sup> BY DICTAPHONE<sup>®</sup>

Dictaphone Corporation, Dept. HA-98  
420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.  
Please send full-color booklet on new Dictet.

Name

Company

Address

## THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

our age: anybody who hopes to rise very far in any profession—including management—has too little time for other things. In order to keep up with the fast-flowing developments in his own field, he has to focus on it with single-minded devotion. A loaded brief case becomes his nightly companion.

Yet at the same time he is likely to have an unusually wide range of interests. This is almost inevitable for anybody who starts out with a lively and curious mind, and then broadens it with a well-above-average education.

HENCE the dilemma: How can he stay abreast with his own specialty, and also keep in touch with the intellectual adventures that are going on in the other parts of the forest?

Many people in this fix seem to find that *Harper's*—and a few other magazines, such as *Scientific American*, the *New Yorker*, and the *Atlantic*—provide at least a partial answer. (There is no complete one.) As the editors here see it, our primary job is to help the leaders in each main area of American life to keep themselves informed about what their peers in other areas are doing and thinking.

So we deal with a special kind of commodity—the germinal idea—and we hunt for it in its natural habitat: the growing edges of our society. The sprouts we look for crop up in some strange places—a tidy laboratory in Copenhagen, the wilderness of jazz, a psychiatrist's study, a Washington dinner party, an architect's drawing board. Some of them wither before they get far above the ground. Others keep on growing till they change the world.

Thus *Harper's* published the first article suggesting that nuclear fission might become a practical source of power and military weapons—years before the first atomic pile was tested under a Chicago stadium. To cite another instance, you will find elsewhere in this issue the first account in a general magazine of the scientific quest which uncovered an explanation for one of the great mysteries of all time—what caused the Ice Ages, and when can we expect the next one? (That idea germinated far beneath the ocean floor.)

To a few climatologists, the story

of the coming Ice Age may already be familiar, but hardly to people in other fields. The same thing is true of articles which we hope to publish soon about the new currents of religious thought (Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and agnostic), about what the young American composers are up to, and about certain happenings in California which may change the political balance of the whole country. These pieces are not intended for theologians, composers, or professional politicians. Their purpose is to interpret the significant work of such specialists to people in other professions—and to do it in a more authoritative, analytical, and selective way than the daily press or the news magazines can attempt. Whenever possible (we hope) they will also do it with grace, humor, and some literary distinction.

Such articles often are highly opinionated. If they are honest, they have to be. Any examination of a fresh idea, or a new development in our society, is worth little if it merely describes; to be really useful, it must also weigh and evaluate. Consequently the writers who appear in *Harper's* usually are purveyors not only of facts but of value judgments. The best of them might be described as critics of civilization.

Sometimes they offer judgments with which the editors (and many readers) do not agree. The magazine has no party line. It endorses no candidates, peddles no panaceas, supports no party, grinds no private axes. It operates on the theory that the truth is most likely to emerge from the honest competition of a wide range of opinions—provided that those opinions are informed, thoroughly-considered, and disinterested.

Many people find such a process unsettling and uncomfortable. For them, countless other magazines will prove more rewarding than *Harper's*—publications which offer a bland diet, guaranteed never to irritate an ingrown prejudice or to stimulate the mental gastric juices. Such fare is set forth in overwhelming plenty by television and the other mass media. This magazine is intended for the minority who feed on a different meat, and have a hard time finding enough of it elsewhere.





*An epoch-making book will be published this fall: the first single volume in which the stirring events of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION are told in the light of modern scholarship and illustrated with the color and splendor this great story deserves. You are invited to reserve first-edition copies at a special pre-publication price*

WE TAKE PRIDE in bringing you advance news of an important event in the world of books: the publication in the fall of 1958 of *THE AMERICAN HERITAGE BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION*. It was prepared by the Editors of *American Heritage*, the distinguished Magazine of History, to provide every American family with the finest possible account of our country's birth.

From the first flares of rebellion in the colonies to the final victory at Yorktown, here is the whole inspiring story. The dramatic events, the great personalities are brilliantly recreated in 150,000 words of narrative and more than 600 paintings,

portraits, on-the-scene battle sketches, cartoons, maps, and historic documents — 162 of the pictures in glowing full color.

*The finest collection of Revolutionary War pictures ever assembled in one volume*

The pictorial matter in this big (8½ x 11), exciting volume is spectacular throughout. It includes sparkling reproductions of art treasures of the 18th and 19th centuries, contemporary drawings from American and European collections, and stunning new color photographs of weapons and equipment of the period.

*A book to enchant — and serve — every member of the family*

The story is told by two distinguished authors. Dr. J. H. Plumb of Cambridge University sets the scene by presenting the life of 18th century England. The succeeding chapters are by the celebrated American historian-novelist, Bruce Lancaster.

The narrative is scrupulously accurate, yet written with style and excitement. And the index — of names, places, events — makes

it a first-rate reference for every member of the family, and a particular boon for young people in school.

#### *Special Money-Saving Offer*

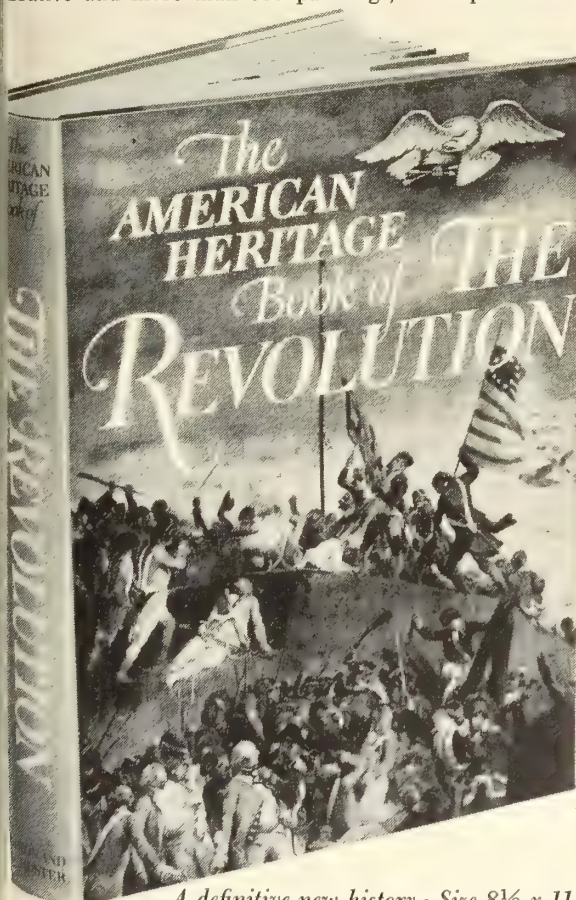
Every care has been taken to make the physical book worthy of its subject in quality of paper, printing, and binding. The pictures will be reproduced in four- and two-color letterpress and four- and two-color process lithography — on three kinds of fine paper.

To make a volume of such quality available at a reasonable price, it is necessary to do a large first printing. Therefore, in order to build up the size of the printing, we are offering a special pre-publication saving of \$2.55 to readers who reserve their first-edition copies now, in advance of publication.

#### *How to reserve a copy for two weeks' FREE examination*

The Advance Reservation Coupon below entitles you to reserve copies of *THE AMERICAN HERITAGE BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION* for yourself or as gifts, for only \$9.95 — a saving of \$2.55 below the retail price of \$12.50.

Send no money. As soon as the book is off press, you will receive your copy (or copies) for two weeks' free examination. If you are not completely delighted, return the book to us and owe nothing. Otherwise we will bill you at \$9.95 per copy plus a few cents postage. *Mail the coupon today to SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Publishers, Dept. 42, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.*



*A definitive new history • Size 8½ x 11  
384 pages • 618 pictures — 162 in color*

Advance Reservation Form. Offer expires Oct. 31, 1958. Mail today

To your bookseller, or  
**SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Dept. 42,  
630 Fifth Ave., New York 20**

Please send me, for two weeks' free examination \_\_\_\_\_ copy(s) of *THE AMERICAN HERITAGE BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION* as soon as it is off press. If I am not completely delighted, I will return the book(s) and owe nothing. Otherwise you will bill me at the special price of \$9.95 per copy plus a few cents postage — a saving of \$2.55 below the retail price of \$12.50.

NAME.....

(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

☐ Check here if you would prefer to receive the **Deluxe Edition**, distinctively bound and boxed, only \$2.00 extra.

# PERSONAL *and otherwise*

## *Among Our Contributors*

### THE GOVERNOR EXPOSED

Governor Averell Harriman, in his article on page 55, takes it for granted that democracy is a workable system of government. So do most Americans—automatically, and without ever bothering to ask whether it is, in fact, really working.

They might be shocked, therefore, to discover that they are harboring (temporarily) a character who argues persuasively and with wit that they could be wrong. He is that eminent law-giver, Professor C. Northcote Parkinson from the University of Malaya, the author of *Parkinson's Law*—a dead-pan satire on bureaucracy—and of *The Evolution of Political Thought*, which will be published by Houghton Mifflin later this month.

"To many [British and Americans]," he says in his forthcoming book, "the best of good government is not concerned with unity or duration, nor with the laws being kept nor with the increase of population but simply with the question of what is or is not democratic. There have thus in the past been patriots who have cried 'My country, right or wrong!' There have been authors eager to proclaim that the will of the people is sacred. It is not, they say, the duty of government to make the wisest decision: government must do what the people wish. If it be urged that the majority may be wrong, they reply that it is through making mistakes that people learn.

"It may be doubted, however, for two reasons, whether this point of view is any longer tenable. In the first place we have seen that the will of the people in the modern world is the synthetic result of mass-suggestion; created by schools, press, films, and radio. In the second place, there are some suicidal mistakes that can be made only once. . . . It is easy for intelligent and energetic people to destroy the fertility of the soil upon which they live. It has been done repeatedly. . . . It is easy for a people

to neglect their armed forces, quarrel with every possible ally and declare war upon a stronger power, there after suffering complete disaster and obliteration. It may happen at any time. No such process can be justified, surely, by any statistics of how the majority voted at recent elections. We know, without any such research, that they cannot have wanted what actually happened to them. The final test is that of survival. The path which leads to destruction may be democratic but it cannot, in any useful sense, be right."

Against Parkinson's cool detachment, Harriman's faith in the rightness of the democratic way sounds almost naïve. But his analysis of our civil service and its needs is based not on conviction only, but on intimate knowledge of the American system in action.

Governor Harriman, a candidate for re-election this fall and likely contender for the Democratic party nomination for President in 1960, won his first elective office in 1954. However, since 1915, when Republican Governor Charles S. Whitman appointed him to the State Fair Commission, he has held many offices as a civil servant—from member of the Palisades Interstate Park Commission to London representative of the Lend-Lease Administration, President Roosevelt's Ambassador to Moscow, President Truman's Secretary of Commerce and Director for Mutual Security.

Mr. Harriman was also director and chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad and the organizer of W. A. Harriman & Company, which consolidated in 1931 into the banking firm of Brown Brothers Harriman & Co. He resigned his business connections in 1946.

. . . One of the most impressive tributes to the Marshall Plan is the Soviet Union's imitation of it. While the United States staggers along from Congress to Congress as if we

couldn't make up our minds to endorse our own policy with the funds it requires, the Soviets are accomplishing remarkable effects abroad by pasting a made-in-Russia label on our techniques. In "Ruble War" (p. 25), Waldemar A. Nielsen sizes up some of the alarming results of Russia's foreign economic enterprises and points out what we have to do to regain the initiative.

Mr. Nielsen is associate director of the International Affairs Program of the Ford Foundation. After his wartime service as a naval officer in the Pacific, Mr. Nielsen served in the State and Commerce Department and later was Director of the European Information Division in the Office of the United States Special Representative in Europe, an office which conducted information activities among the Marshall Plan countries. Before the war, he did advanced study in political science at the universities of Missouri and Wisconsin and was elected a Rhodes Scholar in 1939.

. . . Priscilla D. Willis ("Just a Simple Country Boy," p. 32) writes of her home in Chicago, where her husband is a businessman; on a plantation in the South, where the Willises have a racing stable of one horse; and in France or Florida, where they take holidays. She reports that she received her agricultural training at the age of thirty-five when her husband sent her to a Midwestern university to study animal husbandry. As well as stories and verse, she has written two juvenile books.

. . . "The Coming Ice Age" (p. 3) is Betty Friedan's report on the scientific detective work which lies behind a new and startling theory about man's fate on Earth. The author, who is married and bringing up three children, writes occasional articles as time—and her own standards of thorough research—permit. She wrote her thesis on the philosophy of science at Smith College and graduated *summa cum laude*, and then had a year of further study at the University of California.

. . . Constance Urdang (p. 35) not only writes verse but assists Pat Engle in selecting and editing the O. Henry Award *Prize Stories*.



elix Stefanile (p. 75) has written *River Full of Craft*, a volume of poems, and with his wife he publishes *The Sparrow*, small occasional paperback books of verse. He works for N. Y. State Department of Labor.

"The Wonderful Zoo in the Bronx" (whose everyday life is depicted by Edith Iglauer, p. 46) has been jumping with news lately. In May, the New York Zoological Society struck out in a diplomatic battle over a giant panda from Peig. The State Department ruled that American buyers would violate a law prohibiting trade with Communist China if they imported the black-eyed, white-faced panda. The Bronx Zoo in West Germany got it finally for a reported price of \$600, the highest on record, and arrived in time to help celebrate the famous institution's centennial. During the period when the Communist panda was traveling west via Moscow, a young harp seal at the New York Aquarium went on a five-day, non-stop swim around its pool, leading to a compulsion to migrate. tranquilizers and vitamins fed by the seal—and the passage of time—brought him to his senses.

Three baby duck-billed platypuses from Australia arrived in the Bronx, to replace Penelope and Cecil who had died under romantic circumstances after twelve years in this country. The three immigrants settled down to a banquet of sixty-five crayfish, 150 meal worms, and earthworms.

The Bronx Zoo was closed for four days by an unprecedented strike of custodial and maintenance workers. A skeleton staff kept up the accustomed schedule of care and feeding, but during talks between union and zoo officials, the 2,631 animals gazed out on empty vistas.

Death flew from Alaska to the Aquarium on the last day of June. A 10-pound beluga whale died less than an hour before his plane landed at New York International Airport. Another beluga had died before being shipped off; the two were the only ones of their kind in captivity since 1897. The zoo is indebted to the unsleeping efforts of the *New York Times* for the release of vital statistics.)

These dramas were only incidents in the well-run, day-to-day operation



An untypical consumer of *Harper's*—Timothy Smith of Columbia Station, Ohio.

of one of the world's great zoos. Edith Iglauer, who did a *Harper's* series on the planning and housekeeping for the United Nations a few years ago, undertook her investigation of the beasts in the Bronx partly as a housewife and mother baffled by the care of two sons, one parakeet, and six million tropical fish. She is a Cleveland-born, a Wellesley College and Columbia School of Journalism graduate, and the wife of Philip Hamburger.

... Mira Michal (p. 60) is the thinly disguised pen name of a Polish newspaperwoman whose husband now represents his country at the United Nations in New York. At the time when Mrs. Michal found "The Almost Perfect Cook," the Michals occupied the Polish Embassy in London.

Mrs. Michal lived in the United States during the war years, made a visit to Poland in 1946, and reported on her visit in an article in *Harper's*. She now writes a regular New York letter for one of Poland's weeklies, and is the author of a best-selling humorous novel recently published in Poland. Her two sons go to the United Nations International School on Long Island.

... For the next two months—while public opinion experts are taking straw polls on political candidates—commercial audience researchers will be feverishly working up ratings on fall television openings. On page 66 Bernard Asbell analyzes the methods and significance of those familiar but

confusing figures, which are popularly supposed to be the acid test for shows, actors, and sometimes even political candidates.

The rest of us, as integers in the sample, feel resentful at times in finding ourselves more important in that role than as human beings. Senator Mike Monroney summed up our state of mind in a recent interchange with A. C. Nielsen at a Senate committee hearing. People's habits can't be sampled like the butter fat in milk, the Senator said. "I always thought people were individuals."

Mr. Asbell writes for many magazines and regularly covers the music business and radio-TV in Chicago for the *Billboard*. At the University of Chicago he teaches courses for adults in article writing and in American folk music. This summer he won the Fletcher Pratt fellowship for the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference.

... Babette Deutsch's criticism of *Dr. Zhivago* (p. 72) introduces a novel already famous, though unpublished, in Russia. Literary authorities there have suppressed the long-awaited work by their great living writer, Boris Pasternak, but it has become available to European and American readers by way of Milan. The Italian Communist publisher Feltrinelli received the manuscript from Pasternak himself at the same time that the author presented it to the Union of Writers at home, and the Italian firm resisted pressure by visitors from Moscow who tried to stop publication. When the book comes out in the United States later this month, the American people will be exercising a liberty to read and talk which is still denied to Russians.

Miss Deutsch was in the Soviet Union at the time of the events in the novel and has since translated some of Pasternak's poems for the *Treasury of Russian Verse* edited by her husband, Avrahm Yarmolinsky. In addition to several volumes of poems, she has written *Poetry in Our Time* and *Poetry Handbook*. She teaches a course in twentieth-century poetry at Columbia University and has recently been traveling in the West doing a series of readings.

# TIME



## So what *is* it? Who knows?

It's a new product, or a new model, that's what it is. In a year it will be as familiar to us as a frozen soup, a nylon tire or a pure white telephone.

And advertising will have helped make it so. Which is one reason we like to read the ads.

Part of the joy of knowing is the joy of knowing what's new and good in the things you use, the things your family uses, the things your business uses. Or may use tomorrow.

And part of that same pleasure is in knowing about new models, new designs, improved

products and services and ideas.

Advertising tells about all of this. It talks out for industry, it is the record, it "positions" a company, its products and services, in a competitive world.

That's why advertising adds so much to this magazine or any magazine.

In *TIME*, of course, where you're already following the news about mankind, the news in the advertising pages is part of the total story.

Read *TIME*—The Weekly Newsmagazin



## WHY WE ARE LOSING THE RUBLE WAR

WALDEMAR A. NIELSEN

Russia's economic offensive may prove to be far more dangerous than its armies . . . but we can win this kind of contest if we stop kidding ourselves and start fighting for keeps.

**Item:** In the first quarter of 1958, the Sino-Soviet bloc for the first time produced more steel than did the United States.

**Item:** The Soviet Union this year has displaced Britain as the largest buyer of Uruguay's main export, wool.

**Item:** The one-million-ton capacity steel plant being built by the Soviets in India is on its way to completion. The Russian engineers on the job are first-class, the equipment being delivered is excellent.

**Item:** In March of this year volume sales in Britain of high-quality Russian aluminum at bargain prices triggered a two-cent-per-pound price cut by the huge Canadian producer, Aluminium Limited. American companies quickly followed suit and began to demand protection against foreign dumping.

**Item:** Afghanistan, a country with a national income of some \$600 million a year, is in debt to the U. S. S. R. for a quarter of that amount as a result of development credits.

**Item:** In July, the Soviet government offered Argentina \$100 million of equipment for oil development under a barter arrangement.

**Item:** Czechoslovakia has now installed for Egypt a radio transmitter with a capacity of 300 kilowatts, reported to be the most powerful in the Middle East.

THESE are fragments of evidence. But there are hundreds more of the same kind. When they are carefully fitted together, a picture begins to emerge of the rising economic power which now stands behind the Russian drive for world domination.

After years of forced draft production, heavy capital investment, and brutal suppression of ordinary consumer goods, a period of payoff has arrived for the Russians. In a spectacular surge, their economy has been moving upward from record to new record. Production is now sufficient to support a huge arms effort, to provide a slightly better life for the Soviet citizen, to reduce the milking of satellites, and at the same time to begin major maneuvers in the markets of the world.

Nor is there any secret about what Mr.

Khrushchev intends to do with this new power. With his usual endearing candor, he has made his intentions quite clear.

"We declare war upon you—excuse me for using such an expression—in the peaceful field of trade," he said not long ago. "We will win over the United States. . . . We are relentless in this and it will prove the superiority of our system."

Khrushchev's claim—characteristically bursting with confidence—would have been received in the United States only a short time ago with relief and joy. In that innocent, pre-Sputnik era, when *we* were still bursting with confidence, many felt the Cold War would end the day the emphasis shifted from weapons to production. If in fact the danger from ICBMs and thermonuclear bombs has now decreased (which is by no means certain), then indeed a gain has been made. But the prospect of a protracted and encompassing economic war is less than comforting. Though slower and more insidious than bombs, the threat it poses to the survival of freedom can be equally deadly. Yet today, two years after the danger signals became unmistakably clear, the United States has hardly begun to drag itself into action.

#### THE HERMIT TURNS SALESMAN

**E**XCEPT for a short period in the early 'thirties, the U. S. S. R. has lived for most of its forty years like a hermit kingdom, cut off from the trade of the world. Until recently it produced little beyond timber and furs that the world wanted. More important, its leaders were determined to develop their country without dependence on the devils of capitalism.

With the death of Stalin in 1953 this Russian isolationism altered. The industrialization that had taken place over the years made it logical for the Soviet Union to begin to trade for raw materials. Too, Soviet strategists saw in such commerce not only economic profit but also promising political possibilities.

Since then the Russians have industriously tramped the trade routes of the world hawking their wares. At fairs and exhibitions they have displayed their impressive offerings, and they have sent promotional delegates to every quarter of the globe. Consequently, the volume of their trade—though still not large by comparison with that of the West—is growing rapidly. More interesting still, they have begun to try their hand at the rich man's game of foreign economic assistance. Since 1954, the Soviet bloc countries

have concluded aid agreements with fourteen underdeveloped countries, providing for some two billion dollars of credit for the purchase of goods and services. They have financed the usual variety of projects—sugar mills, shoe factories, and irrigation systems. But the way they have planned and carried them out contrasts sharply with American programs.

First, they have concentrated their assistance in a few countries on the periphery of Soviet-dominated territory. Six countries with tendencies toward neutralism—Yugoslavia, India, Afghanistan, Egypt, Syria, and Indonesia—have received 95 per cent of the credits. Three others allied with the West—Iran, Turkey, and Iceland—have been barraged with offers, and all have now accepted Soviet help.

Second, they have offered attractive deals—long-term credits at low interest, often repayable in local currency or in commodities produced by the borrowing country. On the average, they charge 2½ per cent on their loans, far less than the interest rates of the World Bank and of our own Export-Import Bank.

Third, they have timed their actions well. When Burma faced a crisis in marketing her rice, the Soviets came forward with a massive barter proposal. They did the same in Egypt, relieving her of a troublesome cotton surplus. In Iceland, after Britain had cut off purchases of fish, the Soviets almost overnight became a major buyer. When Indonesia faced an acute economic and political breakdown, the Soviets were ready with a \$100 million development credit.

They are still experimenting and testing. But already they have shown something of the talent for economic warfare that the Germans displayed under Hitler. Dr. Max Millikan of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one of the first to spot the switch in Soviet strategy, has described the finesse of Soviet technique in these words:

. . . in places like Indonesia where we had tried to tie our aid to an unwanted military alliance, they stressed that their program had no connection with military agreements. In Burma, where Western offers had been made contingent on private ownership and operation of certain facilities, they emphasized their sympathy with Burmese Socialist objectives. To countries which had been unable to get arms from us, like Egypt, they offered arms and military equipment. To countries with agricultural surpluses, smarting under the impact of what they regarded as American dumping of agricultural commodities, they offered long-term purchase agreements on apparently



favorable terms. Where, as in India, they found cases in which the local government was concerned over the interest rates and other terms involved in Western offers, they offered credits at lower rates and on more favorable terms. Everywhere they offered technical assistance, engineering advice, and industrial training. And everywhere they catered to the intense desire of the newly independent nations for status and respect by sending their best-known top officials to conduct the negotiations and engage in good will tours.

#### AN ALL-PURPOSE WEAPON

**T**HE Russians have not been infallible of course. Some Soviet assistance has been turned down. Some customers have complained about slow deliveries or inferior goods.

Beyond these routine errors, however, has been the towering miscalculation on Yugoslavia. In 1955 Khrushchev and Bulganin apologetically went to Belgrade to patch up the family row with Tito which had begun in 1948. Several days of toasts and banqueting were followed by fare even more substantial: Russia signed agreements for nearly \$500 million in credits for Yugoslav development. But in May of this year, Russia attacked Yugoslav "revisionism" and abruptly broke all commitments for assistance. For one clear instant, the iron fist was exposed—to the alarm of neutrals like Nehru.

However, mistakes even on the scale of Yugoslavia will not derail the Soviet economic offensive. For in the general context of Russian military development and strategy, it is the perfect instrument for the next phase of their drive for world conquest. What they want is something powerful enough to advance their objective of conquest, yet subtle enough to avoid the perils of nuclear incineration. Such an instrument is economic warfare—flexible, sharp-edged, all-purpose.

It can pave the way for diplomatic recognition for regimes such as those of East Germany and Red China. It can win the good will of politically articulate groups abroad, open paths for subversion by the exchange of technicians. Like propaganda, it can be used as a scalpel to probe and infect almost any specific wound of the body politic. And it can serve more general purposes.

For example, as a conditioner of the political atmosphere it can both cool and heat. In Turkey offers of assistance have helped allay the resentment left by the postwar Soviet grab for the Dardanelles. Conversely, in Syria, hostile toward Israel and apprehensive about colonial domina-

tion, Russian offers of military and economic aid helped inflame anti-Western feelings.

Used alone, economic measures are not decisive. But used in conjunction with military threats, propaganda, and diplomatic moves, they can provide the critical difference. Among the dozens of hungry, restless nations in the world, there is always one somewhere on the brink of an exchange crisis, a revolt, the collapse of a cabinet, an outburst of inflation, or a border flare-up with a neighbor. The strategic game in such situations is, if not exactly Russian Roulette, a kind of Russian poker. Winning a hand does not necessarily require tanks; it is sufficient to make a small advance—membership in a cabinet, the switch of a vote in the UN, or the ouster of a pro-Western adviser. And in this, as in every kind of poker, if one wins enough hands one eventually wins the game.

Not the least of the attractions of economic warfare from the Russian point of view is that all the treaties, precepts of international law, and mechanisms of international control which now exist cannot catch and punish the attacker. If the community of nations could not define and stop "aggression" in situations like Hungary and Lebanon, how then, identify and punish the crime in far more subtle cases like an exploitive bulk-buying deal or an arms shipment?

Traditionally, aggression was an act. Now it has become a continuous process, moving by almost imperceptible degrees, beyond the reach of sanctions. This discovery—combined with the new facts about the Soviet military, technical, and economic capacity—has had a profound effect on Russian strategy.

#### THE BITE AT HOME

**A**S MANY top officials in Washington now see it, the Russians will not diminish their massive military effort. But this power will be held in reserve. The active battleground in the coming phase of the Cold War will be the uncommitted, underdeveloped countries, and the principal weapons of attack will be trade, oil, and technical assistance. If this analysis is correct, it means a decision has been made by the Russians to pile the cost of economic war on top of an already enormous military program. But can they possibly stand the financial consequences of such a strategy?

In all probability, yes.

The trade drive, which will bring some political rewards, is a cost-free and possibly even profitable operation. The European satellites,

especially Czechoslovakia and East Germany, need both raw materials and markets for their manufactures. As a consequence of industrialization Russia itself also can probably trade advantageously with the non-industrialized countries. Nor does the Communist conception of economic "assistance" impose a heavy net cost over the long run, since practically all of the help is in the form of loans.

There are, however, limits to the ability of the Communist countries to extend credits and give aid. To satisfy the requirements of the huge Soviet military establishment, the Soviet citizen has been deprived for years of many necessities, and he is becoming clamorous. Foreign aid is therefore not likely to please the average Man in the Queue. Significantly, although the Soviets have given the widest publicity abroad to their assistance efforts, they have made almost no mention of them at home.

Most severe of all, however, is the limitation imposed by the needs of Red China and the satellites for Russian help. To provide a steel mill for India means *not* giving one to China, Poland, Hungary, or Rumania. In fact, if there is one thing which will check the Russians in every branch of their foreign policy, including the economic, it is the possibility that smoldering unrest in the satellities will burst into flaming rebellion. The competing claims of the bloc countries and the neutral, underdeveloped areas for Soviet help confront the Kremlin leaders with their most difficult choice.

*FOR a comment from Washington on America's economic warriors, see William S. White's column, page 77.*

However, the expansion of the Soviet economy provides an exit from the dilemma. In recent years, over-all economic growth in the U. S. S. R. has been at a rate of 6 per cent a year. The annual increase of industrial output has been about 10 per cent. In contrast, growth in the United States has been at best 4 per cent a year, possibly less than three. Moreover, the prospects for continued growth in the Soviet Union are bright, since its current annual rate of investment in productive plant is about 25 per cent of total production, as against 17 per cent in the United States.

While American economists disagree about the precise speed of Russian economic growth,

most of them believe that Russia today is putting less into the foreign-aid program than she can afford . . . that even at the present level of output she could increase her assistance four or five times . . . and that her capacity for economic warfare will grow steadily in the future.

#### FIELD MARSHAL IN A BUSINESS SUIT

**M**IKOYAN, the dark, sharp Armenian who is Russia's top planner in economic warfare, may before long have the equivalent of a billion or more dollars a year to play with. What can he do with it?

This man, whose political agility is legendary, is a trader and operator equal to anyone in the capitalist world. A prominent American industrialist, after a recent visit to Moscow, said:

"The two men I would like most to recruit for American industry are Cardinal Spellman and Anastas I. Mikoyan. The Cardinal, if he hadn't chosen the cloth, would be president of the biggest company in the United States. And Mikoyan, if he were an investment banker, would probably own it!"

From his desk in the Kremlin, Mikoyan surveys a vast economic battleground rich with promise. At one side, he sees the United States performing strange economic maneuvers like saucer-ing-in and bottoming-out, fumbling with its problems of training and technology, and concentrating narrowly on preparations for military defense.

At the opposite side he sees a large number of poor, unstable countries receptive to Soviet offers of assistance. Some have even gone to the point of adjusting their plans to the expectation of increasing Soviet economic influence. One major South American country has just completed a study which concludes that within fifteen years the Russian market for its products will be as large as the American and that trade policies should be shaped accordingly.

Among the possibilities which might fascinate Mr. Mikoyan is the tiny island of Haiti astride the shipping routes to the Panama Canal. What might the Soviet Union obtain in exchange for a long-term offer to buy its coffee at a premium price? Another opportunity looms up in Malaya and Bolivia, with their stake in tin. What would continued quantity sales of Russian tin at cut-rate prices do to producers and ultimately to the politicians of those countries?

Indeed, there may be bigger game. Russian jet transport planes have impressed various



foreign airline companies with their speed and efficiency. If Russia were to market them on easy credit and at low prices the repercussions on American and British aircraft manufacturers could be serious. Or, with a little patience, Mikoyan may have the chance to offer a desperate French government a major gold loan to see the effects on Franco-German relations and the drift of domestic French politics.

Mikoyan will have to consider the fact that total U. S. production is still two-and-one-half times that of the Soviet Union. But the gap is progressively being closed. Moreover, there is the important distinction between fat and muscle. A great proportion of what America produces goes into luxuries and gadgets. In contrast, Russia, by fiat, can focus her production on goods essential to a cold war.

The United States gives or lends about five billion dollars a year to foreign countries. But despite the volume of our assistance we do not have an effective policy for helping the neutralist, underdeveloped countries which are the prime Russian targets. Of the \$70 billion of U. S. grants and loans since the end of World War II, only one-fifth went to underdeveloped countries. Of this, the bulk went to support military arrangements in seven countries—Formosa, Greece, Indochina, South Korea, Pakistan, the Philippines, and Turkey—with populations totaling about 200 million. The remaining underdeveloped nations of the Free World—with about one billion people—have received less than half a billion dollars of development help each year. Thus, for the U. S. S. R., our competition in the strategic, uncommitted, peripheral areas is not overwhelming.

Mikoyan's greatest advantage, however, derives from what he is trying to do. He is not out to build strong, self-reliant societies under independent governments. He accepts no responsibility for making the present world economy function smoothly. His goal is disruption.

#### SICK AMERICAN DREAMS

THE Russian objective, unhappily, can be won cheaply. There are several small and shaky countries where it would take at least \$100 million and twenty years of time to put the economy on a stable and viable basis. But \$5 million used at the right moment could wreck them. For his purposes, therefore, Mikoyan can make a ruble stretch a mile.

While Moscow maneuvers skillfully and purposefully on the world trade scene, the

United States, like Ferdinand, seems to be interested only in sniffing flowers. Any sense of national purpose, any impulse to accept responsibility for world leadership, seems at the moment weak and confused.

Perhaps this is only a passing trance. But there are some signs of deeper psychological disorder. One is the recurrence of the Abracadabra Syndrome, which has now cropped up on the pages of some of our plushiest periodicals. Ordinarily it takes the form of juggling statistics about GNPs and PhDs until a figure of some kind is achieved proving that the American recession does not exist, that the Soviet economy is really on the verge of collapse, that our scientists are the best of all, and that everyone can therefore relax.

Another is the Walter Mitty, or Maidenform, Reaction. In this, romantic individuals like Senator Knowland dream that the United States can dispose of the Soviet economic threat by declaring an embargo on all economic intercourse with Communist countries, presumably forever. Accompanying delusions are that we will thus strangle Soviet industrial growth and that Western Europe, South America, and the neutralist regions will dutifully follow the American command.

A third is a kind of rash called Gray Flannel Mouth, which seems to be highly contagious. At first, the victims tend to call small things by big names. Any problem is an "historic challenge"; discussion of it is a "Great Debate"; a decision on it is a "Doctrine." Later, their simple pretentiousness turns into double-talk. Thus, a series of improvised, disjointed actions is termed a "policy," and consistent failure to cope with concrete situations is spoken of as "seizing the initiative."

For such escapist tendencies nothing is so tonic as a strong dose of reality. The bitter truth is that present American performance in a number of fields is, by comparison with the Russian, simply not good enough. "Enough" has to be measured for the moment with a Russian yardstick. Only thus can we determine how fast is fast enough in the development of missiles, how large is large enough in military effort, how rapid is rapid enough in our national economic growth.

It is standard American usage in talking about foreign policy to assert bravely that we are going to do more than merely respond to Russian moves. But it would be modest and practical—as well as reassuring to our friends—if we would begin by dealing with a few of the concrete situations which exist. Before we start off on

bold new departures, in fact, it might be well just to get back to where we once were.

Economic assistance is a case in point. Ten years ago the United States launched our greatest postwar initiative in foreign policy—the Marshall Plan. The profits in United States security and prestige from that great and wise investment continue to pile in. But most of the architects of that plan—Republicans as well as Democrats—are now conspicuously absent from Washington. Some have been politically ostracized, more have faded away in frustration and fatigue.

Such men and the whole Marshall Plan approach to world affairs have been relegated to limbo because an idea we once understood and believed in has been forgotten. The idea in essence was that there is as much connection between economics and U. S. security as there is between military preparedness and U. S. security. It is as relevant and vital today as it was in 1948.

The Russians now have the means, the will, and the skill to carry on sustained economic war. In the judgment of a good many reasonable and responsible men, such an effort, if it is unchecked, will divide and eventually destroy the Free World.

There are, of course, men in both parties who disagree. Some are convinced that the only threat to our security is a military one. Some think that what looks like Soviet power is only a façade. Some refuse to believe that Khrushchev means what he has said about the nature of the coming struggle. Conceivably, these improbable estimates could prove to be correct.

However, for a nation with the stake and responsibility of the United States—and with a record of underestimating the enemy—it would seem imprudent to continue to compound policy out of optimistic assumptions and self-serving hypotheses. The common-sense course would seem to be to heed the signals and begin to look to our economic defenses in addition to our military strength.

#### SEVEN ROADS TO A FREE WORLD

**I**T IS entirely possible—perhaps likely—that we will not take the common-sense course before we have suffered another severe licking. But if and when we act, there are seven fundamental things to be done:

★ *Number 1—Recognize that our basic protection against a Soviet economic offensive is a thriving and reasonably orderly world economy. Freer trade, more foreign investment, and steady*

support for existing international economic bodies are indispensable. But on them we must build some new features. For Western Europe and Japan we must lessen the constant threat of exchange crises, probably by a substantial addition to the International Monetary Fund. For our friends in the nonindustrialized countries, we must be prepared over a period of many years to bolster their development programs. We must also be prepared to join with them in efforts to check damaging swings in the prices of the commodities they produce, such as sugar, cocoa, copper, and cotton.

★ *Number 2—Recognize that specific counter-measures to Soviet economic thrusts are essential and that they are inescapably a government responsibility. Private enterprise in its foreign activities and investments contributes to the prestige and influence of the United States and to the functioning of the Free World system. But those who talk as if private firms can be used as shock troops to defeat Soviet economic offensives are doing neither the nation nor private enterprise a service. The more closely businessmen examine flattering speeches about government-industry partnership in the Cold War, the more they are coming to suspect that underneath lies an official desire to fob off a difficult task.*

★ *Number 3—Congress has to give more freedom and discretion to the Executive Branch in dealing with aid, trade, and economic warfare problems. In recent years, the House and Senate have been particularly imaginative in devising techniques for restraining, impeding, and controlling Executive action—watchdog committees, frequent reporting requirements, and endless interrogations. The situation has now come to the point where the high command in foreign policy spends 50 per cent of its time wrangling on the Hill rather than doing its job. Economic war above all requires mobility, flexibility, and freedom to act. Congress must somehow learn therefore to keep its sticky fingers off the steering wheel.*

★ *Number 4—The Executive Branch has to take the elementary step of putting its economic forces under one command. The scatteration of economic authority in Washington is notorious, with the result that such matters as trade and tariff policy, technical assistance, monetary policy, and foreign military procurement are dealt with separately and without any effective attempt to link them together. Deserving of serious examination is the suggestion for a National Economic Council to parallel the National Security Council. Deserving of serious re-ex-*



amination is the notion that the present Operations Co-ordinating Board is an adequate substitute for a Bureau of Economic Warfare.

★ *Number 5—Face up to a lot more crazy economics in our future.* Combat with Mikoyan will involve a great many abnormal commercial and investment deals—preclusive buying, political prices, export subsidies, and perhaps even barter. On Sundays we can go on listening to sermons to the effect that any departure from the precepts of Adam Smith will doom us to eternal damnation. But on weekdays, when Mikoyan makes that coffee offer to Haiti, we must be in a position to do more than merely call the matter to the attention of General Foods.

★ *Number 6—We must again offer official hospitality to fresh ideas and to the men who generate them.* For there is still a great deal we do not know about the economic problems confronting us. How does the process of economic growth begin, what motors make it move, and what if anything can be done to help it along? Or, if we start along the path of stabilization of world commodity prices, how do we avoid straying into the swamp of price supports, production controls, and endless subsidy? Or, when we strip away some of the faddism about regional groupings and Common Markets, what are their real possibilities and what are their dangers?

Happily, there has been a recent spurt of new thinking about such problems, and imaginative proposals are coming from a number of direc-

tions—for Atlantic Community co-operation in development assistance, for getting both ourselves and the Russians to channel more aid through the United Nations, for the investment of counterpart funds in new ways, and for creating a development credit agency as part of the World Bank.

The flow of ideas would be further increased if we could call a halt to the oldest established floating civil war in the country, namely that among businessmen, scholars, and government experts. We could well use a pooling of their talents.

Most promising of all is the fact that a bright new star has appeared in Washington, Mr. Douglas Dillon, new Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs. His vigor and leadership have caused the first twinge of enthusiasm to be felt by the staff of the State Department in years.

★ *Number 7—Finally, we have to set new goals for our own economy—and reach them.* The stagnant obsession for fiscal stability must be replaced with a zeal for economic growth. If the magnificent productive potentialities of our system were used to the full, most of the weaknesses in the Free World which now invite Soviet economic attack would disappear. We could fulfill our own needs and without austerity make a vital contribution to the needs of others.

Once we rally our full strength, we can throw back Khrushchev's challenge—and be confident that the Free World will stand with us.

## THE REVOLT OF THE MASSES

S CORES of Youngstown residents angrily called TV station WFMJ Thursday night when the station canceled scheduled programs from 8 until 10:30 P.M. in order to present a live broadcast of the United Nations Security Council debates on the Lebanon crisis. . . . In addition, WKBN-TV reported more than 100 phone calls objecting to the UN coverage and WKST-TV also recorded many calls, most of them from teen-agers.

Despite the importance of the hearings and the threat of war over the U.S. intervention in Lebanon, viewers kept up a steady stream of complaints. . . .

"I'm up to here with those politicians in Washington."

"How much longer do we have to put up with this awful program?"

"Who cares?" were among the complaints station personnel received. . . .

WFMJ newsmen Don Allen reported the complaints on his 11 P.M. newscast, commenting, "Is it possible that more persons are interested in Cleo, the talking dog, than in the welfare of their country?"

—Youngstown, Ohio, *Vindicator*, July 18, 1958.



## *Just a Simple Country Boy*

A Story by Priscilla D. Willis

*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*

**I** DON'T aim to sell him," the cowboy said, gazing steadfastly into Charles' eager eyes. "Not exactly, that is. A good home for him means more to me than money. This horse is about my best friend; he always done everything I ever ast him." He shifted his narrow hips above his wishbone legs encased, like sausages, in blue denim levis. "Course," he added somewhat apologetically, "I reckon I'd have to have a little something for him."

"Of course," Charles agreed. "How much?"

"Well," the cowboy replied, drawing a tiny circle on the frozen ground with the pointed toe of his boot, "first thing is to see if you folks like him. Then we can git down to trading." He had his own method of doing business, and was not to be hurried out of it.

"But you say he's a good horse with cattle." Charles was a little impatient. "That's all I want." My husband has his methods, too. He buys and sells bonds and stocks by simply picking up a telephone, and the deal is consummated before you can say Dow Jones. Twenty-five years in a brokerage firm have left him with the impression that a quick trade is the expedient way to transact business, and prolonged conversation about anything makes him nervous. When he is

nervous he rolls his fingers up into the palms of his hands and then unrolls them again, like window shades going up and down.

"Don't you want to see him rode, even?" the cowboy asked suspiciously. He took a cigarette from the pocket of his plaid woolen jacket and put it carefully in his mouth.

"Well, yes," my husband replied. "As a matter of fact, I was thinking of riding him myself."

Without taking his gentian-colored eyes off Charles' face the cowboy chipped the tip off a wooden match with his thumbnail, cupped his rough hands under the wide brim of his hat and held the flame to his cigarette. Solemnly, he observed Charles' legs in his Newmarket boots like toothpicks sticking out of a baked potato beneath the alpaca-lined storm coat, bunched and belted at his waist which the good things of life have expanded to a bacchanalian forty-four. He regarded the cashmere scarf, knotted at his throat, the English cap above Charles' face empurpled by a cruel wind hustling through the empty shedrow.

"You ride pretty good?" he said at last.

"I've ridden all my life," Charles declared with briskness, and quickly sketched his qualifications as an equestrian from the time he was nine with his first pony, through the dude ranch days in Arizona, the bridle trails in the forest preserve, and more recently his necessity for riding on his farm in Alabama. "I've got to have a decent cow horse down there," he concluded.





The cowboy didn't seem especially satisfied. He swallowed his Adam's apple, and when it returned he said as if to reassure himself, "This is a made cow horse, all right; ain't nothing he don't know about cutting and roping; he's real gentle, too. Little kids has rode him—lots of times—and there ain't a pimple on him, neither. You can see for yourselves."

We turned to the horse whose brown face thrust over the stall door had been investigating us while we were talking. He had supernaturally bright eyes, set very wide apart, and the flat cheek and well-defined jaw of the quarter horse; his delicately pointed ears twitched back and forth as if trying to identify unfamiliar and not particularly agreeable sounds. He looked a great deal livelier in his stall than he had looked loping around the racetrack where we watched him during the summer with the cowboy on his back carrying the films from the patrol towers after each race. He stopped at the towers on the backstretch while the cowboy picked up the films, and then moving in close to the rail, galloped back to the grandstand where the films were delivered to the stewards.

"That," Charles had remarked on many occasions, "is a horse I would like to have. Look at him. He goes on a loose rein, and has a fine, easy canter. Looks like a first-rate cutting horse, too."

He arranged to meet the cowboy through a horse-trainer seated in the box next to ours, who

told him he'd heard the cowboy wanted to retire the horse, and was looking for a good home for him. The cowboy, he said, was very fond of that horse; he didn't want to beat him up on the winter racing circuit as a lead pony or on the film patrol. If Charles could wait until the end of the meeting which would wind up racing in the North for this season he was sure he could get the horse for practically nothing.

CHARLES waited. The last of the race-horses had shipped out, and the barns were empty except for the film patrol horse. A cloak of cold silence hung over the stabling area; the racetrack was barren of its customary early morning life. There were no sets out galloping, no railbirds clocking works, no young horses being schooled from the starting gate. The grandstand across the oval from the barns was forlorn in its emptiness, as purposeless as an ant hill without any ants.

"I'll put the tack on him," the cowboy said. He took a slip-ear bridle from a peg and, picking up his stock saddle, balanced its weight against his thigh as he shuffled off into the stall.

In a very few moments the cowboy led out the horse who appeared to be walking on only three legs.

"He's lame!" Charles shouted into the wind. "He's dead lame!"

The cowboy curled his thin lips into an agreeable smile, revealing two rows of teeth as per-

fectly matched as the keys on a piano. "He ain't lame," he said. "Not really. He's always gimpy like this of a morning. He walks right out of it."

"Well," said Charles, as if he didn't believe it.

"Don't you ever get up of a morning feeling kind of kinky-like and stove up?" the cowboy asked as he tightened the latigo.

Charles admitted that he did.

"Same thing with this horse."

Charles looked as if he were back in the game again. He focused his wind-watered eyes upon the horse with obvious appreciation when the cowboy led him out from under the shedrow and posed him on the icy ground.

"He's a good type," my husband whispered; "looks like a model quarter horse."

"He is," said the cowboy who had picked up the whisper at twenty paces in the high wind. "He stood second in the halter class at Fort Worth."

Charles looked awfully pleased. "What," he asked, "is his name?"

The cowboy lowered his head in momentary embarrassment as if he had committed a minor indecency like belching in mixed company. "His registered name," he mumbled, "the name that's on his papers, is Excalibur, or some such foolishness, but I and my brother has always called him Sport."

"Sport," Charles repeated, tasting the word as if it were a very green wine. "Sport."

With a single, agile movement the cowboy was in the saddle, sitting easily, perfectly balanced. He walked the horse up and down on the frozen ground, jogged him, cantered him, stopped him abruptly, and worked through a figure eight on a loose rein.

"He pivots real good, don't he? You don't see him going gimpy, now, do you?"

We shook our heads and smiled.

"What did I tell you?" the cowboy laughed cheerfully, and cut an imaginary steer from a non-existent herd, changing the horse's leads with every stride.

Charles commenced to unbutton his storm coat. "Can I ride him?" he called.

"Sure thing." The cowboy dismounted with the grace of a feather floating to the ground.

Charles dumped his alpaca coat into my arms, and strode out from under the shedrow. He was wearing over two sweaters, a senescent tweed riding-coat tailored at the time waistlines were nipped in directly below the armpits, and skirts were cut in generous peplums rippling at the sides and stopping abruptly at the hips. With the passage of time the peg in his khaki breeches

had slipped, for the only fullness in them now were two little pouches drooping around his knees.

"You just hang onto him," Charles instructed, gathering the reins in one hand, and turning the box stirrup toward his left foot with the other. It was a long reach from the ground, and in order to achieve sufficient momentum to hoist himself into the saddle he began hopping up and down on his right foot, gaining altitude all the time, but not quite enough.

"Can't do it," he panted, "trouble is, I've got too many clothes on. I feel stuffed. Isn't there a mounting block around here?"

"A what?" The cowboy was beginning to look frightened.

"Something I can stand on so I can get on him."

"I'll give you a leg up," the cowboy offered, and keeping hold of the bridle he bent down and seized Charles by his booted ankle. "Now!" he cried, and gave a mighty heave as he straightened his back.

There was a flash of coattails, a disproportionate expanse of khaki seat, a fleeting impression of arched legs thrusting in the rhythm of a swimming frog's, and Charles was in the saddle.

The horse steadied himself to accommodate the unaccustomed weight; then he humped his back slightly.

"Walk him out!" the cowboy cried. "Don't leave him git his head down!"

Charles closed his legs on the horse's sides and shook the reins.

THE cowboy raised his weathered face to the slate-colored sky, and his eyebrows, like two furry caterpillars, crawled up under the band of his hat. "Sweet Jesus," he murmured.

The horse didn't move; he just stood there with the hump in his back growing bigger.

Exasperated, Charles gave the reins a sharp tug; the horse took ten steps straight back without stopping, leaving Charles, expecting to go forward, biting into the mane.

The cowboy was making a real effort to pull himself together. "Ain't he cuttin' the fool?" he laughed nervously, and clapped his large rough hands as if to make a joke of the whole thing. "Sport, he's pretending he's working against the rope you've throwed your calf with," he called. "He's showing you how a good cow horse can hold a critter. Look at him back up for you!"

"Open the gap onto the racetrack!" Charles' voice came from quite a distance, because Sport had backed to the very end of the shedrow and



was still going, but when he saw the opened gap, he gathered his legs under him and, exploding past us, shot onto the plowed track, where he took the inside rail and shifted into high. He ran the first mile as handily as a racehorse with Bill Hartack up.

"I reckon I been graining him too heavy," the cowboy said morbidly, squeezing the outside rail with both hands until his knuckles turned white. "It don't look like he's ever going to stop."

The horse flashed by us again, his ears pinned to his head, his tail as plump as a plume on a drum major's hat standing out behind him. The thing hanging around his neck like a fur stole must have been Charles, but it was impossible to be sure; it was such a blur.

After several impressive laps Sport shortened stride approaching the gap, ducking through it so suddenly that Charles shifted like a cargo of bananas, slipping halfway down the side of the saddle where he clung to the leather thongs until the horse stopped abruptly.

"Great!" my husband gasped, letting go of the thongs. "A great ride! I let him stretch his legs a little, but I could have taken him back any time I wanted to."

He was breathing a good deal harder than the horse, and his face beneath the tangle of hair on his wet forehead was the color of California redwood. His cap had blown off at the sixteenth pole. "How much do you want for him?"

Without any hesitation the cowboy reckoned

he'd take five hundred, because Sport would be getting a good home with nice folks.

"All right," Charles said, and the cowboy, profoundly astonished, studied him carefully. The expected counter-offer at a lower figure had not been forthcoming; this made him uneasy, almost suspicious, but he collected himself quickly, and showing his piano teeth in a wide grin when Charles asked how he could get the horse down to his farm, replied that that wouldn't be no trouble at all, because he was trailing a lead pony to Floridy and he'd take Sport along, dropping him off on the way. His time and the gas wouldn't amount to more than another couple of hundred, he added, striking while the iron placed in his hand by an agreeable if perplexing providence was still red hot.

Inside the cowboy's rusty sedan parked in front of the shedrow, Charles wrote a check and instructions how to reach his farm. The automobile looked as if it had been assembled in a hurry from odd parts lying around a junk yard; it had a nasty list, and jewel-studded mudguards that swept the ground.

"Only one thing you'd ought to remember," the cowboy said, folding the check and putting it in the pocket of his jacket, "don't never put no bit in this horse's mouth; he don't act good with bits."

"Really?" said Charles, and we noticed for the first time that the horse's bridle was rigged with a long shanked hackamore, a braided leather

## THE GUNFIGHTERS

CONSTANCE URDANG

IN OUR OWN image, heroes. Small  
Men with unwieldy pistols spat  
Meanness, but accurately. Or  
Shot up the mirror in the gilt saloon  
That gave them back themselves, inconsequent,  
Unprepossessing, with important guns.

Nothing was beautiful around  
Them. They had seen it fit to build  
On mud their gimcrack frontages,  
And in the dry months of the year mud changed  
To dusty powder, filtered through the cracks  
Between the door and jamb, as fine as rain.

No door remains. They did not build  
For permanence. They never were  
Planners, or thinkers either. Were  
Slow men, quick on the trigger, that across  
The desert sowed their empty cartridges  
And proved their guns, at least, were serious.

roll across the nose the only means of restraint.

When we reached our apartment in town, Charles telephoned his farmer, Fremont Pone, to tell him when the horse arrived, to put him in the shed with the milk cow where he could run out in her pasture. Then he sat down with his Saturday noon martini and spoke at length about how splendid it was going to be to have a good horse to ride instead of those sway-backed nags the colored boys used to count calves and mend the fences.

**F**REMONT PONE, brought up in the tradition of the county that if work must be done at all it should be squeezed in between shooting birds in the day and hunting coons at night, reluctantly put away his shotgun during Charles' infrequent visits to his farm. This time, however, he was waiting for us in the barn lot. He turned his narrow face with its hash-browed complexion and slitty eyes toward the car and, moving with the same loose-jointed ease as the Blue Tick hound at his side, shambled over to greet us.

"Yawl know that horse?" he began. "Well, ah done lak you tole me, all right. Ah put him in wiv the milk cow, but he been carryin' on fierce wiv her, tormentin' her all the tahm. He goes to kissin' and luvvin' her up, hoppin' on her and peelin' her back wiv his shoes. She's took a fright, and doan let down no milk at all. Not a drop. Ah doan believe that horse evch seen a cow before in his whole life."

"Nonsense!" Charles snapped, "he's a cutting and roping horse; he stood second in the halter class at Forth Worth."

"Mah, mah," said Fremont Pone, but he was not really impressed.

In the half light of the cow shed the milk cow trembled on her Queen Anne legs; her brown eyes, normally kind and patient, were glazed with terror. Behind her Sport was dozing, his nose resting possessively upon her striated hips. Hearing the door open, the horse picked up his head, twitched his ears, and swelled his nostrils to catch the scent of his intruders. He walked up to my husband and bumped him in the stomach with his nose.

"Hello, boy," Charles grunted, putting up a protective hand.

The horse bumped him again, harder.

"Now, now," said Charles, speaking as he used to speak to the children when they were little, "now, now."

Sport wheeled and, throwing his tail up impudently, trotted out the far end of the shed into the small pasture where he bucked and ran and, standing on his hind legs, boxed at shadows with his flinty hooves.

When the bridle with the hackamore Fremont Pone fashioned from some pieces of an old mule harness was completed, he adjusted it on the horse, and throwing a saddle on him led him over to the nail keg used for a mounting block. He stood with his mouth hanging open like a pocketbook idly patting the head of his hound dog as he watched Charles mount and jog off down the red road toward the upper fields where the beef cows were grazing with their calves. He followed them with his slitty eyes until they disappeared behind a stand of timber.

"Ah always reckoned one good mule were worth twinty horses innny day," he commented.

In half an hour Charles returned to the house holding his right shoulder with his left hand.

"I can't understand it," he said, dropping





heavily into a chair, "this horse will only move in a circle."

"A circle?"

"Yes. He goes perfectly straight on a loose rein for a short distance, and then all at once, no matter where he is, he is seized by a compulsion to bend to the right and continue in a circular direction. The last time he turned into that planting of young pine with me." He rubbed his shoulder gently.

"The racetrack," I said.

"What do you mean, the racetrack?"

"He's accustomed to picking up the films from the towers on the straightaway of the backstretch, turning, and galloping back to the stands along the rail around the oval. Don't you remember?"

"That can't be it." Charles was stunned.

"It seems logical."

"Of course," he suggested unhappily, "it might be something I'm doing, or not doing. I believe I'll let some of the boys try him and see what he does with them."

IT WAS soon evident that Sport's insistence upon galloping in circles had nothing whatsoever to do with Charles' riding. Fremont Pone was rubbed against a live oak and brushed neatly from the saddle within a matter of minutes. He limped back on a painful leg, brutally skinned. Benny Sawyer, whose arms and legs hung from his long, dark body like flags on a windless day, returned holding a throbbing shoulder.

"Da ho, ee crazy, da whuh," he observed.

Leroy Pollock and Geech Wiggins met the same misfortune, and finally, Major Emery Pugh, a neighbor, who with Mrs. Pugh dropped in one afternoon for a cup of tea.

"Clearly, this is a matter of proper training," said the major whose retirement from Fort Riley coincided with the mechanization of the U. S. Cavalry. "I can straighten him out in no time."

"But Imm'ry," his wife protested, "you haven't been on a howess fah yeahs." Her face beneath the large, lacy hats she always wore permanently expressed a look of pained surprise. "You maht get hurt rahdin' this howess."

"It is not a matter of riding, my dear," the major replied. "It is, as I have said, a matter of training. I shall begin on the ground, working him on a longe line; when I feel he is ready, I will ride him, not before. If Charles will agree, I'll take the horse over to my place."

Charles agreed. "Don't ever put a bit in his mouth," he cautioned, "the cowboy said he didn't act good with bits."

"Rubbish!" the major snorted. "That's prob-

ably what's the matter with him. The proper bit will accomplish wonders."

A week to the very day Sport was back and the major was in the Phoebe Scott Memorial Hospital, in traction.

Sport commenced getting out of his pasture and roaming around the farm at nights. Every morning the top plank of the fence was on the ground.

"Ah believe he picks them spikes outen that board wiv his teeth," Fremont Pone observed. "Them nails is pulled cleah out eveh moanin'."

The horse learned to jump the cattle guards, eight-foot spans of railroad irons dividing the pastures, and reaching the upper fields he herded the mother cows and their calves, chasing them in a circle until the cows staggered with dizziness and the calves tumbled to the ground. He picked the locks on the barn doors, broke open the feed sacks, scattering the grain and tramping it into a mash; he hopped over wire fences as if they were croquet wickets, and when he was confined in a box stall he kicked his way out and, with tail held aloft, trotted over to the hog lot where he ran back and forth in the newly-poured cement floor so that it looked like Grauman's Chinese. He continued to torment the milk cow until her nervous system was completely shot. The men spent so much time repairing buildings, mending fences, and salvaging feed that there was little time left to lime the fields and get the row crops in.

"At this point," my husband remarked one evening, "I stand to lose just double what I lost down here last year. I can't help feeling that that damned horse is responsible for it. It is an exasperating situation." His fingers commenced to roll and unroll rapidly in his palms. He was growing increasingly nervous as week after week went by.

THEN came a day in the early spring which was to resolve the problem. It was one of those tranquil mornings when the new brilliance of the sun refreshes the winter-weary earth, extracting from it the very fragrance of growth. The pastures seemed suddenly to swell with their burden of clover, crimson oceans between forests of pine whose needles glittered as if they had been dipped in glycerin. It was the kind of day when you first realize that the sting of winter has left and will return no more; it was also the day which marked the opening of the racing season in the North.

A small car, riding very low to the ground, came slowly up the lane. Behind it was a horse

trailer, obviously empty, for it was jumping skittishly from side to side.

"It's the cowboy!" Charles exploded. "It's that goddamned cowboy!"

"Howdy, folks," the cowboy said, climbing out from behind the sprung door of his rusty sedan, "I was just heading North, and I figured I'd stop in and see how you and Sport was getting along."

Charles shook the outstretched hand with something less than enthusiasm. "The horse," he declared, "is getting along fine; I cannot say the same for the rest of us."

The cowboy's face puckered in concern. "Is that so?" he said, but he didn't sound very surprised. He took a cigarette from the pocket of his plaid jacket, put it carefully in his mouth, and lighted it, waving the match until it was cool before throwing it to the ground. He stared thoughtfully at his boots stitched in an elaborate design of yellow tulips as he took a deep drag, and slowly hissed the smoke out between his teeth.

"What," he said finally, "seems to be the matter?"

Charles spared no details recounting the disasters perpetrated by Sport. "There are enough difficulties on a farm," he said with his voice climbing into its highest register, "without some goddamned horse wrecking everything! You can't even catch him any more." He pointed to the Pollocks' vegetable garden behind their small house where Sport was pacing the flimsy fence protecting the turnip greens whose tender leaves were pushing up through the red soil. "Look at him now; he'll be in that next!"

"Ain't that something?" the cowboy smiled fondly. "He's real smart, all right."

"He certainly is. He's so smart I'm going to get rid of him. I can't even look at him without losing my temper."

The cowboy shook his head sadly, but the corners of his mouth rose in a tiny smile.

"Do you aim to sell him?" he asked.

"How can I sell him?" Charles sputtered. "Everybody in the county knows what a rogue he is!"

"Why," said the cowboy, "I'd buy that horse back myself, I think so much of him, but to tell you the truth I'm a little short on cash. Tell you what I'll do, though; I'll take him back to the track with me up North. Maybe I can find a buyer for him up there. I'll sure let you know if I do."

"Take him!" Charles cried. "Take him right now—if you can catch him!"

The cowboy placed the tips of his little fin-

gers in his mouth and exhaled one whistle.

Sport raised his head quickly. He hesitated for only an instant before he trotted over and buried his head in the sleeve of the cowboy's jacket.

"He sure looks good," the cowboy said. "Yes sir, he's wintered *real* good. Must have put on a hundred pounds at least." He encircled the brown head with a caressing arm. "Come on, boy," he said softly to the horse, "we're going home." He lowered the ramp of the trailer and Sport walked in. There was a rope net already filled with hay for the return journey.

The cowboy climbed quickly into his rusty sedan. "It's been real nice seeing you folks again," he said. "Maybe I'll git to see you at the races sometime this summer." He gunned the ancient motor and the car and trailer moved off down the road.

"You know," Charles said, fastening his eyes on the back of the trailer where Sport's well-rounded hindquarters were still visible above the tail gate, "that's a sight I shall never allow myself to forget. I'd give fifty dollars to shake the hand of the sucker who wintered that horse last year, and another fifty to know who that cowboy is going to get to do it next year. What is that quotation, something about East being East and West being West?"

"And never the twain shall meet."

"That's it," my husband replied, walking over to one of the sway-backed nags dozing in the sunshine at the hitching rail. "But it's all wrong. If that cowboy did his trading on Wall Street he'd be a millionaire in no time at all."





BETTY FRIEDAN

# THE COMING ICE AGE

## *A True Scientific Detective Story*

How a rising of the ocean waters may flood most of our port cities within the foreseeable future—and why it will be followed by the growth of a vast glacier which may eventually cover much of Europe and North America.

THIS is the story of two scientists, who started five years ago—with a single radio-carbon clue from the ocean bottom and a wild hunch—to track down one of the earth's great unsolved mysteries: What caused the ancient ice ages? Their search led over many continents and seas, to drowned rivers and abandoned mountain caves, into far-removed branches of science. It took them down through recorded history, from the stone tablets of primitive man to contemporary newspaper headlines.

These two serious, careful scientists—geophysicist Maurice Ewing, director of Columbia University's Lamont Geological Observatory, and geologist-meteorologist William Donn—believe they have finally found the explanation for the giant glaciers, which four times during the past million years have advanced and retreated over the earth. If they are right, the world is now heading into another Ice Age. It will come not as sudden catastrophe, but as the inevitable culmination of a process that has already begun in northern oceans.

As Ewing and Donn read the evidence, an Ice Age will result from a slow warming and rising of the ocean that is now taking place. They believe that this ocean flood—which may submerge large coastal areas of the eastern United States and western Europe—is going to melt the ice sheet which has covered the Arctic Ocean through all recorded history. Calculations based on the independent observations of other scientists indi-

cate this melting could begin, within roughly one hundred years.

It is this melting of Arctic ice which Ewing and Donn believe will set off another Ice Age on earth. They predict that it will cause great snows to fall in the north—perennial unmelting snows which the world has not seen since the last Ice Age thousands of years ago. These snows will make the Arctic glaciers grow again, until their towering height forces them forward. The advance south will be slow, but if it follows the route of previous ice ages, it will encase in ice large parts of North America and Europe. It would, of course, take many centuries for that wall of ice to reach New York and Chicago, London and Paris. But its coming is an inevitable consequence of the cycle which Ewing and Donn believe is now taking place.

The coming of another Ice Age is an event serious scientists have never been able to predict from observable Earth phenomena. For until Ewing and Donn postulated their new Theory of Ice Ages (it was first published in *Science* in June 1956 and a second report appeared in May 1958) the very nature of the problem seemed to defy the kind of scientific understanding which makes prediction possible.

Scientists know that the glaciers which stand quiet in the Arctic today once covered America with a wall of ice up to two miles thick—its southern boundary extending from Long Island across New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and the Dakotas to the Missouri River, with extensions into the western mountain country . . . that it covered northern Europe, England, large parts of France and Germany . . . that it created the Great Lakes, the Hudson and St. Lawrence Rivers . . . that it moved mountains, crashed down forests, destroyed whole species of life.

They also know that it is cold enough at the

Arctic for glaciers to grow today, but almost no snow has fallen there in modern times. What caused those snows that built the Ice Age glaciers until their own height forced them to march, and what caused them finally to retreat? And why has the earth been swinging back and forth between Ice Ages and climate like today's for a million years, when before then the entire planet enjoyed a temperate climate with no extremes of hot or cold? Scientists could answer these questions only in terms of sudden catastrophe—a volcanic eruption, the earth's movement into a cloud of cosmic dust—and unpredictable catastrophes are not the concern of contemporary science. Few scientists had even worked on the problem in recent years.

It was only by a combination of lucky circumstance and persistent curiosity that Ewing and Donn as a team began working steadily on the Ice Age Mystery. As Director of Lamont Geological Observatory, located on top of the New York Palisades over the Hudson River, Ewing teaches theoretical geophysics and directs research in earthquake seismology, marine geology and biology, and oceanography. Donn teaches geology at Brooklyn College and directs the research in meteorology at Lamont. Since the two men live twenty miles apart and were occupied all day, they would often meet at eleven at night in a deserted laboratory at Columbia University—midway between their homes—and work into the morning on the Ice Age trail.

#### CLUES FROM SEA FOSSILS

THE two men share the scientist's passion for pure search, no matter where it leads. Ewing, a tall and powerful Texan who speaks in a gentle voice, was white-haired before he was fifty, a fact his friends attribute to the pace at which he has lived his life as a scientist. For a quarter-century he has been leading expeditions over the ocean, often risking his life while pioneering new methods of investigating its secrets. In the early 1930s he founded a new science by dropping charges from a whale boat and using a seismograph to identify the different layers of earth beneath the ocean. In 1955 he was given the Navy Distinguished Service Award for devising the SOFAR (Sound Fixing and Ranging) method for rescuing men from ships and planes lost at sea.

Donn, New York City bred, is a slight, wiry meteorologist, who tames tidal waves with logarithms. His mastery of the complex relationship between sea and weather complemented

Ewing's knowledge of the depths of the oceans.

The original bits of information which set the two scientists onto the trail of the Ice Age Mystery first came to light on the decks of the three-masted schooner *Vema* which Lamont Observatory uses for scientific exploration. In the summer of 1953, the ship traced a puzzling pattern on the ocean bottom which led from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico and into the Caribbean Sea. The Columbia-Lamont crew were working with their newly perfected "deep sea corer," a device which can bring up primeval sediment undisturbed through as much as 4,000 fathoms of water (24,000 feet)—just as it was deposited thousands of years ago.

This "corer" is a sharp-edged steel tube, two-and-a-half inches in diameter and up to 70 feet in length. When it has been lowered from the ship to within 15 feet of the sea bottom, a trigger trips the holding mechanism and the tube is punched by a weight into the sediment. The Lamont ocean expeditions have brought up cores as long as 60 feet—nearly 2,000 of them—representing the successive deposits of thousands of years. As Ewing describes it,

"The entire record of the earth is there in the most undisturbed form it is possible to find anywhere—traces of the animals, rocks, and plants of successive ages preserved in the order in which they filtered down from the surface of the sea."

Only recently, radioactive isotope techniques have made it possible to deduce when the sediment was deposited, and other things about the world from which it came. Scientists can now measure the radiocarbon in a sample of ocean-bottom mud—and know how long it has lain there. Radioactive carbon ceases to be replenished when removed from the atmosphere, and decays at a known rate. Chemists therefore calculate from the ratio of radiocarbon to ordinary carbon in a fossil shell whether it has been decaying for a thousand, five, or ten thousand years.

In these cores of mud from the Caribbean, the equatorial Atlantic, and the Gulf of Mexico that summer, the Lamont expedition kept seeing a strange sharp line. "About a foot below the floor of the ocean the sediment suddenly changed from salmon pink to gray," Ewing said. "You could see it sharp as a razor when the cores were opened on the ship's deck. Others had reported this same line in the North Atlantic.

"When we put these cores to paleontological laboratory tests back at Lamont, we found out what that razor-sharp line meant: at a certain time the ocean suddenly changed from cold to warm. The pink sediment contained shells of



minute warm-water animals; the gray sediment, cold-water animals."

Back at Lamont, measurement of radiocarbon showed that this sudden warming took place throughout the length and breadth of the vast Atlantic Ocean—11,000 years ago. The cores showed virtually no change in temperature for 90,000 years—except for this one sudden increase. Donn, Lamont's meteorological expert, was as mystified as Ewing.

"What happened 11,000 years ago to heat the ocean?" they kept asking themselves at odd moments over the next year or so. "What could change the climate of the whole ocean so abruptly?"

#### A JACKPOT IN ICE

NEITHER Ewing nor Donn can say precisely when the hunch came. The problem continued to tantalize them, as they traveled about the country attending meetings and doing field work. On the way back from Chicago, they may have watched the ice break up in the Delaware River. They recall reading a newspaper item about a big gambling jackpot on which day the ice would go out in the Yukon. The chain of thought seems obvious now: water freezing—ice going out—this is a sharp, abrupt change, the only sudden change that *can* happen to a body of water.

But oceans don't freeze. Ocean currents dissipate the cold—except, of course, in the small Arctic Ocean which is almost entirely surrounded by land.

"What would happen if the ice went out of the Arctic Ocean as it does in the Yukon or the Delaware?" Ewing and Donn remember wondering, as they went over the problem again, one day at Lamont.

"Well, we figured, the Arctic Ocean would get warmer. Because water would flow more freely between it and the Atlantic, dissipating the cold. And of course, the Atlantic Ocean would get colder. But wait a minute . . . we saw it simultaneously. If the Arctic Ocean were open water, warmed by the Atlantic, warmer than the land around it, water would evaporate and fall as snow on the land. More snow on Greenland and northern Canada would make glaciers grow. Glaciers don't grow now because there is no open water in the Arctic to provide the moisture for snow.

"And suddenly we had the startling hunch that the Arctic Ocean *was open* during the Ice Age. And that it froze over only 11,000 years

ago. It was this freezing over of the Arctic Ocean which so suddenly warmed the Atlantic—and ended the Ice Age."

"That rather exciting ten minutes," they told me, "contradicted a whole lot of things we'd always taken for granted. Everyone has assumed that the Arctic Ocean, so covered with ice today, would be even colder and more completely frozen during an Ice Age.

"You get a lot of these wild ideas in our business. If one lasts five minutes you begin to take it seriously. The more we thought about this one, the more it added up. It explained so many things that have always puzzled us.

"For once you accept the radical idea that the Arctic was a warm open ocean at the time of the great continental glaciers, you can reconstruct a completely different weather pattern from the one we know today. As we worked it out, we could see a startling chain of cause and effect between the oceans and the glaciers themselves. We could see how the oceans would work as an actual 'thermostat' to keep the earth alternating between glacial ice ages and interglacial periods such as today.

"It all hinges on the fact that the North Pole is where it is—in the middle of the Arctic Ocean, which is almost completely surrounded by land except for a shallow 'sill' between Norway and Greenland opening into the Atlantic, and the insignificant Bering Strait. If the cold waters of the Arctic interchanged freely over this sill with the warm Atlantic water, the Arctic Ocean would not freeze over. Its moisture would build glaciers. (In the cold temperatures of the north, the moisture that evaporates from the open Arctic would all fall as snow—too much snow to melt in the short Arctic summer. When the rate at which snow accumulates exceeds the rate at which it melts, glaciers grow.) But as those glaciers grew, they would lock up so much ocean water that sea level would fall.

"We know that sea level was lowered between 300 and 400 feet at the peak of the last Ice Age. Now, most of that sill between Norway and Greenland is less than 300 feet deep. At a certain point the glaciers would lower the sea level so much that the Arctic Ocean would be virtually cut off from the warmer Atlantic. The Arctic Ocean would then freeze over. And the glaciers, no longer fed by snow, would melt under the Arctic summer sun, restoring their water to the oceans. Then sea level would rise, until enough warm Atlantic water again flowed over that sill to melt the Arctic ice sheet, and start another glacial cycle."

Donn worked out a weather map of the world, with an open Arctic Ocean, warmer than surrounding lands. It showed a completely different storm pattern than exists today; more rain and snow in the Arctic, a wind pattern carrying more ocean moisture inland generally. It showed violent blizzards over eastern North America which would spread more snow on the glaciers. Summers would become more like winters as the glacial wall advanced southward. Donn's weather map with the open Arctic even showed that there would be rain in today's deserts.

But they needed more proof for their theory. They had to track down the circumstantial evidence of what happened 11,000 years ago; they had to find geological witnesses to confirm their reconstruction of the crime.

#### CLUES FROM A DROWNED RIVER

THEY embarked on the painstaking examination of the records of past Arctic explorers. There was little relevant data. One day, going through dusty old volumes of the *National Geographic*, they found a photograph of an Arctic beach—a beach that could have been made only by long years of pounding waves. There must have been open sea in the Arctic to make that beach.

Ewing took to sea in the *Vema* again. In the Gulf of Mexico, the Ice Age trail seemed to peter out altogether in a bottomless plain of flat gray silt. The *Vema* took core after core below the Mississippi Delta without finding the crucial fossil lines.

"We couldn't even get to the bottom of it with our corers," Ewing recalls. "We were sure the Gulf must have changed from cold to warm just as the other oceans, but how could we prove it when there seemed to be no fossils at all in that endless gray layer? We suspected that the gray silt had come from the Mississippi and had spread over the floor of the Gulf by creeping along the bottom. If we could find a hill that stood well above the Gulf floor, the sediment on top of it would have come down undisturbed from the surface of the water and might contain the record of those temperature changes."

They nearly sailed over them—a cluster of hills rising a thousand feet off the ocean floor. There, instead of puzzling gray silt, they finally found the familiar, razor-sharp layers of glacial and interglacial fossils.

And that very gray silt which had obscured their trail turned out to be further proof that 11,000 years ago was the date the Ice Age ended.

For back at Lamont, radiocarbon measurement showed that the silt *stopped* sliding from the Mississippi just 11,000 years ago. This meant that a great rise in sea level must have taken place at just that time. Drowned by the rising sea, the lower channels of the Mississippi River would retain their own sediment, losing the power to take it out to the deep central part of the Gulf. It was, almost certainly, the rise in sea level caused by the melting of the glaciers.

#### AND THE FISHBONE CAVES

AS THE Lamont crew were pursuing this mystery in the sea, other scientists were unearthing new Ice Age clues on land. Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard F. Libby, the scientist who originated radiocarbon dating, found fossils of a forest at Two Creeks, Wisconsin, that had been first flooded and then over-ridden by the advancing ice. Radiocarbon dating proved that those trees, at one of the southern fingertips of the last glacial advance, were pushed over about 11,000 years ago. (Previously, geologists thought the ice had disappeared long before that time.)

Then a series of dramatic clues were brought in by other geologists from caves in the cliffs above the dry Great Basin of Nevada and Utah. Several thousand feet above the basin are rock niches worn by the waves of glacial lakes—lakes created by the great rains that fell south of the Ice Age snows. Far below are caves, also worn by those waves, that were inhabited by man: the famous Fishbone Cave above the dry Winnemucca Lake in western Nevada and the Danger Cave above glacial Lake Bonneville in Utah.

The evidence showed that men moved into those caves shortly after the lake level suddenly dropped and exposed them. Remains were found of the nets and baskets they used to catch the fish of the now vanished glacial lakes. Radiocarbon dating showed that men were living in those caves—brought above the water when the great glacial rains and snows stopped—approximately 11,000 years ago. And the time during which the glacial lakes dropped from those niches thousands of feet above on the cliffs, to the level of the lower caves, was dramatically short—only several hundred years. It was like the sudden change Ewing and Donn had observed in the ocean. The date was now established: 11,000 years ago, plus or minus a few hundred years, the last Ice Age suddenly ended.

At the time the theory was constructed, there was no actual evidence from the Arctic Ocean



itself to indicate it had ever been ice-free. Some months later Dr. A. P. Crary came back from the Arctic Ocean and sent his cores to Lamont. These cores indicated there had been minute animal life for thousands of years in the Arctic Ocean, which suddenly stopped—eleven millennia ago. They also showed evidence of icebergs free to move in open water at the time Ewing and Donn think the Arctic was open.

#### BEYOND THE NORTH WIND

**C**OULD men have lived on the shores of this ocean during the Ice Age? Were there human witnesses to the open Arctic sea?

"It was only by accident that we stumbled on a vital clue in a completely different branch of science," they told me. "We might have missed it altogether because of the compartmentalization of science."

One day a colleague of Donn's happened to remark over coffee that he'd overheard an anthropologist in the faculty room talking about some traces that had just been discovered of an ancient civilization around the Arctic.

Donn and Ewing started calling anthropologists. The evidence was uncertain, they learned, but some of it pointed strongly to well-established communities of man around the Arctic many thousands of years ago. In fact, the oldest flints showing man in America had been found recently in a band around the Arctic Circle, seldom straying south.

Anthropologists had been mystified. Even if a land bridge between Siberia and Alaska had existed then, why would man choose to use it to settle in the Arctic Circle, in the very heart of the intense polar cold, at temperature which was assumed to be even lower than today? Around that frozen Arctic Ocean, where would man have found the fish and game those flints suggested? Why would men have *stayed* there for centuries—unless, as Ewing and Donn now believe, the Arctic Ocean was open then, and its shores were a warm oasis compared with the glaciers to the South?

Ewing and Donn got another anthropologist out of bed late at night to question him further. He told them that, while anthropologists are still uncertain as to how and when man first *came* to America, they are pretty sure he suddenly started migrating south, in an explosive wave, about 11,000 years ago.

Here, perhaps, were their human witnesses to the end of the Ice Age! The people who lived "beyond the north wind" on Arctic shores, be-

hind the towering wall of ice, using their flint-tipped weapons on big game and fish that could not survive in the cold Arctic temperatures of today. These men evidently came to America from Siberia when the glaciers had taken enough water from the sea to uncover the Siberian land bridge. They stayed for some centuries around the warm Arctic because the glaciers kept them from straying south. Then, 11,000 years ago, they suddenly fled. If the Arctic Ocean suddenly froze over, they couldn't eat. Nor could they go back to Siberia because the great rise in sea level at the end of the Ice Age would once more submerge the land bridge.

And just at the time when they could no longer stay in the Arctic, paths opened in the great ice wall south of them. The melting glaciers permitted men to go south at last—in such a rapid wave that they reached the tip of South America in a few thousand years.

So anthropologists are now reconstructing their own mysteries in the light of Ewing and Donn's Theory of Ice Ages—which California's authority on early man, Carl Sauer, calls "a major contribution to our understanding. . . . The old, simple belief that man waited at the threshold of the New World until the last ice sheet was gone has been proved wrong."

And, finally, human witnesses were tracked down in southern deserts. During this past year archaeologists have brought back new evidence that the Sahara desert was green and fertile and thriving with civilization when glaciers froze life in America and Europe. Ewing and Donn had deduced that an open Arctic Ocean would have caused rain in today's deserts. Now, from the caves of the Sahara, came ancient man's vivid drawings of the animals that he hunted on the once grassy desert.

#### BENEATH THE EARTH'S CRUST

**O**NE big question remained which the new theory did not seem to answer: What started off the first Ice Age cycle?

"We know that during the past million years, the world has swung back and forth between ice ages and weather like today's," Ewing and Donn told me. "Before then, the whole earth was much warmer. There were no zones of extreme heat or cold; palms and magnolias grew in Greenland, and coral around Iceland; subtropical plants thrived within eleven degrees of the North Pole. Why didn't the Arctic Ocean-glacier 'thermostat' work then? What suddenly turned it on one million years ago?"

"The answer, we believe, is that until a million years ago, the North Pole was not in that landlocked Arctic Ocean at all, but in the middle of the open Pacific, where there was no land on which snow and ice could accumulate, and ocean currents dissipated the cold.

"The idea of wandering poles may seem fantastic. But recently-discovered magnetic evidence leads to the geological inference that the whole earth can shift its surface crust with respect to the interior. As the earth's crustal zone 'slides' over the interior, different points on the surface can be at the North or South Pole.

"Such a shift in the earth's crust, it is now believed, did take place before the first Pleistocene Ice Age which began a million years ago. Before then, the magnetic record shows the North Pole in the middle of the Pacific, and the South Pole in the open southern Atlantic.

"An abrupt shift in the earth's crust carried the North Pole into the small and virtually landlocked Arctic, and the South Pole to the Antarctic continent, where the polar cold could not be dissipated by free ocean currents. That started the greatly contrasting zones of climate we know today—and the concentration of cold which finally froze the Arctic Ocean, to start the Ice Age cycles."

This would explain why the Ice Age glaciers have always marched from the Arctic. No ocean thermostat exists to turn on drastic glacial-interglacial cycles in the Antarctic. There, according to the theory, the Antarctic ice cap has been building up continually since the South Pole shifted to that continent a million years ago, with only minor changes caused by the slight warming and cooling of the Atlantic in the glacial-interglacial cycles. This is confirmed by evidence from elevated beaches, which seems to indicate that maximum sea level has been dropping successively lower in each glacial era.

And as long as the poles stay where they are, the Ice Age cycles must continue.

#### WHEN WILL IT COME AGAIN?

EWING and Donn realized that their theory had startling implications for the future. They have the scientist's distaste for the sensational and carefully worked out the wording of the theory's formal conclusion: "The recent epoch can be considered as another interglacial stage." A number of scientists have tried to disprove their theory; so far they have been unsuccessful.

As Ewing and Donn read the glacial thermo-

stat, the present interglacial stage is well advanced; the earth is now heading into another Ice Age. Certain signs, some of them visible to the layman as well as the scientist, indicate we may have been watching an Ice Age approach for some time without realizing what we were seeing.

Although scientists do not agree on its significance, they have observed an increasingly rapid warming and rising of the ocean in recent years. Warm water flowing north has driven the cod-fish off Cape Cod to Newfoundland; annual temperature has risen ten degrees in Iceland and Greenland; down here winters are warmer; the Hudson River no longer freezes over as it used to. It is part of the Ewing-Donn paradox that the next Ice Age will be preceded by such a warming of climate.

"We suspect that the ocean is already warm enough to melt the Arctic ice sheet," Ewing and Donn told me. "For some time it has remained at the highest temperature ever reached in the four previous interglacial stages." As climate becomes warmer, more and more glacial melt-water pours into the sea. The Atlantic has already risen 300 feet since the glaciers of the last Ice Age started to melt away. Up until twenty-five years ago the U. S. Geodetic Surveys indicated that sea level was rising six inches a century; in the past twenty-five years that rate has increased to two feet a century.

As sea level rises, more and more warm water pours over the Norway-Greenland sill, under the Arctic ice sheet. American, Russian, and Scandinavian scientists have observed a definite warming of the Arctic Ocean over the past fifty years, and a consequent thinning of the ice sheet. At an international conference on Arctic sea ice in March 1958, scientists estimated that Arctic ice covers an area 12 per cent smaller than it did fifteen years ago, and is 40 per cent thinner. A layman might surmise that if this trend continues the Arctic Ocean will be open and the Ice Age begin in another twenty years. Ewing and Donn are much more cautious about predictions.

"The rate at which our weather has been warming in recent years could be temporarily slowed down," they told me. "We don't know the exact rate at which the sea is now rising. We need long-term world-wide evidence which the International Geophysical Year may give us to assess accurately the changes that seem to be taking place in the ocean and the ice."

If the ocean continues to warm up at the present rate, Ewing and Donn think it is conceivable that there will be open water in the



Arctic within about a hundred years. If they are right, for the first time in the history of the world, the victims of an Ice Age are going to see it coming. Television cameramen will be raging all over the far north, covering the break-up of the Arctic ice sheet, looking for the first dirty summer slush. For the Ice Age will dawn, not in crashing glacial terror but in slush; as Ewing and Donn describe it, on a summer vacation up north, you will simply see a lot of dirty slush, winter's snow that for the first time in thousands of years didn't quite melt.

In many parts of America, at that time, the worry may not be ice, but water. Many scientists have speculated on the ocean flood that will be caused if the melting of glacial icecaps continues. Antarctic scientist Laurence Gould recently warned that "the return of only a few feet of thickness of ice as melt-water to the oceans would have serious effects in many places; and if all the ice were melted into the sea, its level would rise from 150 to 200 feet. All the world's seaports and some of its most densely populated areas would be submerged."

Ewing and Donn don't know how much higher the sea is going to rise before it melts the Arctic ice-sheet. They say the ocean has already risen to the point where, if certain recent storms had occurred at high tide, it would have flooded New York and Boston subways. Donn is now working at Lamont on studies of long and short period changes in world sea level.

The ocean flood that brings about the Ice Age will not resemble the flash floods that have caused havoc in the east in recent years. It will

build up slowly, and it will not flow away. The cities, industries, and military bases that are concentrated on both sides of the Atlantic may have to be evacuated. (Fortunately, Pacific coastlines are higher.)

It will probably be possible to protect New York and Washington by levees. Parts or all of New Orleans, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and other cities are now protected by levees from high water, Ewing and Donn point out. Evidently, New York is in no danger of becoming a lost Atlantis, drowned under the sea. If low-lying Brooklyn, Miami, Washington, New Orleans, or Amsterdam should become ghost cities, it will be because a decision will have been made long in advance of this slow-creeping flood to evacuate rather than build levees.

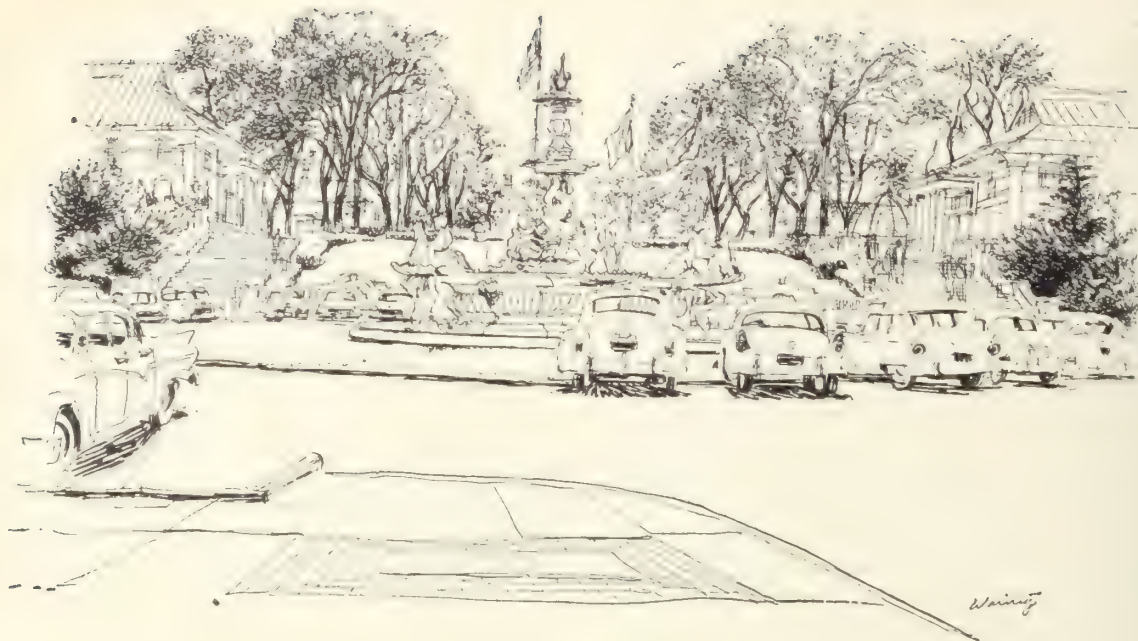
"According to our theory, with the melting of the Arctic ice sheet, the rise in sea level will stop," Ewing and Donn explained. Instead of adding water to the sea, the glaciers will begin taking it out.

For a long time after the ocean flood subsides, the only effect the Ice Age will have on us down here will be more rain. The new Arctic moisture that falls as snow on the glaciers will increase both rain and snow here, swelling rivers and watering deserts. Then, gradually, our weather will cool. Icy winds will blow from the advancing glaciers; the great snows will fall farther and farther south. In several thousand years a two-mile ice sheet may cover the United States and Europe. If man finds no way to switch the glacial thermostat, there may well be a real estate boom in the Sahara.

## DEATH IN THE NUMBERS GAME

**A** PROPOS of loto [*sic*] which is the rage just now, it has played a very curious role in a recent trial here. An unfortunate woman, nearly starved to death by long years of privation and chronic hunger, was suspected of having murdered her aunt, a rich old fortune teller, and sordidly avaricious. The judge was seeking with all his ingenuity to gather together the threads of proof of the woman's guilt, which he could not succeed in establishing, when he learned that two hours after the murder, at a moment when nobody as yet knew what had happened, the accused had drawn three numbers at the lottery—83, 25, and 47. Now, 83 was the age of the victim, 25 the number of the house in which she lived, and 47 signifies in the Credo of Loto, gamblers' life and death. The judge regarded this coincidence of numbers as the most overwhelming of proofs. The wretched woman was accordingly condemned to death.

—Vienna Letter to Paris *Figaro*, in the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*, July 26, 1886.



# The Wonderful Zoo in the Bronx

By EDITH IGLAUER

*Drawings by Richard Waring Rockwell*

**W**HEN John Tee-Van—General Director of that wonderful collection of birds, mammals, and reptiles known the world over as New York's Bronx Zoo—drives his 1955 green Ford through the service gate of the New York Zoological Park a little before nine every morning, he enters a world of 251 rolling acres of woodland inhabited by 2,631 living creatures whose welfare and happiness are his peculiar responsibility.

The Zoo doesn't open to the public until ten, and when the Director makes his daily inspection tour along the footpaths, which are barely wide enough to accommodate his car, a cool freshness prevails, broken only by the varied morning calls of birds and beasts. An occasional small truck scoots past, bringing food to the animal keepers, or supplies to the cafeterias. The paths are neat and clean; shutters are fastened tight on kiosks where souvenirs, books, and animal food will soon be dispensed; the track where the camels, ponies, donkeys, and llamas will shortly furnish rides for small boys and

girls is getting its daily brush-up; chairs in the food pavilions are stacked upside down on tables; and keepers are hosing the animal cages.

Dr. Tee-Van likes every hour of the day, but at this particular time he displays a lyrical and light-hearted attitude toward his charges which is apt to be submerged later under a pile of detail work.

"What a marvelous creature!" he exclaimed recently to a visitor making the morning rounds with him, when he drove up to the Great Apes House and got out of the car in front of the outdoor yard where Oka, the gorilla, was sunning herself.

"Hello, Oka, how's the baby?" he called, laughing as he pounded his chest in response to a similar greeting from Oka.

Climbing back in his car, he drove slowly past the Antelope House. The okapi, a cousin of the giraffe that looks more like a zebra and is rarely seen in zoos, was taking its morning constitutional in its outdoor enclosure.

"We have two beautiful okapis," he said. He pointed to a baby yak standing with its mother beside a tree nearby: "First yak born here since 1942. We call that a 'medium great event' and we're pleased. A great event is the acquisition of platypuses, the rarest creatures in captivity."

He stopped the car to look at the greater



kudu, a buff-colored African antelope with sweeping horns, standing motionless like a magnificent statue, its great head held high.

"That kudu is a wonder," he said, "but he's been acting strange. Something disturbed him night before last, and he kicked down a pipe and chain. We got him on an exchange credit from the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago. Zoos exchange surplus animals as much as possible. This kudu would cost us about \$1,500, but we had a credit at the Brookfield Zoo and they had an extra kudu."

He peered at a nearby anoa, a pygmy buffalo, about the size of a St. Bernard dog, lying down in its enclosure. "I wonder what's the matter with his left hind leg," he mused. "It doesn't look right to me." In another enclosure some friendly yellow dogs had run up to the fence, wagging their tails. "Dingo pups," he said. "Australian wild dogs, and they are wild! People often ask for the pups, to domesticate them, and we say no, of course. If these dogs are in the mood, they can rip a man apart."

Tee-Van pointed out that new animal food machines—where a nickel in a slot produces a small cellophane bag full of grain nuggets—had just been installed.

"We put up the original machines in 1941 to keep people from feeding indigestibles to the animals. Worked out even better than we had thought. A mother told me that her three-year-old son fed more animal food to himself than to the animals, and I was able to assure her that it contained twenty-two ingredients, including wholesome vitamins and minerals, is the same food we feed *our* calves, and wouldn't hurt him a bit!"

#### ST. FRANCIS TEE-VAN

THE car passed the African Plains, a four-acre enclosure inhabited by some forty animals whose only restraint is moats surrounding the area and separating them from each other.

"The lions look good this morning," he observed, "and so does the zebra. A bad zebra can be a very bad animal." He stopped to light his pipe and gazed with obvious pleasure at the bucolic scene of lions peacefully reclining in the grass near a grazing zebra, while a herd of aoudads, wild sheep with large curved horns and long manes, bounded past.

"A wonderful place here," he said. "Look at this mass of flowering trees. Beautiful!"

Dr. Tee-Van turned the car around, drove to the Reptile House, went in, and walked over

The man who runs it started tending ostriches when he was a fourteen-year-old . . .

he has pursued his dear beasts through jungles, desert islands, and ocean deeps . . . and he now coddles all 2,631 of them as if they were his personal pets.

to the alligators, displayed in a pool in a woodland setting that includes yellow and blue macaws on high perches set in rocky "banks."

"We've lost two birds to those fellows," he said, pointing to the crocodiles, slumbering with only the tops of their lethal jaws showing above water. "The last macaw came down from its perch and was gone like that." He snapped his fingers.

He pointed to a circular shallow pool filled with turtles of all sizes and surrounded by a low brass rail: "One problem is the number of small boys who pocket small turtles. We lose several every week. Some of the boys are turtle fanciers too and take only the best."

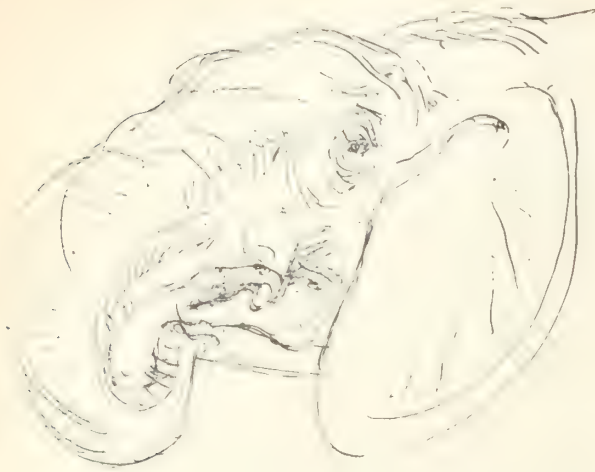
As he was leaving, he said, "I have just one more stop, the Elephant House. The boys are cleaning the walls with a steam jenny, and I want to see how the place looks."

The vaulted terra-cotta ceiling of the Elephant House had been scrubbed clean and the handsome bas-relief decorations gleamed in the sun that poured through the high windows. Tee-Van walked over to two Indian elephants.

"Notice the larger elephant's feet," he said. "That small chain from her right forefoot to her right hind foot is to prevent her from climbing up on the stone wall of her enclosure outside. Since the safety factor comes first in everything we do, when those stone fences were built we talked to absolutely everybody who knew anything about elephants, and we were told that a six-and-a-half foot fence would be high enough. Imagine how we felt when we saw this old girl place her forelegs over the wall, bringing her body around sideways, and put a hind leg over!"

Back in the car he passed the meadow-like flamingo enclosure. "That vegetation needs trimming," he remarked. "One good thing we have here is plenty of grass, because we have plenty of space. When space is too limited, as it is in many zoos, the animals wear the grass down."

He drove past the blue sight-seeing tractor trains waiting for the day to start, parked his car in the circle by the main entrance, and



climbed a flight of steps to a grassy rectangular mall edged with tall elms and formal buildings.

Called Baird Court, this is the inner core of the Zoo, with a sea-lion pool in its center. On the porch of the Administration Building, an imposing brick edifice, he stopped.

"Right here one morning I saw a sparrow hawk swooping through the trees," he told his visitor. "Jokingly, I put out my hand and said, 'Come on down, fellow, come down.' To my astonishment, that bird *did* land right on my outstretched hand. One of the boys said I was St. Francis Tee-Van. I took it over to the Bird House, and it's still there!"

He shook the ashes from his pipe and walked in, down a broad, carpeted hall, past a large comfortable living-room set aside for members of the Zoological Society, and into his office, a pleasant, corner room with large oil paintings of animals on the walls. Through the open windows the melodious bird-like sound of the female gibbon calling her mate could be heard, alternating with the heavier bark of the sea lions, an occasional tiger roar, and the raucous laugh of the kookaburra in the Bird House.

A couch in one corner was piled with blueprints, topped by two world's record walrus tusks, and a long, low bookcase held various mementos: a statue of a colt, a framed rendering of the name John Tee-Van in Chinese, and a blue dish from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, which conferred an honorary Doctor of Science degree on the Director in 1955, for his scholarly achievements as a zoologist.

Dr. Tee-Van sat down at his desk, and immediately called the Zoo veterinarian, Dr. Charles Gandal. "Chick? I wish you'd look at the left hind leg of the anoa," he said. "It seemed to me he was holding it strangely."

He put down the phone, lit a cigar, and turned to the heavy leather notebooks that contain the daily story of the Zoo and Aquarium. Both are operated by the New York Zoological Society, which is an independent organization, for the City of New York. The new Aquarium at Coney Island has its own Director, Christopher Coates, but Dr. Tee-Van's position as General Director requires him to keep a watchful and responsible eye on the Aquarium as well as the Zoological Park.

#### HOW IT ALL BEGAN

THE origins of the Bronx Zoo lie in the Boone and Crockett Club, founded in December 1887 by Theodore Roosevelt and other wealthy big-game enthusiasts. To qualify for membership, a man had to have killed "with the rifle, in fair chase, at least one adult male individual of each of three of the various species of American large game." The Club's purpose was to promote "manly sport with the rifle," travel and exploration in unknown lands, conservation of wild life, and scientific study of wild animals. The Club still meets, but emphasis now is on conservation and conversation. The Director of the Zoological Park has always been an honorary member (no shooting required).

The idea for a zoological park in New York began among Boone and Crockett members late in 1894, and on January 16, 1895, Theodore Roosevelt, the Club's first president, appointed a committee of three formidable New Yorkers—Elihu Root and Madison Grant, both lawyers, and C. Grant LaFarge, an architect—to push the charter for a zoological society through the New York State Legislature. The society was not only to manage the contemplated zoo, but to further zoological research and game conservation as well.

The three men set out with their usual forcefulness, and only three months later, they had their Act of Incorporation written in the laws of New York State. Exhaustive studies were made both here and abroad to decide where and what kind of a zoological garden there should be. Two years later, on March 24, 1897, came the Society's Magna Carta—a document entitled "Grant of South Bronx Park to the New York Zoological Society"—which handed over to the Society 261 acres of New York City. (Over the years, ten acres have been lost to highways.) It was agreed that the Society and city would each put up money for buildings, and the Society would manage the property. Today, with a



\$1.5 million budget, approximately \$800,000 is contributed annually by the city for salaries of employees hired by the Society, and for care of the Park and animals. The partners still share in the construction of new buildings.

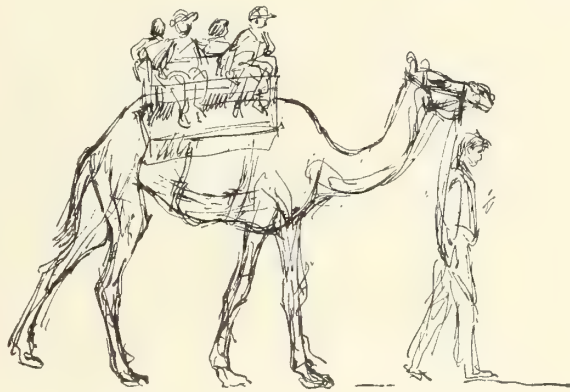
The Zoological Park was opened to the public on November 8, 1899. More than a thousand animals were exhibited, and one hundred thousand visitors arrived during the first seven weeks. Today, the yearly attendance at the Zoo is between two and two-and-a-half million.

Several principles established in the early days of the Zoo have had a lot to do with its present pre-eminence. The first was to operate in an atmosphere of money, and plenty of it. In the words of Henry Fairfield Osborn, one of the Society's founders, "Most of the original incorporators dropped off when it was found necessary to contribute to the initial expenses of the Society and were replaced, one by one, by generous men whose civic pride and spirit were more than nominal." Mr. Osborn's son, Fairfield, the current president of the Society, has not forgotten his father's ideas. His boards and committees include such names as Rockefeller, Frick, Schiff, Phipps, Vanderbilt, Baker, Gimbel, and Goelet.

The second principle was to fill top administrative posts with the best men in the country, with emphasis on scientific achievements, and to give them "a large measure of encouragement and authority." The first director was William T. Hornaday, "explorer, naturalist, author, collector, and the first Director of the Zoological Park in Washington." Instead of making animal keepers the heads of departments, he selected scientists to act as "curators"—a system that has worked to the greater glory of the Zoo. Among the Bronx Zoo's curators have been the late Raymond L. Ditmars, first Curator of Reptiles; William Beebe—who at eighty belies his title of Director Emeritus of the Department of Tropical Research (which he founded) by running his research station at Trinidad and recently completing his fifty-ninth expedition—and Lee S. Crandall, General Curator Emeritus, an expert on the care of animals and birds in zoos.

"Not to be in the Zoological Society is not to be in society," read a leading society journal in 1902. The hard core of the Zoo's financial support is still from the Social Register, but anyone with fifteen dollars can become an annual member (\$25,000 makes you a Benefactor, and there are ten of those). The yearly membership of the Society is 3,450, and the relationship has an informal family quality about it. Along with a

subscription to *Animal Kingdom*, a bi-monthly magazine, there are special Zoo or Aquarium parties for members, with performing animals, a five-piece band, refreshments, and special fish for children to feed the seals. Members also have free use of facilities for which ordinary, non-member mortals must pay, such as animal rides, the Children's Zoo, the Farm-in-the-Zoo (an entire operating farm complete with cow-milking at 2:30 and 4:00 P.M. daily), and the Aquarium. A mother of three youngsters, who refers to the Bronx Zoo as her summer club, recently estimated, after three trips with her offspring that she had saved the price of membership in animal rides alone.



#### ZOOLOGY WITHOUT TEARS

NOTHING would surprise the thousands of people who throng through the Bronx Zoo on a sunny day, stopping to look at the parasol ants or the new aardvark, more than to discover that a campaign is under way to teach them some zoological facts.

"People come here to get recreation," Dr. Tee-Van explains, "but I like to think they are getting education when they read our labels. The exhibit must always be so interesting that people will want to read about it. We have a basic label; the common name of the animal, then the scientific name, where it is from, what it looks like, what it does, and some detail that would interest the public. Since we abhor handwritten labels, ours are printed here, in our own shop. Labeling is one of the most important things we do here."

A lot more, in fact, goes on in the Zoo than the care of animals. Although the primary job of every Zoo employee is to maintain the animal collections and the grounds, the animals' daily care is in the hands of the head keepers and their assistants. Several of the dozen members of the staff are engaged in research when administra-

tive duties permit, often in collaboration with scientists in universities and museums. Over the past fifty years, considerable study has been done in the relationships between animals and their environments, classification of organisms, physiology, anatomy, pathology, genetics, parasitology, and, of course, animal behavior. Dr. Beebe's Tropical Department is all research. Less widely known are pathologist Dr. Ross Nigrelli and geneticist Dr. Myron Gordon. Both have received outside grants for cancer research while stationed at the Aquarium, and both teach zoology at New York University.

Probably the least-known function of the Zoo is the exchange system worked out by its veterinarians with medical research people all over the country, who want parts of wild animals for comparative purposes. Last year tumors in dead animals were sent to the Brookhaven National Laboratory, monkey cadavers went to the Harvard Medical School's Anatomy Department, any kind of hair was sent to the New York State Police Laboratory, adrenal glands went to New York University, and blood to the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research and Rutgers University's Serological Museum. Cornell University received paratyphoid cultures and wolverine parts; Columbia University, brains; the Mayo Clinic, TB cultures; Boston, eyes; the University of California, hearts and blood vessels; and the U. S. Department of Health's Communicable Disease Center, fungi and ringworms.

The Bronx Zoo has gradually built up one of the finest zoological libraries in the country—a rarity for a zoological garden. It contains 7,000 volumes, many scattered through the curators' offices, and receives 231 magazines regularly from such faraway spots as the Congo, Sarawak, Finland, and Indonesia. Research workers, students, reporters, and editors constantly call the Zoo for information. A special type of inquiry comes in around noontime from callers in bars who have placed bets. (The most frequent bar-bet question: "How long does it take an elephant to have a baby?" Answer: twenty to twenty-two months.)

No one takes more pride in the Bronx Zoo than that inspired nature-lover, Fairfield Osborn, the Society's president. He calls the Zoo half a dozen times a day from the Society's mid-Manhattan office, visits it every other Wednesday, and is interested in every detail of the operation. An irrepressible planner, he also devotes a good measure of his extraordinary energy and imagination to conservation. Besides sponsoring a biological research station at Jackson Hole, Wyoming, now in its eleventh year, he intends

to transform a portion of the wilderness still remaining in the Zoological Park's Bronx land grant into a living conservation exhibit under Zoo directorship. Recently, he sent a Society naturalist to scout territory in Alaska suitable for a permanent wild-life protection range.

Once asked to explain the success of the Zoo and Society to an admirer, he answered, "By making everything everybody's business and caring passionately."

In Dr. Tee-Van he has a person who thrives on that formula. "He has a completely natural aptitude for complex administration," Osborn has been heard to remark.

#### THE DIRECTOR'S DAY

SOME one person has to know everything that happens here, and I'm that person," Tee-Van explains. It is a sizable assignment but he is blessed with an easy-going disposition, gets along with people, and has the energy and ability to do two or three things at one time. Six feet tall and sixty-one years old, he has a long face, aquiline features, curly hair turning gray, and a warm and ready smile. "John would be a wonderful guy to go on a field trip with," a colleague has said, "you could relax and he'd do all the work." Long ago on a Zoological Society expedition in the West Indies he once won a word game in which the trick was to see who could make up the longest sentence using only two letter words. His sentence: "If it is to be, it is up to me to do it."

One of the notebooks Dr. Tee-Van reads daily contains the report of the Zoo's animal departments: arrivals by birth, purchase, or gift, and disposals by death, exchange, or sale. The Zoo keeps a card file of the complete life history of each animal. In a typical week, the Zoo received three gray squirrels from an upstate New York woman, five different varieties of deer were born, six spiny mice were sent to Swarthmore College, three birds were received as gifts, eight birds and an American gopher tortoise died, a coachwhip snake arrived from Florida, and two newts and two chuckwallas came from a dealer in Topeka, Kansas.

Bequeathing pets to the Zoo is frowned upon. So many monkeys and parrots have been offered that if they had been accepted there would be little room for much else. But if native wild animals are brought in, the staff does its best to care for them, or sets them free. Grace Davall, the Assistant Curator of Mammals, is particularly soft-hearted about baby animals and keeps



a supply of doll nursing bottles in her desk drawer for emergency feedings.

Another notebook contains the weekly list of repairs to be made on the grounds: "Fluorescent fixture to be installed in Ostrich House"; "Repairs to cement in moat, Great Apes, Orangoutang"; "Check hydraulic door in rhino stall"; "Llama watering trough leaks"; "Replace new plank on Rainbow Bridge at African Plains."

Usually before he has finished reading this Dr. Tee-Van calls in Charlie Driscoll, the Superintendent of Construction and Maintenance, for a chat. Then he may go over the Zoo's financial statements: souvenirs, tractor trains, the Children's Zoo, the animal food machines, commissaries, and publications all show a profit, but the Farm-in-the-Zoo runs at a loss because of its elaborate layout.

Dr. Tee-Van, like everyone else at the Zoo, is particularly interested in new Zoological Society members. The Membership Secretary, Gordon Cuyler, who is also his administrative assistant, gives him a list of new members' names, addresses, who suggested membership, and transfers from annual to contributing (\$25) or life (\$300) membership. Next may come the consideration of a \$100 loan without interest to an employee from the \$3,000 Loan Fund. This may be followed by the report on rat extermination. Rats are a chronic ailment of all zoos because of the animals' food, and certain employees at the Bronx Zoo have the right to shoot any rats on sight after hours, except near special buildings. Rat squad members get twenty-five cents a rat and dispose of some 180 a month.

Almost every day Dr. Tee-Van talks with Herb Knobloch, Assistant Curator of Education, about his complex calendar of activities. These include guided tours for school classes through the Zoo; training courses for teachers on the use of the Zoo; an outgoing lecture service with live animals for demonstration in the city schools; the operation of the Question House, a small building where a trained zoologist is stationed to answer questions (including such brain ticklers as "Do snakes laugh?" and "How much would all the animals here put together weigh?"); and

the collection and use of animal films, photographs, slides, and publications in co-operation with the Curator of Publications, William Bridges.

Knobloch's visit is usually followed or interrupted by other staff members, all of whom drop in on the Director with some problem or other during the day. In between, Dr. Tee-Van may puzzle over plans for the remodeled bear dens, or talk to Christopher Coates at the Aquarium, or to the Zoo hospital about a sick animal. Unless he has a special lunch with an important visitor in the Members' Room, he eats his cream cheese and jelly sandwich, apple pie, and coffee on the Flamingo Terrace, one of the smaller public cafeterias, with his staff. This is a far cry from one previous director, who ate every day in solitary splendor across the room from the staff.

He may spend the afternoon preparing for the regular Wednesday Operating Committee meeting, or for the monthly Executive Committee meeting. Or he may look over the next issue of *Zoologica*, a scientific journal of research papers published quarterly by the Society. Or he may talk with Bridges about a new publication he has in mind. Zoo officials often come in from other cities or countries who want to start a zoological society of their own, or improve their zoo. The plans for the Bronx Zoo's Great Apes House and Reptile House have been sent all over North America, Europe, and Africa; and the Frankfurt Zoo has built a larger version of the Penguin House.

No two of Tee-Van's working days are the same. Some of his predecessors saw their staff only by special appointment, but Dr. Tee-Van's office door is always open. A great many people, including strangers, come in just to say hello.

#### FROM BROOKLYN TO THE BATHYSPHERE

ONE of the first things most people ask about Dr. Tee-Van is whether he is Chinese or Dutch. He is neither. To the best of his knowledge, two or three brothers named de Vannes came from Brittany to Ireland three hundred years ago, and his own father, Patrick Tee-Van, left Ireland and came to the United States around 1870. He was a construction man for the Bronx Zoological Park and worked on the buildings even before the Zoo was opened.

John was born in Brooklyn on July 6, 1897. His mother died when he was four, and the boy was sent to stay for a few weeks with one of





her former schoolmates in the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. The few weeks lasted ten years. Oddly enough, in view of his subsequent career, Dr. Tee-Van's only clear recollection of his mother was when he was frightened by a St. Bernard dog at the age of four.

"I was playing in the back yard," he said, "and I opened a door and there was an enormous dog. It scared the daylight out of me and I called my mother, who came and picked me up."

In 1911, when he was fourteen, Tee-Van left his foster home and went to live with his father in the Bronx. He quit school, got his working papers, presented himself at the Bronx Zoo, and asked Director Hornaday for a job. Hornaday sent him around to Lee Crandall, then Curator of Birds, Crandall hired him and put him in the Large Bird House at thirty dollars a month, and he was shortly made assistant keeper of the ostriches.

"We wouldn't take anyone that age now," Dr. Tee-Van mused recently. "A lad must be at least eighteen to work in the animal departments, and a keeper now gets from \$3,500 to \$4,580 a year. I went to high school at night, and started to study architectural draftsmanship. I spent three years at it, and I remember winning a couple of prizes. For another four years at night school, I studied English, Latin, and math."

Lee Crandall remembers Tee-Van as a "long skinny kid, very studious, hard-working, and methodical. It's indicative of his character," he

adds, "that he was the first keeper who ever kept a card record of the birds in his care." (The card file of fishes started by Tee-Van when he shifted to Dr. Beebe's department became the basis of a definitive encyclopedia of Fishes of the Western North Atlantic he has edited for the Sears Foundation of Yale University.)

The turning point in Tee-Van's life came when he met Dr. William Beebe who had come to the Zoo when it opened as the first Curator of Birds. A brilliantly inventive and restless scientist, who disliked the routine of a Curator's job, Beebe soon began to spend part of each year on expeditions.

Beebe became interested in John Tee-Van when he saw some drawings that the nineteen-year-old had done of an aviary to be built on the Cleveland, Ohio, estate of a wealthy big-game hunter, Kenyon V. Painter. Painter, who kept a stuffed Emperor penguin in his trophy room and introduced the first pair of love birds into the United States, had asked Crandall to design the aviary. Crandall did so, and asked Tee-Van, who had begun making zoological drawings, to make sketches of the design. The aviary was never built, but Beebe, returning from an expedition to British Guiana and needing some drawings for a book he was preparing, saw the sketches and sought out the artist.

"I did the drawings for his book, *Tropical Wild Life in British Guiana*," Dr. Tee-Van recalls, "and when Will Beebe went back to British Guiana in 1917 to salvage materials he had left there, I went with him. I was twenty, it was my first touch of the tropics, and my first job was to move all his material across a river to headquarters in His Majesty's Penal Settlement. We were at Kartabo, in British Guiana, for from six to eleven months for five years. I first worked on butterflies and other insects, but I gradually shifted to fishes, probably because no one else was working on fishes."

Like his chief, old Dr. Hornaday, Beebe was a strict taskmaster, and Tee-Van got a first-class training from him. Beebe on his part was struck by the young man's scientific ability, mechanical ability, and liking for people. "I can't drive a nail, and when any kind of machine breaks, I sit down and howl for help," Dr. Beebe remarked recently. "But John's eyes glisten and he just tackles it like a doctor, and makes it well again."

In 1922 Tee-Van met his future wife, Helen Damrosch, a well-known illustrator of zoological and children's books, in New York, just before she was to join the Tropical Research Department in British Guiana as a zoological artist.



The next summer they were married at Seal Harbor, Maine.

Mrs. Tee-Van has vivid memories of life in British Guiana: "We had one building with a big veranda, and we ate and worked on that veranda. Most of us slept in tents under the bamboo trees and we worked whenever there was something to be done, until all hours. In the evenings sometimes we would sit on the floor while Will read aloud, usually poetry, and we played a lot of word games."

Mrs. Tee-Van went with her husband on many of Beebe's expeditions, including one to Haiti, when they lived for six months on a four-masted schooner, sleeping on the deck in tents. Tee-Van accompanied Beebe on twenty-three expeditions in all, including one to Panama and the Galapagos Islands on board Vincent Astor's yacht *Noma* in 1923, which had been chartered for them by Harrison Williams, a wealthy Zoological Society trustee. This was the first time diving helmets were used—Beebe's famous Bathysphere didn't materialize until seven years later—and Tee-Van designed an underwater camera, or rather a small box into which a camera was fitted, so that a diver could use it under water.

Two years later, Harrison Williams chartered a big steamer, the *Arcturus*, and Beebe and Tee-Van transformed it into a laboratory and for the first time did oceanographic work. This expedition sailed through the Sargasso Sea and the Caribbean via the Panama Canal to the Galapagos Islands.

While managing these expeditions, which required keeping intricate accounting books for Williams, Tee-Van did a large amount of basic research. His most spectacular achievement was a series of photographs of a transparent deep-sea eel egg, one of the earliest known photographic records of the actual embryonic development of an egg. Ten thousand frames of continuous motion picture were made of the egg, which Tee-Van held in focus for four days and nights. He rigged up a device beside his bed with the egg propped up in the end of a medicine dropper, and kept himself half-awake with a red light that went off once a minute.

Tee-Van has received no honor that pleased him more—aside from his honorary degree—than the invitation from Dr. Beebe, when the department was at Nonsuch Island, Bermuda, in 1934, to accompany him on his thirty-fifth dive in the Bathysphere. (This original Bathysphere, now obsolete, rests in a shed at the Zoo.) Until then, Tee-Van had always supervised deck activities for the Bathysphere's underwater opera-

tions. "We had been working with the Bathysphere for so long, watching and thinking of every bolt and wire and gasket," he wrote later, "that I was delighted to think that at last I would see it working from below. . . . We were a detached part of the world, sealed tight inside our metal ball, with no possible chance of opening the door . . . we became, like the Bathysphere itself, two huge eyes looking out upon a world that had existed with little change for countless centuries. . . ."

#### JOURNEY WITH PANDAS

**D**URING the twenty-five years Tee-Van was with Beebe, he spent from two to nine months every year in the Tropical Research Department's laboratory at the Bronx Zoo. A low rectangular building hidden behind the Eagle Aviary, the laboratory can be reached by going past a row of garbage cans and through a narrow passage behind the Flamingo Terrace.

The members of Beebe's department work together in a large airy room at desks and tables presided over by Beebe himself, a tall, thin, Spartan figure, who sits at an ancient rolltop desk surrounded by books, microscopes, and thousands of bottles filled with frogs, snakes, shellfish, and other fauna, pickled in formaldehyde. Many of these bottles are moved to permanent collections in museums when the staff has finished studying them, but there are dozens of cabinets and cases filled with butterflies, moths, beetles, shells, fish, and birds' eggs, all carefully marked and each there for a certain purpose.

Every now and then, Dr. Tee-Van comes back and pats his old desk, a large pigeonhole affair, with a piano stool instead of a chair, catty-corner to Dr. Beebe; and Tee-Van frequently drags a book out of the laboratory in the middle of lunch to prove a point in the spirited discussions that occur during the daily staff lunch-hour.

Tee-Van's shift to Zoo administration was gradual, for Beebe was reluctant to let him go. In 1939 he supervised a Zoological Society exhibit for Fairfield Osborn, then Secretary of the Society, at the New York World's Fair. The exhibit was a smashing success, and in June 1940, when Osborn became the Society's president, he went to Beebe and said, "Will, I want John!"

He got him, and the following year sent him on a 34,851-mile trip via New Zealand, Australia, the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Rangoon, and

the Burma Road to China, where he picked up a pair of black and white giant pandas, a gift from Madame Chiang Kai-shek to the Bronx Zoo, in gratitude for American relief work in China.

Tee-Van left New York on September 24, 1941, and arrived in Chengtu, West China, on October 30, having traveled by plane, boat, train, car, and, inevitably, ricksha. "Two pandas are worse than a primary school," he wrote in his daily journal a week after they had been handed over to him. He was in constant attendance on his two invaluable and delicate charges until December 30, when he delivered them to the Bronx Zoo. His entire existence on the trip from China to the United States was wrapped up in obtaining the right kind of bamboo shoots, keeping them fresh, and ensuring sufficient new supplies to provide the constant munching essential to giant panda contentment (each panda consumed about twenty pounds a day); getting the animals shipped down mountains, across land, rivers, and oceans, through temperatures that ranged from freezing to equatorial; and guarding them from such constant dangers as crowds, photographers, and the painting routine of a ship where a drop of paint taken internally would be certain death. Overfeeding or underfeeding were additional worries, and finally, on December 8, when the three of them were on the *SS President Coolidge* in a convoy, came the news of Pearl Harbor and the declaration of war.

"No life preservers provided for the pandas," Tee-Van wrote on Christmas Eve, "but most passengers seem to feel that something could be done for them if the moment came to abandon ship. Some soft spot in the Captain's heart could be approached."

One of his worst experiences was crossing the New Jersey flats in a baggage car on the final lap of the journey, ten minutes before their train was due in New York. He had let the pandas out of their cages to exercise an hour before, and the wilder one refused to return to its quarters. He wrote in his last journal entry: "Before I was successful in placing him behind the barred doors of his cage my hands were . . . lacerated and I finished up dirty, disheveled, and tremblingly exhausted."

Shortly after his return from China in 1942, Tee-Van was made Executive Secretary of the Zoological Park. In 1952 he was named Director of the Park and Aquarium, and in 1956 received the special new title of General Director.

The Tee-Vans, who have no children, live in a pleasant apartment in Manhattan with a collec-

tion of Chinese snuff bottles and a black Scotty dog named Kilpurdy. The only time Tee-Van ever brought a live animal home from the Zoo was many years ago when he came in the apartment and said, "Guess what I have in my overcoat pocket?"

As Mrs. Tee-Van tells the story, "Just to be silly, I said, 'Oh, I suppose a baby boa constrictor,' and that's just what it was!"

Neither Tee-Van nor his associates at the Zoo are troubled by the idea of keeping wild animals in captivity. Their dream is to eliminate bars and cages, and wherever practicable in their new construction—beginning with the African Plains which were installed in 1941—they are substituting moated enclosures. But such major structural changes are expensive. Meanwhile, they content themselves with the assurance that since most of their animals, especially the larger ones, come to them as babies or after they are adjusted to captivity, zoo life is what these animals know and understand. In fact, the administration will confide that it believes the animals in the Bronx Zoo lead a pampered existence, with no housing, heating, food, or health problems that are not solved for them.



"When we accept an animal in the Zoo, we have an obligation to give it the proper attention," Dr. Tee-Van said recently to a visitor in his office at five o'clock in the afternoon, as he was preparing to leave for the day. "It takes only a few basic animals almost any place to make up a pretty good zoo—monkeys, elephants, lions, zebras, and giraffes. But when you expand and bring in as many animal species as we do, especially the rare ones, then you have a great zoo." He picked up his brief case and walked out, stopping for a moment on the steps of the Administration Building. "What we have here is a living museum." He paused to listen to the musical call of the gibbon. "What lovely creatures we have," he said. "Aren't they marvelous?"



# HOW TO GET BETTER PUBLIC SERVANTS

**A leading candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination tells why it has become so hard to coax first-rate men into government—and to keep them there, no matter which party is in power.**

**T**HERE was a joke current last winter, that the Vanguard Rocket which was to have carried our first satellite aloft had been renamed the Civil Servant—"because it won't work and you can't fire it."

None of the people who cheerfully passed the joke along seem to have realized that the men on Cape Canaveral who had driven themselves to exhaustion in their first, unsuccessful effort were civil servants. And when success did come, it was the military, not the civil service, that got the credit.

This, I think, epitomizes a distressing and dangerous state of affairs. Among the 8,000,000 government workers in the United States today there are many of the highest competence and integrity, charged with work of the first importance. It is civil servants who, of necessity, must carry out the day-to-day moves in the Cold War, in the battles of diplomacy, propaganda, and weapons development. On the home front, it is civil servants who are largely responsible for the logistics of education, general welfare, and economic expansion. Yet in the country at large they receive little respect and at times ridicule.

"It is commonly agreed," writes Professor Norman J. Powell, "that Americans in general stereotype the people who work for government as pallid refugees from the brutal realities of industry, commerce, and agriculture."

This puts the United States in a perilous position. Our most urgent need, of course, is vigorous and imaginative political leadership. But to be effective it must be combined with an equally vigorous and imaginative civil service which can carry the leaders' plans through to completion. A nation which does not succeed in recruiting and retaining a big enough proportion of its best minds in its civil service is at a profound—and potentially fatal—disadvantage in the modern world.

The plain fact is, we are not succeeding. We do not have enough of the best. How can we when, despite all evidence to the contrary, civil-service jobs are automatically labeled second-rate? What is the use of a merit system that ensures that the best men get the best marks, when the very best don't care to take the examinations?

In the forty-five years I have been working in and out of government I have seen the quality of individual civil servants consistently rise. The training and ability of highway engineers, tax examiners, laboratory technicians, and the thousand other skills and professions which government service employs have greatly improved. The number of good men in government service is rising—though not as fast as the need for them. But, as one of the nation's few genuine experts on government personnel put it to me recently, "We are getting more and more of the good men, fewer and fewer of the best."

Even more alarming is the notorious number of high-level civil servants who have left the government in recent years. In the federal government part of the blame must surely go to the shocking treatment many of them received in the early years of the Eisenhower Administra-

tion. But the attrition process had started before that. I know scores of brilliant, dedicated career men, with whom I worked in the Departments of State and Commerce and in the administration of the Marshall Plan, who have left the government. Anyone who questions their competence has only to note how well they have done in private life. Most of them are unquestionably better off financially, and the country is worse off for it.

In all the other great nations—and certainly among our enemies—government service is looked on as one of the most rewarding and desirable professions. It consistently attracts a high proportion of the most ambitious as well as the most gifted. It is time to consider why the reverse is true in the United States—and what we can do about it. And this is perhaps a particularly apt moment to do so, for this year is the seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the merit system. Part of our problem, I believe, dates back to the conditions under which the system was established.

#### ROOSEVELT AND CLEVELAND TO THE RESCUE

UNTIL seventy-five years ago all civil servants in this country were appointed by elected officers and served at their pleasure. A change in administration brought a considerable, although never complete, change in the civil service. It was considered normal and proper for government employees to be partisan proponents of administration policies and to identify their interests with those of the party or person in office.

This system was tolerated and even approved so long as issues rather than spoils were the primary subject of party contests. In the post-Civil War era, however, the great issues subsided and spoils became the main object of political life. The spoilsmen did not create this situation—they merely profited by it—but they were blamed nonetheless. The feeling grew that the moral tenor of public life could not be changed until the source of its corruption—the spoils system—was eliminated. And so, in 1883, spurred on by the pressure of a group of citizens who called themselves the Civil Service Reform Association, Congress passed the Pendleton Act creating the Civil Service Commission and placing some 10 per cent of federal jobs under the merit system. In the same year a similar measure—shepherded through the Legislature by Assemblyman Theodore Roosevelt and signed by Gov-

ernor Grover Cleveland—became law in New York State. From that time forward the number of employees covered by the merit system has steadily grown, while the spoils of office have steadily diminished.

The spoils system had to be abolished. The ever-increasing complexity of modern government required a career civil service for the same reasons that modern warfare required a career military service. The reformers did the right thing—but perhaps they did not do it for the right reason.

#### WHAT THE SPOILS SYSTEM WAS GOOD FOR

THE only right reason for changing the form of government in a democracy is to make it more effectively democratic; more responsive to the wishes of an informed people and more capable of carrying out those wishes. The civil-service reformers were for the most part conservative men who rather feared the power of the people—particularly that of the new immigrants. Their concern was not to enhance that power, but to inhibit it. They felt the nation had fallen away from the simple republican virtue of its early years; that the prospects of gain had attracted unworthy men into public life. And their conscious ideal was the newly established civil service of Victorian England, which provided the model for our federal Civil Service Commission.

What they failed to see was that the prestige of the British civil servants was not given them by the system, but rather brought to the system *by them* as members of the educated, governing class.

We have never had—or wanted—a governing class in this country, and the spoils system was originally a device to help prevent one from arising. The men who created it—you may choose Washington, Jefferson, or Jackson; Lincoln brought it to full fruition—firmly believed that any citizen was capable of carrying out the “plain and simple” duties of appointive office, just as he was capable of holding elective office. They profoundly distrusted any officer of the government, civil or military, who was wholly immune from control by the people, and they regarded the spoils system as an extension to appointive officers of the power of the people over elected officers.

This tradition continues in American life. As the demands of government on our lives have grown, our distrust of government servants has



grown with it. Paul Appleby after twelve years in Washington testified that "no one . . . not even the President, is impressed with his own power, rather the contrary: the average 'high official' is so conscious of the restraints and limitations under which he is obliged to function that his strongest impression is likely to be that of a very restricted power." Yet the idea has spread that, far from being political neutrals, civil servants are in fact sinister partisans of a distinct political theory: they are bureaucrats plotting the triumph of Big Government.

#### THE SCARLET BRAND

**I**NCREASINGLY incoming political parties have looked upon senior civil servants as holdovers from the previous regime whom they cannot fire, but dare not trust. Quite apart from their loyalty to the party in office, suspicions have been encouraged concerning their loyalty to the United States. In the past decade, from the federal government down to state and local governments, the civil servant has been branded with the scarlet question mark of the loyalty oath.

Much of this open hostility toward government employees comes from a small group of extreme conservatives who are actually against government itself. I don't suppose much can be done about them, although I sometimes wish they were not suffered quite so gladly. As a report of the Public Personnel Association once put it, these men are in effect "subversives who seek to destroy our free institutions by undermining our ability to govern ourselves." But civil servants are peculiarly vulnerable to their attacks: they can't fight back, and no one is willing to fight for them.

In the early years of the Eisenhower Administration when the treatment of federal employees was reaching the point of systematic humiliation the *Washington Post* wrote: "The employees would welcome a few public statements from people in authority assuring them that their tribe is not considered leprous, treasonable, incompetent, and slothful, and that they are viewed with something other than reluctant toleration."

But no statements of the kind were forthcoming from the politicians: they had just got elected on that very platform. And most assuredly no statement emerged from the Civil Service Commission: civil service is supposed to be non-political.

This is the crux of the matter. The civil



*Harriman by Berger*

service—as against the civil servant—is not and cannot be really non-political. Its very existence represents a political decision to do something, whether it be running a public-health clinic, stocking a trout stream, or building a steel mill in India. What's more, in nine cases out of ten, the decision to do whatever is to be done was based on the technical advice of another civil servant. Many of the problems we face are of such technical complexity that only an expert can hope to come up with a solution. So, although in theory the role of the civil servant is to carry out tasks assigned him by the political officials of the government, in practice the roles are often reversed.

In the dramatic winter months of 1947-48 when I served as chairman of the President's Committee on Foreign Aid our job was to establish the principles and policies which should guide the conduct of what became the Marshall Plan. These principles and policies were implicit in the information we received from the permanent civil servants in the Commerce, State, Treasury, Interior, Labor, and Agriculture Departments about conditions in Europe and America at the time. Our real task was to go

on from there to convince the public and the Congress that these *were* the facts, and that they too would have to draw the same conclusions.

If the civil service had been wrong in its facts, we should have been wrong in our conclusions, and the policies that resulted would have been wrong. This situation is repeated a thousand times a day in government on every level. Yet this is the one area of government in which it is regarded as almost immoral, if not indeed downright illegal, for an executive to interfere.

#### THE SHARECROPPER APPROACH

**T**HIS is part of the folklore which decrees that all politics are dirty and most politicians not to be trusted. This myth is profoundly undemocratic in its implications. Still it persists and takes its most virulent form in the general belief that an elected official should not in any way interfere with the workings of the civil service on which he must depend to carry out the policies of his administration.

This has hurt not the elected officials but the civil service. Most officials have considerable influence in civil service matters when they care to exercise it. The hitch is that most of them don't care to and under the present system don't have to. Personnel matters are at best a headache, and it is much easier to shirk them completely under the pious guise of maintaining the separation of state and head of state. Pretending to have no control, too many chief executives have acted as if they had equally little responsibility. Many have treated their civil service the way a sharecropper treats land: getting the most out of it while putting the least into it and neglecting any permanent improvements which would only benefit the next man to come along.

As a result the civil service has been left exposed to attack by any crackpot looking for an object on which to vent his fury with the twentieth century. Even more serious, the civil service system has suffered a most unsalutary neglect which has earned it some of the criticism directed against it.

Many civil-service systems, especially on the municipal level, have remained preoccupied with the conditions of entry into government employment. Vast efforts are expended to ensure that no influence, political or otherwise, affects the selection of new employees. What happens to them in the subsequent forty or fifty years of their careers is too often a matter of little concern to the Civil Service Commissions. This may

have been all right at a time when government service was composed primarily of clerks and customs officers; it is not adequate today when the civil service must produce men capable of handling the staggeringly complex problems of the world's most powerful nation.

Here and there, under the leadership of tough-minded, politically skillful Civil Service Commissioners like our own Al Falk in New York State, systematic personnel training programs have begun, but I doubt that we have anywhere reached the level which most private corporations consider necessary. Many civil-service jurisdictions still make no effort at all at personnel training. Yet if government service is to attract able men, it must have a reputation not only for rewarding ability, but for making every effort to increase it.

#### INCREASING THE INCENTIVES

**Q**UITE apart from salaries, civil-service jobs are no longer unique in the fringe benefits that once made them so attractive. When I took office in 1954 I found that New York State—which has a reputation as a model government employer—was surprisingly deficient in this area. In the past three years we have begun a health-insurance program and a new grievance procedure, made state employees eligible for Social Security benefits, instituted uniform attendance rules, raised pay levels on the average 15 per cent, reduced the work week from forty-eight to forty hours for 33,000 institutional employees, and provided such other benefits as pre-retirement counseling and tuition assistance for employees taking advanced courses in public administration. Nevertheless the first sure indication we had that a recession was on its way was when, about a year ago, draftsmen and engineers began applying for jobs in our Public Works Department which previously we had been desperately and unsuccessfully trying to fill.

Another result of neglect by chief executives is that many civil-service systems have become rigid and inbred. Merit systems have degenerated into seniority systems by means of rules and regulations restricting competition to holders of positions immediately beneath the one to be filled. In New York State, until this year, it was almost impossible for a high-level employee in one department to transfer to another. The result was not only inbreeding, but a great reluctance on the part of young people to enter the smaller agencies which offer only limited



possibilities for promotion. We managed to get that law changed this year, but many legal restrictions continue to work against a flexible, imaginative personnel policy.

In private industry, raising an executive's pay usually involves no more than an agreement between his superior and the company controller; in government it usually means getting a law passed. Almost inevitably the law will also raise the salaries of everyone of the same grade, which may require that all other grades be raised as well. Any effort to move away from this arrangement is viewed with great suspicion. This year I proposed a modest beginning to an incentive program providing cash awards to superior employees. The legislature killed it without a word—either from it or from the employees!

Finally, the distinction between political and non-political government employees has seriously limited the civil servant's possibilities of promotion. Now the Hoover Commission has proposed to draw a still sharper line between the two in the federal government. This seems to me most undesirable. By promoting career men to top jobs in all levels of government, the public has a chance to see the kind of men who work in the career service. It is the admirals who give the ensigns prestige. In the United Kingdom it is the unquestioned and widely observed ability of the Permanent Undersecretaries of the great departments that enables the public to draw favorable conclusions concerning the quality of their anonymous colleagues further down the ladder.

Since the war as many as two-thirds of our ambassadors overseas have been career employees of the Department of State; this has helped greatly to maintain the prestige—as well as the incentives—of State Department employees. And in many such jobs career employees are the logical choices. When I, for instance, appointed Thomas J. McHugh Commissioner of Correction I did so because he was the best man available for the job. The fact that he is a career man has helped him enormously in getting the job done.

Obviously such a practice involves risks for the civil servant. As a public policy-maker he is exposed to attack from people who don't like his policies. And when policies change, as when a new administration takes office, the chances are that he will be changed with them. There is seldom any acceptable way back into the career service, and as a rule he must get out of government altogether. This is a loss—sometimes to the individual, almost always to the government—but it is a loss which I believe we can well afford

in the interests of giving incentive and prestige to the career service. Would anyone seriously contend that George Kennan should have remained "Mr. X"?

#### WANTED:

#### EXECUTIVE INTERFERENCE

**I**N EACH of these problem areas—personnel training, salaries and benefits, and promotion prospects—only a vigorous and imaginative executive leadership can bring about improvements. Oddly enough the leading civil-service organizations have been calling for just that, while the executives have been hanging back. James R. Watson, Director of the National Civil Service League, which sponsored the original civil-service legislation seventy-five years ago, has repeatedly observed that it is the most conscientious and scrupulous executives, from whom the most effective leadership might be expected, who are the most reluctant to involve themselves.

He describes how Joseph S. Clark, when he was Mayor of Philadelphia, had practically to be dragged to meetings of the city's Civil Service Commission when he first took office. But such was his education in four years on the job that this year, as a United States Senator, he has introduced legislation—endorsed by the National Civil Service League—which would place all federal personnel matters directly under the President, with the Civil Service Commission retained only as a policing agency to enforce the merit system. The danger of patronage abuses is still very real on any level of government, and it is questionable whether this proposal would work out as intended. Nevertheless, it is a proposal, and any proposal is better than none because it draws attention to the problem.

Perhaps civil servants are not too unlike the workers in the famous Westinghouse experiment who increased their productivity no matter what was done to them simply because they were finally getting some attention. Our present civil-service law has come down almost unchanged from the nineteenth century, an age that was fervently persuaded of the efficacy of invisible hands and automatic forces which would set things right if only they were left free to operate. We know now that things are not quite that simple. The civil service has suffered from a most unsalutary neglect. We had better realize that things are not good enough and not going to get better unless we set out to make them so. What civil service needs most is public understanding and due respect.



By MIRA MICHAL

Drawings by Mircea Vasiliu

## The Almost Perfect Cook

Even Communist diplomats have to feed their guests—preferably something edible—and Towers did it admirably . . . until love invaded the kitchen.

**I** KNOW two diplomatic secrets, which I share with at least 46,102 other people.

(1) Good feet are almost as important to a diplomat as a good head; for he spends much of his time standing around at cocktail parties and receptions.

(2) The most important man in any embassy is the cook.

Both of these disillusioning facts I learned in London, soon after I married a diplomat stationed at the Polish Embassy there. I quickly discovered that my main task was to provide a great many meals for an even greater number of people—of all nationalities, politics, and tempers.

For two years a Polish chef presided over our kitchen. He formerly had been in charge of the celebrated and elaborate cuisine of a big passenger liner on the Atlantic run. The ship had been torpedoed during the early days of the war, while our chef was asleep in his cabin, having drained a couple of bottles of vodka as a nightcap. He awoke when the ship was sinking fast, and appeared on top deck in his nightshirt, wielding a wooden kitchen spoon, just as the last

life boat was pulling away. He was quickly taken off, and became something of a hero, having remained on board after the captain. Whenever he had had a little vodka, which happened rather often, he would tell this story, with many charming and imaginative embellishments.

He was a wonderful cook, but like most great artists he had only a given number of chefs-d'oeuvre to offer—dishes that were exquisite, never failed, and had the dreadful quality of always tasting and looking exactly the same.

He was also the world's most expensive cook. He used to come into the house early in the morning with an empty briefcase in his hand. In the evening, when he had finished with our supper, he would leave, with his briefcase bulging with what we had come to suspect were pounds of butter and meat, cans of bacon and *pâté de foie gras*, which we imported rather sparingly, under diplomatic privileges from Denmark and Holland, in order to be able to feast our more distinguished guests. We knew that the man was hard-pressed, as his wife ran a very nice and successful restaurant in Soho, and if it were not for her husband's diplomatic connections, would have had to go to the black market.

In rationed postwar Britain this man was a great asset. He was an artist at heart, and when in good mood decorated the plates romantically and imaginatively. He would make little birds out of bread dough, bake them to a tender brown color, and perch them on top of spicy meat pies.



He made roses on the butter, and his desserts and cakes bore flower designs in glowing colors. Occasionally they also had slightly misspelled slogans written on them in icing, like for instance "To Polish-British trade agremant" or "peas, peas"—the latter being decorated with two white doves holding bay leaves in their beaks.

One beautiful morning I sat down at my desk, and with a lot of pencil chewing made some calculations. After lunch I took my husband to the bedroom, closed the door carefully, and presented him with my calculations, which proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that if it weren't for Madame Chef's Soho restaurant I could have had a full-length mink coat, well maybe only a jacket, or that he could have had at least half a Bentley.

The Bentley did it. We decided to fire Chef. My husband's face lit up at the thought of a little change in our eating routine, and mine fell because I realized that the task of giving Chef notice would fall on me. Although I knew that the man and his family were better off financially than we would ever be, and that he had been robbing us regularly, the thought of firing a war hero got me down. The thought of looking for a cook in England frightened me even more, and I started to talk very quickly and convincingly about the vulgarity of mink. But my husband was firm, and after a long talk we decided to break the news to our hero, give him notice, and place an ad in the *Times*.

OUR friends all doubted whether in the middle of the Berlin airlift I would be able to find a British cook who would be willing to work in an Eastern European embassy, but we decided to give it a try. An ad was duly placed in the London *Times* to the effect that we needed a marvelous cook, who could feed great numbers of people on short rations and short notice. My baby was due in about two months, and I was staying awake nights worrying and cursing the day I had decided to use my knowledge of mathematics.

The day after the ad appeared, a whole collection of strange people streamed into the house. I sat stiffly in the drawing-room and received them one by one, and my heart sank deeper and deeper. The moment they entered the room I could see their well-hidden short tempers. They smelled strongly of kitchen soap, stale bread, grease drippings, and gin. Three elderly ladies, all with dirty fingernails, were dismissed with the promise that they would hear from me. Two very elegant gentlemen in striped pants and



morning coats—one of French and the other of Italian descent—stayed with me for a long time telling me the stories of their fascinating lives with Indian Maharajas and Oriental Princes in Deauville and Cannes. Fortunately, they both refused to cook for children, and we parted amicably. I went to bed that day with a pounding headache, determined to offer Chef a raise out of my own allowance, and to eat meat pies decorated with little birds for the rest of my life.

But next day a little man with the face of a gremlin limped into my drawing-room. I told him to take a chair, and he perched on it lightly, like a bird, stretching his bad leg sideways. He took one look at my bookshelves and before I knew it we were deep in a discussion about Dickens and Oscar Wilde, whom he disliked, although he was sure he could see signs of a Wilde revival in the air. We agreed that *Little Dorrit* was highly overwritten and needed the pencil of a good editor to become a first-class, well maybe a second-class, novel and that the *Pickwick Papers* was the best book Dickens had written. He told me that he owned a first edition of the latter and I showed him an early edition of Goethe's *Faust*, which had been given to me by an aunt for my eleventh birthday, of which he approved, and then took him upstairs to show him his living quarters.

He liked the room and said he would send his own bookshelves in a few days, and the books gradually. I promised to give him a nice bookcase I knew was available in the Embassy, and we parted without having even mentioned his salary or his working conditions, the number of people in the family or, in fact, anything connected with his duties. I in turn had not asked him about his experience or his references. When

I told my husband that I had hired this crippled little man, whose name was Towers, and who was a bookworm, he was appalled and demanded that I make the usual inquiries.

But next morning's post brought a letter from Towers with his references, his *curriculum vitae* neatly typed out, and the request to call his present employers, a family in whose service he had been all his life and who were reluctantly letting him go, as the children had gotten married and the old people had moved.

ON THE day he was to report for work, Towers arrived at breakfast time, and went into the dining-room to meet my husband. They shook hands, and Towers announced that he was used not only to cooking but to valeting as well, and described a simple and ingenious method of folding a man's coat for packing. They were soon off upstairs where the method was demonstrated.

While we were eating ham and eggs which he had cooked, and listening to him, Towers was discreetly caressing the poodle, and when he finally departed to his basement kitchen the dog followed him to the door. But he shut the door very firmly and later explained to me that he was an ardent dog lover and that I should make up my mind whether I wanted to permit the dog to become a guest in the basement or not. He added that it was rather dangerous to let him handle the animal too much, as dogs were liable to switch their allegiances from their owners to him in no time at all and that could spoil our relationship. I naturally laughed at that, being convinced that my dog loved me madly and would never betray me, but just to be on the safe side we decided that the dog's food—which, in addition to the children's food, the staff's food, and our food, would be cooked by Towers—should be brought upstairs with our meals. Towers was to take him occasionally for an evening's stroll.

The day of Towers' arrival my husband called me from the office in the middle of the afternoon to let me know that a very dear friend of his had just come from Warsaw for a short stay in London, and that he had invited him home for dinner and afterwards to a show.

I had a short conference with Towers on the house phone, and we decided on Coquille St. Jacques, a tossed salad, and an apple soufflé. He told me that he would open his menu book with this menu, and that he intended to keep it up-to-date on condition that I would help him spell all those strange Polish names. He added a few

words about Conrad's *Lord Jim*, just to show me that he knew Poles were civilized people.

I looked forward to the evening with great misgivings. My husband's friend arrived and pretended not to notice my figure; the food was served and it was superb. I began to worry. I had been a reader of mysteries all my life, and I began to wonder whether Towers was not simply a top secret-service agent. Once he discovered that there were no state secrets to be found in our house he might suddenly leave us for a more fruitful assignment. I made up my mind not to mention this to my husband, to find out if his limp was genuine, and to leave letters from Polish friends around the house to see if they would disappear. The soufflé was perfect, a fact that nearly convinced me that I was right, and I left the gentlemen with their coffee and went upstairs to get ready for the movies.

While I was powdering my nose I suddenly realized that I would have to rush to the clinic instead. We left my husband's friend in the hall with four tickets and a plan of the city of London and sped to the hospital, breaking all English traffic regulations. We arrived just in time, and fifteen minutes later found out, to our great disappointment, that we had another boy. We had promised ourselves a girl, but there was nothing we could do. We took him and he is now with us in New York, absolutely determined to be one of the first people to go to Mars, and he probably will be.

WE STAYED in England for five more years and Towers remained with us until the day of our departure. I never acquired a mink coat, although our food bill dropped rapidly to about half its former size. He cooked plain, sensible English food for the staff, and made special dishes for the nursery. For us he cooked light French dishes, and he thought nothing of preparing elaborate and elegant buffets for a hundred people. His limp was genuine, he had had TB in his right leg as a child, but he did all the shopping himself, and would come home every morning from Wigmore Street, very often with a book or two on top of the vegetables.

He would ring me up on the house phone telling me not to buy the new Linkletter, as it was no good, but that if I wanted to make up my own mind he could let me read it. We shared the literary monthlies and weeklies and exchanged opinions. We always informed him when we had an author to dinner, and I know that although he loved us all dearly he definitely



decided that he had made the right choice only on the day I told him that E. M. Forster and Graham Greene would be dining with us.

Even Nanny approved of him, and he became a frequent visitor in the nursery and when our older boy was five took him fishing one afternoon in Hyde Park. They stole my pink hairnet from the bathroom, and managed to catch a dozen or so goldfish in it, and ever since Andrew has been an avid fisherman. He was the first to tell Jan, our younger son, about prehistoric times and the glaciers, and to this very day Jan keeps on his shelf a collection of brontosaurus and such, which he buys at Woolworth out of his pocket money, and he looks at the more interesting stones in Central Park to determine what period they come from.

Towers patiently put the dog's meat through the grinder with string beans and green peas in order to force him to eat some vitamins. He pressed my husband's suits and shined his shoes, because he claimed it made a nice change from standing beside the stove.

AND then, one day, Nanny went off on a well-deserved month's holiday, and a replacement arrived. Replacement was a short, stocky, reddish-blonde, freckled girl from Yorkshire. She took the nursery over in no time at all, making only a few unobtrusive changes. She announced that she would be taking her evening meal downstairs with the rest of the staff, and that move had far-reaching consequences. Replacement wore a lovely pale-blue uniform with starched white apron and cuffs, edged with a little bit of lace. She moved silently on rubber-soled shoes, was quick as lightning, and when resting always put her big, efficient, reddish hands in her lap like two pampered pets.

Nursie was a professional replacement. She explained that she had found this was a much better arrangement than being a steady. First of all, she said, getting attached to other people's children was a heartbreaking and terrible thing; besides replacements were much better paid, could take a holiday whenever they felt like it, and led a more independent life. Besides they got a chance to travel and meet a lot of interesting people. She had been several times on the Continent, looking after royal children, well nearly royalty, you understand, European and mostly ex, but still most of them related to Queen Victoria in one way or another.

Her last job had been in Biarritz; the royal baby had been very sweet, had a very good appetite and slept through the night; the climate was



gorgeous, and she had had a very nice summer indeed. She would have stayed longer if the parents, who were a gay good-looking young couple and very busy going to parties and dining out, had only paid her. But they had no money at all. They owed the hotel, the doctor, and all the dressmakers and shirtmakers of France. Finally an American millionairess gave them a Cadillac for their wedding anniversary, which they sold and so were able to pay part of their debts. But there was not enough left for Nursie.

She was through with royalty now, she declared, because she had to build up her bank account, since she planned to get married one day and have babies of her own. We were her first diplomats. Although she had expected the worst and had only taken the job because she was told that diplomats always paid in order not to create a scandal, she found us, she said, not terribly different from other people. She understood that we kept the nursery windows open day and night in the middle of the winter in order to help our children to adjust to the horrible climate they would have to live in eventually in Eastern Europe, but she wanted to know whether she could occasionally turn on the radiators in her own room. Being a replacement she had adopted a firm policy of non-interference in standing arrangements and national customs but, she

added, she was encouraged to speak to me by the fact that I always wore an ancient fur jacket when I visited the nursery.

I rushed silently upstairs, tore into the nursery, and shut the windows with a firm hand, turned on the radiators, and took two layers of woolen garments from the children's backs. National custom, indeed. I winked at Nursie, she smiled back, and lasting friendship was established.

When her month with us was over Nursie departed with her salary and a present, and promised to drop in on her days off for a cup of tea, and replace Nanny whenever necessary. Just before her departure, she turned off the radiators, opened the windows, and dressed the boys appropriately for Nanny's return.

SHE kept her word. She would drop in about once a week, greeted enthusiastically by everybody. Towers made sandwiches, and pulled out some of his small cakes, which he always kept in a huge, red cooky jar. I was invited downstairs and given an enormous, green easy-chair to sit in and a cup of nearly black, extremely strong tea, which made one's mouth feel inside like after a visit to the dentist. We settled down to a good gossip session, and listened to Nursie's stories about other people's babies and habits. She had now, through my recommendations, moved into diplomatic circles, and it looked as if she would stay there. It was better than traveling, she declared—one learned all those strange foreign customs, although she had to admit it was hard on the stomach. I knew from her where my opposite numbers got their clothes, how much they paid for them, what they fed their children, and how they got along with their husbands.

Towers always took his day off on Sunday. To call it a day off would be a slight exaggeration, because he spent the whole morning preparing lunch, which for once was the same for the whole household: roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, roast potatoes, string beans, and apple pie. We never had guests on Sunday. After his lunch he usually retired to his room, where he had a short nap, and afterwards he read his newest book acquisitions. Toward evening he would put on a black coat, a bowler hat, and go out.

One Sunday night we were taken by some friends to a well-known Italian restaurant in Soho. The headwaiter showed us to a nice corner table, we ordered our drinks, and suddenly my husband said to me in a whisper that I should look, but not now, across the room. And there, at another good corner table sat Towers with

Nursie. They had a bottle of wine in front of them, and ate silently and seriously.

Towers lifted his head for a moment, looked at us, bowed very politely, and after a short conference with Nursie, took a pencil from his vest pocket, tore out a page from his notebook, wrote something on it, and gave it to the headwaiter to take to us. The note said:

Under no circumstances order the scallopini. They are tough, and the sauce is out of a can. Take the antipasto, and the Osso Bucco.

Yours truly,

Towers.

I took what he told us and so did my husband and our hosts, and we all had a very nice meal. We tried to find out what kind of a dessert they were having, but their table was too far away; it was something fluffy and flambé, and the headwaiter himself administered the brandy and the sugar, and reverently placed the flaming plates in front of Nursie and Towers. They left shortly, and as Towers limped by our table I noticed that he held Nursie's elbow very respectfully, and that they were both exactly the same size. It also suddenly occurred to me that they were both from northern England and spoke with a very similar accent.

One morning Towers entered my room, with the menu book in his hand. We first discussed the two dinner parties we were planning for that week; he inquired as usual what we had eaten at the Danish Embassy the night before. I always had to be careful not to praise other people's meals too much, because it upset him for the rest of the day. I always tried to find some fault with the service or with the choice of the wine if nothing else. He enjoyed hearing this, perching as usual on the edge of the chair, and shaking his head, and murmuring something, about "those people."

He told me that he had noticed that some of our English friends invited us to those Soho restaurants and not to their homes. This fact upset him, first of all because it was a breach in the British tradition. It was a French habit, everybody knew that. He was making a detailed study of all the better London restaurants on Sunday evenings. He had been at it for many years now, and his findings were deplorable. He had been keeping detailed notes on everything he ate and planned to publish a book on the subject. Restaurants, he said firmly, were a menace to public health and were definitely the cause of the increasing death rate among elderly English gentlemen. Before the war, he added,



people like that lived forever, because they never ate out. But now . . .

He also wanted me to know that he was planning to get engaged to Nursie next Sunday. He showed me the ring, and I shook his hand warmly, wishing him all the best of luck. But I knew what this meant to me. It was simply the end of my smoothly running household. I inquired politely when he was planning to get married, and where he wanted to settle.

Towers answered rather casually that he wouldn't dream of getting married for a few years yet, anyway not before we were sent to another post. After all he knew his duties and he also believed in very long engagements. While we were talking Dog had made himself comfortable on Towers' bad foot. Towers was scratching him discreetly behind the ears, Nanny had come in and stood for a few minutes in the doorway with Andrew clutching her coat, and Jan in her arms. The boys waved enthusiastic good-bys to Towers, and when he finally left, Dog followed him on tiptoes, and they both disappeared into the basement.

**D**OG was less and less seen upstairs. Towers still sent up his meals with ours, and Dog would emerge from the basement for a minute in order to sniff at it and decide whether it was good enough to be eaten right away or if it could wait. After that he would lie down before the door leading to the basement stairs and patiently wait until somebody would open it for him. He had found himself a cozy and safe place under the huge, wooden table in the center of the kitchen, which Towers vigorously scrubbed after every meal. The dog stayed there for hours pretending to be old and decrepit or asleep. Occasionally, when the food was in the oven, Towers would sit down and pull out the latest novel by one of the numerous English authors by the name of Green. Then Dog would permit himself really to doze off and would do so blissfully, burying his nose into his furry front paws, and giving off small grunting noises.

When he heard us coming home he would still dutifully rush upstairs with Towers hard

on his heels. Towers would throw the door of the front hall open and say to him in a stage whisper, come on, old boy, your master is here. Dog would jump up and down as a dog should, my husband and I would greet him warmly and in the time-honored fashion of all dog-owners. He would accompany us to wherever we were going except to the nursery, stick around for a while, and then quietly go downstairs again.

We were naturally madly jealous, but there was nothing we could do. Somebody had to take him out for walks when we were out in the evening, somebody had to look after him when we would go off to spend a weekend in the country with friends who either disliked dogs or had dogs of their own. We knew no others. So we had to ask Towers each time very politely if he could see to it that Dog was all right, and Towers would agree reluctantly.

And so it happened that Dog became his dog, and when the time came for us to return to Warsaw, Dog was our greatest problem. We finally decided on a solution which, I am sure, Solomon himself would have approved. Towers, my husband, and I left the house together. The two of us turned toward the Park and briskly walked away, while Towers limped in the direction of the big gray building of the BBC. Then the front door was opened and Dog let out. He sniffed madly, ran toward Towers, turned quickly back toward us, then turned around once more and joined Towers for good.

We were utterly and miserably defeated, and although an hour later we were guests of honor at Downing Street—where after the usual chicken and green peas we were toasted and told that our departure was a pity—we went to bed that night feeling miserable and unworthy of ever owning another dog.

Towers married Nursie a few weeks after our departure, and nearly four years after their engagement. We keep up a truly Victorian correspondence. He now is custodian of one of the old castles of England, which the impoverished owners had to give to the nation. It is an occupation which suits him extremely well, leaving him a lot of time for his reading. He also has plenty of room for his library. Dog recently died of old age. And after all those years Nursie's dream to have her own family is coming true. She is expecting a baby any day now.



Bernard Asbell

# TV RATINGS

## *what they really mean*

How four small firms of number merchants determine which programs shall live and which must die—even though their figures tell four different stories, all of them mysterious.

A UNIQUE index of cultural preferences was discovered about eight years ago by an engineer in the Chicago Department of Water and Sewers. Scanning a panel of dials with disbelieving eyes one night, he lifted the phone and called the home of his supervisor.

"It's happening again, same as last week," he reported. "The water pressure is building up something fierce. It's as though everybody in the city shut off their faucets at the same time."

The two men speculated, then the supervisor said, "I wonder. Could it be that almost everybody's doing the same thing I'm doing?"

"What are you doing?"

"I'm watching Milton Berle."

A few minutes later, the dials showed a sudden plunge, then a minute later the pressure zoomed. The engineer called to report again.

"Then I think I was right," the supervisor theorized. "The commercial was just on. My wife ducked out to put on a pot of coffee and the kid ran off to the bathroom. Must be that that's what everybody did."

The men at the water pumping station thus had gained a new insight into the nation's minute-by-minute absorption in television. But their system was far from precise. It couldn't distinguish those faucets shut off by CBS from

those by NBC or ABC. In the fierce competition of TV, this distinction is fundamental.

So the industry puts its faith in other, more expensive procedures to measure its success. The end product of its researches is a statistic called a rating—a number which purports to tell what portion of America, down to a tenth of one per cent, watched a particular program.

"Television," says Don Coyle, the American Broadcasting Company's youthful vice president in charge of research, "is the most researched medium of all time. Most of our work goes into finding out how many people watched a show. If we can't deliver eyes and ears to an advertiser, we can't sell."

Coyle spends about \$250,000 a year, mostly to get a count of eyes and ears. Each of the other two networks spends about the same. Sponsors and advertising agencies, too, are customers.

The mechanics of counting these eyes and ears are handled by independent firms that do an aggregate business of about five million dollars a year. It's a paltry sum, not much more than Americans spend on live earthworms for fishing bait. But in 1957, advertisers spent exactly four hundred times that amount—two billion dollars—to buy shows on television and radio. And the five-million-dollar tail clearly wagged the two-billion-dollar dog. More than any other single consideration, ratings kept programs on the air or knocked them off.

The upshot is that "what most people want is what all people get." This neat summation was coined by Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, in a scolding delivered last fall to the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. Mr. Celler disapproves of ratings. He called them "the soulless evaluation of the artistry of a human performance." The soulless villains, in his view, are the quartet of leading rating services, "the four horsemen of the co-axials."

When one of the four horsemen, Dr. Sydney Roslow, proprietor of The Pulse, Inc., read Celler's speech, he protested: "I'm evaluating the artistry of a human performance? All I do is add up a column of figures and sell the answer."

It was an uncomfortable time to be running a rating service. The heat was on. The New York *World Telegram & Sun* had just "exposed" these small companies in a series titled "Murder by Decimal Point." *Time* magazine had quoted Ed Sullivan about the fateful phone call he makes the morning after every show:

"I tell you I die a thousand deaths in that thirty seconds between saying hello and hearing my rating. . . . Your rating is the only expression



of your work." Stars, disemployed by low ratings, were sounding off everywhere—even on TV.

All of them complained that a kind of Gresham's Law had set into television: bad programs (*i.e.*, those with high ratings) tend to drive the good ones off the air. Meanwhile, indignant patrons of the popular arts hooted that you can't tell what *all* the people want unless you ask *all* the people, "and nobody ever called me about a rating, nor anybody I know." A few dug out Goodman Ace's wisecrack:

"Polls are fascinating. They are read by everyone from the farmer in the field all the way up to Tom Dewey, President of the United States."

A few weeks ago the "four horsemen of the co-axials" were hailed before a one-man Senate subcommittee, in the person of Senator Mike Monroney, to recite again how come they claim to know so much about public taste. A. C. Nielsen, owner of the biggest rating service, answered wearily that those who question how a sample of one thousand can describe the viewing pattern of more than forty million families betray their ignorance of sampling techniques.

"We are amazed," Nielsen testified, "at the alacrity with which laymen, having no knowledge whatever of this highly technical subject, often presume to pass judgment on the quality and size of the samples used by experts who have devoted their lives to a study of the subject."

The Nielsen theme, decorating all company brochures, is a quotation from Lord Kelvin:

"If you can measure that of which you speak, and can express it by a number, you know something of your subject. If you cannot measure it, your knowledge is meager and unsatisfactory."

#### WHAT THEY MEASURE

ON THE morning of Monday, August 5, 1957, a piece of paper passed hand to hand through the higher echelons of CBS' fortress on Madison Avenue. Scribbled on it was a number: 17.6. It was the Trendex rating for the previous Saturday night's opus, "Gunsmoke," an "adult Western" which then was CBS' hottest property. A rating of 17.6 is dangerously mediocre. "Well, that's the Trendex," more than one uneasy executive suggested. "Let's wait and see."

Wait for what? Why, the Nielsen rating, of course. It took twenty-four days for the Nielsen figure to arrive, but when it did, tense faces relaxed. Rating: 31.4, almost twice as big.

"That discrepancy isn't so surprising," says Rosemary O'Brien of CBS' research staff, with

disarming composure. "Both ratings might be right to a certain extent."

If two such divergent numbers can both describe the same thing, what is a rating anyhow? It's simply a percentage. If all the homes equipped with TV (or radio) are taken as 100, the rating fixes the percentage of homes that caught a certain show. Let's say half of all the sets in the country were turned off last night at nine. Of those turned on, half were tuned to a certain play, and the rest of the sets were split equally between a variety show and a quiz. The play would have a rating of 25.0 (half of a half), and the variety show and quiz would each have 12.5. (There is another figure to describe each show's percentage of families *watching* TV. This is called "share of audience." The play had a 50 per cent share, and the variety show and quiz each had a 25 per cent share.)

The idea of a rating seems uncomplicated, but it is not. For each of the rating services roams—to use their own words—a different universe. A "universe," to the statistician, is the total of whatever he is measuring a part of, his personal idea of 100 per cent. If he wants to know what percentage of all the people in Delaware voted in 1956, all the people in Delaware are his universe. If he wants to know how many Delaware Republicans voted for Stevenson, all the Delaware Republicans are his universe. These are simple universes. But in television, universes are not so simple. Moreover, the rating services move about them with different concepts of time.

When a network vice president peruses a rating report, here are some questions he must ask before he can understand what it means:

(1) Is this a universal universe, or is it tailor-made for us? That is, does it include all TV homes wherever they are, or just those near a city where people could receive our show? (Each universe, obviously, will yield a different rating for the same show.)

(2) Does this rating count sets turned on or families watching them?

(3) In some cities, our show is opposed by strong network competition (which reduces our rating), and in others we have the field to ourselves (and so, a higher rating). Are these ratings separated or lumped together?

(4) People keep tuning in and out of certain programs. Does this measure the number watching a program at a given moment, or the total number that watched *some portion of it*?

You can obtain a rating to fit any answer to any of these questions merely by subscribing to enough services, by roaming different universes.

To appreciate the investigative possibilities, however, we must take at least a brief, perhaps oversimplified look at the "four horsemen of the co-axials" and each of their techniques.

#### THE MEN WHO MAKE THE NUMBERS

**A. C. Nielsen Co.** This Chicago firm, with a long, prosperous background in researching the food and drug markets, runs the biggest and most expensive rating service. It takes on the biggest of all possible universes, all the 43,000,000 television homes in America. To measure it, Nielsen tallies the viewing of a cross-section sample of about one thousand homes. In each of these homes, Nielsen wires an electronic gadget, called the Audimeter, to the TV and radio. The gadget records a minute-by-minute history on a roll of film of how the set is tuned (but not of who is watching it). Every two weeks, someone in the family extracts the film (and when he does so, two quarters drop out to pay for his trouble) and he mails it to Chicago. The compiled results are dispatched to subscribers about a month later. Nielsen claims in reliability what he might lack in speed.

"The chief use of Nielsen data," says a company official, pronouncing the name of his product like that of a gilt-edged bond, "is for long-range strategic planning."

**Trendex, Inc.** If "Nielsen" sounds like the name of a bond, "Trendex" is spoken with a crackle. It's the only service that can deliver, on special order, an overnight rating. (When A. C. Nielsen appeared on Ed Murrow's "Person to Person" a few months ago, Trendex telegraphed its rating to Nielsen early the next morning.) The Trendex universe is limited to twenty major cities, chosen because all three networks have stations in them. Since these major cities have more programs, each network gets a smaller share of the audience. So a show's Trendex rating, compiled only where competition is full-force, is likely to run lower than its over-all national rating.

The Trendex approach to time depresses the figure even further. To compile a Trendex, researchers call up numbers in the phone book, completing about a thousand calls per half-hour show. They ask how many men, women, and children are watching TV, what program is tuned in and who the sponsor is. Thus, while Nielsen's minute-by-minute Audimeter can calculate how many families watched *some portion* of a certain show, Trendex gets the number watching only at the moment the telephone rings.

A TV trade magazine, *Sponsor*, recently calculated that Nielsen ratings average 34 per cent higher than Trendexes, then posed the question: "Can you predict your Nielsen from your Trendex?" (Even though the article concluded that

you can't, it intimated that "the game of Trendex-to-Nielsen-to-chance is being played every day of the week.") One reason you can't predict a slow Nielsen from a fast Trendex is that Nielsen mixes country folk and city slickers all into one statistic, while Trendex surveys only the cities. An urbane show like "Person to Person" may do well in a Trendex. But its Nielsen may sag after all the country dwellers are averaged in.

Trendex likes to avoid the word "rating." It calls its figure a "comparative report in program popularity," chiefly useful for gauging the strength of a show under the stress of



"I wasn't watching any program. I was dreaming a dream."



competition. Because it's fast, a sponsor can estimate quickly whether his producer ought to be fired before he botches up next week's program.

**The Pulse, Inc.** Dr. Sydney Roslow, who owns Pulse, specializes in cultural reports on a city-by-city basis, polling 161 TV markets. His ratings are important to local stations, and to national advertisers worried about special local marketing problems. Pulse employs middle-aged women to ring doorbells, bearing a questionnaire. They ask the family to recall what programs it caught during the previous twenty-four hours. The interviewer helps her subject reconstruct the day's activities: "Were you home for dinner? What did you watch? . . . And then, I suppose, you did the dishes? What was the family watching while you did the dishes? . . . And then you sat down to rest? What did you see?" As each activity is recalled, the interviewer displays a schedule to aid the recall of programs. So the Pulse rating will credit a program if someone watched a part of it, or if he thinks he did, or if he says he did because he wishes he had.

**American Research Bureau (ARB).** This firm selects a national sample of 2,200 homes, patrolling the same universe as Nielsen. Its main distinction is that its method enables ARB to identify which members of the family were watching, while Nielsen's Audimeter does not. Each home is equipped with a "diary." The family is asked to keep a running log of what it watched on TV, and which members did the watching. To answer criticism that the diary method is too "subjective" to be reliable, ARB says that it conducted an eight-city telephone survey to compare against its diary results, and that both surveys came out "virtually identical."

#### THE STORIES THEY TELL

ONCE you understand how each service works, it's easy to see why they often produce disparate ratings for the same show. But even the professional researcher develops a twitch when he's called upon to explain a case like this: Nielsen's rating for Fireside Theater recently fell from 27.5 one month to 23.0 the next. During the same pair of months, Trendex reported a boost from 18.5 to 27.0.

Such a case corresponds, the researcher informs the sponsor with a thin smile, to breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. It's one of those rare and intriguing marvels of the laws of probability, a wrong rating.

When a rating service sets out to ask a thousand families what 41,200,000 families are supposed to have watched, ninety-five times out of a hundred the rating should be within one rating point of being true. But in the remaining five cases, they're apt to run mildly berserk. That's a mathematical fact, worked out long ago by the astronomers and gamblers.

This is not the limit of accuracy. The margin for error can be cut in half by quadrupling the sample from one thousand families to four thousand. Shaving the error less than half a rating point, however, multiplies the research cost by four times and is not worth the price.

But if the buyers of ratings want more accuracy without spending more money, why can't they get together on one, grand-scale, all-encompassing, single-universe rating system and be done with all the discrepancies?

First, the researcher prefers to rummage among four rating services and get answers to more questions. He can take this one for speed, that one for the most reliable sample, this one for socio-economic separations of homes, that one for learning which members of the family were watching, this one for urban viewers, that one for farm families, this one for a market-by-market report. He can even build one case for keeping a show and another case for dropping it, depending upon the sponsor's whim.

Besides, no two industry experts agree on what an ideal system would be. CBS President Frank Stanton says he would like a Nielsen rating with Trendex speed. ABC's Don Coyle says:

"In an ideal survey, there'd be a good national sampling, like Nielsen's, with a seeing-eye camera over the TV set to show us who was sitting there, which of them were actually looking, and which were just keeping the others company. Then we'd want all this information compiled the next morning, or, better still, instantaneously." Coyle lets this dream settle a moment, then he adds: "But we're getting as much of the ideal now as we'll pay for."

ARB has now come up with a system that may fulfill Stanton's dream, if not Coyle's: three hundred TV sets wired to a central "tote board" to produce an instantaneous rating every ninety seconds. This system is now operating experimentally in New York; several more cities are being equipped. ARB says its wired system is economically feasible for a balanced national sample—rural as well as urban. This will be shown if and when the networks put up their hard money to pay for it. Nielsen too has received a patent for its "Instantaneous Audime-

ter," which can give ratings every fifteen minutes, and the company is operating a pilot version in Chicago.

Meanwhile the chaos, if it frustrates the researchers, fuels the network sales departments. If one rating won't sell a show, they pull out another that will. Or if a show's average rating for a month looks bad, the salesman singles out the one day its audience was freakishly large, and he displays that. This, in the trade, is known as "creative selling."

Last year CBS enjoyed waving Nielsen reports of the "top ten" shows, in which they consistently trounced NBC. During some months, CBS swept all ten spots.

NBC President Robert Sarnoff countered that he had "a long-standing distaste for fractions," and he ordered his staff to stop publicizing ratings even if they favored NBC. But by September 1957 Sarnoff could no longer contain himself. He put out a publicity release headlined, "First Ratings of New Season Show NBC-TV in Dramatic Upsurge."

#### IS ANYBODY REALLY SOLD?

**R**ATINGS measure the advertiser's success in capturing homes. Some even measure what kinds of homes. But they tell him less about which members of the family watched. Still less about how attentively they watched. Still less about whether they watched the commercials. For these finer details, the advertiser might be wiser to check the water pressure. But then, neither the water pressure nor a rating tells him whether the commercial sold any merchandise.

Last summer, the Ford Motor Company privately surveyed the viewing of five top shows. In average, each show was seen by 10 per cent of the people. Of these 10 per cent, 31 per cent left the room during the commercials. Of those that stayed, 23 per cent couldn't recall a single detail of the commercial pitch (and the survey was taken within thirty minutes after each show ended). So the Ford people, starting with a rating for the programs of 10.0, refined it down to a rating for the commercials of 5.3. But did the commercials convince anyone or sell anything? They still don't know.

The fact is—as any adman will allow—that advertising know-how has not kept pace with technological progress. Calculating machines produce figures that the men who operate them cannot yet interpret. Says Ed Hynes, one of the owners of Trendex:

"Sometimes a sponsor calls me. He says, 'You gave me a 5.3 last month. Is that a good rating? How the hell do I know? So many things figure in, like his time costs, his talent costs, what kind of people he wants to reach, what age, what income, even what temperament. A rating is just a number. It measures the size of an audience. It doesn't measure effectiveness. It doesn't even measure whether people liked the show.'"

Because people watch a show doesn't mean they like it. They may be fascinated, but horrified by it. A recent craze in TV was the revival of old horror films like "Frankenstein" and "Dracula." They shattered rating records everywhere, and sponsors paid premium prices to interrupt the grisly proceedings with spot announcements. But some advertisers wondered: Will our commercials, blended into the aura of horror, appear grisly, too? If so, who wants a big rating?

Some agencies "pre-test" programs before invited audiences. Each viewer's emotional response is recorded by a psycho-galvanometer, a device patterned after the lie detector. Blood pressure and pulse are recorded on a tape. "But then," says Don Coyle, "to analyze the tape, we have to ask the subject so many questions that by the time we're through we don't need the tape any more."

To complicate matters further, even if the advertiser succeeds in analyzing the quality of response, he needs to know the quality of person having it. For example, Alfred Politz, the market researcher, says he advises his clients that when they are selling old, established products, they should seek cautious personalities, then just remind them to keep doing what they have been doing. A client introducing a new product, however, should seek venturesome types, the kind who will try anything once. But if a sponsor seeking venturesome people gets a big rating, how does he know his show hasn't attracted a vast audience of cautious ones? He doesn't. The ratings don't tell.

#### THE INTELLECTUAL GHETTO

**T**HE arithmetic of art is a specialized field with its specialized phraseology. Practitioners of the field speak often about "the efficiency of a program."

They determine a program's "efficiency" when they divide its total cost by the number of its viewers. A modification is to divide its cost by the number of those viewers they care especially about, say, people over thirty-five or teen-agers



or farmers or farmer's wives or owners of Cadillacs. They come up with a "cost per thousand," an important figure in cultural economics. A program is efficient to the degree that this cost is low. In 1956, fifty shows were dropped from television because they lacked efficiency.

It would seem obvious, of course, that not all sponsors are concerned about efficiency. Take United States Steel, for example. They have nothing to sell in a drug store, not even in a hardware shop. All they seem to need is good, reliable public relations, so folks won't get too mad when there's labor trouble or a price rise. This would seem to explain the fact that U. S. Steel sponsors an hour-long drama of comparatively high quality. It's something to win over the educated middle class, the "thought leaders."

These seem to be reasonable suppositions, but they will all be denied by Charles Underhill, U. S. Steel's television director. It happens, first of all, that the efficiency of the "Steel Hour" is delightfully high. Underhill pays \$2.07 to reach a thousand homes per commercial minute (that's the way efficiency is calibrated), while the general average for drama shows is \$3.65.

"The very reason we use drama," says Underhill, "is that it appeals to a variety of interests, so we can gather the largest possible audience. We have a commercial message for consumers, persuading them to buy products made of steel, especially major appliances; for working people, on the safety of the steel industry; for college people, on careers in steel. In fact there are darned few consumer products that need as varied an audience as we do."

The audience averages nine to ten million families, at a cost of about \$140,000 per show.

"When the audience goes below that," he says, "the cost per family is too high. We could probably reach these people at less cost some other way."

In the heyday of radio, Underhill was program director of CBS. Broadcasters had a word, "narrowcasting," for programs aimed at specialized minorities, the educated "thought leaders."

"You can narrowcast on radio to some extent. You can advertise in a magazine to reach a selective audience. But you can't afford to pay the mass audience costs of television to reach thought leaders. And even if you could, there's a question as to whether you'd reach them because those people insist they don't like TV."

One beachhead in TV apparently occupied by the "thought leaders," however, is Sunday afternoon, the time period that *Variety* recently called "the intellectual ghetto." The dean of

the ghetto is "Omnibus," which now has been passed among all three networks like a Canadian penny. During its year on CBS, 1955-56, when it was scheduled from 5:00 to 6:30 P.M., its average rating was 9.1. That's quite impressive for so inconvenient a viewing time. Why, the thought leaders kept asking, don't they put "Omnibus" on at night when everybody can watch?

Ask this of Jay Eliasberg, research director of CBS, and he pulls out figures. When ABC took over "Omnibus" from CBS, they scheduled it from nine to ten-thirty Sunday evenings. Its average Nielsen crunched down to 5.0. Why? Because during its ninety minutes, "Omnibus" did battle on the one hand, against NBC's "Alcoa-Goodyear Playhouse" and the "Loretta Young Show," and on the other hand against CBS' "General Electric Theater," "Alfred Hitchcock Presents," and "\$64,000 Challenge." It was clobbered by the big weapons of nighttime competition. Literally millions of viewers who had turned to "Omnibus" when there was nothing better to do of a Sunday afternoon were lured at night by programs with more mass appeal.

Now "Omnibus" is back in the Sunday afternoon ghetto on NBC, four to five-thirty, its health more than restored with a Nielsen average of 15.3 and an audience of fifteen million.

No medium costs as much as television. Therefore none produces such compulsion to round up a mass audience. In a mass magazine, an advertiser can buy a page for ten or fifteen thousand dollars. He can buy it once or twice or thirteen times, as he wishes. But in TV, a single half-hour show may cost a hundred thousand dollars. To get prime time, the sponsor might commit himself to thirty-nine or fifty-two weeks, four or five million dollars a year.

At these prices, the sponsor, while he might stiffen at Representative Celler's tone, is inclined to endorse his words: "What most people want is what all people get."

Yet neither the advertiser nor the network vice president finds that a rating, even a high one, will relieve all his anxieties over the enormous stakes. For when the rating finally comes, nobody seems to know for sure what it means. But a cultural decision-maker has got to base his decisions on *something*—and there is no denying that when you don't know what a number means, a big number is more comforting than a small one. And anyhow, nobody—not even the Department of Water and Sewers—has devised a more enlightening measure of just what happened while the sponsor was blowing all that cash.

Babette Deutsch

# "Talent for Life" in a new Russian novel

It isn't mere propaganda . . . Soviet citizens haven't been permitted to read it . . . and many critics think it is the finest book by any Russian since the revolution.

THESE is, of course, more than one dark continent. The importance of the novel, *Dr. Zhivago*, lies partly in its being a kind of geography, exploring the savage jungles, unbroached mines, uncharted rivers, the peaks and deserts of that dark continent which is the first half of the twentieth century as the Russians experienced it.

In telling the closely related stories of these boys and girls, these men and women, tycoons, slum-dwellers, ordinary middle-class people, intellectuals, peasants, involved in three revolutions, a civil war bristling with atrocities, and two world wars, the book examines courageously, candidly, thoroughly, the ecology of the human condition. Like any good novel, it gives intimate accounts of matters as fundamental as birth, copulation, and death, and also of the trivia that make up everyday existence. Like the major fictions—including *Faust* and *Hamlet* (both of which the novelist has translated), as well as *War and Peace*, with which it has somewhat misleadingly been compared—*Dr. Zhivago* is significant because it forces the reader to see life unsteadily and brokenly, yet with a growing sense that it has an organism's rich complexity and that, like an organism, all living is

part of a process as immense as it is inscrutable.

The character whose name gives the novel its title is a cultivated man, a physician with a civic conscience, a writer. Before he and the century are in their teens, he is writing poems. His last works, composed in the sixth year of the revolution, are little books setting forth his views on medicine, history, philosophy. A typical paradox of his situation is that, some half-dozen years later, as a poverty-stricken handyman he carries wood to a tenant who, ignorantly annotating one of the doctor's pamphlets, does not spare him a glance. Even in his schooldays Dr. Zhivago had dreamed of "composing a book about life which would contain, like buried explosives, the most striking things he had so far seen and thought about." The novel bearing his name appears to be such a book, written, however, by the poet, Boris Pasternak.\*

It would be absurd to make the error of identifying the protagonist with the author. Less unreasonably, one might fancy Pasternak the half brother of Dr. Zhivago, as, in the novel, the shrewd, energetic, powerful Evgraf, who becomes a major-general in World War II, is the half brother of the Hamletic doctor. The essential difference between the author and his creation is precisely that Pasternak is no Hamlet. At the start of the Bolshevik cataclysm the doctor, that man of good deeds and good will who nevertheless suffers and makes others suffer by his vacillation, remarks to his wife: "A grown-up man should share his country's fate. To me it's obvious." Boris Pasternak has acted on that conviction.

Born in Moscow in 1890 and now living in a writers' colony not far from the capital, the fate he has shared has been extraordinary. His personal life, too, has had a unique character. He is the eldest son of Leonid Pasternak, an eminent painter, and of Rosa Kaufmann-Pasternak, a pianist who as a little girl was dubbed "a Mozart in skirts." His father's canvases include portraits of such family friends as Tolstoy and Rilke, such world-shakers as Lenin and Einstein. One of the boy's passions was botany; his writings show that the natural world is of the fiber of his being. Steeped in music but lacking absolute pitch, the young perfectionist abandoned it as a profession. For a time, as his father had before him, he read law at Moscow University. He gave it up to study philosophy in Marburg under Hermann Cohen, whose concern with science and the his-

\* English translation by Max Hayward, to be published later this month in New York by Pantheon, \$5.



able.  
el its  
civi,  
tany  
last  
ole  
on  
dox  
ens  
ries  
one  
in a  
bad  
rich  
post  
ghi  
to  
ect.

of  
ess  
the  
he  
des  
all  
il  
is  
he  
st  
il-  
ar  
s  
m-  
a  
r-  
is  
ar  
t  
s



*La Parguera in Spring. Photograph by Tom HOLLYMON.*

## Your hotel in a fishing village—one of the joys of Puerto Rico

**T**HIS IS the Villa Parguera on the southwest shore of Puerto Rico. The charm of the place works wonders on its guests.

Businessmen forget to be busy. Landlubbers go sailing. Housewives snorkel.

A stone's throw from here is a natural phenomenon that has to be seen to be believed. It is a phosphorescent bay. The

best time to see it is on a moonless night.

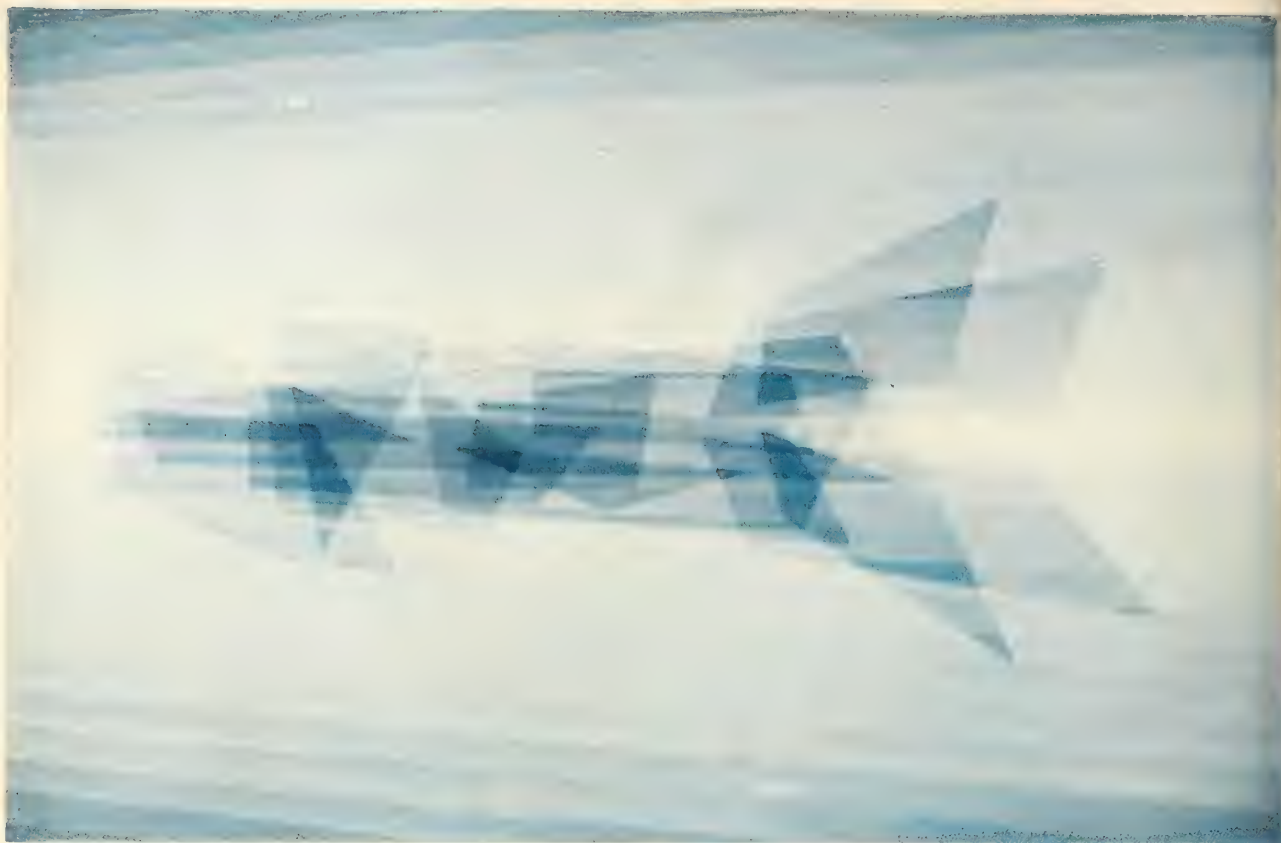
You step aboard a launch and glide through an archipelago of dark, mysterious islands. Suddenly, the wake of your boat glows electric blue. The bow wave flies across the bay like the spirit flame on a chafing dish. And, as the fish dart from under your launch, the underwater world is streaked here and there with streaks of light.

A week at the Villa Parguera is just what the doctor ordered.

The food is excellent, the sun is friendly, the nights are cool and quiet. You can picnic in those hills, skindive, spearfish and sail away to unexpected islands.

See a travel agent or write Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. of Tourism, Box 501, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10





"Rockets", one of a series of paintings by Simpson Middleton, a team of artists with the rare ability to translate scientific fact into creative imagery. Here, the rocket's blast and its guiding beam are thought of as a single stream of light through two centers. Darks and lights of definite shape in a weak visual vector field are relied on to suggest the dynamics caused by the acts of the servo-mechanisms in making their adjustments. Painting courtesy John Heller Gallery, Inc.

**Man in space.** Dyna-Soar, a manned orbital space vehicle, will be boosted beyond the atmosphere by rocket power, then orbit at speeds approaching 18,000 miles an hour. It will be capable of re-entering the atmosphere and making a normal landing.

Boeing's space-age orientation, its advanced facilities and research capabilities, and its wide weapon system management experience, earned the company and its associates an Air Force assignment for Phase I development of Dyna-Soar.

The project is under the direction of the Boeing Systems Management Office, which develops proposals and provides manage-

ment for all assigned projects employing space-age techniques.

Dyna-Soar and other advanced projects at Boeing offer exceptional space-age opportunities to engineers of all categories, and to physicists, mathematicians and scientists. Drop a note now to Mr. Stanley M. Little, Dept. H-79, Boeing Airplane Company, Seattle 24, Washington.

**BOEING**



tory of knowledge delighted this disciple. A Jew like his teacher, Pasternak, unlike him, was even then assimilated. Yet Cohen's views must have helped form the insights into the Jewish question given by the novel.

"Boys of my age," he says in his autobiography, "had been thirteen in 1905 and were nearly twenty-two before the war. Both their critical ages coincided with the two red dates in their country's history." He had broken a leg in childhood, so when war started his uniform was that of a factory worker in the Urals. Earlier he had smelled the smoke of the battles of the literary avant-garde under the banner of the Futurist, Vladimir Mayakovsky. This friend became the laureate of the Soviet regime and, in 1930, committed suicide. Pasternak, who has never joined the Party and at the height of the freeze was accused of being an "internal émigré," continues to serve his country by showing that, for all the ugly ambiguity of the revolution, it was born viable.

THE novel itself has had a curious history. On the understanding that it would be published at home, with such cuts as had allowed Tolstoy's *Resurrection* to appear under czarist censorship, the author gave a copy of the text to the Milanese publisher, Feltrinelli, a Communist, who arranged for its translation into Italian, French, German, and English. Meanwhile publication in the Soviet Union was postponed month after month. Pasternak, recovering from an illness in a hospital that cares for distinguished Soviet citizens, wired Feltrinelli asking for the return of his manuscript for emendation. The publisher yielded neither to the author's request nor to pressure from Moscow. The work is therefore available to readers here and in Western Europe but not to the novelist's fellow citizens in the Soviet Union. They know him as a writer of difficult if exhilarating poems and of a sheaf of prose pieces. Of late years he has been translating European classics.

There seems small doubt that *Dr. Zhivago* will eventually be everywhere recognized as a classic. And this precisely because it is not a political book, but the work of a man who, as he said in a recent interview, has "borne witness as an artist," has written about the times he has lived through. The enthusiasm with which the novel is being greeted in the West should not blind Soviet critics to its depth and scope. Here is a testament to the fortitude of the Russian people, and to the unquenchable vitality of their dream of freedom.

The hero of the novel, during the epidemic that rages in the famine period, succumbs to typhus. On recovering, he begins a poem called "Turmoil." Among "The Poems of Dr. Zhivago" appended to the novel—poems remarkably different in theme, temper, and technique from the poetry of Pasternak—"Turmoil" is not found. It appears to have resembled several of Dr. Zhivago's lyrics, however, in using the Christian myth to express a secular philosophy of history. This is expounded at the start by the doctor's uncle, who "was to take his place among contemporary writers, university professors, and philosophers of the revolution, a man who shared their ideological concern but had nothing in common with them except their terminology." His ideas exert a powerful influence on Yurii Zhivago and on various men and women whose lives are bound up with or tangent to his.

"What you don't understand," Uncle Nikolai tells a friend, "is that it is possible to be an atheist, it is possible not to know whether God exists, or why, and yet believe that man does not live in a state of nature but in history, and that history as we know it began with Christ, and that Christ's Gospel is its foundation. Now what is history? It is the centuries of systematic explorations of the riddle of death, with a view to overcoming death. That's why people discover mathematical infinity and electromagnetic waves, that's why they write symphonies. . . . You can't make such discoveries without spiritual equipment. And the basic elements of this equipment are in the Gospels. What are they? To begin with, love of one's neighbor, which is the supreme form of vital energy. . . . And then the two basic ideals of modern man—without them he is unthinkable—the idea of free personality and the idea of life as sacrifice. . . . Man does not die in a ditch like a dog—but at home in history, while the work of the conquest of death is in full swing, he dies sharing in this work. Ouf!" he breaks off, "I got quite worked up, didn't I? But I might as well be talking to a blank wall."

"That's metaphysics, my dear fellow. It's forbidden by my doctors," his friend replies. "My stomach won't stand it."

"Oh, well, you're hopeless," says Uncle Nikolai. "Let's leave it. Goodness, what a view, you lucky devil. Though I suppose as you live with it every day you don't see it."

The two last sentences might be read symbolically. Similarly, Dr. Zhivago's Christ-oriented poem, "Turmoil," the subject of which is neither the entombment nor the resurrection "but the days between," can be taken as an oblique

reference to a theme of the novel in which it belongs.

While composing "Turmoil" the doctor recalls his young stepbrother, Fygal, certain that this boy "to put it plainly, was his death. Yet how could he be his death if he was helping him to write his poem?" he asks himself. "How could death be useful, how was it possible for death to be a help?" It is a question that the novel repeatedly poses and to which it gives, implicitly, an affirmative answer.

Making his sad way home from a funeral, the doctor realizes with fresh vividness that "art has two constant, two unending concerns: it always meditates on death, and thus always creates life." This might be an epigraph for the book. It faces up to death in every form. When Yurii Zhivago's father commits suicide by jumping from a train, the widow of a railway worker who had been burned to death in a crash comments pensively: "Some die by the Lord's will—and look what's happened to him—to die of rich living and mental illness." There are deaths in bed and in battle, by famine and terror, hideous killing, helpless surrender. And in as many shapes as physical death, there is moral death, presented with the same unflinching accuracy. Nor is it only as he composes "Turmoil" that the disgusted, compassionate physician, Dr. Zhivago, meditates on the death of the revolutionary dream, a death shown with detailed concreteness, with complete faithfulness to fact, but with the declared hope of resurrection. This, however, is after the doctor himself is in his grave.

THE novel is barbed with ideas as a porcupine with quills, and like those quills they are nourished by blood. Each of the book's latent meanings is incarnate in a series of events or situations, in the relationship between two or more persons, in the behavior, the talk, the thoughts and feelings that exhibit such a relationship, which is no more static than it would be in daily life. It is barely possible to suggest the way in which the stuff of the novel and its symbolic significance are united, as a moving, speaking figure with its lifeless, voiceless, yet enhanced mirror image. The symbol may be a scene, a sound, an odor, or something inclusive and complex.

There is the puzzling, "nauseatingly sweet, cloying smell, rather like mice," that hangs over a village near the front. "That's hemp—they grow a lot of it here," the doctor explains to his companion. "The plant itself has that clinging, carrion smell. And then in the battle zone, the

dead often remain undiscovered in the hemp fields for a long time and begin to decay. Of course the smell of corpses is everywhere." This is when the Russian front is crumbling and the old order about to show its disintegration in the peasants' ruthless use of rope and the multiplication of corpses, literally and figuratively.

A few months later the doctor, recovered from a wound received in the course of duty, is on his way home in the midst of the confusion following the February revolution. He is crouched on his luggage on the platform of a crammed train. "All around people were shouting, bawling songs, quarreling, and playing cards. When the train stopped, the noise of the besieging crowds was added to this turmoil." There is a halt in sight of a station garden. "Then, like a telegram delivered on the train . . . there drifted through the windows a familiar fragrance. It came from somewhere to one side and higher than the level of either garden or wild flowers, and it quietly asserted its excellence over everything else. . . . There were roaring crowds at every station. And everywhere the linden trees were in blossom.

"The ubiquitous fragrance seemed to be preceding the train on its journey north as if it were some sort of rumor that had reached even the smallest, local stations, and which the passengers always found waiting for them on arrival, heard and confirmed by everyone." This passage is the more striking because it follows the casual killing of a speaker for the continuation of the war effort, an incident of slapstick brutality that is to have appropriate consequences.

Realism and symbolism are joined to show the ugly root and strong branch, the brilliant flower and dreadful fruit of the revolution. In dozens of ways the reader is made conscious of its inevitability, its twisted progress, the horrors it breeds, the hope it holds out. Such commonplaces as food and travel are skillfully used to contrast one period with another. There is the supper table gleaming with white napery, crystal, silver, festive with flowers and delicacies, the play of light on frosted bottles of red rowanberry vodka, glimpsed through the side doors of the ballroom where Yurii Zhivago's adoptive family is giving a musicale in the winter of 1906. After his mother's death he lives with these delightful friends of his uncle, and eventually marries their daughter, Tonia. Three years after the revolution the doctor's wife and her father have "living space" at the top of the same house, and they celebrate his homecoming with a dinner, the chief feature of which is a wild duck presented to him on the train. The duck was "an unheard



## FELIX STEFANILE

## EGOTIST

THE purest eye can pierce  
no wall, by wit or wish.  
Though paper-thin, the skin  
is lock enough, is fierce  
with matter-latticed flesh  
that will not let you in.

Nerve-ends, barbed wires, cross  
the ruddy trench of blood:  
were Sin the sentinel,  
still not a troop would pass  
that bony platitude  
I fret in, joy and jail.

Dear Stranger I must love,  
in scribbled words, what code  
will break, before I die  
this Me we're guilty of,  
what insight to invade  
that hidden country, I?

of luxury in those hungry days, but there was no bread with it," and this disfigured the feast. Someone had brought a medicine bottle of vodka, which Tonia diluted more or less "according to her inspiration. It was discovered that it is easier to hold a number of consistently strong drinks than ones of varying strength. This, too, was annoying." What most saddens and vexes the company is awareness of "dark, hungry Moscow" beyond their windows, the feeling "that duck and vodka, when they seem to be the only ones in town, are not duck and vodka." Tonia's behavior with the vodka, and its effects, can be read as a reference to her ambivalent attitude toward the revolutionary situation, and to that situation itself. After the Bolshevik upheaval, rations are reduced to thin gruel, frozen potatoes, and "soup made of herring heads; the herring itself was used as a second course."

In desperate circumstances, the Zhivagos leave Moscow after the start of the civil war for that section of the Urals where Tonia's grandfather had owned iron works, hoping for a subsistence vegetable patch there. They travel across Russia in a train of army, convict, cattle, and passenger cars. When they finally arrive, one of the first sights the doctor notices is an old advertising

sign that neither he nor the reader is allowed to forget: "Moreau & Vetchinkin. Mechanical seeders. Threshing machines." The oftener it appears, in different places and circumstances, the more clearly the sign takes on a complex symbolic meaning.

Those whom an old anarchist denounces as "the Bourbons of the commissarocracy" appear as men who wrecked the admirable machinery of revolution for their own ends. The truly dedicated but ruthless revolutionists are "like machines that have got out of control." On one occasion Dr. Zhivago is arguing hopelessly with a Partisan leader who had captured him near a crossroads where one of these signs is glowing in the sunset. The doctor confesses that "the idea of social betterment as understood since the October revolution . . . is so far from being put into practice, and the mere talk about it has cost such seas of blood, that I'm not sure the end justifies the means." He despairs above all when he hears talk about re-shaping life. "People who can say that have never understood a thing about life," he asserts. "They look on it as a lump of raw material to be processed. . . ." Are not these people trying to do the work of figurative mechanical seeders and threshing machines without using their hearts or their heads? The French name on the billboard was once borne by a brilliant general of Napoleon's who later conspired against him. To the historically-minded reader it may suggest the influence of the French revolution and of French theories on early Russian radical thought. Certainly in the novel the sign points to the impossibility of improving life by purely mechanical means.

THE account of the Zhivagos' journey, its harsh discomforts, its surprising pleasures, the comedies and tragedies of their ill-assorted companions, is notable. Not least for the contrast with what happens on other trains, beginning with the one from which Yuri Zhivago's father, a profligate Siberian millionaire, flings himself, and ending with the train deliberately driven over a murderous criminal. The train going to the Urals is halted en route so that Dr. Zhivago, who has been mistaken for a counter-revolutionary, can be taken out and questioned. He does not recognize in his questioner, a man of "harsh principles, and integrity, absolute integrity," known as "Strelnikov" (the Shooter), the friend of his youth: Antipov. Similarly, the identity of the village waif who, with a murderer on the loose, flags the train to get help, is disclosed only at the last. Both incidents are part

of the novel's closely woven pattern. As every adult knows, life is so much stranger than fiction that a novelist is likely to tone down actuality, rather than risk being accused of melodrama or of using the long arm of coincidence. Pasternak takes these risks, almost always triumphantly. This contributes to the book's verisimilitude.

Antipov is married to Lara, in whose tragic destiny Dr. Zhivago is permanently involved. Talking to her of his encounter with her husband, the doctor says that the man can't be placed "in a category" and this means that "at least part of him is what a human being ought to be." In the course of the conversation Lara observes: "It's only in mediocre books that people are divided into two camps and have nothing to do with each other. In real life everything gets mixed up!" Of more than a score of characters delineated in all their human predicaments, none remains fixed: each reveals his inherent corruption, his native nobility, while a saving sense of the comic or the sardonic continually shows how most are "mixed up." Thus when Antipov has killed himself and Dr. Zhivago is dead, Lara, lamenting them, and bitterly remembering that the man who had turned her life into "a chain of crimes" is still alive, reflects: "And that monster of mediocrity is busy dashing about in the mythical byways of Asia known only to stamp collectors. . . ." Occasionally the reader may wonder whether the hero of the novel is Dr. Zhivago or his half brother Evgraf or both. Each of the doctor's relationships is eloquent of more than his personal story: that with his half brother, with Lara's destroyer, with her husband; that with Tonia, who is deported and makes what she can of life for herself and their children in Paris; with Lara, who "vanished without a trace and probably died somewhere, forgotten as a nameless number on a list that afterwards got mislaid in one of the innumerable mixed or women's concentration camps in the north." And there is his relationship with little Marina, daughter of the Zhivagos' former flunky, latterly the doctor's hard master. There is, too, Dr. Zhivago's attitude towards the children he has with Tonia, with Marina. He knows nothing of his and Lara's daughter, the foundling rescued by Evgraf.

There are times when the hero of the book seems to be not a person at all, but history, or freedom, or the revolution in the guise of Uncle Nikolai's Christ. For the revolution is born in poverty, welcomed by the humble and deprived, the wise and great, betrayed by incompetents for whom "transitional periods, worlds in the mak-

ing, are ends in themselves," by those who "have seen so much that they have no sensibility left," betrayed by pious conformists, prisoners who "idealize their bondage" and talk of re-education in jail so that the doctor thinks he is "listening to a horse describing how it broke itself in." And there are the peasants, fighting Reds and Whites with equal ferocity. The peasant believed he was about to realize his dream of "living on his own land by the work of his own hands, in complete independence and with no obligations to anyone. Instead," observes Tonia's father, "he found he had only exchanged the oppression of the former state for the new, much harsher yoke of the revolutionary superstate." Hearing this, the doctor nevertheless wants to live by his confessed "illusion" that the peasants are better off. It is exploded, yet the final word is the promise of resurrection. This is expressed in the fate of the waif who is the doctor's illegitimate daughter, and in that of his writings, put together, after his death, by his half brother. They are the work of a man who had seen and suffered much, yet whose sensibility remained unimpaired, who in his youth "used to be very revolutionary" but who comes to believe that "nothing can be gained by brute force. People must be drawn to good by goodness." The belief seems confirmed in the closing scene, as two of Dr. Zhivago's Soviet friends reread with delight his posthumous book.

LIKE the doctor's writings, this novel offers "a broad and serene vision" that lifts "the particular to the level of the universal and familiar." It is in key with the ideas about life and art reiterated by several characters and which the book itself exemplifies. At one point the doctor remarks that talent "in the highest and broadest sense means talent for life." The novel is a study of the degree to which diverse individuals possess that talent, and what it means in terms of twentieth-century history.

Toward the close, wretched in the conviction that he has lost Lara forever, Dr. Zhivago starts scribbling in his notebook. He jots down a note "reaffirming his belief that art always serves beauty, and beauty is delight in form, and form is the key to organic life, since no living thing can exist without it, so that every work of art, including tragedy, expresses the joy of existence." This is a reminder of what Yeats declared the supreme, if impossible, aim: "an act of faith and reason to make one rejoice in the midst of tragedy." Pasternak wonderfully makes it seem not impossible.



# *The Misunderstood Conservative*

**Only a tough-minded trader—who understands  
that we are largely “a nation of shopkeepers”  
—can put together a workable policy for  
America. Neither “liberal” Democrats nor  
“orthodox” Republicans can do the job.**

WASHINGTON—Politically speaking, Dean Acheson is still alive.

This curious fact is partly a tribute to the inherent toughness of this angular and deceptively elegant man. Enough water—much of it beslimed by his sometimes puerile and sometimes vicious opponents—washed over him during the McCarthy era to have drowned a dozen lesser characters. But he rose above it, and the mud didn't stick.

In part his survival is also due to one of the enduring facts of political life in this country: ours is, by and large, a mercantile civilization, inherited from an England that Napoleon called a nation of shopkeepers. Consequently the sensible political direction of that nation has depended, from the very beginning, on our having a leadership with a keen and sympathetic understanding of trade.

Acheson has this instinct. He personifies a great foreign policy, which failed at home but succeeded magnificently in the outer world. And the reasons for his successes and his failures are both worth examining today, because they can tell us a lot about the chances of American foreign policy in the future.

In our time there have been few politicians endowed with this indispensable trading instinct. Perhaps this is because the visceral, untransferable understanding of this business has usually been confined—by historical and geographic cir-

cumstances—to those sections with the least political power: the Southern and Border states.

Even so towering a figure as Franklin Roosevelt at the outset knew almost nothing about the real economic conditions upon which a world can survive; it was a hard lesson for him. One of the first acts of his first Administration was to destroy the London Economic Conference. Only the tough, dogged ability of Cordell Hull of Tennessee saved us then from the thin-blooded, sterile, ultra-mercantile, and petty passions of the economic isolationists.

Acheson, in this matter, stands with the adult realists—those who believe in shipping goods to the world more than in shipping political sermons. Few people have yet grasped this fact. It is a classic irony that such an authentic spokesman for high capitalism should have been widely misrepresented as a kind of fashionable protector of “Communism.” Rarely indeed has any public man—or more importantly, the policies he represented—been so grossly misunderstood.

ACHESON is not and never was a “liberal,” either in domestic or foreign policy, as that elusive term is generally understood. Once in fact he resigned from a high post in the Treasury because he considered Roosevelt's fiscal policy unsound. In identifying themselves with him, the liberals were only in a small way right. They were correct in picturing him as a victim of McCarthyite know-nothingism; but they were wrong in picturing him as one of their own people.

Out of quite decent instinct, he became their elected hero, because the Radical Right had chosen him—wisely, from its point of view—as its principal target in the process of destroying the public credit of the Truman Administration.

Yet Acheson was really the keystone of classical

and civilized conservatism in the Truman Administration. Odd as it may sound, that Administration—and Mr. Truman personally, if only through his inherited Border State memories—appreciated and understood world trade ten times as much as it did any of the bizarre, crowd-catching items in the Fair Deal.

So Acheson's acts abroad were in the deepest sense conservative. He did not seek international pie-in-the-sky or universal do-goodism. What he wanted were "positions of strength"—or, in blunter terms, an old-fashioned balance of military power—but always with an indispensable underpinning of economic strength. He was a fulcrum-of-power man as distinguished, say, from a UN man. He was as far away as he could possibly get from the softness-on-Hottentot-ism that was attributed (fairly or not) to the Henry Wallaces of those times.

#### THE DEVIL-MYTH

THE fact that the liberals never sensed this is hardly surprising. The liberals in this country have not for a long time had much genuine understanding of world policy—principally because they have not understood the intimate interwrapping of military strength and world trade. This has been true from the days of Norris, Borah, Nye, Wheeler, and La Follette the Elder, right through the convulsions of the early 'fifties. Then, the Senate liberals sat largely mute while the Radical Right dealt all-but-mortal blows to internationalism in the devil-myth they worked up about our role in China. Liberals tend, in spite of themselves, to become excited by heated melodrama; conservatives simply can't bear it.

In those days, as this correspondent well recalls as a constant eye-witness, it was only the conservatives—led by old Tom Connally of Texas—who made any consistent effort to expose a legend that was even sillier, if possible, than it was malignant.

Again, it was conservatives who took this nation into the first world war. It was conservatives who permitted FDR to lift the arms embargo, to invent Lend-Lease, and at length to set up the conditions necessary to go to war against Hitlerism—an evil disorder that even yet has never been matched in the world. Anybody who doubts this has forgotten such key figures in it all as the late Walter George of Georgia. It was the same people, by the way, who supplied the nerve and motive power by which in 1955 the Eisenhower Administration began its tenta-

tive, scared gestures toward a rational world trade policy.

Because most writers and commentators think of themselves as liberal and also approve internationalism, they tend to adopt as an article of faith the notion that internationalism itself is liberal. Historically, of course, this is an absurdity.

For such reasons Acheson and his policies became liberal symbols without his consent.

Much more surprising, however, was the sure instinct of the Radical Right in picking Acheson as the truly intolerable man in the Truman Administration. The Radical Right—if I may put it with all possible delicacy—is not notable for its intelligence, at any time, on any matter.

Somehow, nevertheless, this part of the political spectrum sensed that this man and his fellow thinkers—General Marshall, Will Clayton, Robert Lovett, and the like—were the truly dangerous internationalists. The Radical Right, which hates all internationalism, most of all hates the basic internationalism which is the freer exchange of goods.

The national repudiation of so much for which Acheson & Co. had stood—notably the Korean war for collective defense—was of course arranged by the Republicans to win office in 1952. No greater tragedy has befallen this country—or those Republicans and participating Democrats who are also real conservatives.

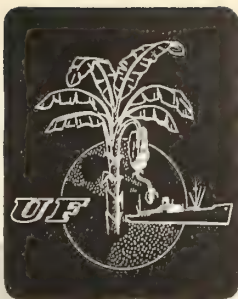
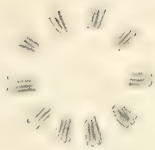
Of these gentlemen—and prominently among them is President Eisenhower—it is impossible not to think in terms of the Biblical allegory about the birthright and the mess of pottage. For when the conservatives in both parties permitted—and indeed took part in—the destruction

*SPECIFIC tactics for fighting the economic war—which we are now losing—are suggested in Waldemar A. Nielsen's article on page 25.*

of Achesonism, they destroyed much that was indispensable to them and to their designs in the world.

They (and specifically the Eisenhower Administration) became prisoners in a cage of rubbish that they had built to trap Acheson and people like him. Consequently they denied to themselves the means for running a truly responsible international policy. For they had incited the public to recoil in frantic ignorance from the only kind of warfare—limited warfare,

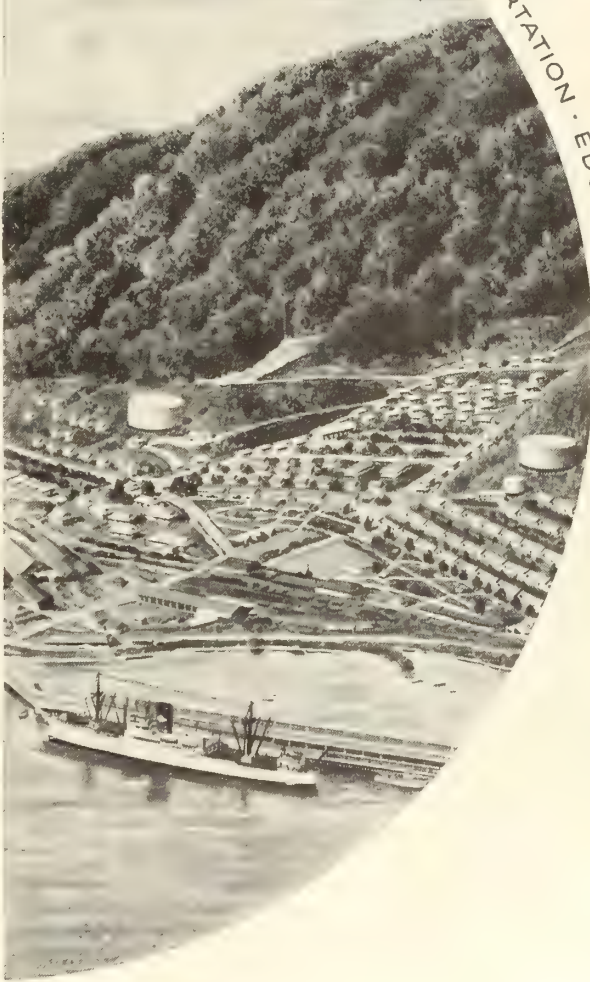




PUBLIC HEALTH • LAND RECLAMATION



CONSTRUCTION • TRANSPORTATION • EDUCATION



To bring tropical America's most pampered bananas  
to the fruit bowls of the world,  
we have probed the jungles with railroads and bridged  
the oceans with the Great White Fleet.

## United Fruit Company

General Offices: 80 Federal St., Boston 10, Mass.

on the Korean model—that is now open to any responsible leadership for the protection of American interests.

#### THE ATTACK ON KENNAN

**W**HAT has followed—the undying sadness of the Korean settlement, the loss of so much of Indochina, the running ulcer of the Near East—has inevitably flowed from this national rejection of the decent uses of power. Not until it sent the Marines into Lebanon, after it had been in office for five and a half years, did the Administration ever indicate the slightest understanding of how such power could be employed.

This massive turn in American attitude repelled and alarmed our allies, even before it was later reflected in individual matters, such as Mr. Dulles' "massive retaliation" notion, or our role in the 1956 Suez affair.

The Allies, and particularly the British, sensed that this was in fact close to a denial of what had been the heart of Western grand policy—a marshaling of real (as opposed to merely oratorical) strength, and a readiness in the last, ugly eventuality actually to use it. It was, indeed, not far from a sudden, stunning proclamation of national pacifism. Our policy became infinitely bigger on the outside than it was on the inside—and everybody knew it.

Perhaps even worse, as one goes on to examine the foreign policy failures of the Eisenhower Administration, was this fact: That Administration was fated by its own earlier actions to be unable to move with the times when the Russian challenge, overtly at least, began to change from a military to an economic thrust.

For the Republican victory of 1952—and to a lesser extent of 1956—required the conservatives to pay a prohibitive price to the Radical Right. This Radical Right has repeatedly forbidden the Administration to take the economic steps required by common sense to meet an essentially phony but nevertheless dangerously successful Soviet trade offensive.

Meanwhile, the liberal wing, with the best possible intentions and the worst possible timing, has moved in to foul things up a bit more. George Kennan's high-minded proposals for some kind of withdrawal of force from Europe are curiously similar—in predictable effect—to the old Taft-Dulles notion that the way to be safe was just regretfully to forget the millions of Europeans living between us and the Russians. The Taft-Dulles school preferred to rely on push-

button atomic warfare, the mere thought of which fills a man with the horrors. This policy, again, was unconservative because it was pettily rather than grandly mercantile; it sprang from a Taft-Dulles notion that you really could get defense wholesale.

All such proposals, including Mr. Kennan's, are in the ultimate sense isolationist.

Acheson's harsh attack upon Kennan was motivated by the deepest convictions of this icily gloomy but still gladly combative ex-Secretary of State. Acheson, in short, looks upon the Western Alliance with the veneration of the traditional Western conservative. He regards it as decent man's last hope. In his view, Kennan was endangering the alliance and might, if left unchecked, have fatally harmed it.

For this reason, he set out consciously to smash Kennan—not as George Kennan, an able former subordinate, but as George Kennan the expounder of a foreign policy so extremely liberal as to be quite irrational. For the bitter words he employed in this enterprise, Acheson to this day is not the least bit sorry. It was not the sinner he hated but rather the sin—and this sin he hated with all his heart. The point often has been made that Acheson thus came to the defense of the Dulles foreign policy; but this is not quite the way I, for one, see it. It was a defense of an earlier policy that Dulles now says he is for; in charity, let us leave it at that.

#### "THE MESS IN WASHINGTON"

**G**LOOMY as all this may sound, I do not mean to suggest that our position in the world is hopeless. I do believe that we have a staggering "mess in Washington"—a mess that has little to do with vicuña coats or similar indiscretions. The real, and infinitely more serious, mess is our foreign policy. But if 1960 produces a new Administration that is able to seize its opportunities, there is no reason for despair.

All present readings seem to suggest that the Russians are choosing to fight us in the future with economic rather than military weapons. In the military field, especially in missiles, they have frighteningly outrun us. If—in the heavy, enigmatic idiocy of which they have so often proved capable—they now actually intend to engage us in an economic contest they will have nominated the one weapon in which we ought to be able to master them hands down.

In any kind of economic planning or economic warfare America was America when Russia was a pup. And if our resources here are not in every



gic Army Corps personnel,  
these paratroops of the  
82nd Airborne Division, get  
ve and varied training to  
em ready for action  
ere in the world.



U. S. ARMY PHOTO

## STRAC — a new power for peace

about war becomes our only counter to aggression, the Union may be enabled to use its strategic striking force as a shield behind which to achieve limited advances, confronting us in each case with the alternative of yielding to a marginal Soviet gain or of precipitating a worldwide holocaust." — The Rockefeller Report on International Security, January 1958.

World War II, there have been well over a dozen such wars in various sectors of the globe.

The U. S. Army has specially organized its new Strategic Army to help discourage local aggressions or stop them promptly and decisively, if called upon to do so. STRAC is a

force of four crack airborne and infantry divisions. This hard core of your modern Army is constantly ready for air and sea movement to any trouble spot in the world.

General Electric is proud to be a supplier of electronic systems that help STRAC live up to its motto — "Skilled, Tough Ready Around the Clock".

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

HMA 581

HEAVY MILITARY ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT DEPARTMENT  
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

sense the stronger, then we are indeed plunging down to Hell in the finest chrome-plated hand-basket ever fabricated.

We shall need more Achesonism—not, one supposes, from Acheson, Dean G., personally, for he is certainly entitled to terminal leave; but from *somebody* in a future Administration. We shall need, more explicitly, an authentically conservative Administration—conservative in the sense of really believing in internationalism, not “conservative” in the false, unrepresentative sense of being opposed, say, to old-age pensions.

We shall need an Administration that will do whatever may be necessary to keep India, for example, afloat as an independent nation. We shall *not* need an Administration passionately concerned only with whether Nehru really dislikes us, and if so, why. We shall need largely to forget about “propaganda”—at least the earnestly evangelistic, huckstering kind that always brings Arthur Larson, the Midwestern St. Paul of “modern Republicanism,” to my mind. We want respect first, liking second. And if times get better, and we emerge from the very nasty world jam we are now in, then we can split all the ideological and partisan hairs we like.

We shall need an Administration able—through its fundamental view of life and politics—to recover, by way of a brilliantly imaginative trade policy, much of the ground we have lost in our recent half-hortatory, half-retreating years.

We shall continue to need military power, of course, and desperately so. But we shall need first the means to support this power. So we shall need an Administration able not only to put all our current productive capacity to use, but also to run that capacity up by 50 per cent, at minimum, so that no nation anywhere capable of being either friendly or useful to us will need to fall into economic dependence on Russia.

### *Communiqué from the Politz Bureau*

THE solution to marketing problems is not necessarily one of giving consumers what they want, but rather to make consumers want what we, the marketers, want them to want.

—Alfred Politz, market researcher, quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*, May 15, 1958.

Either party, theoretically, could provide all this—and so long as it is provided it makes not the slightest difference which party does. It must be said, however, without the smallest touch of partisan feeling, that the burden of proof of ability to deliver the goods lies heavier upon the Republicans. History shows that no Republican Administration thus far has ever done such a job; too much of the party is narrowly rather than largely mercantile.

This *caveat emptor* has one important qualification: If the Wall Street Republicans are able to expand their present power salient in the party to the point of really neutralizing the Radical Right on important issues, a Republican President probably could turn the trick. Certainly he could, if he also managed to keep the responsible Republicans from endlessly and foolishly alienating the responsible Democrats; at least on the things that matter.

Any number of Democrats would be fair-to-excellent bets in point of inherent qualifications—men roughly of the cast of mind, say, of Adlai Stevenson, though not necessarily of his cast of personality.

The only vital thing is not to turn the job over to any orthodox right-wing Republican or to any Democratic liberal—by which I mean that kind of Democrat who thinks the word “liberal” is precisely equivalent to the word “good.” This earnest and excellent chap’s ultimate test of a public man is where he stands on such things as public power and Little Rock. The mind that so preoccupies itself is a decent mind and the issues are noble ones. They are not, however, the *only* issues, or even the main issues, of this time of monumental danger and monumental chance and choice.

For if the providence of God is actually going to give us this opportunity—first to work our passage in the world through trade, and at length to make the Western world secure through trade—we will by definition be operating in a traditional area. For this we shall require traditional leadership. This means grown-up men able to evoke respect, if not liking. Most of all it means men who understand the terrible distinction between promise and power and between what is merely good and what is absolutely necessary.

We must have tough leaders—tough on the inside and not on the outside. We have got to quit playing around with drawing-room politics and idealized solutions for each and every problem. Like the delightful life of the eighteenth century, this sort of politics is fine in a way. But not in our time and not in our situation.



# A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN



A message from Mortimer J. Adler, Ph.D.  
Director for the Institute of Philosophical Research

"The greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."

ESSENTIAL IN THE  
LIBRARY OF EVERY THINKING PERSON

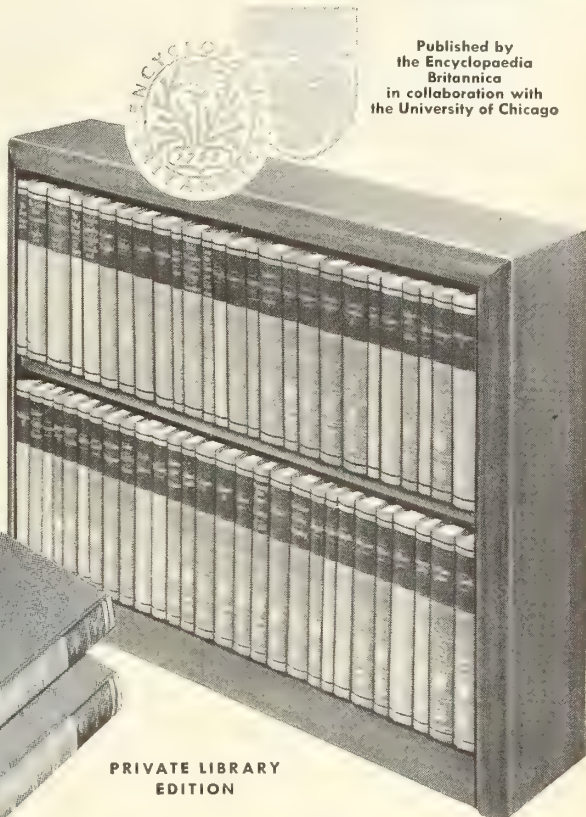
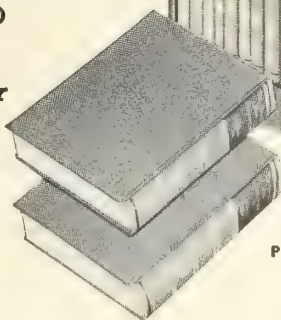
## GREAT BOOKS

OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Now available direct from the publisher  
with great new

## SYNTOPICON

fascinating "idea-interpreter"



Published by  
the Encyclopaedia  
Britannica  
in collaboration with  
the University of Chicago

PRIVATE LIBRARY  
EDITION

The publication of this Private Library Edition of the GREAT BOOKS is regarded as an outstanding achievement in the fields of literature, philosophy and science. It is not just a collection of books already in your library. The 54 volumes which comprise the GREAT BOOKS were published after 8 years of research by 75 scholars at a cost of over two million dollars. Many of the books have been especially translated into English. Many of them are out of print and unobtainable through normal channels. Together they include all accumulated wisdom of 3,000 years of civilization.

A list of authors is impressive—Aristotle, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Augustine, Milton, Machiavelli, Kepler and St. Thomas Aquinas—to name just a few of the authors and scholars whose works are represented in this special edition of the GREAT BOOKS. The area of knowledge is limitless. Every great idea that has shaped the lives of thinking

men is explored—astronomy, ethics, philosophy, war, peace, religion, death, love, mathematics, medicine, science, theology—102 ideas that have occupied great minds since man could think.

But the magnitude of the GREAT BOOKS is not in its authors and subject matter alone. Published with them is a great new SYNTOPICON designed to make your reading more meaningful. The SYNTOPICON is quite literally a great teacher "living" in your home... always at your disposal to guide your reading... interpret the great ideas... make clear to you the most abstract thought. With the SYNTOPICON you will find new excitement in new ideas... new absorbing interests... new understanding of yourself and other people.

We urge you not to miss this opportunity to en-

rich your mind with this Private Library Edition of the GREAT BOOKS. Send now for the free booklet which describes this handsome edition in detail. Look it over... think it over. But don't wait to mail in the coupon below. The supply of these booklets is necessarily limited. Avoid the chance of disappointment by mailing your coupon now!

### MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET



GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD,  
DEPT. 15-C  
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me, free and without obligation, your handsome booklet which pictures and describes the revolutionary SYNTOPICON and the GREAT BOOKS in full detail. Also, include complete information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, direct from the publisher, on your special budget plan.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# After Hours



## BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

About ten years ago the architect **Carl Koch** was summoned by the Lustron Corporation, which had magnificent plans for mass-producing forty thousand houses a year. These houses, built of steel and a finish coat of porcelain enamel, were to come off an assembly line in pieces, packaged and ready to be put together in 150 man-hours. After investing \$35 million, to quote Mr. Koch, "The Lustron Corporation hoisted sail, and moved slowly and majestically into receivership."

In the course of working with Lustron and more recently as creator of the Techbuilt house, also designed for prefabricated "modular" units, Mr. Koch has learned a great deal about what the architect can expect from the machine, what the machine can expect from the designer, and what we can expect from both. Mr. Koch, with the aid of Andy Lewis, has produced a book, *At Home with Tomorrow* (to be published by Rinehart later this month), in which he says some things that will make some architects groan. They are, however, revealing to anyone who is interested in the future of domestic architecture. I quote from Mr. Koch's book with the permission of the publishers.

**W**HAT are his [the architect's] responsibilities in the emerging building pattern—and, in the most general sense, to this age?

In the first place, to say it outright, the architect really doesn't know very

much about machines, and he needs to learn. He can get by, of course. (Two tokens of his getting by are that he seldom bothers any more to design a house costing less than \$30,000—and that a house should cost \$30,000.) For years he has paid lip service to the Bauhaus statement of 1923, "We want an architecture adapted to our world of machines, radio, and fast motor cars—buildings which are to be thought of as outgrowths of modern technique and design may be considered as an assembly of prefabricated and standardized parts, so applied as to fulfill the varying requirements of those to be housed." But the buildings he designs are handsome repetitions of those designed, as a beginning, then. He will adapt himself this far to the machine: he will ask whether the machine will do a piece of work he wants it to. And, yes, the answer usually is, it can. But that is not always to say that this is what the machine can do most easily, cheaply, and well.

This architectural habit of mind is often supported by the machine men themselves, as at Lustron, for example, where our first instructions were to design the house, and let them worry about how to make it. One of the significant problems of today's industry—not simply in housing—is the gap between design and production.

We have a picture in our mind's eye of what machine work "looks like," or is supposed to: even, shiny, smooth, geometric, etc. The designers themselves have helped to foster this picture. . . . Machine work can as well be uneven, rough-sur-

facéd, and irregular. It is typical, for instance, that one machine may turn out a piece which, "roughed in" by imperfect to the machinist's eye, is still entirely adequate for the use to which it will be put. It is functionally perfect. But then, in order to make it match our picture of machine work must be, to put "finishing touches" on the piece. Three other machines turn out to be necessary—adding as much again in complexity and cost. This is a lack of machine aesthetics, an expense which the designer is guilty of encouraging simply because he seldom exerts himself to find out about machines and suggest differently.

To give another example, again from Lustron: The process of enameling the Lustron steel panel color was an immensely skillful operation. So was the process of quality control involved—of making sure that each panel was evenly, smoothly enameled, and a perfect match to the fifty or five hundred panels preceding it. It was immensely expensive, too, and it sometimes happened that a whole batch of panels came out wrong—that is to say somewhat uneven of color, or a shade too light or dark—and had to be tossed away.

Considering all this, we made a suggestion to the producer in charge that since the "wrong" panels could do everything a panel was supposed to, and since their unevenness of color itself was interesting and decorative, why not use the wrong panels along with the "right" ones, and get some variety to a wall surface which all perfect, was likely to be a touch unexciting. In fact, since he found the control of quality to be an ex-

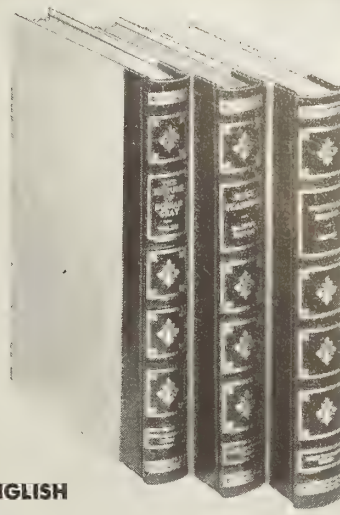




**ANCIENT CLASSICS SET**  
HOMER'S ODYSSEY  
HOMER'S SELECTIONS  
HERCULES' TWELVE LIVES



**FRENCH CLASSICS SET**  
CANDIDE by Voltaire  
MANA by Emile Zola  
MADAME BOVARY by Gustave Flaubert



**ENGLISH CLASSICS SET**  
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY by Oscar Wilde  
WUTHERING HEIGHTS by Emily Bronte  
MOLL FLANDERS by Daniel Defoe



**AMERICAN CLASSICS SET**  
ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN by Mark Twain  
SHORT STORIES of Edgar Allan Poe  
LAST OF THE MOHICANS by James Fenimore Cooper

# **MAKE YOUR FIRST MEMBERSHIP SELECTION FROM ANY OF THESE BOOKS:**

- **ESSAYS** by Francis Bacon: The actions of the heart and mind of a man of genius whose wisdom offers rich rewards to the modern reader.
- **ILIAS** by George Eliot: Considered the best of Eliot's novels — here is a story that gives sadness and joy in which every reader can share.
- **THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE**: The revealing struggle of a man toward faith, his merciful analysis of his personal confusions and sorrows.
- **ANNE EYRE** by Charlotte Bronte: One of the most popular novels of all time — memorable for its originality and insight into the life of the human heart.
- **ILLIUM'S TRAVELS** by Jonathan Swift: To those seeking adventure, wit and enlightenment — this light satire offers an incomparable blend of all.
- **THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII** by H. D. Butler-Lytton: A dramatic narrative of passion, strife, love and death in ancient Roman days.
- **THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO**: Most amazing book of travel experiences; a story full of the wonders and marvels of the mysterious Far East of the 13th Century.
- **THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES** by Nathaniel Hawthorne: A novel of mystery and brooding suspense; one of the most powerful stories by a master novelist.
- **THE WAY OF ALL FLESH** by Samuel Butler: Remarkable story of a clergyman's son through school days, degradation and prison, and rise to respectability.
- **GREEN MANSIONS** by W. H. Hudson: Haunting, tragic tale of Rima, the "bird girl". A powerful story of the South American rain-forest by a great novelist.
- **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENvenuto CELLINI**: Artist, sculptor, goldsmith, author and lover of many women — Cellini led a spectacular life. This is his story.
- **SELECTIONS FROM PEPEY'S DIARY**: A valuable, uncensored record of life during the bawdy, lusty days of the Restoration period.

Perspective of the Centuries to Relieve the Pressure of the Hours . . .

## *Fine Editions Club*

makes this exceptional offer to the discriminating reader

# **FREE** Any One of These Sets of Classics

Here are books of enduring values that enrich the mind—now offered in exquisite form to enrich your home. They are a delight to both hand and eye. Above all, they are a delight to the mind. For, in *Fine Editions*, you are offered only those works which have proved their worthiness to live. Theirs is the wit and humor, the philosophy and history, the romance and tragedy upon which our entire culture has been built.

You have probably always wanted to become acquainted with every one of these great books. Perhaps you read many of them in college and now wish to renew your acquaintance on a deeper, more mature basis. Here is your opportunity to do this conveniently — and with substantial savings.

For this Introductory Offer to new members we have selected from the *Fine Editions* list four sets of Classics of three volumes each. These are the Ancient Classics, the French, English and American Classics. Take *any set* as our gift to you for joining. The three beautiful books you select

will be sent to you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with your first membership selection (see box at left). You will be billed only for this one book at the modest member's price of \$3.95 plus a slight mailing charge.

### **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED**

Do not send money with the coupon. You will receive all four books at once. Examine the rich, genuine leather binding, the 24K gold hand tooling with 24K gold page tops, the clarity of type, the fine paper.

If, after examining the books, you're not happy with them, simply return them within 10 days and pay us nothing. Nor are you obligated to take each subsequent month's selection as it comes out. During the first year, you take as few as five selections. After that, for each four selections, you receive a valuable bonus book **FREE**. Inasmuch as membership is limited, we suggest you mail the coupon now.

Send me the Set checked as my **FREE GIFT** for joining.

- ☐ Ancient Classics Set      ☐ French Classics Set  
☐ English Classics Set      ☐ American Classics Set

As my first Membership Selection, please send me

(write in name of selected book below)

**PLEASE NOTE:** A "Double Selection" — or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price — is counted as a *single book* in reckoning Bonus Book credits and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

My Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**FINE EDITIONS CLUB, Dept. 9-G-YF**

11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me **FREE** the Classics Set (3 books) which I have checked, together with the fourth book which I have named. This is my first Membership selection, for which you will bill me the Member's price of \$3.95. I understand that I am not bound to accept every book selected by the *Fine Editions Club*, and that I may cancel my Membership any time after accepting as few as five books. For every *four* books I accept thereafter, I am to receive a valuable bonus book **FREE**. I also understand that, if I am not delighted with the books I have checked in this coupon, I may return them within ten days and owe nothing.



ing task, why not do it a lot more easily and cheaply, and let the "wrong" panels happen on purpose.

The suggestion seemed natural enough to us, but the producer all but threw us out of the shop. We had asked him to cast away his professional reputation, and twenty years of painful experience. In a way, of course, his attitude was admirable, but it must be related to the question of what is craftsmanship and what, in the last analysis, is not.

To the designer, oriented as he is toward the Piazza di San Marco, the business of learning about roll shapes and electrostatic spraying may appear a trifle dull. It is. Sometimes it is *awfully* dull. Take the designer who wants to plan a simple window for mass production. He will not only be concerned with its proportions, the good look of its hardware, or the fact that it shouldn't leak. He will have to deal with the material of which the frame is made—steel, wood, aluminum—and more than that, with the ways in which the material is best worked. If it is steel, he must know the different implications for design in cold rolling or hot rolling, drop forging, or bending and brake-forming. He must consider the number of units in the frame to be separately formed, the design of them for forming, and the machinery and techniques necessary to join them, once formed. The window is to be pre-finished and pre-glazed—he must consider the order of machinery necessary for this. At the same time he will have to provide for other sizes of windows—how many of the parts he has designed will still be useful in other dimensions? And then there are matters of warehousing and shipping: The window must be light, easy to handle, it should nest, it should pack well, it should resist damage to its edges in transit. And finally, application: If the window is to be salable in a large market, it has to look and fit equally well into a wall of brick, or wood, or steel, or aluminum, or stone, or whatever. Back he goes to the drawing board.

Slow work—very. But it is the kind of work toward which the designer's responsibilities are carrying him. If he doesn't concern himself with this manner of problem, someone else

will have to, someone without his particular regard for proportion. And the result, for the small window, will be the same as it is now for the small house. The designer, for fear of boredom or difficulty, will have let ugliness win again by default.

The architect must be willing to function as technician, machinist, builder, and boilermaker. It is the only way in which, as artist, he may hope to maintain control of his work, and to leave his impress upon it.

—CARL KOCH



### "WEDDINGS AND BABIES"

*Not long ago I had an excited phone call from a cameraman, Richard Leacock, who photographed Robert Flaherty's "Louisiana Story" and holds a high place in the regard of movie people. He had just seen a film that he could not say enough good things about, and so I asked him if he would try to put down what, as a professional, he found so remarkable in it. His answer follows.*

**R**ECENTLY I attended the preview screening of a movie that opens up an entirely new future for film—Morris Engel's "Weddings and Babies," starring Viveca Lindfors. I knew that his earlier successes, "The Little Fugitive" and "Lovers and Lollipops," had been unpretentious, primarily visual films with a great deal of charm and a limited amount of dialogue. I knew that they had walked off with a round dozen prizes, including the Silver Lion of Venice, the top Ameri-

can award there, and a thump good box-office to boot. But I was not prepared for "Weddings and Babies."

Engel's earlier films had been dubbed—that is, they had used a system perfected by the post-war Italian film-makers of shooting a scene with a silent camera and then fitting dialogue to it in the studio. This made it possible to photograph anywhere, without being chained to the big clumsy sound cameras or a set by "extraneous noise." The Italians had taken superb advantage of this freedom to produce films of extraordinary ease and grace and most impressive of all, spontaneity. But it was a spontaneity created by the skillful application of what can only be described as an agonizing technique.

To my amazement, "Weddings and Babies" was not dubbed. Nor was it an orthodox sound film made with all the imposing and ponderous equipment this normally requires. Here was a feature theatrical film shot on regular 35-mm stock, with live spontaneous sound. Dialogue had been filmed in an amazing variety of places, including the streets of New York during an Italian neighborhood festival, without noticeably interfering with the normal life going on around.

It soon became evident that the camera was almost totally uninhibited by the usual complications of changing position. It was able to go anywhere with a minimum of preparation and delay. I had the feeling that the camera was able to catch subtleties in the acting that are usually lost under normal conditions of shooting. This was particularly true in scenes involving the grandmother, a non-professional actor.

"Weddings and Babies" is the first theatrical motion picture to make use of a fully mobile, synchronous sound-and-picture system. It should be of enormous interest to film makers, and to all who are concerned about the future of the film industry because it is precisely in this area that the greatest undeveloped potential of the film is to be found. Finding itself in competition with the insidious little box, TV, Hollywood has frantically been trying to differentiate its product by changing the proportions of the screen and



## AFTER HOURS

phasizing all those aspects of film at television does not yet possess—the large image and the sense of grandeur. The trend is toward fewer and more expensive pictures, and experimental work is largely left to the interesting but limited efforts of the 8mm film societies. This should not be, but it is—and as a result the most significant breakthrough of recent years had to be made by an outsider.

MORRIS ENGEL came to motion pictures with what many would consider the worst possible background—he was a successful magazine photographer. Still photographers had been through their technical revolution some time back. They too had been encumbered by clumsy and heavy equipment until the Leica camera was invented, allowing a whole new area of still photography to develop, the area then associated with the brilliant photo essays of *Life Magazine*. Light, portable equipment enabled photographers to move freely and catch every nuance that appeared in their subjects without dominating the situation with their paraphernalia.

Thus it was not surprising that Engel and his collaborator and wife, Ruth Orkin, also a magazine photographer, were appalled at the design of motion-picture equipment. They wanted something that could be carried around in the hand, that didn't have to be plugged into electric outlets (hard to find in the streets and even harder in a bus). Unlike others who had faced this problem and settled for what was available, they promptly set about buying equipment designed and built to overcome these obstacles.

At first their emphasis was on the image, but after two experiences with dubbing, Engel had become fully aware of the importance of sound, and he managed to have a very sound system developed in which the camera and sound system are battery-operated and independent of each other, fully portable, silent and synchronous. These were the basic problems, and they were solved. In order to perfect the system, to make it more reliable and improve its quality, much work remains for the engineers. But that barrier has been broken in in-

# Mexico

*lifetime enjoyment*



"La Quebrada" Acapulco Mexico.

## ACAPULCO

the world famous seashore resort of enthralling, unforgettable and mysterious beauty, where nature stands forth in singular magnificence. Rugged cliffs, snow-white beaches surrounded by exotic tropical vegetation. Here you can enjoy unexcelled surf-bathing, boating and exciting deepsea fishing. Splendid hotels, incomparable sunsets and dancing under starry skies.

You'll be really happy vacationing in México.

**MEXICO** awaits you. Your travel agent will tell you.

## MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA	3106 Wilshire Blvd.	NEW YORK, N. Y.	630 Fifth Ave. No. 801
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS	27-E. Monroe Street Suite No. 304	SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	209 E. Travis Street
HOUSTON, TEXAS	809 Walker Ave.	MONTREAL, CANADA	1255 Phillips Square, Suite No. 206
MIAMI, FLORIDA	45 Columbus Arcade	TORONTO, CANADA	20 Carlton Street
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA	203 St. Charles Street	LA HABANA, CUBA	Calle 23, No. 72 - La Rampa, Vedado.

# Is The Catholic Church Out of Place in America?

Some critics say "yes" and give as their reasons that the Church is not 100 per cent American and not democratic.

They say it is undemocratic, for example, for the Church to oppose birth control and divorce with remarriage. It is undemocratic for Catholics to maintain their own schools... to campaign against obscene literature, books and films... to promulgate a distinctive Catholic culture.

What, we ask, could be *more* undemocratic than to deny Catholics the right to do these very things if they choose?

Christ's Church was not intended, of course, to be American, or British, French or German. It was to be *catholic*, not national—at home everywhere, alien nowhere. Nor was Christ's Church designed to be democratic. It was established on a hierarchical system, with authority vested in the Apostles—not in the congregation. That is the nature and design of the Catholic Church.

To assert that the Catholic Church is undemocratic implies that it is anti-democratic and antagonistic to America's "democratic" system. Nothing could be further from the truth. No firmer dedication to democratic principles could be made than that voiced by the Catholic Bishops of the United States at their Third Plenary Council, in Baltimore, in 1884. The present Pope, Pius XII, supplementing similar comments by earlier Popes, declared in 1944 that the member of a true democracy is "a citizen of honor, of personal activity and of dignity."

In 1576—just 200 years before the Declaration of Independence—Robert Cardinal Bellarmine, a famed member of the Catholic Hierarchy—wrote that "all men are equal"... "that political right is from God"... "that man must



be governed by someone"... that government "must depend on the consent of the multitude"... and that "for legitimate reasons the people can change the government..."

If America is to have a genuine democracy, it must be recognized as the right of the Catholic Hierarchy to expound Catholic doctrine, to instruct the Catholic people, to legislate and regulate in matters concerning the Catholic Church. To do so infringes in no way on the rights or liberties of non-Catholics.

If you would like to have a better understanding of the Catholic Church and its attitudes and activities, write today for our free pamphlet. It will be sent in a plain wrapper... nobody will call on you. Fill in coupon—mail today! Ask for Pamphlet No. D-49.

**FREE**

**MAIL COUPON TODAY**

**SUPREME COUNCIL  
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS  
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU  
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Missouri**

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled: "Is The Catholic Church Out of Place Here?" D-49

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**SUPREME COUNCIL  
KNIGHTS of COLUMBUS  
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU**

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



## AFTER HOURS

disputable. I am only dismayed that a giant industry, which can put millions of dollars into the development of a slightly different scientific ratio, should leave such fundamental research to the limited means of a magazine photographer.

And, since I hope to use it myself I must now pray for an enlightened manufacturer with vision, who will not only develop but manufacture and market this equipment, because only as it becomes widely available will the full significance of "Wendings and Babies" be realized. With this new equipment, it will become possible to make many films with budgets that can be financed at clear risk, without having to reach an agreement for guaranteed contribution, as even the "independent" producer now must do. This, added to the technical liberation, should produce a situation in which we will make films will have only ourselves to blame if we cannot live up to our demands.

—RICHARD LEACOCK

## OB

SEVERAL months ago I told the story of the Wheeler-Hall house in Bridgeport, Connecticut. It was, you may remember, one of the first-rate examples of Gothic revival architecture in the U.S. and was the work of A. J. Davis, one of our few great nineteenth-century architects. The house and grounds had been left by its last owner to the city to be used as library and park or for other civic uses. But that nice property right in the middle of town gave City Hall itchy fingers. The mayor wanted to tear it down, and had started nibbling at it when some local citizens rallied to chase him off. At election time they backed a fellow who said he was all for saving the house, and when the returns were in (it was close one) he admitted he couldn't have got elected without the support of the people who cared less about him than about architecture.

Guess what. The new mayor was just kidding. He has ordered the destruction of the house. It is now being demolished to make way for new City Hall. Bridgeport people may want to make a note for the next election.

—Mr. Harpo



# the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## The Middle Ground and Some More Exotic Regions

SINCE most of the influential descriptions and criticisms of American society that have appeared since the second world war have been written by social scientists, it is a pleasant change to read a book like **The Democratic Vista** by Richard Chase (Doubleday Anchor, \$3.95), which takes literature as its point of departure in analyzing and assessing our culture. Chase has conducted no polls and compiled no statistics, but he has immersed himself in the work of the great American writers and uses it as a touchstone to judge contemporary America.

Yet, for all the difference in his approach, Chase reaches conclusions not very different in broad summary from those of such sociological studies as Riesman's *Lonely Crowd* and Whyte's *Organization Man*: he sees America being engulfed by a rising tide of conformity, and he pleads for greater respect for diversity and variety in American life. By this time that seems to be a fairly safe and fairly predictable thing for any writer on American society to do.

But in spite of his superficial resemblance to our sociological critics, Chase is really saying something rather different. His book is essentially an attack on all attempts to find in American life a middle ground or middle way or central position, and he calls all such attempts conformity, middlebrowism, and the like. Here he may not discriminate sufficiently, partly because he is arguing from a rather shaky analogy.

Chase assumes that American society should have the same structure or organization (or lack thereof) as the minds of the greatest American writers. His underlying analogy, which is never closely scrutinized, goes something like this: since a great American poet like Walt Whitman had a mind full of contrarieties and extreme, unreconciled ideas, therefore American society should be full of contrarieties and extreme, unreconciled ideas; and any attempt to find a mediating principle or common ground in the center of all this diversity is to lay life open to that old boggy conformity.

Chase himself puts his theme in a peculiarly punctuated question: "Why should a culture of

contradictions not glory in being what it is? As Whitman gloried in America and in himself because both were contradictory." Graceless as it is to answer a rhetorical question, this one requires a reply.

For one thing, there is no reason to suppose that society really resembles any poet's mind, even Walt Whitman's, and for all the oddments that found lodging there, the mind of Whitman was not simply a crowded and lively chaos. He did have a common ground where he yoked his contradictions together and somehow (and sometimes) made them work together: that common ground was his poetry and the personality it came out of. When he said, "I contain multitudes," there were not only the multitudes contained but also the "I" that contained them. Society has no "I"; it does not, except by very loose metaphor, have a personality or write poetry. Those are attributes or gifts proper to individuals, and society is not an individual but a collection of many individuals. Let us hope that American society can contain multitudes as amiably as old Walt did, but let us grant that the problems involved cannot be solved by dubious analogy.

There is another reason that a culture of contradictions should not always glory in being what it is: there may be contradictions in a society that are no occasion for glory. There certainly are in American society—contradictions, for instance, between our democratic protestations and the way people are often treated, between our economic affluence and the poverty of some of our people and institutions, and so on. Chase knows this, of course; he is a man deeply committed to democratic principles. But in the present mood, when writers begin to talk about how much they admire contradiction, diversity, and variety, they sometimes get carried away by their own rhetoric and forget that there are some contradictions and some forms of diversity and variety that are more valuable than others.

Chase hardly discriminates between those areas where it is necessary to have a certain amount of social consensus, a rough working agreement about how things are to be done in

society, a middle ground, and those areas where it is not. He seems to assume that if the need for social consensus is admitted in anything, then it must be admitted in everything. Surely that is oversimplified. In the area of taste, with which Chase is primarily concerned, very little social consensus is necessary. For instance, I prefer the novels of William Faulkner to the novels of James Gould Cozzens, and many of my friends do not. But except for one rather salty exchange, I have landed in no trouble because of this preference, and I expect to go on entertaining it until I die. Who is going to stop me? Who wants to stop me? American society has many faults, but it is still big enough and tolerant enough, at least where I live, to let people who like different novelists live side by side in peace.

But suppose I would rather drive on the left side of the road instead of the right. I cannot be permitted to do so, because the side of the road used for driving—unlike the relative merits of Faulkner and Cozzens—is a subject on which we must have agreement. Of course Chase knows this too; he does not discuss the place of law in society, but that hardly justifies the conclusion that he regards law as unnecessary. The point is this: between those areas where we are free to indulge our personal tastes, as in the books we read and the music we listen to, and those areas where no one would deny the need for law, like traffic regulation, there is a large region where we operate by social consensus. The attendance of children in school is a matter of law, but what and how they are taught is in part a matter of social consensus.

Unlike Chase and many others who see American society as a society settled or threatening to settle into a rigid, complacent set of attitudes, a society that is all middle ground, all conformity, all bland compromise and agreement, I see it as a society with, if anything, too little rather than too much social consensus. On such important problems confronting us as how our children are to be educated, how the races are to live together, what to do about inflation and nuclear weapons and so on, I think we are full of uncertainties and divisions.

To be sure, as the population grows, as we become increasingly urbanized and life becomes increasingly dependent on machines, the area where there must be social consensus and even law grows larger. That is unfortunate, but it results from the conditions of our lives and not from any conspiracy to make us all conformists.

#### IS THERE AN AMERICAN INTELLIGENTSIA?

SEEN in a somewhat different light, *The Democratic Vista* is a lament for the intelligentsia, and since the demise of the American intelligentsia has a lot to do with this whole

question of the "middle ground" or conformity, it may bear looking into. Chase seems to use the words *intellectuals*, *avant-garde*, and *intelligentsia* more or less interchangeably, but it is useful to make some distinctions. An *intellectual*, as I see it, is simply a man or woman whose mind refuses to leave him alone; it may be a gift or it may be a neurosis, but he is saddled with the habit of thinking.

On the other hand, the word *intelligentsia*, as it emerged in nineteenth-century Russia, cannot be used to describe an individual, as *intellectual* can be; it is the name of a social class—a group of people who disregard and throw off other, traditional social distinctions, like birth and wealth and education and taste, and join together in a bid for power in society on the basis of their ideas.

Unlike Chase, I do not believe that America had much of an intelligentsia before the 1930s, though certain of the pre-Revolutionary agitators may qualify, and so may the abolitionists and possibly some other reform groups. I doubt that it is very enlightening to regard the Concord transcendentalists (or most other groups of friends in our literary history) as an intelligentsia, if for no other reason than that they were not after political power. True, a good many writers in nineteenth-century America held government positions (Irving, Hawthorne, Melville, Lowell, and others), but they certainly never constituted a group or class or cell.

All over the Western world there seems to have been a breakup of the intelligentsia since the second world war; it has tended to reemerge with the rest of society. This does not mean that intellectuals have stopped thinking, but that they have increasingly ceased to relate themselves to society on the basis of their ideas alone, and whatever sense of social solidarity they achieve is based on a variety of commitments—to family, place, tradition, etc.—as well as to mind. In this country the Hiss trials were the effective death knell of the intelligentsia. It failed officially in the courtroom, and since then it has largely failed, I gather, "in the court of public opinion."

Most intellectuals have never belonged to an intelligentsia. Few American intellectuals belonged to the one that emerged here during the 1930s and few knew very much about it, but they tended to feel that it was their friend in power, their bid for a place in the sun by proxy, and that whatever discredited it discredited them. Because of the excesses and brutalities of the loyalty investigations, they found it easy to conclude, when American society in the form of a group of political leaders turned against certain members of the intelligentsia of the 1930s, that it was turning against anybody who ever had an idea in his head.

That seems to be an exaggeration. Rightly



## VIKING PAPERBOUND PORTABLES

These amazing omnibus volumes are now an even greater bargain at the new paper price! They average 700 pages, yet the print is extremely readable, and the wealth of material is unsurpassed. Just see how much each treasure-packed portable offers you!

**WINSTON CHURCHILL** *Intro. by Lewis Gannett.* 2 novelettes, pieces, etc. \$1.25

**WROTH PARKER** *Intro. by Maugham.* All of *Lies and Not So Deep as a Well*, 5 later tales. \$1.25

**WORLD BIBLE** *Ed. by Robert O. Ballou.* Selections from sacred scriptures of 8 great basic religions, explanatory introductions. \$1.25

**OSCAR WILDE** *Ed. by Richard Aldington.* The *Complete Works of Oscar Wilde*, *De Profundis*, *Salome* and *Importance of Being Earnest*, complete; poems, letters. A superb selection! \$1.45

**MARK TWAIN** *Intro. by Bernard De Voto.* *Mark Twain* and *The Mysterious Stranger*, complete selections from other works; 28 intimate letters. \$1.45

**GAUTIER** *Intro. by Alfred Kazin.* The uninhibited adventures of *Gautier* and *Pantagruel* in the lively modern version, translated, with a revealing introduction by Samuel Butler. \$1.25

**WILHELM MUELLER** *Intro. by Alfred Kazin.* A real treasure! His greatest poems—*Songs of Innocence and Experience*, plus "A Vision of the Book of the Future with the beautiful engravings!" \$1.45

**ELIZABETHAN READER** *Ed. by Hiram Haydn.* A sparkling literary portrait of a glorious period! A selection of 132 works by 40 authors. \$1.25

**D. H. LAWRENCE** *Ed. by Diana Trilling.* A living cross-section of the impassioned writings of this towering literary genius. "A perfect introduction to Lawrence."—*New Yorker* \$1.45

**DANTE** *Intro. by Paolo Milano.* The *Divine Comedy*, complete, in the Binyon translation, plus writings. "Probably the most comprehensive 2-volume collection of Dante."—*Chicago Tribune* \$1.45

**P35 CHEKHOV** *Selected and translated by Avrahm Yarmolinsky.* The most memorable works—*The Cherry Orchard* and *The Boor*, complete, plus 28 outstanding stories and selected letters. \$1.25

**P36 VEBLEN** *Ed. by Max Lerner.* A representative selection, including first half of *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. "One of the best and most important Portables."—*Saturday Review* \$1.45

**P38 HAWTHORNE** *Ed. by Malcolm Cowley.* The *Scarlet Letter*, complete; sections from 3 other novels, 12 stories, etc. \$1.25

**P39 GREEK READER** *Ed. by W. H. Auden.* Greatest Greek writers, in the finest English translations, brilliantly interpreted by the editor. \$1.45

**P42 SHERWOOD ANDERSON** *Ed. by Horace Gregory.* *Poor White*, complete; 7 stories from *Winesburg, Ohio*; other writings. \$1.25

**P46 MEDIEVAL READER** *Ed. by Ross and McLaughlin.* The world of the middle ages from 1100-1500. "The richness and variety of the material...can only be hinted at."—*Saturday Review* \$1.45

**P47 CHAUCER** *Trans. by Theodore Morrison.* Brilliant modern-language version contains the Prologue and 12 of the best of *The Canterbury Tales*, summaries of the others with connecting links about the pilgrims to aid the modern reader. \$1.25

**P55 HENRY JAMES** *Ed. by Morton Dauwen Zabel.* Three complete novellas; plus shorter works. "Certain to become the basic guidebook to James."—*Chicago News* \$1.45

**P60 GIBBON** *Ed. by Dero A. Saunders.* *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. "Preserves what has kept best in Gibbon."—*Time* \$1.45

**P61 RENAISSANCE READER** *Ed. by Ross and McLaughlin.* All aspects of life and the arts in selections from 150 writers, many not elsewhere available in English. "An impressive job."—*New Yorker* \$1.45

## COMPASS BOOKS

Fiction, non-fiction, modern classics in handsome paperbound volumes—some available ONLY in Compass editions.

**THE CHALLENGE OF MAN'S FUTURE** *by Harrison Salisbury.* A timely survey of man's chances for survival in planet. \$1.25

**KILGORE'S RETURN** *by Malcolm Cowley.* A leading literary figure's personal account of the great literary figures of the 20s. \$1.25

**PHILOSOPHER'S HOLIDAY** *by Irwin Edman.* Detailed and witty personal reflections of a beloved philosopher. \$1.25

**THE CREATION OF THE UNIVERSE** *by George Gamow.* The most concise and readable explanation of the origins and evolution of the universe. \$1.25

**THE LOVE LETTERS OF PHYLLIS MCGINLEY** *by Phyllis McGinley.* One of the brightest practitioners of the art of love letters. "A masterpiece."—*Saturday Review* \$1.25

**ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM** *by Stefan Zweig.* The brilliant biography of the famous 15th century philosopher. \$1.25

**HART CRANE: THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN POET** *by Philip Horton.* "An admirable and very moving biography."—*The Atlantic* \$1.25

**BYRON IN ITALY** *by Peter Quennell.* "The best narrative of the poet's career."—*MORTON ANDERSON*, *New Republic* \$1.25

**THE BIOLOGY OF THE SPIRIT** *by Edmund W. Leach.* An eminent scientist presents evidence of the existence of the human spirit. "A brilliantly developed thesis."—*N. Y. Times* \$1.25

**THE QUIET AMERICAN** *by Graham Greene.* "A superb novel, again illustrating Greene's adroitness as storyteller."—*San Francisco Examiner* \$1.25

**HERMAN MELVILLE: A CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY** *by Arvin.* "Wise and most balanced single piece of writing on Melville."—*ALFRED KAZIN* \$1.25

**C21 TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS: THE STORY OF ADVENTURE** *by William Bolitho.* Twelve adventures with fame, fortune, and fate—a modern classic. \$1.45

**C24 A SPORTSMAN'S NOTEBOOK** *by Ivan Turgenev.* "A new and brilliant translation...The finest things Turgenev ever wrote."—*London Times* \$1.45

**C25 COLLECTED POEMS OF JAMES JOYCE.** His lyrical and lovely verse. \$1.25

**C26 ETRUSCAN PLACES** *by D. H. Lawrence.* One of the most beautiful travel books ever written. Not available in any other edition. \$1.25

**C28 ARISTOTLE'S POLITICS AND POETICS.** Two of the world's most famous philosophic documents. \$1.25

**C30 DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA** *by John Malcolm Brinnin.* The controversial record of the last years in the life of the famous poet. \$1.45

**C31 THE CRAFT OF FICTION** *by Percy Lubbock.* First low-priced edition of this famous book on writing, with a new preface by Mark Schorer. \$1.25

**C33 THE GRAPES OF WRATH** *by John Steinbeck.* "No novel of our day has been written out of a more genuine humanity."—*The Nation* \$1.25

**C34 THE APPRENTICESHIP OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY** *by Charles A. Fenton.* "Absorbing account of the development of one of our major authors...highly readable."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat* \$1.45

**C35 LUCKY JIM** *by Kingsley Amis.* Now back in print—the hilarious novel about "one of the funniest characters in recent fiction."—*Saturday Review* \$1.25

**C36 RADIATION: WHAT IT IS AND HOW IT AFFECTS YOU** *by Jack Schubert and Ralph E. Lapp.* The authoritative book on atomic radiation in our daily lives. \$1.25

**C41 DUBLINERS** *by James Joyce.* A collection of stories in which he immortalizes the persons and places of his home town. \$1.25

# Look how many

WONDERFUL  
BOOKS ARE NOW  
IN HIGH QUALITY,  
DURABLE PAPER  
BINDINGS. LOOK HOW  
MANY YOU CAN GET

# for only \$5.!



Every book on this page has been selected from our list for its permanent appeal and literary value. How many did you miss in hard covers at two and three times the price? See the complete catalogue at your bookstore. Order by number, using the handy coupon below. Minimum order, \$5.00, please. The books will be sent postpaid.

VIKING PRESS

Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Close \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me at once, postpaid, the books whose numbers I have circled.

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

P4	P5	P16	P20	P21	P26	P27	P28	P32	P35
P38	P39	P42	P46	P47	P55	P60	P61	C3	C4
C7	C10	C13	C15	C16	C17	C19	C20	C21	C24
C26	C28	C30	C31	C33	C34	C35	C36	C41	

or wrongly, American society, without very numerous dissidents, does seem to have reached a consensus that it will not trust people who belong to a political party that owes its primary allegiance to a foreign power—but with this considerable exception I do not see that intellectuals are under any remarkable pressure to “conform.” (Some intellectuals may even disguise from themselves, as a fear of expressing ideas, their unconscious dismay at the poverty of those they have to express.)

The intellectual's bid for power as a special class has been lost because it seemed to get mixed up with Communism, but the American intellectual has left to him the same means of influencing public action as other citizens of the Republic enjoy. He has been cast back into the loneliness that has usually been his lot in our history, and the pressure on him to conform is often less from without than from within—the pressure to give up the mind's lonely quest in favor of something more companionable. But the habit of thought is not easily broken.

Because he tends to see the fate of the intelligentsia as the fate of all intellectuals, Chase fears that the highbrow is about to be swallowed up by a militant middlebrowism, and that the intellectual is about to be forcibly transplanted to a “middle ground” where all distinctions of mind are lost. A few years ago that looked like a real threat, and certainly some people were hurt, but the threat now seems to me considerably reduced.

Often a reviewer makes the mistake of leaving the impression that a good book is less valuable than a poor one, simply because the poor book deserves nothing more than a routine pat on the back for effort, whereas the good book offers ideas or images that are worth disagreeing with. I have made that mistake with *The Democratic Vista*. Almost every page offers something worth disagreeing with, and there are far more occasions for agreement than I have indicated.

The writing is quick, nervous, always on the track of something. Chase has chosen to cast his material in the form of a series of dialogues, and while a reader might wish that

a greater diversity of points of view might have been represented and that success in argument did not so uniformly go to the same participant, the dialogue form is admirably suited to the swift changes of mood, to playfulness of mind, to the throwing out of large suggestive ideas without timid qualification.

Chase somewhat misapplies his abundant intellectual energy: he sets up a few rather rigid categories (his own “middle ground”) and then exercises a really astonishing ingenuity in fitting whatever he wants to say into them, where I would prefer more subtlety, elasticity, and responsiveness to the facts of experience in the categories themselves. But he tosses off ideas the way a boy delivers papers on his way to the circus. As I have already indicated at tedious length, I think that Chase has been somewhat taken in by certain slogans about society that are in the air these days, and he is probably too bookish a man to be a first-rate critic of society—at any rate, his remarks about books have a vigor, a sense of close and continuing involvement that is sometimes lacking in his remarks about society. It is a pity that he confines himself almost entirely to the standard pantheon of writers studied in the graduate seminar in American literature, and ignores young writers of unestablished reputation who exhibit the extremism and crankiness he admires in the dead.

The discussion of Walt Whitman is the finest thing in *The Democratic Vista*. It succeeds in doing what very little literary criticism accomplishes: it takes a writer who seemed to have been catalogued, taped and measured, and put away upon the shelf forever, and turns him into a fresh, original, resourceful, various, and charming poet. I see no reason to suppose that American society can resemble the imagination of Walt Whitman, but as Chase describes that imagination I am willing to grant that it would be pleasant indeed if it could be so.

#### ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CURTAIN

SOVIET writers seem not in the least worried about creeping uniformity, if *Short Stories of Russia*

*Today*, edited by Yvonne Kapp and translated by Tatiana Sheburina (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50), is evidence.

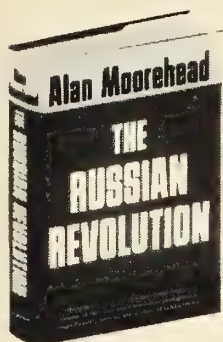
Obviously it would be ridiculous to make any generalizations on the basis of only eighteen stories written over the last twenty years, but there are several striking facts about the collection. For one thing, it is surprising that there are only two stories set in the principal cities of Russia, and both are very poor. (One is the weakest story in the book, an account of a woman who is foolish enough to have an unhappy love affair in spite of the marvelous opportunities open to her in Soviet society. Both stories with urban settings are by women, and it is interesting that the stories by women in the volume have a more marked “ideological content” than the stories by men.)

Another group of stories deal with the second world war. These are pretty good, and one of them (by Konstantin Simonov) is excellent.

But much the largest group of stories are set in exotic regions, especially the Far North and the eastern provinces. Many of these are slightly reminiscent of our “local color” writing of the turn of the century—sketches of odd characters and curious local manners. Often there is a contrast between the natives of the place and the new men, the Soviet engineers and specialists who come in to conduct a geological survey or build a hydroelectric plant or simply venture into the country on vacation. (There seems to be a lot of interest in hunting and especially fishing.) A good deal is made of the picturesque quality of the life that is being destroyed, but there is no lament for its passing nor a doubt that it should go. The hero or heroine is ordinarily not the cold, self-interestful native, but the Soviet newcomer—a girl cashier from Moscow working on a new construction project in the North who heroically carries the payroll through a blizzard to the loyal workers, or the surgeon in the Arctic Circle who directs the delivery of a baby by radio (the child “owing his very life to his country,” and the surgeon acting, as the Party organizer rhapsodically puts it, “. . . like a Bolshevik!”).

Yet a good many traces of the





# The Russian Revolution

By **ALAN MOOREHEAD**

From the assassination of Czar Alexander II in 1881 to the ten days that shook the world in 1917, this magnificent narrative by the author of *Gallipoli* recreates the entire course of the Russian Revolution and sets it all in sharp focus. The chief actors in the climax of that tremendous drama—Nicholas II and his Czarina, Lenin, Rasputin, Trotsky, Kerensky, Kornilov—spring to life again in a reading experience of almost excruciating intensity. 24 pages of illustrations. A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION. \$5.00

# War and Peace in the Space Age

By **LT. GENERAL JAMES M. GAVIN**



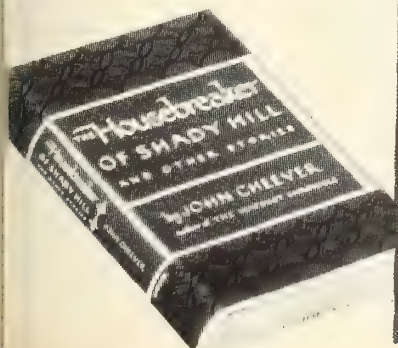
The very important and hard-hitting book "Slim Jim" Gavin retired to write. He shows what has happened to warfare since World War II, how the Russians got ahead of us, what war in 1965 would be like—if it should come—and how it may be avoided. Maps. \$5.00

*Coming September 3*

# John Cheever's

**THE HOUSEBREAKER OF SHADY HILL**

AND OTHER STORIES  
\$3.00



# The Loom of History

By **HERBERT J. MULLER**

Author of  
*The Uses of the Past*

"A brilliant analysis of the relation between West and East, Christianity and Islam, free inquiry and dogma. I know of nothing comparable." — JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS. 16 pages of photographs and a map. \$7.50

*At all bookstores*

**HARPER & BROTHERS**

# High Fidelity and the Music Lover

By **EDWARD TATNALL CANBY**

Record Critic for *Harper's Magazine*

A complete guide, in simple language, for people who enjoy recorded music and want to own high-fidelity equipment. Mr. Canby discusses all the components of a "hi-fi" system and suggests how to get the best value for your money.

Illustrated. \$4.95



*About disaster in the Alps,  
the pleasures of music,  
the South's dilemma,  
and the side of marriage  
only women know*

## Avalanche!

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

The thrilling true story of the great natural disaster that overtook a high-Alpine village in western Austria in 1954—told as only a greatly gifted reporter could tell it. \$4.00

## THE Musical Life

by IRVING KOLODIN

Enlightening, civilized, and entertaining views of the world of music and musicians, by the most distinguished contemporary American critic in the field. \$4.50

## The Southern Heritage

by JAMES McBRIDE DABBS

The president of the Southern Regional Council maintains that segregation means a *return to*, not a *departure from*, the South's finest traditions. \$4.00

## THE Other Side of the Day

by HILDA SIDNEY KRECH

A novel of a woman's need to divide herself among husband, children, and home—and still build something apart for herself. \$3.95

ALFRED A. KNOPF

Publisher of  Borzoi Books

## THE NEW BOOKS

quality of pre-Soviet Russian fiction survive. In several stories there is an extremely fine feeling for the Russian landscape, as lovingly described as in Turgenev. The story "The Mother" is an account of a Red Army hero who, after serious injury in the second world war, is restored to life by the shrewdness of his mother, an old woman with a loving wiliness that is purely peasant. "The Night Guest" by Yuri Nagibin is a revelation of character as subtle as Chekov and as free from ideology. Nor is there any hint that politics can solve the problem in a fine story called "The Destroyer," an account of a woman destroyed by her marriage to a loving and considerate but incurably dishonest man.

The stories contain many interesting incidental revelations about Soviet life. In "The Night Guest," for instance, the whole family, three guests, and a calf sleep in the same room, and a young woman in the family, the mother of several small children, walks three miles each way to her job of laying ties on the railroad. (Of course, the work may not be so hard as it sounds; it is a narrow-gauge railroad.)

IN *The Russian Revolution* (Harper, \$5) Alan Moorehead has written a new account of the great event that lies behind the society mirrored in *Short Stories of Russia Today*. Moorehead is a highly accomplished journalist with no particular claim to competence in Russian history, but he has had access to the research into the background of the Revolution and its leaders carried on by Dr. Stephan Possony and his colleagues at Georgetown University, and to the secret records of the German Foreign Office. After a complicated history, these records have recently become available to scholars, and they throw considerable light on the important part that the Kaiser's Germany played in abetting revolution in the Czar's Russia.

(Incidentally, an admirable selection of these German documents has been edited by Z. A. B. Zeman and published by Oxford at \$4 under the title *Germany and the Revolution in Russia, 1915-1918*. This book is meant primarily for specialists, but the editor has supplied enough explanatory notes and identifications

to make it available to any interested reader, and I read it along with Moorehead's book with considerable pleasure and enlightenment.)

Except for incorporating these new materials, Moorehead makes no claim to originality; he has simply tried to give a straightforward narrative of what happened—which is notably unstraightforward. He begins at about the turn of the century and follows the fortunes of the Czar and the revolutionists until the former was killed and the latter concluded a separate peace with Germany at Brest-Litovsk in 1917. As far as I can tell, he has done an excellent job: succinct, clear as sunlight, a tangled web can be, and agreeably written. I need a little more "interpretation" in my history, more indication of the significance of even but since the Russian Revolution has been so variously interpreted there is some value in reading an account that limits itself to what happened.

The new material from the German Foreign Office adds many fascinating details to the story. The Kaiser's officials poured millions of marks into the hands of the motley crew of exiles who wanted a revolution, in the hope that a revolutionary Russia would break away from her Western Allies and conclude a separate peace; and after Lenin returned to Russia (with the connivance of the German government), he forced through the peace, though many Russians regarded it as nothing less than treason. But there seems to be no reason to suppose that loyalty to Germany for the help he had received played any part in Lenin's action; he saw it as the only way to realize the revolution. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

## BACK HOME

HOW easy it is to go astray in generalizing about society on the basis of literature is borne in upon me as I turn to a group of recent novels by American writers. One of them is set in France, but of those set in America not one deals with a milieu I know or would at all regard as typical of American life. This is not to say that they misrepresent America but only to say that it is a big country and most of us know only a small part of it.



# MORE FINE VIKING FICTION

**Vigorous, satirical, intensely absorbing —  
the intimate drama of a great writer's life**

Payson Hughes — genius, rebel, mysterious lusty giant—was dead. Now his best friend had set out to learn what motivated his sky-rocket life, what caused his still-echoing death. *The Palace Guard* is a novel of the search into a great writer's heart and mind; into his overwhelming capacity for life;

into his voracious appetite for love; into the well-springs of his vast creativity. It is also an ironic portrait of New York's literary world and the "palace guard" of hangers-on who surround—and devour—the generous and talented. \$3.95

**THE PALACE GUARD by Donald Braider**

**An explosive novel  
of today's unruly teen-age set**

Writing with humor and verve, and with a vivid feeling for contemporary speech, David Wagoner tells this story of a young man's homecoming, and of his violent encounters with the insolent boys and tough girls of his younger brother's gang. On the surface, *Rock* is relentless and shocking as was *The Blackboard Jungle*. But beneath its surface is human warmth, the warmth of kids who are not too hard to cry, the warmth of young men and women who are not too defeated to hope. Many who read it for its sensational episodes will long remember the author's sympathetic insight, his remarkably effective story-telling skill. \$3.75

**ROCK by David Wagoner**

**An epic novel has come out of our West!**

this great and stirring work of fiction, Oakley Hall has not only brought to life one of the most important periods of our national history, but has done it with a narrative impact that will captivate the reader to his chair. *Warlock* is the towering story of a frontier marshal who was as much outside the law as the terrorists he was hired to destroy, and the two women who were obsessed by him, of the town he led to rid of violence. Published September 5th \$4.95

**WARLOCK  
by Oakley Hall**

**A personal saga  
of men at sea—  
a shipboard drama  
of the Navy in wartime**

Not since *The Caine Mutiny* has any novel so accurately and feelingly dramatized a small ship of war and the men who belong to it. In a story that focuses on a destroyer's sick bay and the mysteriously twisted character of C.P.O. Bullitt, the daily events of a shakedown cruise are movingly and humorously portrayed—the tensions, the talk, the escapades, the work—most of all the men and the swift disaster that welds them into a fighting crew.

Published September 15 \$3.75

**THE STEEL COCOON  
by Bentz Plagemann**

**THE VIKING PRESS 625 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22**

Willard Motley's new novel, *Let No Man Write My Epitaph* (Random House, \$4.95), for instance, is an account of life among the derelicts, drug addicts, prostitutes, and petty gangsters of Chicago. It hardly supports Chase's contention that the extremes of experience are being neglected or that all America is lapsing into suburban somnolence; on the other hand, a reviewer in *Pravda* could find in this book an account of much greater degradation and deprivation than anything reported in *Short Stories of Russia Today*.

*Let No Man Write My Epitaph* is really a sequel to *Knock on Any Door*, Motley's highly successful first novel, which followed the career of an Italian boy in the Chicago slums until he ended up in the electric chair for killing a policeman. In the new book the chief characters are the members of the electrocuted boy's family—his hoodlum brother and his sisters, his loyal aunt and his senile mother, his illegitimate son and the child's lost mother, and the various people they love or hate or otherwise collide with.

The story is ungainly in style and organization, sprawling, with rather naïve attempts at experimentalism, chiefly typographical. The intellectual point of view wavers between a crude sentimentality and a crude environmentalism. Yet by the end of the book Motley has achieved an effect of some power, simply by piling up detail after detail about how his characters live, and especially of how the drug traffic and drug addiction operate in a skid-row society. Nobody would claim that it is a pretty picture, but it does carry a certain brutal conviction.

DONALD BRAIDER'S first novel, *The Palace Guard* (Viking, \$3.95), has as its main character a famous writer in his middle fifties, one Payson Hughes. Shortly before the story begins Hughes has committed suicide, and the book is an account of how one of his self-appointed friends and hangers-on, a disagreeable little nobody named George Swanson, sets about collecting material for Hughes's biography and in the process uncovers the reason for Hughes's act of desperation.

Such a plan for a novel faces two main dangers. The first is the danger

that the result will be static, that there will be a lack of forward movement, because the act that precedes the novel is so likely to be more decisive and final than the revelations that follow. Braider has tried to solve this problem by introducing a certain progression in the revelations; he shows that some of the dead writer's friends and mistresses had been engaging in hanky-panky. But in the end all this turns out to be simply irrelevant. According to Hughes's suicide note, which closes the book, he killed himself because he was stale and bored and had lost his curiosity, and not because his associates had been climbing in and out of bed with one another. How he could have resented their behavior if he had wanted to is not clear; since, as the book makes tirelessly explicit, he had himself been playing the game of musical beds ever since puberty.

The other danger that such a novel faces lies in the selection of a writer as the hero. When a novelist chooses to write about a singer or a painter or an architect, he can endow the character with as much genius as he wishes, because we never hear the voice or see the paintings or the buildings. But when a writer is a character in a book we soon see for ourselves how he uses language and consequently we can form our own opinion of how good he is likely to be. Unfortunately, there is little reason to believe that Payson Hughes was a writer of consequence. His witticisms are not very funny, his literary opinions are sometimes peculiar, and the one example of his writing quoted in extenso, a commencement address, is sophomoric.

Braider has had the misfortune to choose for his first effort a kind of novel that brings out all his weaknesses and fails to capitalize on his talents. Yet I think a good many people will enjoy *The Palace Guard*, because it is gossipy and gives the reader the impression of being admitted behind the literary scene. Since I know almost as little about what goes on behind the scenes in the literary world as I do about drug addiction in Chicago, I cannot say how well that presumably interesting terrain is portrayed, though I would be surprised if the resemblance were striking.

WHITFIELD *The Bystander* by Albert Guerard (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$3.75) and *Lolita* by Vladimir Nabokov (Putnam, \$5) should be called American may involve a slight problem of classification. Nabokov is a Russian by birth and his early work is in the Russian language, but he has lived in America for many years, now writes in English, and sets his novel here. Guerard is indisputably an American, but he is the son of a distinguished Frenchman. American, is himself obviously very much at home in French culture and sets his novel in France. Both writers happen to be college professors, but I see no way of making that fact relevant.

Their novels, read one after the other, present a fascinating opportunity to study the technique of fiction, because the two books have almost the same theme yet are as different as night and day in the way they develop it. In each the main character is a man corrupted by a fixation on innocence, a man who, because he is unable to outgrow a youthful attachment in itself beautiful, is in the end destroyed by it.

Guerard develops this theme using the technique of the mainstream of serious modern fiction (Flaubert, James, Conrad). His unheroic hero is a man who as a youth fell in love at a distance with a beautiful young actress in Paris. Years later he meets her in the south of France and they have an affair, but he refuses to believe that she is no longer the girl he first saw but a somewhat shopworn middle-aged woman, and the relation becomes impossible. *The Bystander* is not a particularly vigorous novel, but it is well constructed and nicely written, and it unobtrusively makes a point of considerable psychological complexity.

Nabokov's *Lolita* is a book famous before it appears. It was first published in Paris three years ago, presumably because it was regarded as too dirty for American publication, and it has already been praised on two continents. Here the main character has a fixation on young girls and the story is told in the form of his confessions written as he awaits execution for the misdeeds he has been led into by his unfortunate tastes.

*Lolita* is both a great deal funnier



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

*The Bystander* (which isn't any at all and doesn't try to be) is a good deal more horrible. The quality is also more complex. In *Bystander* the main character is simply wrong, but Nabokov's dealer of young girls, though a roughly bad egg, somehow seems worse than some of the more respectable people he encounters. Nabokov's style (the book's glory) is extraordinarily free, utterly undocile; he writes as if he put down everything that came into his head. The people will find the situation distressing to read about, but the novel has a remarkable fertility of imagination, an ease and wealth of invention, and a wonderful freshness of language.

HERE is just room to say a good word for a quietly thoughtful book James McBride Dabbs called *The Southern Heritage* (Knopf, \$4).

Much of what Dabbs has to say has been said before, but he gives it a personal tone and weight that make it worth hearing again. The purpose of the book seems to be twofold: to convince the Northern reader that the South is not just talking through its hat when it claims to have certain cultural values worth preserving, and to convince Southerners that those values can survive a change in the relations between the races.

Dabbs is not indifferent to the moral and legal aspects in race relations, but what is new in his book is his emphasis on how much the problem is a problem in manners. He believes that the South developed manners to be proud of, but they were the manners of inequality; the challenge is to develop equally good manners of equality. Dabbs exhibits the qualities he praises—he writes a very mannerly if somewhat languid prose.

## BOOKS in brief

HERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

*The Portuguese Escape*, by Ann Bridge. Miss Bridge loves Portugal and in this fine "suspense" story the *mise-en-scène* is certainly as important as any of the characters. A young Hungarian countess is rescued and brought to Lisbon after some ten years behind the Iron Curtain. Shortly thereafter the Hungarian aristocrat who had been in a sense her guardian during these years is also brought out by the British secret service, and as the young countess is the one who serves to identify him she is brought into trouble with Communist agents. By this time she is highly involved also with Lisbon's social life and the British Embassy in particular so that nearly all of the foreign colony in the Portuguese capital gets into the act. Ardent devotees of Miss Bridge will be glad to meet again Julia Probyn, the British journalist heroine of *The Light-*

*hearted Quest* who plays a part in this novel too. Indeed one feels that Miss Bridge likes this character so well that she lets her take over rather too large a part of the book and that some of the other people seem a little wooden by contrast, something which has never happened before in an Ann Bridge novel in my experience. But the story races along; the embassies are gala with social events; if the romance is a little pale, the background of Portuguese life and country is fascinating; and the chase is a good one. Occasionally one thinks one is reading Helen MacInnes. If the Communists have done nothing else they have supplied us with some splendid novels of international intrigue. Who *were* the pre-Communist international villains? ... Literary Guild choice for August. Macmillan, \$3.95

*Discourse With Shadows*, by Jean Malcolm.

When the war was over, the German "experimental" concentration camp of "Firzen" poured out its human derelicts. All of them were maimed or scarred in some special way; the youngest and strongest the most disfigured. The characters in

# Random House

NOVELS OF DISTINCTION

## The Enemy Camp

By JEROME WEIDMAN. "The best American novel I have read so far in 1958." — *Orville Prescott*, NEW YORK TIMES. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. \$4.95

## Let No Man Write My Epitaph

By WILLARD MOTLEY. A savage, swirling tale of the Chicago slums by the author of "Knock on Any Door." \$4.95

## The Mission

By DEAN BRELIS. "Unlike any war novel I have ever read." — N.Y. TIMES \$3.50

## Underground City

By H. L. HUMES. "A work of power, maturity, distinction." — NEWSWEEK \$4.95

## Entry E

By RICHARD FREDE. "A real shocker of a novel about the college generation." — SATURDAY REVIEW SYNDICATE \$3.50

## They Came to Cordura

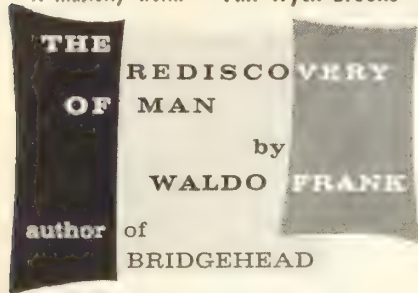
By GLENDON SWARTHOUT. "Sheer storytelling." — SATURDAY REVIEW \$3.50

## A Glass Rose

By RICHARD BANKOWSKY. "Bankowsky is, with one novel, among our finest writers." — LOS ANGELES MIRROR-NEWS \$3.75

NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE  RANDOM HOUSE

"A masterly work." — Van Wyck Brooks



Drawing on all phases of existence, this intellectual memoir, an analysis and summation of our world, offers a practicable program for Western man's survival and salvation. \$6.95

GEORGE BRAZILLER, New York

## Alberto Moravia's great new novel TWO WOMEN



\$4.95. FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

### OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.

(We also supply all current books at retail store prices—Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of *Harper's Magazine*.)

#### AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE

117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.  
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

### THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent established 37 years. Manuscripts criticized, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention to Book manuscripts. Poetry. Catalogue on request.

Agnes M. Reeve,

Dept. B.

Franklin, O.

### ATHEIST BOOKS

32-page catalogue free.

TRUTH SEEKER CO. 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

### OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

—AT LOWEST PRICES!

Yes, even if we find it. Fast service. No obligation. Send us your wants.

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS  
Box 3003-H, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, we will want to receive notices from *Harper's* promptly. When a listing, except a change of address, please indicate both the old and new address. Please allow six weeks for effecting this change.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

49 East 33d St.

New York 16, N. Y.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

this story are all German Jews, three men and a girl—their families all dead or dispersed. They live together in a bombed house in Frankfurt, separated from the world by the experiences they have suffered. Here they are joined by Franz, cousin of one of the young men whose mind has been completely deranged. Franz, also a German Jew has had a comparatively "good war" but in a way he is as completely alone and lost as they. This is the story of their heartbreaking attempt to find their way back to a normal life, of the bonds of common experience, of love and of hate that hold them together. It has its confusions, partly because the narration is carried on first by one character, then another, and especially because the narration of the mindless one seems unconvincing. But on the whole it is beautifully and tensely written, a tragic and moving story, important in its many implications. An impressive first novel.

Doubleday, \$3.95

**House of Many Rooms**, by Robin White.

Life in a minister's family in the South Indian mission compound of Meigudy in 1942 becomes in this novel as real and crisp as this morning's Post Toasties. It is also full of high moments of both comedy and tragedy. The middle son of the family, fourteen years old, is the narrator but his mother and father, his younger sister and brother, and especially his older brother, Aaron, are unforgettable characters. Most of them and the author's lucid, easy prose will be familiar to those readers of *Harper's* who remember "First Voice" and "House of Many Rooms."

Harper, \$3.50

**The Best Short Stories of Edith Wharton**, edited and with an introduction by Wayne Andrews.

Now that we in America live in an era where no eyelid flickers and no hamburger is turned without its being recorded—and often photographed—by sociologists or anthropologists, it is a joyous and stimulating experience to go back to the stories of Edith Wharton, author of such different novels as *Ethan Frome*, *The Reef*, and *The Custom of the Country*. For she records another era no less

scrupulously or truly, and in her selective wisdom and insight says more about people then and now, with a single graph or chart. As readers of her novels know, her vivid perceptions were such that she recorded sometimes with more detail than photography could the interior and external architecture of her world—both here and abroad. The book is fortunate in its editor. Mr. Andrews is an art historian who cares as much for all life's furniture as Mrs. Wharton did; he is an accomplished photographer and commentator on American architecture; and as a scholar, writer, and editor he has, in his introduction, drawn an illuminating portrait of the author. He has discovered some new material and has given this reader, at least, a whole new slant on Mrs. Wharton's life and motivations. The stories included are: "Roman Fever," "Xingu," "The Other Two," "Pomegranate Seed," "Souls Belated," "Angel at the Grave," "The Last Set," "After Holbein," "Bunner Sisters," "Autres Temps . . ."

Scribner, \$5.00

## NON-FICTION

**Algeria: The Realities**, by Germaine Tillion.

Mlle. Tillion is an ethnologist and sociologist who spent the years 1934-40 in the Aurès mountains where the Algerian rebellion began. After the war, the Resistance, and imprisonment, she went back to the mountains in 1954 and was horrified by the poverty and lethargy that had taken over these agrarian people. Her book is a brilliant and heart-breaking explanation of the complex reasons for this, a thoughtful appraisal of the rights and wrongs, and a detailed plan of what must be done if France and Algeria are to be saved. She believes their mutual bonds are insoluble. She says:

The bane of our century today is economic and cultural collapse that afflicts unadapted peoples when they come into contact with industrial peoples.

She says:

What makes the problems so difficult is that they can be solved only by the people involved changing over from one system to another—that is to



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

nothing less than a mutation. Author's italics.)

says:

We ourselves should help them to defend themselves against the harmfulness of our institutions—though this harmfulness is purely conditional, like the harmfulness of fresh air for a tadpole that has not changed into a frog in time.

says:

Now, as I see it, the crux of the whole problem is that Algeria is irretrievably lost unless it manages by hook or by crook to retain the exclusive right of entry to the French labor market which it now enjoys.

Nobel prize-winner Albert Camus

Germaine Tillion knows what she is talking about. And no one either in Algeria or throughout the world can henceforth discuss the Algerian problem without having read what an understanding and cultivated woman has written about my misunderstood, desperate native land . . ."

Knopf, \$2.50

Williamstown Branch; Impersonal stories of a Vermont Boyhood, R. L. Duffus.

Williamstown Branch is the name of a short railroad that used to run from Barre to Williamstown, Vermont. These stories of how life lived there to a small boy of ten in 1898 have for this reader great interest and a leisurely charm—and not only because a good part of my autobiographical life has been spent driving the valley through Williamstown itself, through Williamstown, to Barre, and on over the mountain to the north. The stories have a rich color, a detached humor, and recreation for the delight of those who knew and I should suppose even for those who didn't, the characters, climate, and quality of small town life in rural America, and especially Vermont.

Norton, \$3.75

## FORECAST

Poetry, New and Old

Who says nobody ever reads poetry? Surely not the publishers. In September alone Macmillan is publishing *Modern Verse in English:*

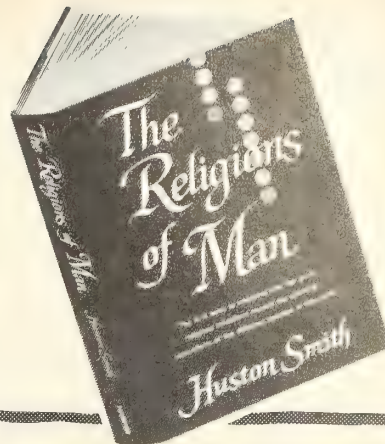
1900-1950, edited by Lord David Cecil and Allen Tate, a distinguished collection of 500 poems by 55 British and 61 American poets; Viking is scheduling *The Dark Houses*, a second collection by the thirty-year-old Michigan poet, Donald Hall, whose verse has appeared in *Harper's* and many other magazines; and Morrow announces six New England ballads by the novelist Ruth Moore, *Cold as a Dog and the Wind Northeast*. And in the same month but in quite a different vein Simon & Schuster will publish *The Odyssey: A Modern Sequel* (not a translation but a continuation from Homer's ending to the death of Odysseus), by the late Greek poet Nikos Kazantzakis, translated into English verse by Kimon Friar and illustrated by the contemporary Greek artist Ghika. . . .

In October Viking continues the classic revival with a new version of *Ovid's Metamorphoses* translated into English verse by Horace Gregory, with decorations by Zhenya Gay. Also, same month, from same publisher we'll have *Merry Christmas, Happy New Year* from Phyllis McGinley, a new collection of her verse, published and unpublished, and one of her "choice prose pieces" with decorations by Ilonka Karasz. . . .

Later in the fall, coming on toward Christmas, comes *The Atlantic Book of British and American Poetry* (with the Tate and Cecil book that makes two hands-across-the-sea volumes), edited by Edith Sitwell, from Atlantic-Little, Brown; the first new collection of Robert Frost's poems since 1949, *And All We Call American*, from Holt; and *Words for the Wind*, a new collection of poems by Theodore Roethke including "The Waking," which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1953, and thirty-eight poems never published before in book form in America. From Doubleday.

## Very Special Gifts

New Directions is publishing in September two gift editions, each \$30 and each limited to 200 copies, of Thomas Merton's allegorical play-in-verse *The Strange Islands*; and two of Ezra Pound's cycles of poems, *Hugh Selwyn Mauberly* and *Homage to Propertius*, in two volumes, each signed by the author, both in one slipcase, entitled *Diptych, Rome-London*. Very special indeed.



# The Religions of Man

By HUSTON SMITH

A clear and objective description of the world's great religions in terms of their appeal to the spiritual aspirations of people in different races and cultures: **Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism, and Taoism, etc.**

"Mr. Smith has written about the different religions with a warmth of feeling and keenness of perception which I have seldom found among Western scholars. Readers will learn to respect religions other than their own as paths to Ultimate Reality."

—SWAMI NIKHILANANDA

"A magnificent, monumental book which will henceforth become the standard source of guidance and information in evaluating the great religions."

—FRANK C. LAUBACH

"The actual life values of mankind's faiths are here expressed in clear and vivid words . . . proves that it is possible to combine breadth of sympathy and depth of conviction — a rare achievement."

—JOHN A. HUTCHINSON,  
Columbia University

"Will aid all adult Americans in present worldwide confusion . . . an event of importance."

—Saturday Review

"Intelligent, clearly written . . . reveals the spirit of each faith without attempting a comparative evaluation."

—N. Y. Times Book Review

At all bookstores • \$5.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

# the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## PIANO PERSPECTIVES

As the LP lists grow longer, as styles and tastes change, and as the famous old records of the thirties come back again in LP form, I find myself continually reminded of the lengthening perspective in sound-recording that is opening up for us. There is new evidence of it in almost every batch of records that comes in—piano records, for example, as reviewed below.

I was reminded of it also by Walter Kerr, who argued in the New York *Herald Tribune* that the film was not the only literal, and thus permanent, medium for a dramatist's ideas. On the contrary, Kerr suggests, no form of drama is less permanent, less assured in its future impact—witness almost any old movie. The very rigidity of the medium is its author's surest guarantee of not communicating with future audiences.

So it is, in a way, with recorded music. The great performances of the past are already greatly altered in effect, but they are more than ever revealing to those who keep in mind the change that goes on constantly in music, whether we notice it or not. This audible past—sixty years of it already—is a healthy stimulant to thinking, and it restrains some of our more vaporous generalizations on the "eternal" values in art. Just

as well, I'd say. We'll be the better for being more realistic, whether we laugh at the old stuff or treat it with awe.

**Beethoven: Piano Sonatas Op. 109, 110, 111.** George Solchany. Angel 45014.

This young pianist from Hungary comes close to big-league playing in these last three sonatas—of a quality usually found only among the elder statesmen of pianism. Not quite—it still seems to take half a lifetime to wring the ultimate sense and continuity out of these enormously communicative works. But Solchany is far ahead of any other younger pianist I can think of, and the recorded sound of his instrument is a pleasure in itself. Massive, impressive playing.

**Tchaikowsky: Piano Concerto #1.** Van Cliburn; Kiril Kondrashin, conductor. RCA Victor LM 2252.

I'll have to admit it was a surprise to me to discover that this now-famed pianist is good, and no doubt about it! Good in musical and winning ways, even on records. It isn't hard to see why the Russians loved him. He is of the traditional school of the piano, an easy

Romanticist, an impeccable technician, obviously well and conservatively trained. He plays brilliantly and with huge power, but he has no inclination to play in the hard, steely way so popular among newer pianists. He is a first edition copy of the great older pianist; he plays with classic attention to color and, especially, to careful phrasing, as did the greats of a generation or two back.

Best of all is the way in which he plays the whole music, not merely the show piano part. It's immediately evident that he listens, works within the concerto as a whole, with the conductor and the orchestra. The fact that—again even on records—there is still a trace of the brilliant schoolboy in this already exaggerated co-operation is no criticism at all but an old-fashioned virtue, proper to youth.

The strangely anonymous orchestra is particularly fine, incidentally, and the double impetus of the new soloist and the fresh approach of the excellent Russian conductor who visited this country at the time of Cliburn's return from his Russian triumph.

**Mozart: Piano Concerto in D Minor, K. 466; Bach: Brandenburg Concerto #5.** Edwin Fischer, pianist-conductor. Philharmonia. Angel 35593.

This new recording brings oddly mixed feelings with it. In the 78 days, Edwin Fischer was an acknowledged master of recorded Bach and Mozart. As I remember, he played this Mozart concerto on a celebrated recording; his Bach on the piano was also widely known. His was the only complete recorded version (piano) of the "Well-tempered Clavier" preludes and fugues.

But times have changed. As a representative of his age, Fischer can't be better. But today we seldom record Bach on the piano, or in this German-Romantic manner, full of pianistic expression, rubato, the once-familiar "bringing-out" of inner voices, that was essential if Bach were to be treated as a piano composer. It is unmistakably of the same period as the far more flamboyant Stokowski-Bach—though those who even in those days could not take Stokowski thought of Edwin Fischer as a model of musical propriety.

In the same way, Fischer's Mozart is of another day. True, the D Minor is Mozart's most Romantic concerto; but in Fischer's conception it takes on physically Romantic proportions that for our ears seem disturbingly out of place. The expression is ultra-serious, the piano tone powerful and somber, the tempo slow, the orchestral sound large and symphonic.

This is neither Bach nor Mozart as younger listeners today know them, but





## THE NEW RECORDINGS

musically potent playing of a high order, held over from an earlier day.

**Art of Sergei Rachmaninoff, Vol. 1.**  
**Chopin: Sonata in B Flat Minor. Schumann: Carnaval.** RCA Camden CAL

A great pianist had an odd way of converting other people's music into a semblance of his own. In his time, critics were too dazzled by his matchless play to notice the flights of sheer Rachmaninoff, right out of his own symphonies and concerti, that somehow came out of the notes of these other composers. Fantastic playing—but the music is more Rachmaninoff than Chopin or Schumann.

It seems to me that this is a fine example of the deliberate originality taken and granted in all big performers in the earlier years of this century and, no doubt, on back into the nineteenth. Like the once-sharp differences between the tones of autos, these hallmarks of personal individuality are virtually gone today. We are far more demanding in our concepts of taste and authenticity, and the literal notes of the composer, at least, if not to the spirit of his music.

Thus there are extreme (and marvelous) "liberties" taken in the Chopin, especially, in "Carnaval" that would be thought inexcusably eccentric today by any younger pianist. (Not that any of them could match Rachmaninoff.) It is a thrilling sound, this, if you know the music, and in the Chopin I found the Rachmaninoff treatment as remarkable as it seemed to earlier ears. Schumann, a more personal and delicately just composer, for me takes a brilliant ring in this famous interpretation. The show was all Rachmaninoff's and there wasn't much left of "Carnaval." The piano sound is astonishingly good. The background hiss is variable, mostly unobtrusive. The original recordings were made in 1929 and 1930.

**via Zaremba Plays Brahms and Handel** (Brahms: Vars. and Fugue on a Theme of Handel; Rhapsodies Op. 79, No. 119. Handel: Aria con variazioni). Unicorn UNLP 1058.

Zaremba is an impetuous, "masculine" Brahms pianist, her playing large in scope without being hard in tone. She has the spirit of the big Brahms Rhapsodies as few younger pianists do today, and the recording, done by Peter Bartok in Town Hall, New York, provides a tremendous concert-grand sound.

The brilliant Handel Variations are played with all the dash and youthful vigor they need—they were composed at the tail-end of Brahms' youthful period

# the greatest achievement in stereo records

# ffss

London *ffss* is the final triumph in the search for realistic sound reproduction. For over twelve years *ffrr* . . . full frequency range recording . . . has been the world's leader in high fidelity. Now, *ffss* . . . full frequency stereophonic sound . . . is the world's leader in stereo.

Music sounds better on London because it is recorded better. London *ffss* uses special microphones . . . the most sensitive ever engineered. They capture *all* the sounds that originate from the concert stage. When recreated in your home, these sounds seem to come to you from a *continuous* row of speakers. With *ffss*, live performance sound is yours—at home. You hear *separation of sound* or the *sweeping blend of sound* . . . exactly as performed on the concert stage.

Step-by-step *quality control* by renowned British craftsmen is another reason for the superiority of *ffss*. To these artisans record making is an art. Their dedication is part of the heritage of London Records . . . your assurance that *ffss* is the world's finest stereo.

OVER 100 *ffss* RECORDINGS NOW AVAILABLE—WRITE FOR CATALOG



PS 118



PS 117



PS 110



CS 6009



OS 25020



OSA 1201



CS 6020



OSA 1303



To take fullest advantage of the remarkable technical excellence of *ffss* records, we recommend the new London-Scott stereophonic Pickup and Arm.



## full frequency stereophonic sound

## FOR MORE VACATION FUN

Get The **GIMLET**

30 YRS. TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELERS GUIDE

Where and How to Go. What to see. The Costs. CANADA thru FLORIDA, and Enroute. Nassau, Cuba, West Indies. Includes N.Y.C. 220 PAGES illus. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Address The Gimlet, Dept. 22-H, 745-5th Ave., N.Y.C. 22.

## Typical Hotels Recommended &amp; Described

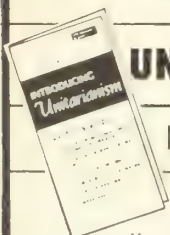
Miami, Florida  
**McALLISTER HOTEL.** FABULOUS MIAMI'S LARGEST AND FINEST HOTEL. Over looking beautiful Biscayne Park and Biscayne Boulevard and Flagler Street . . . In the very heart of business and shopping area . . . within steps of sightseeing, race tracks, deep-sea fishing, theaters, restaurants and all transportation. A wide variety of beautiful accommodations, ranging from modest priced single guest rooms to luxurious penthouse suites with private rooftop terraces. Free Television in every room. **COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED.** You're closer to Everything in Miami at the McALLISTER . . . that's why it is the most economical place to stay. **A Schine Hotel.** C. DeWitt Coffman, General Manager. Low Summer Rates Still In EFFECT.

Baltimore, Md.  
**THE SHERATON-BELVEDERE**  
Baltimore's Friendliest Hotel. "Preferred by Folks of Distinction" . . . and renowned as the "Hotel of Personal Service." 300 Air-conditioned Rooms with colored tile baths, each equipped with Television and Radio assuring every comfort. Terrace Dining Room famous for Maryland cuisine; Special Dishes include seafood for which Chesapeake Bay is famous. Distinctive Lounge Bar with old world charm, Popular Coffee Shop. Conveniently located near all business activities and just two minutes from either railroad station. Albert S. Fox, General Manager.

## WHAT DO

## UNITARIANS

## BELIEVE?



You may be a Unitarian without knowing it! Send for this fascinating and informative booklet that discusses: "What Do Unitarians Believe," "How Do Unitarians Worship," "How Do Unitarians Teach Their Children," and other similar topics. Thousands interested in liberal religion, who previously have thought they had to "think alone and like it" have found in the Unitarian fellowship a happy church home in the intellectual company of Emerson, Jefferson, Thoreau, Horace Mann, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Cullen Bryant and other great American thinkers, past and present.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10¢ TO  
UNITARIAN LAYMEN'S LEAGUE  
Dept. H-X-1, 25 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.  
Please send me booklets on Unitarianism

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## THE NEW RECORDINGS

of flashy brilliance. Zaremba throws in an interesting dividend in the form of Handel's own variations on the same theme.

**Chopin Cameos.** George Banhamli, piano. Vox PL 10.370.

This is an interesting collection of relatively little known Chopin, ranging from a number of very early (and hearteningly typical) works through the great Prelude in C Sharp Minor, Opus 15 (which I realized with a start I had studied for years in my early piano days) and the Barcarolle, Opus 60, one of Chopin's last works. I enjoyed Mr. Banhamli's playing, which is fluently graceful and utterly musical, with a minimum of polemics and no harshness at all.

**Haydn: Sonatas for Piano, Vol. 2 (#52 in E Flat, #43 in A Flat, #34 in E Minor).** Nadia Reisenberg. Westminster XWN 18358.

Miss Reisenberg is another brilliantly "masculine" pianist, who knows how to shape these subtle early piano sonatas to the proper size. They are as big as they ought to be—most pianists misinterpret their thin lines as a false delicacy—but Reisenberg never takes them out of scale, even so. The ever-moving E Flat Sonata, Haydn's last and composed in the fruitful period after the end of his symphonic writing, is a marvelous work of experimentation in Haydn's own somewhat mystical form of Romanticism. Its key relationships are extraordinary—the middle movement is in E major, musically poles away from the E Flat of the outer movements. It's good to have this sonata in such an intelligent and expressive playing and the same goes for the two earlier works. There'll be more to come.

**The Masters Write Jazz** (Stravinsky, Hindemith, Gershwin, Copland, Mahaud, Tansman). Leo Smit, piano. DLP 3111.

One after the other, the jazz recording companies are going into classical, reasons not always clear. Is it prestige? Is it, as here, a tie-in with the company's regular lines? Whatever the individual reasoning, the whole movement is proof of that interesting and intense cross-influence between jazz and classical that sooner or later (I think) will blend the two into one continuous spectrum.

This record is likely to mislead jazz purchasers on a couple of counts. True, some very eminent minds were attracted to jazz in its earlier days; almost modern composers in a short period after 1920 tried their hands at incorporating jazz elements into classical composition. But the results were so conscious and uncomfortable; even composer on this disc (Gershwin accepted) soon abandoned the direct jazz idiom for more fruitful fields. It was too early. Only when jazz sounds could be taken for granted—starting perhaps with Bernstein in the 1940s—did the combination revive again for really useful purposes.

These are interesting pieces with good deal of merit, as of the 'twenties when their distinguished composers were young and brash as compared to the present dignity. But, Gershwin aside, the music is not remotely to be classed as jazz (see label), recognizable to a jazz specialist. Furthermore, though the jazz piano is generally thought of as harsh, Leo Smit's playing has a chrome-steel percussiveness that makes the toughest jazz piano sing tenderly in comparison. His touch is sheer classical modern austerity-style. The jazz element is minimized, where in other hands it might be persuasively coaxed out for a final period effect. But he's probably right.

## WORTH LOOKING INTO . . .

**Cimarosa: Sonatas (complete).** R. Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord. Westm. XWN 18698.

**Handel Keyboard Music. Vol. 1 (Suites #3, #13, #11); vol. 2 (Suites #14, #15, #8).** Paul Wolfe, harpsichord. Experiences Anonymes EA 0032/33.

**Gaspard Le Roux: Pièces de Clavessin 1705.** Albert Fuller, harpsichord. Over-tone 15.

**Geminiani: Concerti Grossi Op. 7. I Musici.** Epic LC 3457.

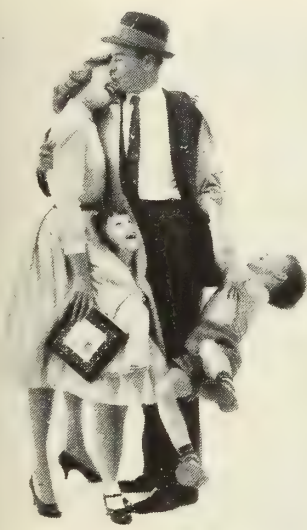
**Monteverdi—Selected Works.** Nadi Boulanger, Vocal and Instrumental Ensemble. Re-issue; Great Recordings of the Century Series. Angel COLH 20.

**Homage to Henry Purcell—An Anthology.** Alfred Deller, April Cantelo, Desmond Dupre, and others. Bach Guild (Vanguard) BG 570/71 (2).

**Dussek: Piano Sonatas Op. 61, Op. 45 No. 1, Op. 20, No. 3; Sonata Four Hands Op. 32.** Heida Hermanns, Ruth Stoneridge. Soc. for Forgotten Music SFM 1002 (Contemporary Records).



# HELP US KEEP THE THINGS WORTH KEEPING



Photograph by Howard Zief

It's always so good to have Dad home!

Home—the place he works hard to keep safe and secure. In a free and peaceful world he can always be there to take care of his family. But peace costs money. Money for strength to keep the peace. Money for science and education to help make peace lasting. And money saved by individuals.

Your Savings Bonds, as a direct investment in your country, make you a Partner in strengthening America's Peace Power. Are you buying as many as you might?

HELP STRENGTHEN  
AMERICA'S PEACE POWER  
BUY U. S.  
SAVINGS  
BONDS



U.S. Government does not pay for this advertising. Treasury Department thanks, for their patriotic action, The Advertising Council and this magazine.

# JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

## BIG BLOND BOOGIE

One thing I don't quite understand is why jazz is so well suited to the Nordics. Theoretically this is the music of hot, meridional blood, born of tropical rhythms and nursed in the Latinate culture of New Orleans. Why did it flourish in the rural Midwest? How come the European bands thrive best north of Paris? What's going on, of all places, in Scandinavia?

Three LPs have turned up in the past few weeks from Sweden alone—ranging from Jack Lidström (who has listened closely to Louis) to the relatively contemporary Arne Domnerus. The late Stan Hasselgard (Capitol EAP 1-466), who was developing a real post-Goodman clarinet before this untimely death in 1948, seemed an exception then. Now it appears there are dozens of Swedes who swing.

And Scots. And Dutchmen. Imitators, yes—but they get the point, and the distance they have come from the rickety, potted-palm “jazz” orchestras of Europe in the 'twenties or 'thirties should be measured in light-years.

Undoubtedly one explanation for the northerners' enthusiasm is the attraction of opposites. 'Us cold, pale, sandy-haired types take to jazz because it is what we are not. But, even more, I suspect this is support for the theory that jazz arose from a head-on collision of extremes, of temperaments, of races. It may even attract new adherents to the view, fondly maintained by Willie “The Lion” Smith, that jazz originated in the brickyards at Haverstraw, New York (“The Lion Roars,” Dot DLP 3094).

Swedish Modern Jazz. Arne Domnerus and his group. RCA Camden CAL 417.

“Look Dad! They're comin' down our street” (in Hi-Fi). Jack Lidström Stompers. World Pacific PJ-1235.

Jorgen Ryg Quartet. Mercury MG 36099.

Swinging Scots. Johnny Keating and his all-stars. Dot DLP 3066.

Jazz Behind the Dikes. Iicken, Elsen, Madna, Schooderwalt, and Vos groups. Epic LN 3270.



Save \$1\* on this September Save-on-Records selection! A penetrating interpretation, by Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony, of Beethoven's mighty symphonic tribute to Napoleon. Recorded in New Orthophonic Sound

\*On Mir.'s Nat'l. Adv'd. Price



**JOHN CARRADINE**  
Reads **WALDEN!**  
six records, \$6.95

**BASIL RATHBONE** Reads  
**SHERLOCK HOLMES!**  
five records, \$5.95

**HANS CONRIED** Reads  
**TREASURE ISLAND!**  
eight records, \$8.95

Audio Book 16 rpm records can be played on any four-speed phonograph. Audio Book Speed Reducer, \$1.95, adapts any 33 1/3 rpm phonograph to play these records.

See the complete Audio Book 'Literature for Listening' library at your record dealer's or write

AUDIO BOOK COMPANY  
ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN



Now you can SAVE UP TO \$19.05 on  
Today's Most Vital Books!

A black and white photograph of two books. The book in the foreground is 'Finnegans Wake' by James Joyce, with the author's name 'Joyce' printed below the title. The book behind it has a cover with a dark, abstract, possibly floral or organic pattern.

TAKE ANY  
**THREE**  
FOR ONLY  
**\$3<sup>95</sup>**

**THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION, INC., Dept. HA-9**  
240 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Please send me at once the THREE title I have checked below and bill me only \$3.95, plus a small shipping charge, for all three. Also enroll me as a member of The Readers' Subscription.

Forthcoming selections will be described to me in advance in *The Griffin*, your monthly publication which I am to receive FREE for one year. I may decline any book which I do not want simply by returning the special form always provided.

During the first year of my membership, I agree to accept four additional selections at members' Special Prices, plus a few cents shipping, from all present and future titles. I may resign anytime after accepting four such titles. I am to receive a FREE bonus book or 12" long-playing record of my own choice after every four selections purchased, exclusive of this introductory offer.

**Choose below, your 3 titles for \$3.95**

- ON ART AND LITERATURE** by *Marcel Pruvst*. A fascinating book of opinion, including the extraordinary full-length work *Contre Sainte-Beuve*. *Marcel Pruvst*. Mailed *\$6.00*.  
**GEORGE ELIOT** Stendahl and Tolstol. *List price \$6.00*
- THE FLOWERS OF EVIL** by *Charles Baudelaire*. Banned during his lifetime, Baudelaire is now considered the greatest French poet of the 19th century. This magnificent collection of poems by *Charles Baudelaire*. English translations of all of his poems. *List price \$6.00*
- MEN AND EVENTS** by *H. R. Trevor-Roper*. Over 40 essays, including certain men and other things: Homer, Machiavelli, Charles I, the Sephardic Jews, Reubens, Karl Marx and others. Here is a original voice speaking out with charm and wit. *Men and Events* is a book of being called "controversial". *List price \$4.50*.
- DYLAN THOMAS: COLLECTED POEMS**. "Poetry," said *Dylan Thomas*. "Is what in a poem makes you laugh, cry, prickle, be silent, makes your toenails tinkle . . . Here are all the poems that he wished to love and live by. This volume has been called the greatest lyric poet since Keats. *List price \$3.75*
- THE ART OF EATING** by *M. F. K. Fisher*. A *colette* of ardent admirers have already "discovered" *M. F. K. Fisher*—who writes of food with the wit, warmth and sophistication that others lavish on love and sex. Here, in one volume, are five of her complete books, a treasury of fine food and delightful prose. *List price \$6.00*.
- ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY** by *C. S. Lewis*. Here is a brilliant critical survey of one of the most "essential" and exciting periods in English literature—the era that gave us Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare. *List price \$7.00*
- E. E. CUMMINGS: POEMS 1923-1954**. Exactly 598 poems that impressively demonstrate *E. E. Cummings*. This complete edition brings you all of his poems, some of which originally appeared in *the New Yorker*. Low rare or out of print editions. *List price \$6.75*

- ▲ **DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER** by *Tsao Pao-yueh Chin*. A new translation of a 200-year-old novel that is widely regarded—in scope and brilliance of writing—as *War and Peace* of Chinese literature. The exquisite love story of Pao-yueh and his beautiful Black Jade takes you into the big, bustling, many-peopled household of another place and time. *List price \$6.00.*
- ▲ **CONCLUDING UNSCIENTIFIC POSTSCRIPT** by *Søren Kierkegaard*. A long psychological essay into the attack on the impersonal and abstract view of life peculiar to the Nineteenth Century philosophy. *List price \$8.50.*
- ▲ **T. S. ELIOT: ON POETRY AND POETS**. As poet, dramatist and critic, T. S. Eliot has been one of the most influential writers of our century. Here are his major essays on poetry and literature, written as *Poet and Critic* and *Goethe as Sage*, published for the first time in America. *List price \$4.50.*
- ▲ **ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE EARLIER SEVENTEENTH CENTURY** by *Douglas Bush*. It was an age that believed in Revelation—and created Hobbes' scientific *Leviathan*... an age that believed in Monarchy and the divine right of kings... an age that created the flavor of these conflicting emotions in a book that everyone will enjoy. *List price \$7.00.*
- ▲ **FINNEGAN'S WAKE** by *James Joyce*. Whether he really wrote "literature" or merely "exercised" with erotic words in order to shock—Joyce's influence on the modern novel has been profound. This final, enigmatic work of *trípyres* remains Joyce's most controversial book. *List price \$7.50.*

Address . . . . .

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**Now You Can Enjoy a Rich Variety  
of Important Books... Month after  
Month... at Substantial Savings**

**I**F GOOD LITERATURE is your meat and drink, then here's a special opportunity for you to save money on books of lasting importance.

As an unusual membership offer, The Readers' Subscription would like you to take any 3 of these books...for only \$3.95!

Here are the books that are being debated among intellectual leaders everywhere. They are the books which excite thinking people *now*, and will do so for years to come.

been reprinted in other magazines and foreign literary journals.

If—after browsing through *The Griffin*—you decide that you want the current selection, it will be sent to you. If not, you merely say so on the form always provided.

With every fourth selection you accept, you get a **FREE** book or record of *your own choosing*. And you may pick your book from *all* the titles offered by The Readers' Subscription!

**You Save Over 45%**

### A Unique Plan for Discriminating Readers

As a member of the Readers' Subscription, you may choose as few as four books a year . . . from over forty new titles made available to you . . . and from a large back list. Alternate titles also include a number of fascinating long-playing recordings of poetry and prose read by distinguished literary figures. And each month you will receive a free copy of *The Griffin*, the magazine which contains a critical review of the current selection. These reviews are no written to "sell" you anything. They are perceptive critiques by three of the outstanding critical minds of our time: W. H. Auden, Jacques Barzun, and Lionel Trilling. Many of them, in fact, have

As a member of the Readers' Subscription your savings will average at least 25% on each month's selection . . . and your over-all savings, through your bonus books, will exceed 45%.

This is your opportunity to buy a magnificent library of books that you will read and re-read . . . books that you will recommend to friends whose judgment you respect.

Right now, choose the 3 books you want and mail the coupon *without money* - to The Reader Subscription. You will be billed only \$3.95 plus small shipping charge... even though the value of your three selections may total as high as \$23.00! Mail the entire coupon... *now*... to The Reader Subscription, Dept. HA-9, 210 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.









THE AMERICAN LINE IN CARIBBEAN CRUISE

the last word in cruising luxury . . .

# new Santa Paula · new Santa Rosa



*Twin pleasure liners add new brilliance,*

*new glamour to* **CARIBBEAN** SOUTH AMERICA **CRUISES**

*Here they are! Newest, loveliest cruise liners under the sun . . . ready to give you the pleasure experience of a lifetime! Their top-deck beach club atmosphere will delight you. You'll be enchanted by the freedom of their wide, uncrowded decks . . . the gracious charm of their dining rooms, clubs and lounges, all up on the Promenade Deck . . . the matchless luxury of their accommodations, all First Class.*

Indoors and out, these new *Santas* give you more room to play, relax and live than any other ship afloat. All outside rooms, each with bath. Air-conditioned throughout. Shaded veranda for delicious buffet luncheons just off the swimming pool.

*Make reservations now for your 12-Day Cruise. Sailing every Friday from New York. Exciting new itinerary takes you to Curaçao, N.W.I.; La Guaira-Caracas, Venezuela; Kingston, Jamaica; Nassau, Bahamas; and Port Everglade (Fort Lauderdale-Miami), Florida.*

*Maiden Voyage new Santa Paula, October 23, 1958.*

**See Your Travel Agent** for new cruise folder or write

**GRACE LINE**

Dept. HM-9, 3 Hanover Square, New York 4, N. Y.

*Agents and Offices in All Principal Cities*

*Regular, frequent American Flag passenger and freight services between the Americas*



OCTOBER 1958 ■ SIXTY CENTS

# Harper's

magazine

## Imperial Harvard

Beginning a Series on American Colleges

*by David Boroff*

## Why the Israeli Army Wins

*by Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall*

## The Tree of Knowledge

*by Robert Oppenheimer*

## Washington Phonies

*by William S. White*





# The charm of Europe



AUSTRIA



BELGIUM



DENMARK



FINLAND



FRANCE



GERMANY

...as varied



GREAT BRITAIN



GREECE



ICELAND



IRELAND

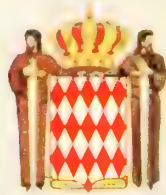


ITALY

as its national



LUXEMBOURG



MONACO



NETHERLANDS



NORWAY



PORTUGAL

coats-of-arms!



SPAIN



SWEDEN



SWITZERLAND



TURKEY



YUGOSLAVIA

Discover for yourself why Europe is the world's outstanding vacation value. Twenty-one different countries — unique treasure-houses of history, culture and art — offer fun, sport and entertainment of every kind. But go in FALL, WINTER or SPRING. And to *really* see Europe, don't limit yourself to visiting her fabulous cities but tour her delightful highways and byways as well!

*See your Travel Agent now! For further information, write each country below in which interested. Address: National Tourist Office (Name of Country), Box 258, Dept. M-12, New York 17, N. Y.*

## EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION

AUSTRIA • BELGIUM • DENMARK • FINLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY • GREAT BRITAIN  
GREECE • ICELAND • IRELAND • ITALY • LUXEMBOURG • MONACO • NETHERLANDS  
NORWAY • PORTUGAL • SPAIN • SWEDEN • SWITZERLAND • TURKEY • YUGOSLAVIA



# How the Bell System's Transistor Has Created Business and Jobs in Many Industries

It has been just a little over ten years since the Bell Telephone Laboratories announced the invention of the Transistor.

This amazing little electronic amplifier was recognized immediately as one of the big breakthroughs in science that come only at rare intervals. Every year since its birth it has opened new fields of use and progress.

Developed originally for telephony, where its first use was in Direct Distance Dialing, the Transistor has enabled many other industries to bring out entirely new products and improve others. It has also made it possible for a number of new businesses to get started and to grow.

There is no doubt that the Transistor has been one of the leading forces in an electronics boom and is a considerable part responsible for raising the electronics industry from a two billion dollar level in 1946 to over thirteen billion dollars in 1958.



**NEWS FROM OUTER SPACE.** One of the many uses for the Transistor is in the radio transmitters in satellites. Some other uses of this mighty mite of electronics, in addition to its growing use in telephony, are in hearing aids, personal radios, automobile radios, portable TV sets, phonographs, clocks, watches, toys, computers, data processing, machine tooling controls and even a guidance system for a chicken-feeding cart. A most important use is in a wide range of military equipment, including radar and guidance systems for missiles. Though little larger than a pea, the Transistor can amplify electric signals up to 100,000 times.

The Bell System has licensed more than seventy companies to make and sell transistors. More than 50,000,000 will be made this year.

The Transistor is just one example of how the basic research of the Bell Telephone Laboratories contributes to the economy and progress of the country. Frequently this constant search for new knowledge to improve communications brings forth

discoveries of great value to other industries and the whole field of technology.

For telephone users, the Transistor has made possible advances that would have been impossible a brief decade ago.

In the years to come it will bring many new ways to make telephone service more convenient and useful to more and more people.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



HARPER & BROTHERS  
PUBLISHERS

Chairman of the Executive  
Committee: CASS CANFIELD

Chairman of the Board:  
FRANK S. MACGREGOR

President:  
RAYMOND C. HARWOOD

Vice-Presidents:  
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.,  
EUGENE EXMAN, ORDWAY TEAD,  
DANIEL F. BRADLEY,  
JOHN FISCHER, EVAN W. THOMAS

Treasurer: LOUIS F. HAYNIE  
Assistant to the Publisher  
and Circulation Director:  
JOHN JAY HUGHES

EDITORIAL STAFF  
Editor in Chief: JOHN FISCHER  
Managing Editor: RUSSELL LYNES

Editors:  
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON  
CATHARINE MEYER  
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD  
ROBERT B. SILVERS  
LUCY DONALDSON

Washington Correspondent:  
WILLIAM S. WHITE

Editorial Secretary: ROSE DALY  
Editorial Assistant:  
VIRGINIA HUGHES

ADVERTISING DATA: consult  
HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.  
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.  
Telephone MUrray Hill 3-5225.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE issue for  
Oct. 1958. Vol. 217. Serial No. 1301.  
Copyright© 1958 by Harper & Brothers  
in the United States and Great Britain.  
All rights, including translation into  
other languages, reserved by the  
Publisher in the United States, Great  
Britain, Mexico and all countries  
participating in the International  
Copyright Convention and the  
Pan-American Copyright Convention.  
Published monthly by Harper &  
Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16,  
N.Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A.  
by union labor by the Williams Press,  
99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y.  
Entered as second-class matter at  
the post office at Albany, N. Y.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 60¢ per copy;  
\$6.00 one year; \$11.00 two years;  
\$15.00 three years. Foreign postage—  
except Canada and Pan America—  
\$1.50 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Six weeks'  
advance notice, and old address as  
well as new, are necessary.  
Address all correspondence relating  
to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept.,  
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

# Harper's MAGAZINE®

OCTOBER 1958



VOL. 217, NO. 1301

## ARTICLES

- 27 IMPERIAL HARVARD, David Boroff  
*Drawings by George Samerjan*
- 35 AMERICAN HOMES: Solemn to Gaudy to Drab  
Osbert Lancaster
- 38 WHY THE ISRAELI ARMY WINS, Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall  
*Drawings by Arie' Glaser*
- 46 PENNSYLVANIA'S NEW BREED OF POLITICIANS, Joseph Kraft
- 55 THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, Robert Oppenheimer  
*Cartoon by Richard McCallister*
- 61 THE HARD KIND OF COURAGE, James Baldwin  
*Drawings by Eldzier Cortor*
- 66 ATHENS ON THE SUBWAY, Frederick Gutheim  
*Drawings by Donald Mackay*
- 72 THE DAY THE TAPS RUN DRY, Robert and Leona Rienow  
*Cartoon by Ed Fisher*
- 79 THE WASHINGTON PHONIES, William S. White

## FICTION

- 51 THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A WESTERN GLADIATOR,  
Charles G. Finney  
*Drawings by Gil Walker*

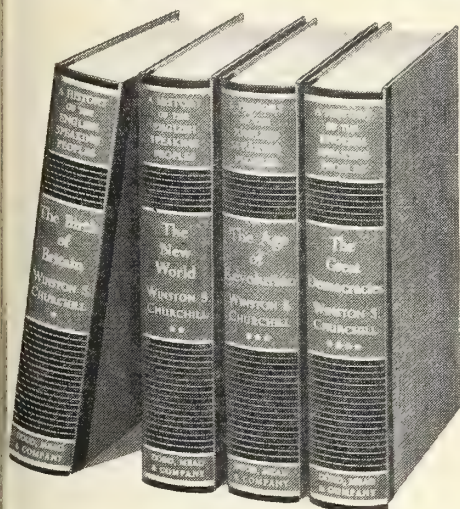
## DEPARTMENTS

- 4 LETTERS
- 12 THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR—*Society and Morals in the Underworld*, John Fischer  
*Drawing by Tomi Ungerer*
- 22 PERSONAL & OTHERWISE—*Among Our Contributors*
- 84 AFTER HOURS, Mr. Harper  
*Drawings by N. M. Bodecker*
- 88 THE NEW BOOKS, Paul Pickrel
- 98 BOOKS IN BRIEF, Katherine Gauss Jackson
- 103 THE NEW RECORDINGS, Edward Tatnall Canby
- 105 JAZZ NOTES, Eric Larrabee  
*COVER by George Samerjan*



"A set that now belongs with Shakespeare in every English-speaking home"

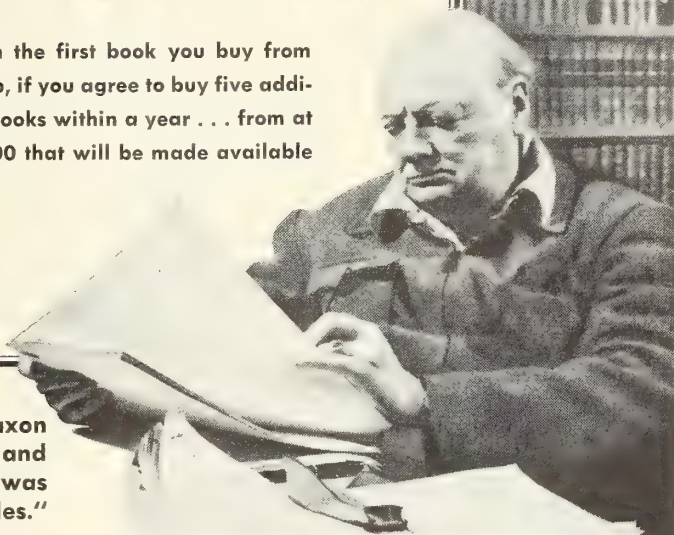
# Winston Churchill's A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES



RETAIL PRICE (IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY) \$24<sup>00</sup>

## GIVEN TO YOU

... with the first book you buy from the Club, if you agree to buy five additional books within a year ... from at least 200 that will be made available



"Back in the mists of time on that little Anglo-Saxon island there was kindled the flame of freedom and equality for the individual. The idea grew and was spread over the earth by the English-speaking peoples."

MR. WINSTON's final epochal work is a brilliant tapestry of the whole multuous record of Anglo-American history from "the misty dawn over a primitive island world" to the opening of the 20th century. Each volume was Club Selection at the time it was published. The entire set, now selling for \$24, is offered free to new members to demonstrate—in a six-book trial membership—four clear advantages of belonging to the Club.

First, as a member you can buy only books you would buy anyway ... see examples in the coupon.

Second, you pay on the average 20% less for them than you would otherwise.

Third, you share in the Club's unique Book-Dividend plan, under which members receive over \$1,000,000 worth of valuable library volumes (retail value), free, every month.

Fourth—and perhaps most important—the system keeps you from missing, because of overbusyness or procrastination, the new books you want to read.

\* The complete four-volume set will be sent with the first book you purchase (see coupon). The five additional books you agree to buy can be chosen from at least 200 Selections and Alternates to be made available during the coming twelve months.

\* Each month you receive a full and careful report about the next Book-of-the-Month. If you judge it is a book you would not enjoy, you may send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing next month."

\* You may cancel this trial membership any time after buying six books from the Club.

\* If you continue, you will receive a valuable Book-Dividend—averaging around \$6 in retail value—with every second Club choice you buy. The Churchill set really represents Book-Dividends sent to you in advance for the six books you agree to buy.

### BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AKU-AKU</b> by Thor Heyerdahl<br>Price (to members only) \$4.95                | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>ANATOMY OF A MURDER</b> by Robert Traver<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95                                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE KING MUST DIE</b> by Mary Renault<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95        | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>PETER FREUCHEN'S BOOK OF THE SEVEN SEAS</b> by Peter Freuchen with David Loh<br>Price (to members only) \$4.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE ENEMY CAMP</b> by Jerome Weidman<br>Price (to members only) \$4.25         | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>BY LOVE POSSESSED</b> by James Gould Cozzens<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY</b> by John Gunther<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50      | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE NEW CLASS</b> by Milovan Djilas \$3.95   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MASTERS OF DECEIT</b> by J. Edgar Hoover<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50     | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES</b> by Jean Kerr \$5.50   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION</b> by Alan Moorehead<br>Price (to members only) \$4.25 | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>A STUDY OF HISTORY</b> The two-volume abridgment of the Toynbee work<br>Price (to members only) 2 vols. \$5.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE WINTHROP WOMAN</b> by Anya Seton<br>Price (to members only) \$4.30         |  |

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

A310

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club\* and send, free, Winston Churchill's A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES with the purchase of my first selection, indicated above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend\* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

**PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto duty free, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.



## REDUCED ROUND TRIP FARES

to the  
**South  
Pacific**



NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA  
TAHITI • FIJI • SAMOA • HAWAII

Save up to \$645!

## 4 Matson Spring Cruises

A once-in-a-lifetime adventure at less than regular round-trip fares! You pay only a one-way fare plus half, and enjoy a luxurious 42-day round trip to exotic South Sea isles, countries down-under. For pennies more than \$20 a day you can luxuriate in all the famous features of Matson travel:

- ★ S. S. MARIPOSA — S. S. MONTEREY — the only all First Class, completely air-conditioned, gyro-stabilized liners in South Seas service.
- ★ Matson's famed menus, service and a full, varied program of shipboard activities.
- ★ Swimming pool, theater, spacious decks and lounges.
- ★ All rooms with private baths, less than 400 passengers. More room, more service, more space per passenger.

SAILINGS FROM SAN FRANCISCO\*

**S. S. MARIPOSA**

March 22, May 6

**S. S. MONTEREY**

April 12, May 27

\* following day from Los Angeles

Fares from \$757<sup>50</sup> round-trip to New Zealand

from \$862<sup>50</sup> round-trip to Australia

**25% Savings.** Space is going fast.  
Book now while choice accommodations are available. See your Travel Agent today.



MATSON LINES • THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP  
COMPANY • New York, Chicago, Dallas, San  
Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland,  
Seattle, Vancouver, B. C.



# LETTERS

## Labor in Politics

TO THE EDITORS:

Dick Bruner's article [Labor Should Get Out of Politics," August] is based upon the thesis that labor should get out of politics because it is ineffective. Mr. Bruner obviously would like to see labor participate even more extensively in politics if he thought they could do so effectively.

I feel Mr. Bruner completely ignores the fact that many union members are forced to join unions because of union shop agreements. I have always felt that the use of union funds collected under these circumstances constitutes a denial of freedom of political activity and is morally objectionable.

... Mr. Bruner's article is a typical reaction of the "ultra-liberal wing," as reflected, for example, by Americans for Democratic Action. The ultra-liberals are small in number and in order to exercise their influence, it is necessary that they have a mass base. This they have achieved by attaching themselves to the labor movement. ... I feel that Mr. Bruner is basically contemptuous of the mass of rank-and-file members who make up the labor movement. He ... deplores their primary concern with bread-and-butter issues, such as high wages and better working conditions. He is also impatient of the average worker's reluctance to have the labor movement transformed into an ideological political entity, advocating the concrete welfare state or socialistic point of view. ...

BARRY GOLDWATER  
U. S. Senate, Ariz.

To some of us here the article seems to be based upon ... the considerable frustration of an intellectual in the labor movement. ... Bruner missed the practical point that the most political efficacy of organized labor is in the realm of campaign financing. ... If his case has any validity, it would only be when businessmen get out of politics. Otherwise the non-wealthy liberal candidate would get avalanched—he is already snowed under—in the matter of campaign financing.

Furthermore the article shows little understanding of the indefatigable dili-

gence and patience required in any kind of political organizing—whether it be undertaken by organized labor, organized business, or just a bunch of precinct workers.

HENRY W. M...  
State Senate, W...

## The Human Female

TO THE EDITORS:

Re the Editor's Easy Chair on "Non-sexual Behavior of the Human Female" [August]: What a pity that intelligent and witty individual like John Fischer should suffer from Marxism. ... We may lose trifles such as pocket watches, etc. but we NEVER lose valuables such as overcoats and raincoats left in restaurants (not remembering having worn one that day).

Why must men always be proving something about themselves and get "stressed" when they are not the best, first, and most oriented? What have all accomplished for the betterment of mankind? Women are supposed to be logical, but what logic is there in what you men have brought about in settling your differences? If all the powers in the governments now in dispute are placed with women, the result could be worse than it is now.

LEONORA F. STEIN  
South Bend, Ind.

## Cigarette Ads

TO THE EDITORS:

*Harper's* should get a special award for having had the courage to publish the article by Rep. John A. Blatnik ["Making Cigarette Ads Tell the Truth," August]. I strongly endorse his move to place the testing of cigarettes under the jurisdiction of the U. S. Bureau of Standards and his recommendation that the U. S. Public Health Service initiate a program to educate children on the health hazards of cigarette smoking.

I am writing my Congressman to request that he support his colleague from Minnesota in these endeavors. Thank you for a fine job of public service.

GLORIA JENNIS  
New York, N. Y.

... Our advertising agency handled Hit Parade and Lucky Strike; we have



**Now** — the world's most distinguished musical artists, in cooperation with the world's largest record club, make it possible for you to systematically acquire their greatest recorded performances on superb high-fidelity records **at far less than the usual cost**



# ANY FIVE

of these superb **Classical High-Fidelity**

**COLUMBIA and EPIC RECORDS** FOR ONLY **\$3<sup>98</sup>**

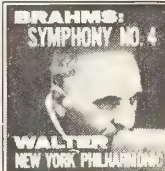
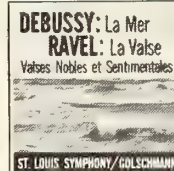
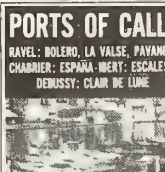
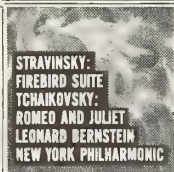
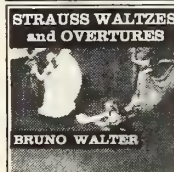
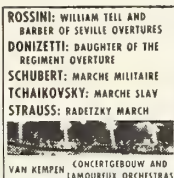
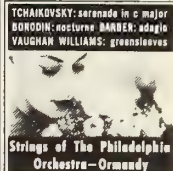
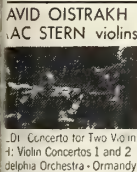
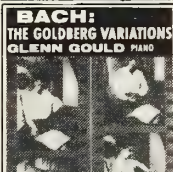
if you join the Columbia **LP** Record Club now — and agree to purchase 5 selections during the coming 12 months



Through the generous cooperation of the world-famous artists shown above, and many others — the Columbia **LP** Record Club can now help you acquire, regularly and under expert guidance, a distinguished library of the world's finest high-fidelity American and European recordings — at substantial savings!

And as a dramatic demonstration of the many benefits you will enjoy as a member, you will receive — at once — ANY 5 of these superb Columbia and Epic records — for just the usual list price of one record alone!

Read below how the Club operates ... then select the five records you want and mail the coupon — without money — at once!



## HOW THE CLUB OPERATES:

Each month the Club's staff of musical experts selects a classical recording that will be a distinguished addition to your record library. In addition, at least seven other exceptionally fine recordings, both classical and popular, will be available to you as alternate selections. All are fully described in the Club magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept or reject the regular Classical Selection, take any of the other records offered, or NO record in any particular month.

Your only membership obligation is to purchase five selections from the more than 100 high-fidelity Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming months. Thus, in your first year of membership, you will receive ten records for the price of six — a saving of more than one-third on your record purchases.

After purchasing only five records, you receive a Columbia or Epic Bonus record of your choice free every two additional selections you buy.

You may discontinue membership at any time after purchasing five records.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price, now only \$3.98, plus a small mailing charge.

You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel by returning the five records within 10 days.

**COLUMBIA **LP** RECORD CLUB**  
Terre Haute, Indiana

## COLUMBIA **LP** RECORD CLUB, Dept. 221-3

### Terre Haute, Indiana

Please send me the 5 records whose numbers I have circled at the right, for which I am to be billed only \$3.98 plus small mailing charge — and enroll me in the Classical Division of the Club.

My only obligation is to purchase five selections from the more than 100 to be offered during the coming 12 months ... at regular list price, plus small mailing charge. For every two additional selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of my choice FREE.

Name.....  
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....ZONE.....State.....

CANADA: Prices slightly higher,  
address 11-13 Soho St., Toronto, 2B  
If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, please fill in the following:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....112

© Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1958

© "Columbia," "Epic," "Mars" Reg.

## CIRCLE 5 NUMBERS BELOW:

1. Levant Plays Gershwin
2. Beethoven: Emperor Concerto
3. Beethoven: Quartets 9 and 11
4. Mozart: Requiem
5. Sibelius: Finlandia, etc.
6. Beethoven: 3 piano sonatas
7. Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody, etc.
8. Vivaldi: The Seasons
9. Tchaikovsky: "Pathetique" Symphony
10. Dvorak: "New World" Symphony
11. Bach: Goldberg Variations
12. Schweitzer Plays Bach, Vol. 1
13. Rossini: William Tell Overture, etc.
14. Strauss Waltzes and Overtures
15. Mendelssohn: Midsummer Night's Dream; Schubert: "Unfinished" Symphony
16. Firebird: Romeo and Juliet
17. Vivaldi and Bach: Violin Concertos
18. Haydn: "Surprise", "Drum-Roll" Sym.
19. Brahms: Symphony No. 4
20. Ports of Call
21. Debussy: La Mer; Ravel: La Valse, etc.
22. Bach: Brandenburg Conc. 1, 2, 3
23. Paganini and Saint-Saens Concertos
24. Strings of Philadelphia Orchestra M-31



# The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's



"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. S. P. R. O. F.

ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

## LETTERS

no direct interest in Pall Mall cigarettes. However, purely in the interest of clarity, I should like to comment on the sentence reading, "However, Pall Mall still has very much more tar and nicotine than Luckies."

This sentence is thoroughly misleading and unfair not only to Pall Mall but to king-size cigarettes in general. I am informed that the *Reader's Digest* smokes its test cigarettes to a 23 millimeter butt length. Thus, its findings reflect the amount of "tar" and nicotine in 62 millimeters of an 85 millimeter king-size cigarette versus 17 millimeters of a 70 millimeter regular cigarette. It would make just as much sense to say that a quart bottle of beer contained more calories than a pint.

The average reader, of course, lacks the technical knowledge of, or interest in, test methods. Because of this, it is to me more than likely that he will interpret your sentence not as reflecting the larger size of Pall Mall, but as indicating that Pall Mall has a higher nicotine concentration per millimeter or per ounce of smoke solids, which is not at all the fact. . . .

CHARLES H. BROWER, JR.  
Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn  
New York, N. Y.

## White on Washington

TO THE EDITORS:

It is the liberal politicians, says William S. White ["Trying to Find the Shape—If Any—of the News in Washington," August] who are most sensitive and resentful of criticism. The liberals who can stand up to criticism, he claims, are the "Old Guard Republicans and the Southern Democrats."

But who are they standing up to? Faithfully reflecting the opinions of newspaper publishers, as they do, they are almost immune to criticism. Contrast the line created in the press (with a helping hand from Mr. White) of Senators William Knowland, Richard Russell, and Lyndon Johnson with the public face created of former Senator Herbert Lehman and Senators Paul Douglas and Wayne Morse.

None of the three named liberals could gain entry into White's undervalued Senatorial Club. When attention is given to them, they are pictured as priggish . . . dogmatic . . . peccatory . . . and above all else, ineffectual.

Russell, on the other hand, even though he may be, is intelligent, bluntness. . . . And Senator Knowland is awarded the special White citation for bravery in the face of adverse comment.

Perhaps because I'm naïve, it has 10 times seemed to me that Mr. Knowland was a bit of a demagogue—or that



# A SENSIBLE WAY TO BUILD UP YOUR RECORD LIBRARY - at an immense saving

... a plan designed to help serious lovers of music build up a fine record library *systematically* ... they can save **ALMOST ONE THIRD** of what they would otherwise pay for the same RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records

## *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music*

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

**EITHER** OF THESE ALBUMS SENT TO YOU

... IF YOU AGREE TO BUY SIX ADDITIONAL RECORDS FROM THE SOCIETY IN THE NEXT YEAR

### The Nine Symphonies of Beethoven

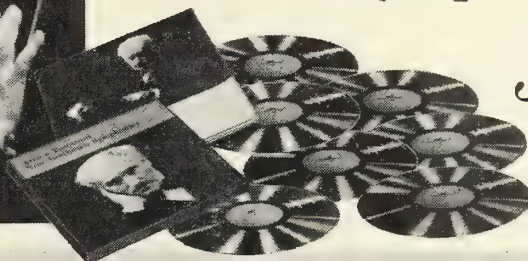
CONDUCTED BY

## Arturo Toscanini

WITH THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

A SEVEN-RECORD ALBUM FOR ONLY **\$3<sup>98</sup>**

[Nationally advertised price: \$34.98]



### The Five Beethoven Piano Concertos

PLAYED BY

## Artur Rubinstein

JOSEF KRIPS CONDUCTING THE SYMPHONY OF THE AIR

A FIVE-RECORD ALBUM FOR ONLY **\$3<sup>98</sup>**

[Nationally advertised price: \$24.98]



**INTRODUCTORY OFFER** • Most music-lovers certainly intend to build up for themselves a representative record library of the World's Great Music. Unfortunately, almost always they are haphazard in carrying out this aspiration. Because of *no* systematic collection, operating costs can be greatly reduced. The remarkable Introductory Offer above is a dramatic demonstration. It can represent to more than a 40% saving the first year.

Thereafter, continuing members can build their record library at almost a **ONE-THIRD SAVING**. For every two records purchased (from a group of at least fifty made available annually by the Society) members will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal Record free.

A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE**. The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole function is to recommend "must-have" works for members. Members of the panel are: **DEEMS TAYLOR**, composer and commentator, Chairman; **SAMUEL HOTZINOFF**, General Music Director, NBC; **ACQUES BARZUN**, author and music critic; **JOHN**

**M. CONLY**, editor of *High Fidelity*; **AARON COPLAND**, composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN**, music critic of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE**, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN**, composer and president of Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH**, chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH**, Professor of Music, Harvard University.

#### HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

**E**ACH month, three or more 12-inch 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent to the member. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay only \$4.98, the nationally advertised price. (For every shipment a small charge for postage and handling is added.)

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music V3-10  
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music* and send me immediately the RCA VICTOR album checked below, billing me \$3.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy six additional records within twelve months from those made available by the Society, for each of which I will be billed \$4.98, the price nationally advertised (plus a small charge for postage and handling). Thereafter, I need buy only four such records in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six records from the Society. After my sixth purchase, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal Record, free.

☐ **THE FIVE BEETHOVEN PIANO CONCERTOS**

☐ **THE NINE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES**

Check here if you wish to begin with **TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO** played by **VAN CLIBURN**. (This counts toward fulfillment of the six-record agreement.)

MR. }  
MRS. }  
MISS } (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . . .

STATE . . . . .

**NOTE:** If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in here:

DEALER'S NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . . .

STATE . . . . .

**PLEASE NOTE:** Records can be shipped only to residents of the U. S. and its territories, and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.

**YOU CAN BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH THIS RECENT SELECTION**

*Van Cliburn* playing **TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO**



# When is the Time to Buy?

Many people think it's a broker's job to issue public pronouncements answering that question.

We're brokers, but we don't think that's our job.

Because the question is one that can be answered only in terms of the individual investor.

When is the time to buy securities?

Whenever an investor has free funds on which he can earn a better return over the long pull by investing them in securities than he can by putting them into any other form of investment.

That means weighing such factors as current dividend rates — 3%, 4% or 5% — the yields on other forms of investments or savings, and the comparative records of stability for such payments. (Over 300 stocks on the New York Stock Exchange have paid dividends for 25 years or more).

Finally, it means showing due regard for one factor that's vital in any security purchase—careful selection to minimize the ever-present risk.

In that selection, we'll be happy to give you all the help that we can. Simply address a letter to—

ALLAN D. GULLIVER, *Department SW-77*

## Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith

*Members New York Stock Exchange and all other Principal Exchanges*

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

*Offices in 112 Cities*



NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • TORONTO • MONTREAL

## LETTERS

wasn't, his wit was about as blunt as his speech. But I came to this conclusion without help from the press.

BRENDAN SEXTON

Director of Education, UAW  
Detroit, Mich.

The addition of a regular column William S. White rates bravos. We there more journalists like Mr. White the news wouldn't be so shapeless.

SALLY WOLFE  
Akron, Ohio

## Gay Old Times

TO THE EDITORS:

Ben Rathbun seems delighted that that upright old lady, the *New York Times*, has finally capsize in that swamp of cuteness, chumminess, gossipiness, and human-interest-angling which our culture as a whole has allowed ["New York's Gay Old Lady" August].

Curiously, Mr. Rathbun ignores the paper's old—and continuing—faults:

(1) Prolixity. Many articles assay less than 50 per cent new information.

(2) Didacticism. The *Times* assumes the burden of educating its readers, while all are newly arrived Martian tourists. For years "Dulles" was preceded by "Secretary of State John Foster." . . .

(3) Cliché inflation. Inanities of the eminent assume thunderous significance. "EISENHOWER DECLARES AIM IS WORLD PEACE" hogs page one, while industrial and scientific break-throughs are noted on page 17.

(4) Superficiality. Its foreign correspondents are good leg-men who consult officials, oppositionists, and taxi-drivers. . . . They are not a whit shrewder than our Ambassadors.

Despite these defects, the *Times* is the world's best paper.

VICTOR F. FROST

New York, N. Y.

Thank you for the nice things you said about my husband, Russell Baker in your enjoyable piece on the *New York Times*. In the interests of "accuracy" I must point out that Edwin James died and did not retire as Managing Editor.

MIRIAM BAKER  
Washington, D. C.

Please, please don't demote that distinguished, hard-working City Editor Frank S. Adams to a copy editor in your caption for the drawing on page 33 of the August issue!

*New York Times and Harper's Fall*

The editors of Harper's express their sincere apologies to Editor Adams and the editors of the *Times* for this lapse.

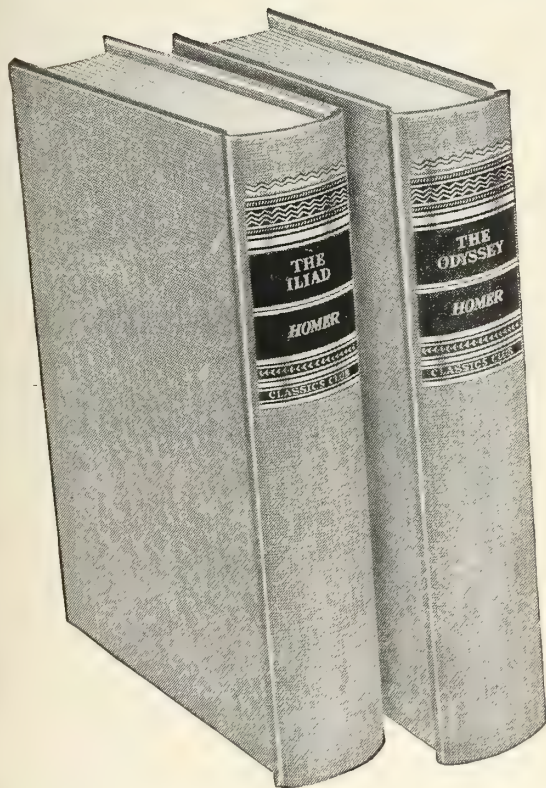
[Continued on page 10]



**BOTH** *Free*  
To New Members

WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE

# THE ILIAD OF HOMER AND THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER



Two Beautifully Bound Volumes. In the Famous Translation for Modern Readers by Samuel Butler

OF all the magic of "the glory that was Greece" these two books cast over you the most irresistible spell! Alexander the Great treasured *The Iliad* so deeply that he carried it into battle with him in a jeweled casket. And *The Odyssey* is so teeming with unforgettable action and adventure that the very names of its fascinating characters are ingrained in our culture today!

Here, in these books, is the Greece of the gods—the whole gorgeous panorama of mighty deeds, of alluring women and warrior heroes, of tales that have thrilled millions of readers.

No wonder these two immortal books of Homer, "the blind bard," have thundered down through thirty centuries, as fresh as though they had been written only yesterday! And now—as a gift from the Classics Club, for your library of volumes you will cherish forever—you may have them *both* FREE!

## Why The Classics Club Offers These Two Books Free

WILL you add these two lovely volumes to your library—as a membership gift from the Classics Club? You are invited to join today and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces. These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

### Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, because they are so readable, they would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections; readability, interest, simplicity.

### Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the

world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions—bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops, are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre—books you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

### A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

We suggest that you mail this Invitation Form to us at once. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising, and this low price—as well as your two beautifully bound free copies of THE ILIAD and THE ODYSSEY of HOMER—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.

### THE CLASSICS CLUB

Roslyn, L. I., New York

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful two volume De Luxe Classics Club Edition of THE ILIAD and THE ODYSSEY of HOMER, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89, plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped in U. S. A. only.)

Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
Please print plainly

Address. \_\_\_\_\_

City. \_\_\_\_\_ Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_  
(if any) \_\_\_\_\_ State. \_\_\_\_\_

## Privileged Veterans

TO THE EDITORS:

Congratulations to John E. Booth for his excellent article, "Veterans: Our Privileged Class" [July]. . . . How can veterans who feel as Mr. Booth does about forming a Citizens Group on Veterans Affairs? Won't some distinguished veteran who isn't afraid of political pressure come forward? I for one am willing to contribute what time, effort, and money I can afford to such an undertaking.

FRANK B. HUGGINS  
San Francisco, California

I welcome Mr. Booth's suggestion for a Citizens Group on Veterans Affairs. . . . Please count me in as a charter member.

ARTHUR ROSEN  
New York, New York

As regards the principle (cited by Mr. Booth) that "military service is an indispensable and honored obligation of free citizens to their country," how is this to be reconciled with the ruling that came out of Washington soon after the Korean conflict began, to the effect that the so-called "bright boys" could remain in school, while those with presumably less educational and poorer economic backgrounds had to go to Korea and take the chance of having their guts shot out?

T. K. STAPLETON  
Jackson, Mississippi

## Fiery Woods

TO THE EDITORS:

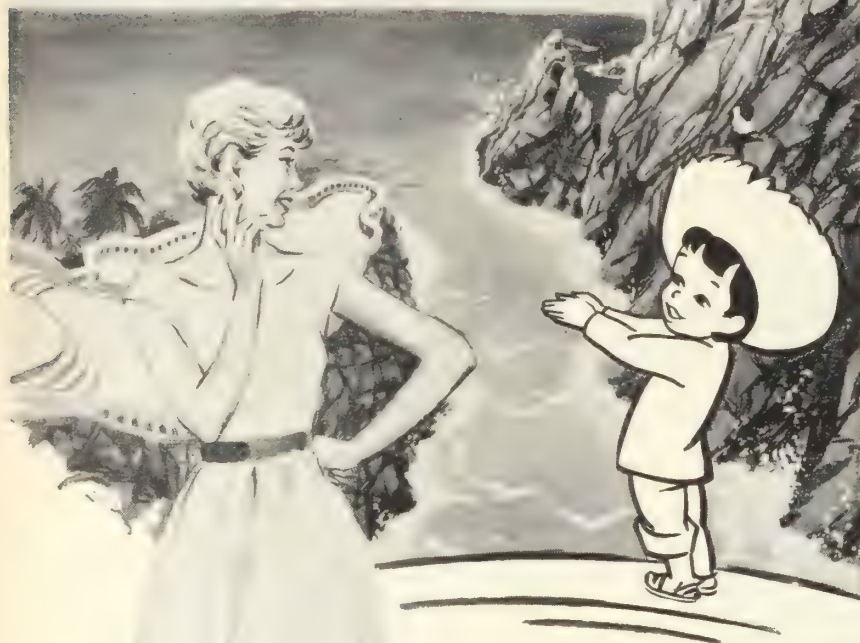
"Southerners Who Set the Woods on Fire" by Ed Kerr [July] was most excellent and timely. . . . We of the forest industries have fought and preached forest fire control daily for years, using every means available, from great tractor crawlers . . . to comic books and picnic areas. . . . I am happy to say that we are slowly winning the fight against the "fire bugs."

The feeling against corporate land ownership is only natural for those on the lowest economic level. . . . They are rural people who, beset by acreage allotments and the high costs of operation, are no longer able to make a living on small submarginal farms and in many cases are being aroused by local politicians. . . . In time, these farms will be closed and their owners and operators will re-locate themselves and gain employment in the new forest industries. This will be one of the main solutions to incendiarism.

D. V. LONG  
International Paper Company  
Natchez, Mississippi

# Mexico

*lifetime enjoyment*



"La Quebrada" Acapulco Mexico.

## ACAPULCO

the world famous seashore resort of enthralling, unforgettable and mysterious beauty, where nature stands forth in singular magnificence. Rugged cliffs, snow-white beaches surrounded by exotic tropical vegetation. Here you can enjoy unexcelled surf-bathing, boating and exciting deepsea fishing. Splendid hotels, incomparable sunsets and dancing under starry skies.

You'll be really happy vacationing in México.

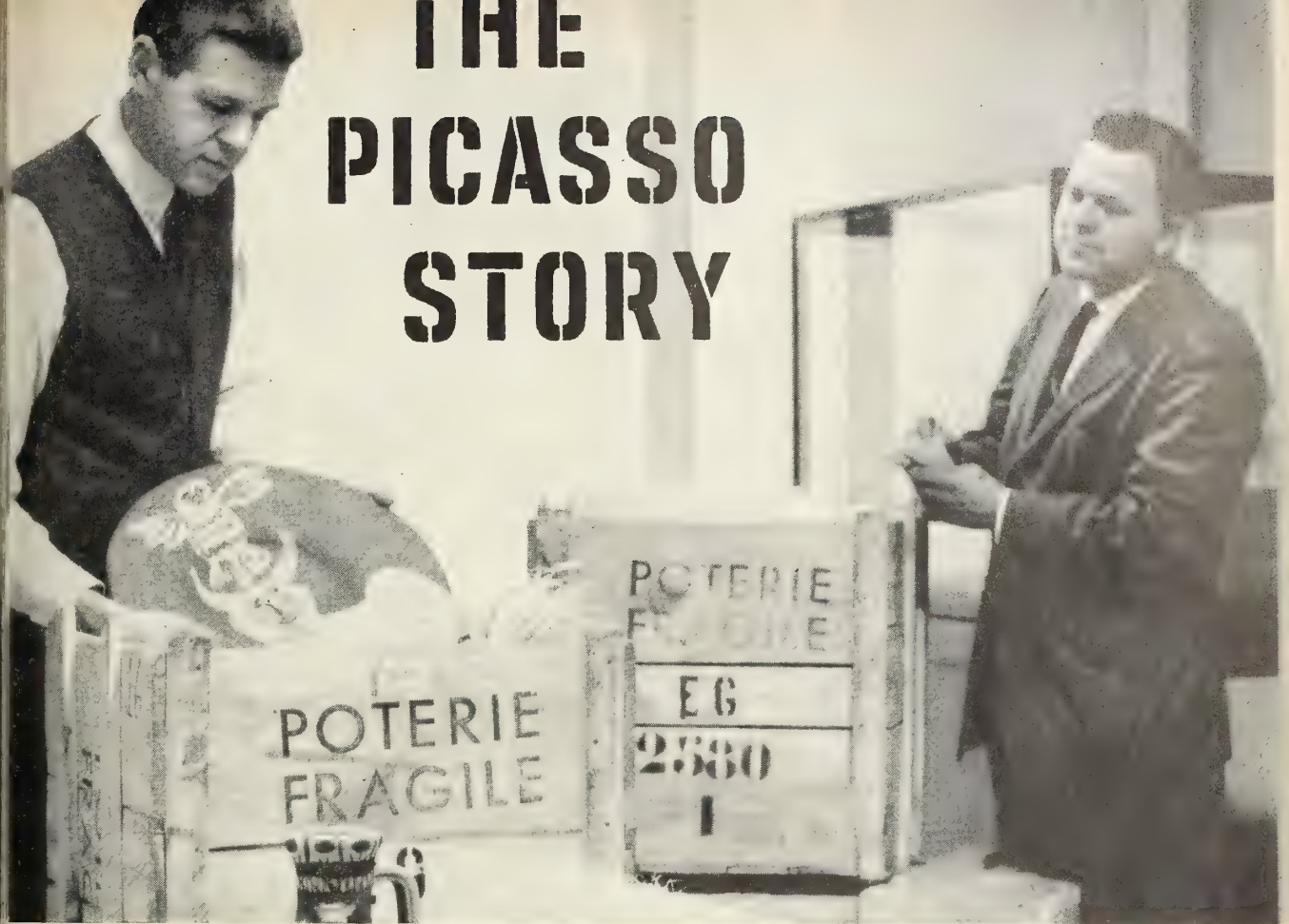
**MEXICO** awaits you. *Your travel agent will tell you.*

### MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA	3106 Wilshire Blvd.	NEW YORK, N. Y.	630 Fifth Ave. No. 801	Rockefeller Center
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS	27 E. Monroe Street Suite No. 304	SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS	209 E. Travis Street	
HOUSTON, TEXAS	809 Walker Ave.	MONTREAL, CANADA	1255 Phillips Square, Suite No. 206	
MIAMI, FLORIDA	45 Columbus Arcade	TORONTO, CANADA	20 Carlton Street	
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA	203 St. Charles Street	LA HABANA, CUBA	Calle 23, No. 72 - La Rampa, Vedado.	



# THE PICASSO STORY



*INA's Macomber watches Cooper Union Museum's Rohlfing unpack precious Picasso pottery*

## What can insurance do to promote international cultural exchange?

**The vagabond itinerary of 76 pieces of precious Picasso pottery points the way to further successful exchange of important works**

been said that the fine arts know no national boundaries. Foreigners are visiting American symphony orchestras and here the stoniest heart softens. More and more students study art, and more come from abroad to see it here. Tourist traffic in museums and galleries booms encouragingly. Now, objects of art themselves can be shipped and transshipped and exhibited in millions in many countries without the great fear which often attended risk in the past.

An interesting example concerns the collection of Pablo Picasso's masterpieces which attracted crowds in Philadelphia and New York a few months ago. Many Ameri-

cans did not know that the famous Spanish painter is a sculptor and potter as well, nor that clay, paint, fire and genius could be combined to form such exquisite contemporary pieces.

A lesser known highlight was the important part insurance played in making the Picasso exhibitions feasible, for the trip was long and the conditions complex.

Picasso's collection, under the direction of Paris art dealer, M. Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, was shipped from Amsterdam to the Philadelphia Museum. Here it was unpacked, exhibited, repacked, trucked to New York's Cooper Union Museum, unpacked, exhibited, repacked, trucked to the pier, and shipped back to Pablo Picasso at Nice, France.

Modern INA insurance, carefully tailored by an independent agent, protected these fragile pieces every step of the way. Packing and unpacking were supervised by INA experts. Every piece is preserved for posterity, and for further exhibition to more admirers in more countries.

This is one way insurance can promote international cultural exchange, and the human tolerance and appreciation which grow from such exchange. We at North America recognize that this changing world calls for constant pioneering to provide new and better protection at the lowest possible cost.

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America  
Insurance Company of North America • Life  
Insurance Company of North America • Philadelphia

**INSURANCE BY NORTH AMERICA**



## *the editor's* EASY CHAIR

### Society and Morals in the Underworld

THE crime investigations now under way in Washington and elsewhere have given the impression that the underworld is managed like a feudal barony by a few overlords, such as Luciano, Genovese, Costello, and the late Mr. Anastasia. This theory was reinforced by the publicity given the ill-arranged mobsters' convention at Apalachin, New York, and by the subsequent newspaper accounts of what is usually assumed to be gangland's Supreme Command—variously labeled as The Syndicate, The Mafia, or The Combination.

This notion is wrong. The Organization (actually a loose confederation of several separate and occasionally hostile mobs) undoubtedly does command a lot of money, guns, and sometimes political influence. Evidently it does administer and discipline a certain sharply-defined field of criminal activity.

But it does not rule the entire underworld, and its members are by no means the upper crust of that society. They are, in fact, viewed with contempt and suspicion by the real criminal elite. The social hierarchy of the underworld—a structure just as complex as that of the so-called normal community—ranks the racketeers well below the middle rung. Their status, regardless of the size of their bankrolls, remains about the equivalent of a shoe salesman's; for money alone counts for a lot less here than in more respectable circles.

What follows is a report on some of the social values of the criminal—the ways in which he measures the prestige and respect due to each class of his fellow professionals. It is based in large part on the testimony of a man who enjoyed for many years a secure niche in the underworld's topmost social group: The Heavies.

THE worst mistake I ever made, editorially speaking, was to help Slim get out of jail.

He had the ideal setup for a writer: a quiet cell with a typewriter, plenty of paper, and no telephone . . . an unlimited supply of source material close at hand . . . no worries about where

the next meal was coming from, and no women to take his mind off his work . . . the ministrations, for free, of a psychiatrist who would have cost an ordinary writer \$25 an hour . . . experts on every branch of his subject matter available for instant consultation . . . a staff of alert guards to protect him from the delivery boys, insurance salesmen, Jehovah's Witnesses, subscription peddlers, and other interrupters who make it so difficult for most authors to get their work done.

So his literary career blossomed fast. He sold several magazine articles—including a classic how-to-do-it piece in *Harper's* on the theory and practice of armed robbery. He held a publisher's contract for a book on crime which might well have become a best seller. And he was making splendid progress with his masterwork, "A Dictionary of Modern American Slang, Cant, and Underworld Argot, on Interpretive Principles." H. L. Mencken himself had given Slim advice and encouragement, in the belief that the book might someday make a place for itself on the permanent reference shelf, alongside Mencken's own monumental work, *The American Language*. Slim had written 646 pages and was nearly finished with the O's when his pardon came through.

He has hardly written a line since. Understandably enough, he has been too busy getting caught up with all the living he missed during his seventeen years in prisons. The last I heard of him he was happily married, earning a comfortable salary as a consultant on crime films for a Hollywood studio, and hadn't looted a single bank, payroll truck, or even a filling station since the day he walked out of the Big Gate.

As a friend I am of course delighted that Slim is doing so well on the outside; but as an editor I can't help mourning the contributions he might have made to literature and sociology. One of the manuscripts we bought from him, to help finance his debut into what he called "the legit life," was an unfinished treatise on the social nuances of his former society. From it I have gleaned some of the following notes; others



came from many conversations with Slim and equally knowledgeable people.\*

THE moral standards, traditions, and folkways of the underworld are very ancient indeed; some of them run back to the beginnings of recorded history. They were developed to guide the behavior of a group in perpetual rebellion—thus enabling it to survive the pressures of an overwhelmingly powerful enemy. Naturally they are very different from the standards of conventional society; in some ways they resemble the ethical code of underground fighters in wartime.

For example, the underworld accords its greatest honor and admiration—logically enough—to those who are the most fanatically rebellious. By the same token it disdains and distrusts those who are willing to compromise or deal with the enemy. Socially, therefore, it divides itself into two main classes, each with a number of subdivisions. The smallest, and most respected, group consists of The Heavies. The other is made up of Grifters.

The heavy is a specialist in armed robbery. He takes what he wants by violence, or threat of violence. He scorns the use of guile or chicanery, and above all he refuses to employ the fix: that is, the bribery of police officers, by giving them either money or information about other criminals.

His name originated in England about two hundred years ago, when a bounty of forty pounds was offered for any criminal accused of a capital offense. Highwaymen, burglars, and others whose professional activities made them eligible for hanging were known, therefore, as "heavy-men" because of their extra forty pounds of "weight." (Later the term, in its contracted form, also was applied to stage villains.)

The distinguishing mark of the heavy is his eagerness to combat the forces of respectable



society on an all-out basis, no quarter asked or given. His motive is pure hostility. Money is not important, except as a measure of his "score" and therefore of the successfulness of his aggression. When he has it, he flings it about with contemptuous carelessness (which often leads to his arrest). Money is, after all, one of the idols of the society he is defying, so he refuses to worship it; in fact the argot he commonly uses equates cash with filth.

Also significant are the heavy's terms for his professional operations. They always imply aggression: he will "clout" a payroll or "knock off" a bank. So too the language in which he speaks of sex connotes aggression, never tenderness. Slim's dictionary is full of illuminating, though rude, examples.

Slim became a heavy before he knew what the word meant. He had been raised in a genteel, prosperous upstate New York family with deep religious convictions. So deep, indeed, that his father demanded an impossibly high level of conduct, and beat him mercilessly for any lapse—usually two or three times a day. By the time he was adolescent, Slim was convinced that he was a worthless and irredeemable sinner, who could never placate Authority. Eventually he defied it, by running away.

At this stage, defiance seemed to be almost his only emotion. When he saw a "No Spitting" sign on a streetcar, he would spit; the mere sight of a policeman would drive him into a red-eyed rage. Pretty soon he attempted a petty robbery—on impulse, without proper planning, and therefore bungled from the start. He ended up in the penitentiary at the age of nineteen.

There he got in trouble with the guards the first day. Throughout that term and several later ones (all for armed robbery) he remained implacably uncooperative, in spite of all punishment. This earned him the respect and friend-

\*Since my first assignment as a police reporter in 1930, my work has from time to time thrown me into the company of non-pious characters—ranging from such big-time operators as Machine Gun Kelly, Frank Nash, and Pretty Boy Floyd to the most feckless sort of bootleggers, marijuana pushers, and alley creeps. Most of them did not have endearing personalities, but a few I liked and trusted as much as any of my more conventional friends.

For example, Matt Kimes, an amiable gunman whom I first met when he was a kitchen trusty in the Oklahoma State Penitentiary at McAlester. He used to fry up big steaks for me on those nights when I had to go there to witness an electrocution. They equaled anything you can get at the Waldorf, since the warden made it a rule to be attentive to reporters, but I could never manage more than a few bites;

some reporters claim that they get used to covering executions, but I never did.

One evening while I was loafing around the kitchen, waiting for midnight—the customary hour for executions, since the condemned man is entitled to all of his final day—I muttered some routine complaint about the unreasonable demands of my city editor.

"If that bum gives you any trouble," Matt said, "just let me know and I'll tell one of my side-kicks in Oklahoma City to take care of him."

I hurriedly explained that drastic remedies weren't really necessary. Jack Bell was a hard man but one of the best bosses I ever worked for; he is now an ornament of the Associated Press staff in Washington. And like Matt, he was always ready to do anything for a friend.

# *When a young lad dreams of manhood...*



*When a young lad dreams of manhood, he envisions, with a boy's impatience, a magic world of new-found freedoms...filled with wonderful new experiences. To be sure, the journey to manhood is never a certain one. For disease and sickness lie in wait. But happily, that journey is becoming ever easier to master—and the promise of an abundant life is growing ever safer. At the forefront of this progress in human futures is a company with over a*

*century of experience—Pfizer. Out from the hands of its scientists have gone new safeguards for health and happiness—and from its production facilities have come new techniques to convert them to world abundance. Antibiotics, hormones, vitamins—products for medicine, agriculture, industry—these are the realm of Pfizer. And in each, Pfizer pledges its efforts toward still greater progress—always in the service of health...always in the service of humanity.*

Science for the World's Well-Being



Pharmaceutical,  
Agricultural and  
Chemical Products

Since 1849



tip of the other heavies in stir, and before long he found himself a member of the clique that dominated the social life of the prison. Its members were few, but they had no trouble imposing their will by simple violence and intractability—or, as I might put it, “by their force of character.” Eventually Slim reached the apex of personal leadership by heading a prison riot. Soon afterwards a psychiatrist was assigned to the penitentiary. The warden, who didn’t deal with newfangled notions, ordered him to keep his hands off the “good” prisoners and to concentrate his efforts on Slim: nothing would make that one any worse. Consequently Slim got about \$50,000 worth of psychoanalysis during the next couple of years; it enabled him, finally, to understand the reasons for his pathological aggressiveness and turn his energies in another direction: *i.e.*, writing. Later the doctor was largely responsible for getting Slim pardoned, by certifying that he could no longer be a menace.

Like his fellow heavies, however, Slim remained forever disdainful of the grifters. In this class are included all thieves who try to outwit the sucker, rather than overpower him. They operate with fraud, not weapons. Therefore, in the eyes of the heavy they are “short of belly”—that is, lacking in courage. Moreover, they are primarily out for money, and thus accept one part of the enemy’s value system.

What is even more scandalous, they are willing to connive with the police. Whenever possible, they prefer to operate under the protection of a fix. Consequently decent criminals can never be sure that a grifter will not turn stool pigeon, in order to buy himself temporary immunity from the law. This moral unreliability is the chief reason for the grifters’ low standing on the underworld’s social scale.

Among the grifters there are about twenty-five sub-classes. Each has its own procedures and code of ethics, though a few doctrines hold good throughout all reaches of criminal society. For instance, all thieves share an attitude of derision towards working stiff, and a conviction that it is wicked to educate a mark: that is to warn an intended victim.

At one time the cannon-mobs—*i.e.*, pickpocket teams—were regarded as an elite among grifters, because their profession required training, skill, and steady nerves in a high degree. (Their name derived from the Yiddish *gonif*; it has nothing to do with firearms, which a pickpocket shuns.) They are a dwindling tribe, however, because the young talent is now turning to easier, more lucrative capers.

Other main categories of the grifters are con men; boosters, or shoplifters—many of them women; crooked gamblers; heel-men, or the kind of sneak thieves who pick up unwatched luggage in railway stations and overcoats in restaurants; car snatchers; and prowls, or house burglars.

At the very bottom of the social hierarchy are the hustlers. This term covers a whole group of occupations that entail little risk, minor penalties, and no great skill, intelligence, or courage. One example is the pitchmen, who hawk fake jewelry and the magic spot remover which also, in a matter of hours, removes the cloth. Others are the pushers, who change counterfeit currency; touts, pimps, and prostitutes; pool sharks; retail dope peddlers; steerers, who guide suckers to gambling gaffs, clip joints, and night clubs for a percentage of the take; and anyone else who is hungry to turn a safe and dishonest dollar. The hustlers—by far the most populous group in the underworld—are not really dedicated rebels; when forced to it by penury, they have no scruples against moving temporarily into upperworld jobs. For this, as well as their gutlessness and crummy, chiseling natures, they are held in low esteem.

Clear outside of the underworld—outcasts, who have no social standing whatever—are the non-professionals. These are the ordinary suckers, or John Citizens, who get entangled with the law more or less by happenstance: the clerk who passes a bad check, the woman who sticks a bread knife into her husband in a fit of pique, the bank cashier who got to playing the horses and dipped his hand into the till to make good his loss. Most despised of all are the sex offenders, who (in Slim’s phrase) “have about as much social prestige in prisons as a garbage collector in Westchester.”

## Discoveries To Meet Growing Needs



While youngsters dream of growing swiftly to adulthood, their parents concern themselves with such practical realities as daily nutrition.

Of basic importance to nutrition is a balance of protein building blocks called amino acids. Balanced protein is essential to every living cell of the human body...for growth and for daily “repair” of body tissue. And now Pfizer has achieved a new fermentation technique for producing an amino acid called Lysine. Planned for use in breads, breakfast cereals, and other familiar grocery products, Pfizer Lysine will give these products a higher nutritional value — protein quality comparable to meat...eggs...milk!

\* \* \* \* \*

**Children love fruit flavor drinks** and consume them in millions of gallons annually. Pfizer, pioneer producer of vitamins, plays a major role in fortifying soft drinks, juice blends and other beverages with vitamins...particularly vitamin C. A daily supply of vitamin C is important to health because it is not produced by the human body. Vitamin C promotes healthy bones, tissue, teeth and gums.

Home cooking can often destroy a valuable part of the vitamin C content found in fruits and vegetables. Fortification of beverages and many kinds of foods with Pfizer vitamins makes up for this loss and protects against “borderline” vitamin deficiencies.

Pfizer has worked closely with the food industry for over a century. Nutrition is another example of how Pfizer research and Pfizer products are helping the hands that help you.

Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.  
11 Bartlett St., Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

Science for the  
World's Well-Being

**Pfizer**

Since 1849





## Are you enjoying this extra income?

Perhaps the most agreeable feature of an income from good common stock is that it might continue for your lifetime — and beyond.

**There are more than 300 stocks** on the New York Stock Exchange that have paid dividends every year from a generation to more than four generations. We've put their records in a very helpful booklet, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." The coupon brings it to you free.

**Perhaps the second** most agreeable feature is that while you work to draw an income from one business, your extra money can be bringing you extra income from other businesses. You're part-owner of these other businesses because you've acquired some of their common stock.

**And here's a piece of handy information:** through our Monthly Investment Plan you can acquire stock of some of the most famous companies in the world, listed on the New York Stock Exchange, for as little as \$40 every three months up to \$1000 a month.

**Have a care, though.** Select your stock thoughtfully. A company may not make a profit, may not pay a dividend, may lose ground to competition. So get facts, always. Never depend on tips or rumors. And for investment use money left over after living expenses are paid and emergencies provided for.

**If you choose carefully** and your company grows, the value of your investment can also grow. So can dividends. This may help your income keep pace with any rise in prices. And, of course, stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange

are more readily convertible into cash than most other investments.

**You'll want good advice** when choosing a stock. So drop in to get acquainted with a registered representative or partner in a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He'll be happy to see you. He'll help you get facts, help you buy or sell. Ask him about bonds and preferred stock, too. And from time to time ask him to review your holdings with you. Make sure, of course, that his firm is a Member of the New York Stock Exchange.

**But at this moment,** send the coupon for your free copy of "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." Why depend on your job for your only income?

**Own your share of American business**

## Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of your classified telephone directory.

.....

- **Send for free booklet.** Mail to your local
- Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or
- to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept.
- E-58, P. O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.
- Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE
- YEARS, a basic guide for common stock
- investment."
- Name \_\_\_\_\_
- Address \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- \_\_\_\_\_
- Broker, if any \_\_\_\_\_

## THE EASY CHAIR

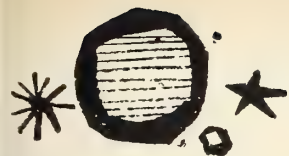
THE racketeers, now the most prosperous group in the underworld form a special class of grifters. They are businessmen who deal in forbidden commodities and services—narcotics, organized gambling and the labor rackets. Like the hitlers, they are not wholehearted rebels; many, in fact, operate legitimate businesses as a cover for their illegal enterprises, and some of them show yearnings for respectability—not for themselves, at least for their children.

Like the grifters, they work with a fix whenever they can. They dislike unnecessary violence, since it is likely to attract unfavorable public attention. When force is necessary, however—to discipline members of their organization, to intimidate a victim of extortion, to eliminate a troublesome member of a captured labor union, or to protect their territory against the encroachment of another mob—they don't hesitate to use it. In such cases, they often hire a heavy to do the actual killing.

Unlike most other criminals, they operate through elaborate and relatively permanent organizations, sometimes with lawyers, accountants and other such technicians on payroll. (Heavies and most grifters either work alone or in small groups—seldom larger than six—which for and split up as readily as an amoeba frequently such a mob will last only for a single job. Usually, too, each member is considered co-equal with every other, and the proceeds are split evenly.)

According to my informants—contrary to popular mythology there is no overall national organization of the rackets, and no single master mind. The major outfit syndicates have, however, divided the country into clearly defined territories; and in some cases of jurisdictional disputes they have apparently called in the Mafia to serve as referee. It has an enviable reputation for skillful management, founded on four hundred years of experience in Sicily; for *omertà*—adamant refusal to talk to the law and trustworthiness. A Mafia recommendation to another criminal is supposed to be as good as a government bond. (Incidentally, it is generally believed that Anastasia was executed because he refused to accept a Mafia

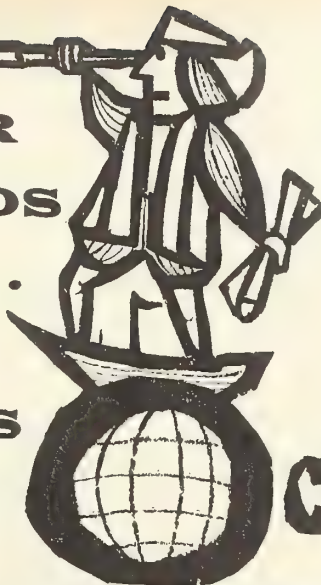




DISCOVER

WHOLE NEW WORLDS  
OF MUSIC...

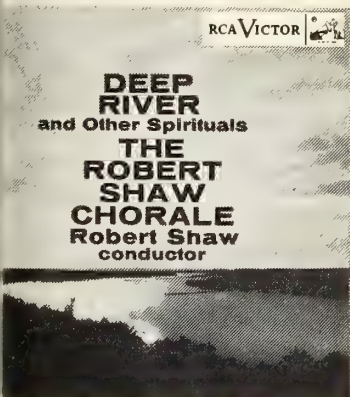
RCA VICTOR'S NEW  
RED SEAL ALBUMS  
FOR



October



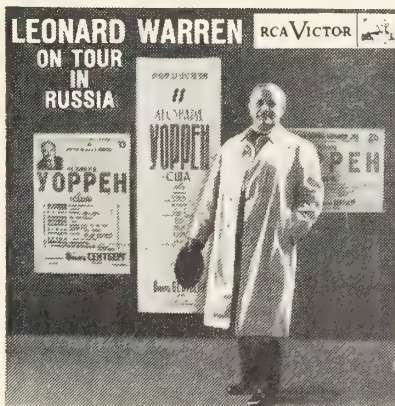
ers! Peerce! Tozzi! Stunning vocal art,  
ning recording of this operatic mas-  
iece. LM-6055



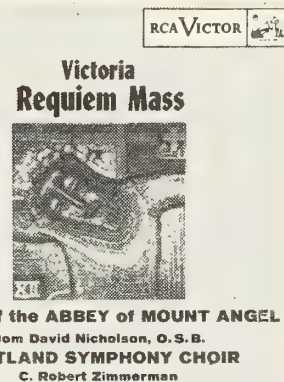
ent, movingly simple renditions of  
pirituais like Deep River; Swing Low,  
et Chariot. LM-6247\*



Sousa's pulse-stirring marches and the  
jaunty Cakewalk tempo inspire 2 delight-  
ful ballet scores! LM-2240\*



14 magnificent selections recorded dur-  
ing Warren's recent triumphant tour of  
the Soviet Union. LM-2266



One of the great masses by Tomas de  
Victoria, successor to Palestrina, and  
forerunner of Bach! LM-2254\*



Important, meaningful works by two  
leading contemporaries. October's Save-  
on-Records selection. LM-2251

OTHER NEW RCA VICTOR RED SEAL  
"LIVING STEREO" RECORDS

- LSC-2080 — Brass and Percussion
- LSC-1984 — Bolero, Rapsodie Espagnole, La Valse, Afternoon of a Faun
- LSC-2241 — 1812 Overture, Mephisto Waltz, Fingal's Cave Overture
- LSC-2222 — Iberia; Valses Nobles et Sentimentales, Alborada del Gracioso
- LSC-2283 — Beethoven Symphony #3 ("Eroica")

The sound of the future is here... on



RCA VICTOR  
RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



\*ALSO AVAILABLE ON RCA VICTOR "LIVING STEREO" RECORDS.



# LOWEST AIR FARES TO EUROPE



LOWER THAN ANY  
OTHER SCHEDULED  
AIRLINE

from New York to

**BRITAIN**

**NORWAY**

**SWEDEN**

**DENMARK**

**GERMANY**

## FULL TOURIST SERVICE

2 complimentary full-course meals, Cognac, midnight snack. More space, fewer passengers.

## SHORTEST OVER-OCEAN FLIGHTS

never more than 400 miles from an airport.

ASK ANY TRAVEL AGENT

# ICELANDIC AIRLINES

15 West 47th St., New York 36

PL 7-8585

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

# WORLD'S GREATEST TOY STORE



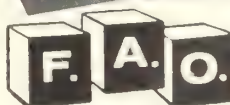
wants you to have the

WORLD'S GREATEST  
TOY CATALOG\*

# FREE

\* 96 pages

Send coupon today



# SCHWARZ

745 Fifth Ave. at 58th St., New York 22, N. Y.

Dept HP

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## THE EASY CHAIR

ruling which awarded the gambler's business in Cuba to a rival mob.

The attitude of the heavy toward the racketeers is a compound of dislike, mistrust, resentment, and envy. He dislikes their acceptance of business-world mores, and expects the worst of their close ties with politicians and the police. To quote an underworld man: "Sleep with the dogs, and you're bound to catch fleas." At the same time he envies their prosperity, resents their relative immunity from punishment. (The heavy is far more likely to end up in jail than either the glitser or the racketeer; however reckless, he has less political and legal protection, and crime-violence have always provoked the most vigorous retaliation by the upperworld.)

Relations between the two groups also are curiously ambivalent. The heavy will work for a racketeer on occasion, but he is also likely to prey upon it. For example, the syndicate's horse parlors in Chicago have repeatedly been raided by independent holdup men, and the bosses live in constant fear of sniping. Naturally they try to punish such outrages in their own way. As a result, a heavy will not be surprised to find himself hunted simultaneously by the police and the Syndicate's shotgun specialists. However, though, to quote Slim again, he never ceases to express horror and indignation that such things can happen. If the police locate him first, they may not bother to arrest him; if the racketeer does, the punishment, simpler and more permanent than imprisonment, they may decide, is to fix him—i.e., point him out to the mob enforcers.

THIS necessarily oversimplified account of a complicated situation might well be rounded off with a bit of Slim's tales, which nicely illustrate the complexities of a criminal life.

Willie the Beeflugger was a respected holdup artist. (He also was conspicuously overweight; hence the moniker.) One night, with a Slim and Wesson .38 in his hand, he walked into a hotel apartment where a dozen racket big shots were relaxing at a private crap game, and helped himself to a half-bushel of coarse bills lying on the table.



Now **SCIENCE** and **HISTORY**—the fields most young people want to know about—are both covered in this sensible plan...

THE RAND McNALLY "WORLD-MASTER" GLOBE  
and THE "TRIPLE TURRET" JUNIOR MICROSCOPE KIT

# Both Given TO YOUR CHILD

WITH A FOUR-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

*Young Readers of America*

A BOOK CLUB FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (FROM 8 TO 14)  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.



## CHILDREN WHO LOVE TO READ DO BETTER IN SCHOOL

Parents frequently overlook this obvious truth, even when they are most concerned about their children's progress. To encourage—without pressure—a natural love of reading is the sound educational principle behind the YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA plan. It pro-

vides—at regular intervals, which is extremely important—authoritative books that are, above all, *fun to read*. As many educators point out, children who learn to love books in this way usually make the best and most interested students. And, of course, the "library-building" habit acquired in childhood will benefit them always.

- DISCOVER NATURE'S SECRETS WITH...**
- 100x—200x—300x junior-size microscope (with manual)
  - Glass slides
  - Other equipment

★ **A FOUR-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION** is suggested, in order to see how your own young reader responds to the idea. To excite and inspire him immediately, he will receive, *free*, the enrollment gifts pictured above. With them he will receive the ALLABOUT or LANDMARK book you select as the first purchase from the two listed below. Also included will be fifty handsome bookplates to encourage him to build his *own library*. At the end of the trial subscription, if you do not feel that the plan is succeeding with your child, you are free to cancel at any time.

★ **THE SYSTEM IS SIMPLE**—each month your child will receive a book addressed to him personally, always an exciting moment in any home. The price to subscribers, *lower than the regular retail price*, is only \$1.75 each, plus a small charge for mailing.

★ **IF YOU DECIDE** to subscribe to *both* series (one ALLABOUT and one LANDMARK book each month) *you will receive a discount of 10%*, making the special combined price \$3.15, plus the postage and handling charge. In this case, check both the ALLABOUT and LANDMARK books pictured in the coupon as your first purchase.

YOU MAY CHOOSE EITHER OF THESE GROUPS...  
OR SUBSCRIBE TO BOTH AT A 10% DISCOUNT

**(1) THE ALLABOUT BOOKS**  
comprehensive books about SCIENCE. Says *The New York Times*: they have won an enthusiastic audience among fact-hungry young people. Lively and informal in style, but not superficial. Each of these volumes from dinosaurs and astronomy to atoms and sputniks—is written by an eminently qualified science writer and accurately and profusely illustrated.

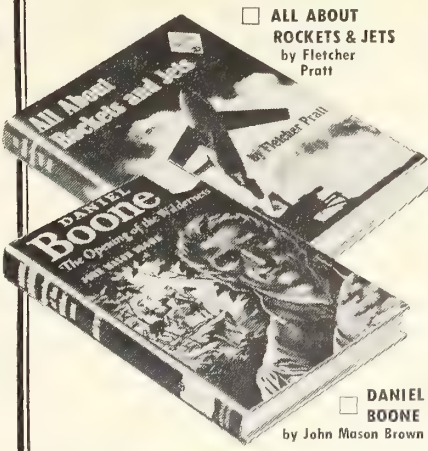
**(2) THE LANDMARK BOOKS**  
about American and world HISTORY "have fired the imaginations and held the attention of tens of thousands of young people" (*N. Y. Times*). These remarkable books are written by outstanding authors whose reputations were made in the field of serious adult writing—authors like John Gunther, Pearl Buck, Thomas B. Costain, John Mason Brown and many others.

### SO GIVEN...50 BOOKPLATES



**NOTE ABOUT BIRTHDAYS**  
If you wish the subscription to arrive in as a birthday surprise during the next 30 days, simply check the box on the coupon. The enrollment gifts and the first purchase will be sent in packages only labeled "Do not open until your birthday." Enclosed will be a card naming you as the donor. Please allow ten days (west of the Mississippi) and two weeks (west of the Mississippi) for delivery.

### BEGIN WITH ONE OF THESE—OR BOTH



☐ **ALL ABOUT ROCKETS & JETS**  
by Fletcher Pratt

☐ **DANIEL BOONE**  
by John Mason Brown

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y. 13-10  
YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA\* Branch

Please enroll the child named below in a four-month trial subscription to *Young Readers of America* and send him free the RAND McNALLY "WORLD-MASTER" GLOBE and the "TRIPLE TURRET" JUNIOR MICROSCOPE KIT with the purchase of the first book(s) indicated. You are to send the child:

☐ one ALLABOUT book each month and bill me at \$1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.

☐ one LANDMARK book each month and bill me at \$1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.

☐ one ALLABOUT and one LANDMARK book each month and bill me at \$3.15 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

I may cancel the membership at any time after buying four books for the child. As the child's first purchase please send the book (or books) checked at the left. (For combination subscription check both books.)

Information requested on this order should be filled in by parent or donor—PLEASE PRINT

SEND BOOKS TO..... Name of Child.....

Street.....

City....., Zone..... State.....

ORDERED BY ☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss..... Name of Parent or Donor.....

Street.....

City....., Zone..... State.....

☐ IF YOU WANT THIS AS A BIRTHDAY GIFT DURING THE NEXT 30 DAYS, CHECK HERE. ALLOW AT LEAST TWO WEEKS FOR DELIVERY YR-27





In a class  
by itself  
since 1830

**TEACHER'S**  
HIGHLAND CREAM  
Scotch Whisky

86 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky  
Schieffelin & Co., New York

## THE EASY CHAIR

a man of his build, disguise was out of the question, so he didn't even bother to wrap a scarf around his face.

As he backed out the door, he bade a cheery goodnight to one and all, and added: "I know you as well as you know me."

Willie depended on this implied threat to save him from the attentions of the mob's enforcers. His readiness to argue an issue at gun point was well known, and besides he had friends who might resent it if Willie encountered an accident, such as a stick of dynamite wired to the starter of his car.

What concerned him more was the city detective squad which, at that time, worked in cordial and lucrative symbiosis with the rackets. He knew that there would be no formal complaint about the robbery, and that there was no other charge outstanding for which he could be arraigned. But he was not eager to be held "for questioning," since the squad's method of inquiry was notoriously strenuous. To this matter he had given much thought.

As a consequence he had made arrangements in advance with one of the city's leading trial lawyers. His office was alerted to expect a telephone call from Willie every hour on the hour for two weeks after the heist. If a call ever failed to come through on schedule, the lawyer was immediately supposed to scour the police stations until he found Willie, and then get him released on a writ of habeas corpus.

A pair of detectives did indeed pick Willie up within twenty-four hours. They took him to a back room in an outlying precinct station and worked him over at intervals for nearly two days—to such effect that he eventually had to spend a good part of his loot on personal repairs. If he hadn't been so well upholstered, Willie believes, he might well have been maimed for life.

The lawyer never did show up. What particularly incensed Willie was that he had foreseen everything—or everything except the fact that his lawyer had for years been taking a surreptitious retainer from the mob. He regards such conduct as lousy and unethical, and swears he never again will trust either lawyers or racketeers.

## COMING I

# Harper's

magazine

## NEXT MONTH

### UNSNARLING THE TRAFFIC TANGLE

American transportation is a colossal mess: air disasters are piled up; railroads are going broke; cars are immobilized on overcrowded highways. Yet we persist in looking at these facts as three separate problems—instead of three pieces of the same picture.

By John I. Snyder,

### WHY LATIN AMERICA DISTRUSTS US

Most of us are hurt and astonished to find that our Neighbors to the South blame us for their dictators—but we aren't really as guiltless as we would like to think.

By Thayer Walcott

### THE JOB THE PROTESTANTS SHIRK

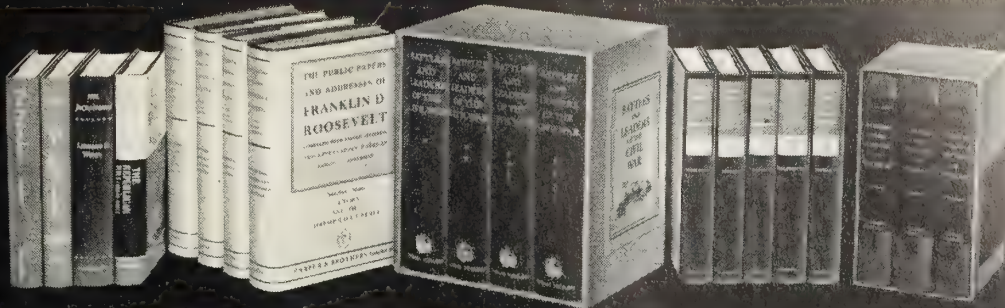
Are the Protestant churches of America afraid of the big, bad city? Where their opportunities for service are greatest, they do the least . . . with a few notable exceptions. A prominent clergyman examines the challenge and the lack of response.

By Truman R. Douglass

### THE MEN-TAMING WOMEN OF WILLIAM INGE

By Robert Brustein





# FREE

(Retail Prices up to \$40.00)

## ANY ONE OF THESE GREAT WORKS OF HISTORY

AS A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION  
OF THE VALUES YOU OBTAIN

through membership in the  
American History Publication Society

### STUDIES IN ADMINISTRATIVE HISTORY

by Dr. Leonard D. White. Masterly recreation of the great moments of decision, the clashes of ideas, and the conflicts between politicians and statesmen who shaped the nation's destiny during its years of growth. 4 volumes:

- The Federalists • The Jeffersonians
- The Jacksonians • The Republican Era

Retail price \$26.00

### The WARTIME PAPERS AND ADDRESSES OF FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Compiled by Samuel I. Rosenman. An immense storehouse of information absolutely essential to anyone interested in U.S. domestic and foreign policies during the war years. A cumulative topical table enables you to follow a single subject uninterrupted. 4 volumes. 2600 pages.

Retail price \$40.00

### BATTLES AND LEADERS of the CIVIL WAR

4 big volumes, handsomely boxed. Over 3000 pages; nearly 2000 original illustrations. A monumental work, written by the men who planned and fought the war—Grant, Beauregard, Meade, Sickles, Longstreet, Johnson et al. Rare photographs, including famous Brady and Gardner collections. New introduction by Roy Franklin Nichols, Pulitzer Prize winner in American History.

Retail price \$30.00

### HARPER'S NEW AMERICAN NATION SERIES

A sweeping panorama of historic America on the move. 5 volumes:

The English People on the Eve of Colonization —by Wallace Notestein

The Coming of the Revolution —by Lawrence Gipson

The Cultural Life of the American Colonies —by Louis B. Wright

The Far Western Frontier —by Roy Allen Billington

America's Rise to World Power —by Foster Rhea Dulles

Retail price \$25.00

### MATERIALS TOWARD A HISTORY OF WITCHCRAFT

The source book of sorcery, demonology, black magic and witchcraft. Indispensable to those seeking an understanding of the "black arts" which have influenced and shaped world civilization. Collected by a great American scholar, Henry Charles Lea, LL.D.; arranged and edited by Professor Arthur C. Howland. 4 volumes, boxed.

Retail price \$20.00

### LIMITED FREE OFFER OF EXTRAORDINARY VALUE

The sets shown here typify the interests and the values of the Society's publications. All belong in the libraries of the well-informed. Their book store prices run as high as \$40.00. As a start to Membership, any one of them can be yours — ABSOLUTELY FREE—upon order of your first regular selection. But we must warn you that the number of these Gift Sets is severely limited. To assure the set of your choice, we urge you to fill out and mail the coupon without delay.

### AS A SOCIETY MEMBER, HERE ARE YOUR ADVANTAGES

Regardless of retail prices on each Society selection you pay only the special reduced membership price. In this way, the Society offers you the opportunity to build a library of *Americana*, often at savings as high as 40% and more. Each month you are offered a selection of works covering significant phases of American history. You receive, free, a copy of *AMERICANA*, the Society's publication. This bulletin describes the next selection as well as other books of interest to you. You need not accept each selection offered. Merely refuse it on a simple form always provided. As few as six selections in the first year fulfills your entire obligation as a Member, and you may cancel at any time thereafter. But for each additional four selections you accept, you receive an important Bonus Book FREE.

### CHOOSE ANY ONE OF THESE FINE BOOKS AS YOUR FIRST MEMBERSHIP SELECTION

#### NARRATIVES OF EXPLORATION AND ADVENTURE

by John Charles Fremont  
Edited by Allan Nevins  
The great soldier-statesman-explorer's own account of his three great expeditions (1842-1846) opening the West. Graphic language, vivid style.  
Retail price \$8.50 Member's price \$6.95

#### THE AMERICAN WARS

by Roy Meredith  
Records all America's wars from Quebec to Korea. Almost 500 illustrations, the on the scene works of military artists. Living history as it was formed.  
Retail price \$10.00 Member's price \$7.50

#### THE CONFEDERATE READER

Edited by Richard B. Horwell  
Unique, brilliant anthology from the writing of the times. Sources are: sermons, songs, letters, humorous sketches, newspaper articles, novels, prison narratives and travel observations.  
Retail price \$7.50 Member's price \$6.35

#### THOMAS JEFFERSON

A Biography by Nathan Schachner  
Brilliant, new, one-volume edition—cited by New York Times critic Orville Prescott "the best Jefferson biography I have seen."  
Retail price \$8.95 Member's price \$6.95

#### THE AMERICAN FUR TRADE OF THE FAR WEST

by Hiram M. Chittenden  
This new edition of a recognized classic restores to prominence a study that has been called "the outstanding achievement of an outstanding life". Two volumes.  
Retail price \$12.50 Member's price \$7.95

#### A HISTORY OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

by Eugene H. Roseboom  
From Washington to Eisenhower, this is a colorful record of America's growth, crammed with a wealth of fact not to be found in any other single work.  
Retail price \$8.50 Member's price \$6.95

#### THE CUSTER MYTH

by W. A. Graham  
Ablaze with the color of the frontier, illustrated with 80 photographs and drawings, it brilliantly depicts all the events surrounding Custer's last battle.  
Retail price \$10.00 Member's price \$7.70

#### REBELS AND REDCOATS

by George F. Scheer & Hugh F. Rankin  
The story of the Revolution leaps to life in the words of the men who were there. This is the living stuff of history—the story of the first great war of principle as it felt and as it sounded in its own time.  
Retail price \$7.50 Member's price \$6.35

American History Publication, Inc. Dept. 10-G-YH  
11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a Member and send me FREE the Gift Set I have checked, together with the book which I have named. This is my first Membership selection, for which you will bill me the Member's reduced price. I understand that I may cancel my Membership at any time after accepting as few as six selections during the first year. For every four selections I accept thereafter I am to receive a valuable Bonus Book FREE. (Note: Send no money now. We will bill you later.)

#### Send me the Set checked as my FREE GIFT for joining

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Wartime Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt 4 volumes | <input type="checkbox"/> Harper's New American Nation Series 5 volumes |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Battles and Leaders of the Civil War 4 volumes                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Studies in Administrative History 4 volumes   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Materials Toward a History of Witchcraft 3 volumes                  |  |

As my first Membership Selection please send me

(write in name of selected book here)

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered to Members at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in computing Bonus Book credit, and in fulfilling the Membership obligation.

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



THIS YEAR—  
ADD

THE  
**SOVIET  
UNION**

TO YOUR  
**EUROPEAN  
TRIP!**

In just 2 to 6 hours of flying time from the major cities of Europe—your fascinating odyssey of the Soviet Union begins. 30 different Intourist itineraries offer travel from Moscow and Leningrad to the palm-shaded shores of the Black Sea and the magic-carpet beauty of Central Asian cities.



**LENINGRAD  
AND MOSCOW 10 DAYS**

Here you will see the Russian Museum and the Hermitage, famed parks, stadiums of Leningrad. In Moscow, visit the State University and points of tourist interest.

**23 DAYS LENINGRAD, KIEV,  
ODESSA, YALTA,  
SOCHI, TBILISI, KHARKOV, MOSCOW**

The grand tour of tours—visiting 8 great cities of the Soviet Union, taking you deep into the heart of the continent. Besides planned excursions, there is time for your own exploration.

For complete information please contact —  
**AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY**  
Call West. Un. Oper. 25 for office nearest you

**UNION TOURS INC.**  
1 East 38 Street, New York 16, N. Y.  
**COSMOS TRAVEL BUREAU, INC.**  
45 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

**TOM MAUPIN TOUR ASSOCIATES**  
1236 Mass. Street, Lawrence, Kansas

# PERSONAL and otherwise

## Among Our Contributors

### FOR WHAT?

**H**ARVARD is the last bastion of learning in the United States that can calmly ignore the impudent challenge: Knowledge for what? The great block of Widener library dominates the old Yard and outmasses even the tall-spired Chapel. It may be the architectural elephant that some critics say it is, but it symbolizes the College's assumption that Knowledge is Good in itself and doesn't have to be for anything.

"You could destroy all the other Harvard buildings to the northward, and with Widener left standing, still have a university," remarked Professor George Lyman Kittredge, Sage of Olympus to twelve generations of undergraduate and graduate students.

"Imperial Harvard" (p. 27) is the first of three reports **David Boroff** is making on American colleges and their students. As a college teacher (at Brooklyn), literary critic and lecturer, former military intelligence translator and prison psychologist, Mr. Boroff takes an insider-outsider's view of higher education.

In preparing this series he talked with hundreds of students, with deans and presidents, ate a roast beef sandwich at Elsie's (Harvard) and a slab of cheese cake at Wolfie's (Brooklyn), and watched visiting Williams College boys negotiate the rites of courtship at Sarah Lawrence. Mr. Boroff was educated at Brooklyn, Yale, and Columbia. His last article in *Harper's* was "The Catskills" (July 1958).

PLUM OR  
HOT POTATO

... Pennsylvania's New Politicians—a breed described by Joseph Kraft (p. 46)—have pioneered in using urban development as a political lever. City officials elsewhere have made similar capital in the postwar years out of slum clearance and city planning: In New Haven, Connecticut,

for example, Mayor Richard Lee was re-elected last year not because he was the people's choice but because even his opponents feared that if he went out of office the city might never finish the enormous job he had begun—and New Haven's downtown might be forever uninhabitable rubble.

But urban redevelopment is a dangerous lever. In the first place cannot be managed by politicians only. As Arthur B. Van Buskirk, vice president of T. Mellon & Sons of Pittsburgh, pointed out recently, the job of rebuilding blighted central business districts and booming residential areas is "too big for municipal government to do alone, but a job which local government and the business leadership of the community together can do much more to solve."\*

A second hazard is the human factor—the ordinary people who inevitably get pushed around in the process of stripping land. In "Atom on the Subway" (p. 66), Fred Gutheim, assessing New York's spectacular Lincoln Center project, suggests the hard hostility of families and small businessmen who occupy the doomed houses where the great Metropolitan Opera and other cultural buildings are to go up. In a last-ditch fight this summer, as demolition crews were already paving down tenements on West 116 Street, leaflets flooded the area, angering residents whose dwellings were posted and half-deserted:

DO NOT BE INTIMIDATED  
DON'T MOVE

On the opposite page:

NO SE INTIMIDEN  
NO SE MUDEN!!

To a city politician, this kind of humble—but widespread—revolt on the street level is poison. Most of these to-be-displaced persons, twice one-and-over, can vote.

\* *The "Little" Economies, Problem of U. S. Area Development*, Committee on Economic Development pamphlet, 50¢





THIS BUILDING IS  
SCHEDULED FOR  
DEMOLITION  
RENTING OF LOFTS  
ROOMS OR APARTMENTS  
STRICTLY PROHIBITED

# How to spend two weeks in Britain for only \$650

(Transatlantic fare included)

Learn how amazingly economical a vacation in Britain can be. Read these facts and figures—and clip coupon for your free, illustrated “British Travel Kit.”

**P**LANNING your trip to Britain is just as easy as arranging an *ordinary* vacation at home. And it needn't cost you any more.

Here are a few suggestions, just to start you off on the right foot.

**1. How to get there and back for under \$455.** Ask your travel agent about the economy fares. You can now fly *round-trip* from New York for only \$453.60—or go both ways by ship for less than \$350.

**2. How much does it cost when you get to Britain?** \$100 per *person* per *week* is more than enough for the time of your life. You can stay at most country inns for less than \$3.50 a night. You can get a good seat in a London theater for less than \$2.

**3. What are the best seasons for touring Britain?** The Fall and the Spring have definite advantages. The weather is just right for sightseeing. Roads and inns are uncrowded—and

car-rental runs about 30% cheaper.

Go in *Fall* for the State Opening of Parliament, the Highland Games, the Lord Mayor's Show and London's most fashionable theater season.

Go in *Spring* for the Flower Shows, the Grand National Steeplechase and the opening of the Shakespeare Plays at Stratford-upon-Avon. Horse Racing goes on all year round. So does the Changing of the Guard.

**4. How much does it cost to get around in Britain?** Train travel costs as little as 2.2¢ a mile. Bus travel about 2¢ a mile. A drive-yourself car works out about 3¢ a mile per passenger seat, including gas, oil—everything!

**5. How to start planning your trip to Britain.** The best man to see is your travel agent. He can work miracles with your budget.

Also, clip coupon below for your free, illustrated “British Travel Kit.”

The important thing is to start planning *now*. The sooner you start the easier it is to get exactly what you want.

*Note:* Add a little bit extra to your budget just for shopping. You'll get most of it back on your *bargains*. You can bring back \$500 worth of British goods, *duty-free*.

**Free kit**  
clip  
coupon  
now!

British Travel Association, Box 172  
336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.  
(In Canada: 90 Adelaide Street West,  
Toronto, Ont.)

Rush me my free “British Travel Kit” and illustrated literature on Britain.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

seph Kraft, who wrote the Penn-  
nia politics story, is now in Paris  
ing on a book about France and  
ria. A former editorial writer  
he Washington Post and staff  
on the New York Times Sun-  
news summary, Mr. Kraft has  
free-lancing for the past year.  
ool for Statesmen” in Harper's  
July, was one of a number of  
es he has had published.

ederick Gutheim observes Lin-  
Center from the vantage of his  
us Washington, D. C., city  
ing jobs: commissioner of the  
er Montgomery County (Mary-  
Planning Commission, vice  
dent of the National Capital  
onal Planning Council, director  
e Center for Metropolitan Re-  
l Studies. He is the author of  
ing as Environment and other  
s.

Brigadier General S. L. A. Mar-  
who reports on “Why the  
li Army Wins” (p. 38) has com-  
soldiering and writing for  
years. He was the youngest  
d lieutenant in the U. S. Army  
he first world war, Chief His-  
n for the European Theater of  
ations in the second, and In-  
y Operations Analyst with the  
h Army in Korea.

General Marshall is an editorial  
r for the Detroit News and has  
tly returned from an assignment  
rael. His article is adapted by  
from his forthcoming book  
t Israel's one-hundred-hour vic-  
over Egypt in the autumn of  
-to be called *Sinai Victory* and  
shed in November by William  
ow. His earlier books include  
*River and the Gauntlet* and  
*Chop Hill*.

Just what is

## Incorporated Investors

?

A mutual fund investing in a list of securities selected for possible long-term growth of capital and income.

**FREE PROSPECTUS**  
gives full details

THE PARKER CORPORATION H-27  
200 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.

Please send Prospectus on Incorporated  
Investors

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....



**See 13,000 miles of the world from  
the deck of a fine passenger liner!**

From Japan and Hong Kong to Rio and  
Buenos Aires, with Singapore, Mauritius, Capetown  
and many other fascinating ports in between.

57 days of relaxation and enjoyment, seeing new places and new  
faces on the other side of the globe. The flawless service, and  
cuisine, the modern comforts, the unexcelled seamanship of a fine  
Dutch ship are your assurance of a successful voyage.

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

## ROYAL INTEROCEAN LINES

General Passenger Agents for North America:  
HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE • DUTCH WORLD SERVICES  
29 Broadway, New York

Holland-America Line offices in principal  
cities of the U. S. and Canada

... "My brother and I caught our first desert diamondback in 1930 near Tucson," writes **Charles G. Finney**, author of "The Life and Death of a Western Gladiator" (p. 51). "It became so tame it would accept dead mice from our fingers. Later it had three babies, all of which died. Over the years I wondered what might have happened to those babies if they had been born where they should have been, instead of in the Finney brothers' cage."

Mr. Finney is an Arizona newspaperman, the author of *The Circus of Dr. Lao* and other novels.

... The public debate about the role of science—and man's fate—that has been going on since Hiroshima has often involved **Robert Oppenheimer**, the physicist and public servant who took part in the development of the A-bomb and was director of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, which exploded the first bomb in 1945. He has been director and professor of physics at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton since 1947 and served also as chairman of the General Advisory Committee to the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission until 1952.

Dr. Oppenheimer's appeal to the press for helping people to understand "The Tree of Knowledge" (p. 55) is—like all of his writing—saturated with his feeling for an ordered universe "fit for human intelligence." It makes relevant certain new developments which may advance the same end:

(1) The East-West conference of scientific experts on detection of nuclear explosions this summer was a remarkable example of the fraternal communities of specialists that Dr. Oppenheimer advocates.

(2) The Advanced Science Writing Program inaugurated this fall at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism will give experienced reporters and technical writers opportunity for special training. Participants receive fellowships for expenses and carry out research-writing projects under faculty guidance. The Alfred P. Sloan and Rockefeller Foundations are backing the program.

(3) The "Century 21 Exposition" scheduled to open in Seattle in May 1961 will stress the "unity of science

among nations" as its theme and is expected to draw eight to twelve million visitors from many countries. "Science is box office," comments advance publicity manager.

... Negroes, North and South, once again deep in the struggle for school integration. Not all problems are in the environment. Some of the subtler forces at work appear in **James Baldwin's** *Hard Kind of Courage* (p. 61). His testimony is that of a Harlem-born and -bred Negro—and well-known young writer—who made his first trip to the American South after returning nine years abroad.

Mr. Baldwin has published several novels and a book of essays. His new novel, *Another Country*, will be published by Dial next spring.

... **Robert and Leona Rienow** argue for an integrated national water program ("The Day the Water Run Dry," p. 72) makes even sense on an international scale, while most technicians feel that necessary co-ordinated approaches are still far off, promising individual experiments are not. Here is one.

Khanpur, a village south of Delhi, India, is now operating a bullock-powered pump to supply water for the people's use and irrigation of 100 acres, plus electricity. With this pump, developed by a 67-year-old engineer of Yemassee, South Carolina, and the Texas Gas Transmission Company, eight bullocks manage to haul three times as much water as the Persian wheel and, with a three-minute switch on the generator, they produce electricity. The Ford Foundation and India's Community Development Ministry have cooperated on this pilot project, which is revolutionizing village life in a corner where only about 6 per cent of the people have a safe water supply. The entire unit is expected to be produced at \$3,000, and all components can be made in India.

Robert Rienow is professor of political science at the State University of New York and has written several textbooks for high schools and colleges. Mrs. Rienow has done many articles and two junior books. They are now writing a book on problems of atomic energy.



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT and CHESTER BOWLES issue

# A CLEAN POLITICS APPEAL

(Open contributions, openly solicited)

on behalf of:

CLAIR ENGLE

EUGENE J. McCARTHY

GALE McGEE

vs.

vs.

vs.

Goodwin Knight

Edward Thye

Frank Barrett

"A Clean Politics Appeal" was launched as an experiment in 1956—a volunteer effort to test whether the informed citizen would make a genuine effort to balance the flow of special interest money in politics. Thousands of Americans, from every state, responded to a series of advertisements signed by Archibald MacLeish and the late Elmer Davis. It contributed substantially to the successful campaigns of Senator Frank Church against Herman Welker in Idaho and Senator Wayne L. Morse against Douglas McKay in Oregon. This year, a nationwide drive to stimulate political contributions by the general public has already been launched under bi-partisan auspices. The purpose of "A Clean Politics Appeal" is to provide a channel for pin-pointed contributions to those candidates who will make the greatest difference to the country as a whole in terms of the grave foreign policy and other problems now confronting us.

THE Senators who are elected in November will serve not only during the remaining years of the Eisenhower administration, but through the full term of the next president.

UNFORTUNATELY, it is often the more liberal and independent candidates who have the least money for campaigning. They are without access to wealthy supporters or special interest groups. Therefore, it is essential that public-spirited citizens provide them with at least the minimum amount necessary to conduct their campaigns so that the voters' decisions can be based on knowledge of the facts and the issues.

WE are seeking your support for three candidates who, in our judgment, need it and deserve it the most.


In California, 46-year-old Congressman **Clair Engle** (D), Chairman of the House Interior Committee, is relinquishing a powerful position in order to run for the seat of retiring Senator William Knowland against Governor Goodwin Knight. Engle is continually sought by other liberals for help in translating good ideas into successful political action. His energy, experience, and effectiveness are badly needed in the Senate.

In Minnesota, 42-year-old Congressman **Eugene J. McCarthy** (D) is running for the Senate seat now occupied by Senator Edward Thye. The organizer of a bloc of eighty liberals—known as "McCarthy's Mavericks"—who have been successfully prodding the venerable leadership on many basic issues, McCarthy is one of the most lustrous political figures to appear in many years.

In Wyoming, **Gale McGee** (D), a 43-year-old history professor, is running against benighted incumbent Senator Frank Barrett.

*Isolationist Barrett is regarded by his colleagues as a silent nonentity. McGee is an articulate foreign policy expert who is campaigning on the slogan "Wyoming has never been so close to the front lines of the world."*

THE continued success of this experiment—and very possibly the outcome of these elections—is up to **you**. Don't depend on other readers. Make **your** contribution (\$100—\$5—\$3) as large as possible and send it, with the attached coupon, today!



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT



CHESTER BOWLES

**Concerning contributions:**

Checks or money orders should be made out to "A Clean Politics Appeal." Contributions may be earmarked; otherwise they will be divided equally among the three candidates. All funds collected from this appeal will go to the candidates. Administration costs are being paid by the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

A Clean Politics Appeal • Suite 402—4 West 40th St.  
New York 18, New York

Mrs. Roosevelt & Gov. Bowles:

Enclosed is my contribution of \$\_\_\_\_\_ to A Clean Politics Appeal.

☐ Please earmark it as follows:

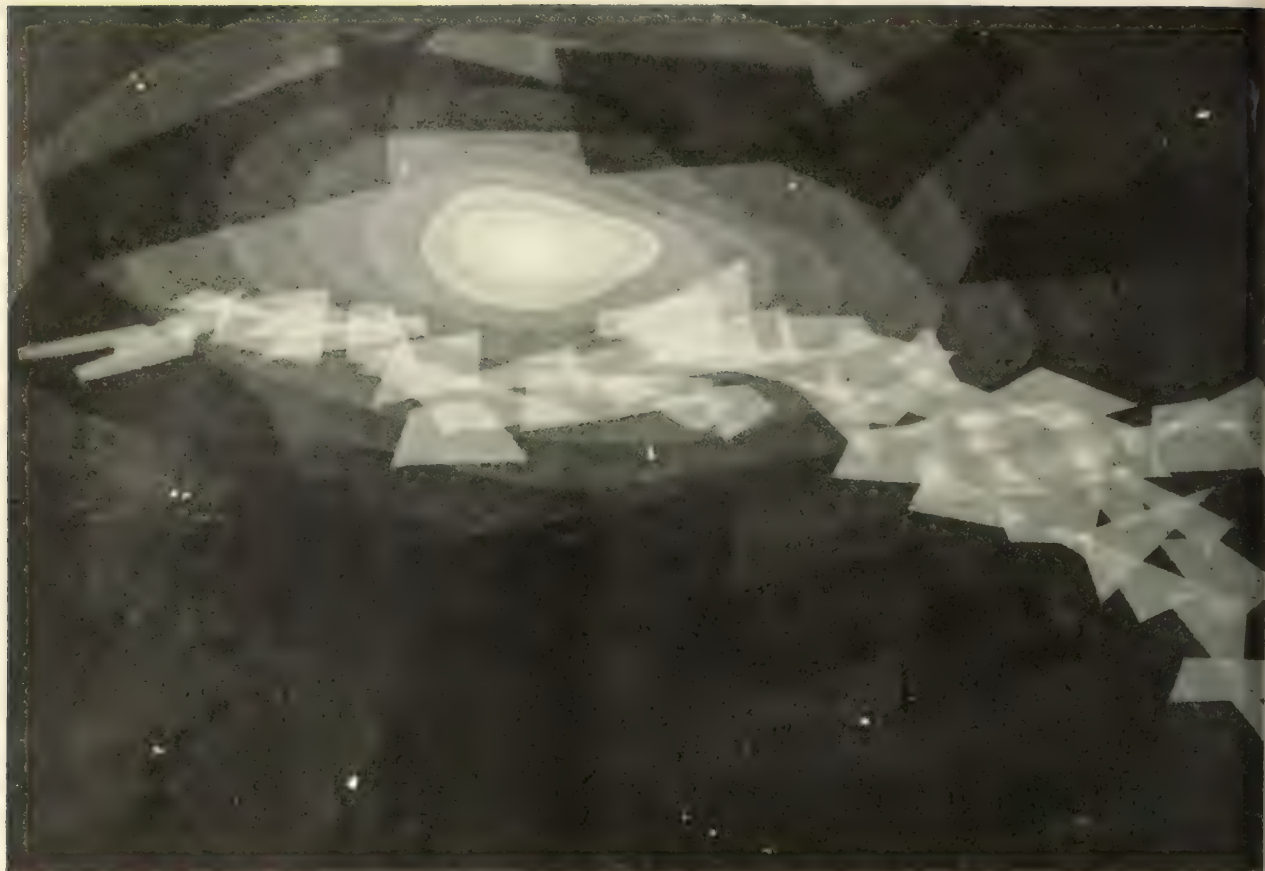
☐ Please divide it equally among the campaigns of Clair Engle, Eugene McCarthy and Gale McGee.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE PRINT (H)



"CYGNUS," another inspiration by Simpson-Middleman, painters of the meanings of science. "Knowledge of the Universe," say these artist-scientists, "is not a matter of man's sight, but of his imagination's vision. Our eyes show us Cygnus. But creations of our genius, such as the radio-telescope, reveal unexplored, unexplained sources of energy that man may someday master. They lie amidst and even beyond those mysterious, drifting clouds of cosmic matter, lit by the stars they do not obscure." Painting courtesy John Heller Gallery, Inc.

**Basic space-age research** along the frontiers of knowledge is the province of the Boeing Scientific Research Laboratories. Space environment, nuclear phenomena, solid state physics, gas dynamics and propulsion forces of the future are some of the many fields of investigation now under study at Boeing.

The emphasis in these, and other advanced programs, is on fundamental research, directed by key scientists. Boeing grants scientists the latitude and independence needed to achieve and maintain leadership in their special fields.

Scientists and research engineers interested in carrying on their work in this kind of stimulating

environment are invited to get in touch with Boeing. There are openings at Boeing, too, for engineers of *all* categories, as well as for physicists, mathematicians and physical chemists.

Drop a note now, to Mr. Stanley M. Little, Department H-80 Boeing Airplane Company, Seattle 24, Washington.

**BOEING**



## IMPERIAL HARVARD

*A report on the manners, men, and state of mind—  
a kind of polite arrogance—which have made it  
the ruler of America's intellectual roost . . .*

DAVID BOROFF

ALL ROADS lead to Harvard Square. The visitor to Cambridge has an immediate sense of being engulfed by the University. A curious spatial distortion sets in after a few days: Boston, just over the river and a few minutes away, seems miles distant. You walk along the Charles River, and as far as the eye can see there are the towers of Harvard.

There is a quiet sobriety about Cambridge, and the town is little given to boosterism. Nevertheless there is a calm expectation that the great and the mighty will ultimately debark here. The proprietor of the modest rooming house at which I spent a night had copies of *Scientific American* on his table and at two in the morning engaged me in a discussion about Kierkegaard.

It is this quality of isolation, coupled with intensity, that impelled a Harvard professor to describe the place as "The Magic Mountain." Yet, like a dagger aimed at its throat, there is a street running in among Harvard's buildings, lined with seedy bars frequented by the local

Visigoths. They are full of sullen resentments for the Harvard patricians. There is a town-and-gown situation in Cambridge, and the police cars are always ready.

Harvard is casual about its greatness. Numerous traditional stories illustrate this, but there is also a recent anecdote on the same theme. A Harvard-bound freshman in the Midwest reverently packed his clarinet and chamber-music scores for the long trip east. He had been playing in a wood-wind group at home. "Where will you find an oboe or bassoon player?" he was asked. "But I'm going to Harvard!" he answered with exasperation.

Harvard has a diversity, along with its scrupulous sense of privacy, which neither a counseling service nor the big-brotherly ministrations of the House system can subvert. "You can be schizoid at Harvard, and nobody would know it," a student observed. But at the same time it has a stubborn sense of identity. There may not be an archetypal Harvard man, but unquestionably there are Harvard men.

Early in my visit I confronted the awesome reality of this Harvard mystique. The University has about it a sense of New England rectitude and bleak modesty. The President's office is un-

relievedly severe. President Pusey sits at a small, old, handsomely polished table, the kind you can buy in any Connecticut antique shop. Harvard seems spare, dry, cautious, and angular. Decorum is tight and mandatory. There is a side of Harvard which is Proper Bostonian, and there is a sense in which everyone is irredeemably "square."

And when Harvard is not being restrained and correct, it is ironic—as if it had a sense of the absurdity of some of its own postures. The irony also issues from an invulnerable sense of security. We can afford to poke fun at ourselves, it says. It is stimulated, too, by a peculiar double vision. Harvard is at once the oldest of American colleges—well over three hundred years—and the most contemporary.

With tightly reined modesty, Harvard men take its superiority for granted. Highly varied in their viewpoints, students and faculty are united on one article of faith: the greatness of the Harvard idea. It expresses itself in the mindless elegance of the Clubbies, in the slashing iconoclasm of the student newspaper editors, in the zeal of the straight "A" students prowling the stacks of Widener library. Even the Beat Generation representatives base their disdain for Harvard's sterilities on an assumption of the University's superiority.

It is easy to marshal evidence for Harvard's excellence. Ninety per cent of those who enter receive their degrees (the national average is under 50 per cent). About half of all Harvard students are candidates for honors in their fields. The faculty is full of the glamor boys of the academic world—people like poet Archibald MacLeish, Harry Levin in literature, Paul Tillich in theology, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and Crane Brinton in history. Worthy of note, too, is its salary scale, the best in the country. (On the other hand, the pressure to produce—publish or perish!—is as cruel at Harvard as anywhere.)

Appreciation for the idiosyncratic is part of the Harvard mystique. Cantabrigians take pride in the offbeat and odd. "When you're eccentric and Groton," an alumnus pointed out, "then you're very eccentric." Part of this is an aristocratic tolerance of the deviant. Part of it is the warping of personality that has always been a feature of the harsh emotional and physical climate of New England. And it goes without saying that the idiosyncratic must never get too far out of hand.

The mystique also means an acceptance of Harvard rituals and private humor. It means good manners, unobtrusive and graceful, sherry in the rooms, and jokes about local landmarks

like the Russian bells in the tower of Lowell House. ("We can't all have Russian bells," a tutor in another House said, with mock bitterness.) It means also urbane, scornful condescension toward Yale, a good-natured contempt for Dartmouth ("brutes who come with snow on their boots"), and a reluctance even to discuss Princeton, with its snobbish barbarities.

#### NOT-SO-BLUE BLOOD

THERE are 4,500 undergraduates at Harvard and 1,000 Radcliffe girls. (Harvard is increasingly co-educational, as they will tell you, "in practice though not in theory.") There is also a large graduate school of arts and sciences, with some 1,500 students. (About 500 Harvard undergraduates are registered for graduate courses.) Because academic luminaries abound, the faculty is reputed to be interested primarily in graduate courses. Trying to counter this tendency, the University has them teach undergraduate courses, assigning them to Houses and involving them in tutorials.

Harvard College is free from vocationalism. "We don't have undergraduate business courses," President Pusey told me. "I suppose you might say we're snobbish about that." On the other hand, Harvard's Graduate School of Business confers more degrees, largely M.A.'s, than any of its other graduate schools. About 60 to 70 per cent of the College's graduates go on to advanced study—an imposing number!

Harvard is not a rich man's school. "The Boston blue-bloods set the pattern," President Pusey remarked, "but now we're broadly representative of the whole country." It is aristocratic but in the Jeffersonian sense; it pursues the ideal of an intellectual elite regardless of class or social origin. Almost two thousand students receive some kind of financial assistance—scholarships, loans, or job aid. On the other hand, slightly more than half of last year's freshmen came from private schools, and a Harvard administrator has observed that if the standards of public high schools continue to decline, that proportion will increase.

There are, of course, many scions of wealthy families at Harvard. Former President Conant is supposed to have remarked, with Yankee sagacity, that if young people are going to inherit great influence, you might as well get your hands on them.

Harvard is a residence college, but about four hundred students commute. They are organized into a non-resident House where they have lunch



and carry on an almost normal range of extra-curricular activities. The commuters constitute a minority within the College, and they are variously stereotyped as poor Irish or Jews, and likely to be grinds. There are, however, amusing discordancies in these images. Thirty-eight per cent of the commuting students attended private secondary schools, and last year there were three accidents involving commuters driving Jaguars.

Students choose courses for "distribution" (General Education) and "concentration" (major). Harvard has long since dropped President Lowell's free-elective system, which enormously expanded the horizons of education but was susceptible to abuse by those—emulating Mario in Santayana's *The Last Puritan*—who studied whimsically unrelated subjects. General Education, in which (with an assist from Columbia) Harvard pioneered, now ensures some contact with the broad cultural tradition of the Western World. Each student is required to take three General Education courses during his first two years, one in each of the major areas of knowledge—the Humanities, the Natural Sciences, and the Social Sciences. The guiding principle, at the risk of producing intellectual dandies, is "to take a limited amount of subject matter and show how a discipline works."

FOR a college with an undiminished ardor about the past, Harvard is in one respect flamboyantly up-to-date. Its courses have such modish-sounding titles as "Crisis and the Individual" and "Uses of the Comic Spirit." The "Gen Ed" courses, as they are called, are discursive and wide-roaming, in that new pattern of American higher education which despairs to cover everything, since knowledge is so huge, and contents itself with sampling. Thus a year's Humanities course might sprint through the centuries from *The Iliad* to *War and Peace*.

One of the pivotal features of the Harvard program is the tutorial, adapted from the Cambridge-Oxford pattern. The Harvard student carries only four courses at a time, as against five in most schools, and in his sophomore year he is assigned a tutor in his field of concentration. He reads under the latter's direction, prepares papers for him, and periodically meets with him for a session of remorseless intellectual exchange.

I heard a tape-recording of a tutor and tutee locked in cerebral combat as they discussed *Huckleberry Finn*. What was striking about it was that the tutee clearly outpointed the tutor. It was an astonishing performance—the student, avid, unabashedly precocious, a virtuoso of the

quick formulation and the dazzling epigram; the tutor, gifted and articulate, but overpowered. On the other hand, I listened to a tape recording of a soft-voiced Radcliffe girl helpless before the intellectual onslaught of her tutor.

The tutor also serves as an adviser. (During his first year, the student has a special freshman adviser.) Here Harvard has made an interesting attempt to reconcile its traditional arrangements with the new administrative technology. In many colleges there is an enormous boom of guidance departments, counseling apparatus, and administrative deans. Students are thought of as "student personnel" and there are Departments of Personnel Service—which makes a college sound vaguely like a plastics factory. A professor friend of mine reported with dismay the cancerous growth of administration at his college—classroom after classroom, then corridor after corridor, swallowed up by administration.

There is, to be sure, a traditional hostility between the man of ideas and the technician who manipulates people. But at Harvard almost all counseling and administration is decentralized, handled by faculty members of the student's House. Thus there is no serious split between teachers and administrators. Harvard may have as much administrative machinery as any other college, but it is far less obtrusive.

"The curious thing about this place," Dean MacGeorge Bundy pointed out, "is the way the atmosphere conditions the institutional arrangements. Our tradition of autonomy runs counter to a top-heavy administrative setup."

#### INTELLECT, IN NARROW TIE

WHAT can one say about the composite personality of the Harvard student? There is, of course, an old tradition of the "gentleman's C." To the *echt* Harvard man of yore, a gentleman should schedule no course before 11:00 A.M. or in a classroom above the second floor. And there is the folklore of the gilded youth whose orbit ranged through parties, clubs, and weekends. He put a suitcase in the middle of his room and turned up occasionally for a fresh shirt.

Alas for the graces of a lost world! The intellectual languor that Henry Adams noted ("no one took Harvard College seriously") is irretrievably gone. Today there is intense intellectuality; if anything, it cuts too wide a swath. To be sure, no voice from the past is wholly lost. Intellectual zealotry is mitigated by the older tradition of urbane negligence. It is still possible

it Harvard to have bad grades and yet consider yourself well-educated.

Grades are deprecated, but intellectual rivalry is fierce. One instructor described it as "lateral competition." Students measure their intellectual attainments against each other. Even more anxiety is produced by the tendency to appraise one's performance against the vast backdrop of the Harvard past.

"If you put out less than your best," a student said ruefully, "you feel that you're letting someone vaguely in the background down."

(Harvard eventually calls all its sons to an accounting at their Twenty-Fifth Reunion, when each—like J. P. Marquand's H. M. Pulham, Esq. is expected to summarize for the Class Report what he has accomplished in life.)

Undergraduates have a sense not of moving intellectually but of being hurtled. In their first year they find themselves doing long papers for which the short sprints of high school had not prepared them. ("Write a 2,000-3,000 word essay comparing the concepts of wisdom and justice held by the authors of the *Book of Job*, the *Book of Ecclesiastes*, and *Prometheus Bound*.")



Some take a beating from their first exams. "At Harvard," one of them remarked, "November is the cruelest month." They confront their heavy reading program with fear and trembling. Nor are they alone in their awe. Robert Frost, reviewing the reading load of a General Education course, exclaimed, "My God, that's more reading than I do in a year!"

Students and faculty talk about the "Exeter Syndrome"—a term which applies to secondary-school graduates, especially from Exeter, who are over-prepared for Harvard.

"At fifteen," a faculty member explained, "they are handling the verbal ingenuities of the Metaphysical Poets. They're living off intellectual capital they haven't fully earned."

Another familiar pathology is that of the "valetudinarian's ego." The College swarms with top high-school students who have had to divest themselves of their former grandeur.

"Even students who have no right to do so take ideas seriously," a professor remarked. Another, from a lower-middle class background, observed with resolute fairness: "Part of the upper-class ethos is that intellectualism is good." Deference to the life of the mind is as much a part of the Harvard landscape as the ubiquitous chino pants, sports jacket, and narrow tie.

#### PLAYING IT COOL

**B**UT the pursuit of ideas takes on the coloring of these chastened times. The poetry of thought is muted, exhilaration is damped down. There is a sense of energy tempered by coolness. "Nobody would say he's searching for the truth," a student said. "That would seem far too dramatic." They settle for the more moderate goal of being well-educated. Nobody speculates wildly if he can help it. "The important thing is not to be wrong," a senior said. Another added: "There is a terrific fear of seeming naïve."

Even in the unregimented student life of the Yard, there has been a certain failure of nerve, a hint of the youthful generation's prudence. All last spring the freshmen threatened a riot, which merely sputtered fitfully on a few occasions. Radcliffe girls, hearing of the possibility, sniffed scornfully.

"What sort of riot is it when it has to be planned?" one of them asked.

When students are exhorted to take the leap of action, by their professors who grew up in a more adventurous ethic, they are inclined to retort: "All right, your generation did. Look at the shape the world is in now." One of them remarked: "Nobody feels like going out with a billboard saying, 'Adam Smith Saves.'" The trend is toward synthesis, possibly encouraged by the eclectic and integrative character of the General Education courses. Zeal definitely is out of fashion. Barely five hundred students belong to political organizations, and at a meeting concerned with nuclear policy I saw only a forlorn handful.

Idealism also is suspect, though by no means absent. I sat with a group of Harvard seniors. One of them, an economics major, was planning graduate work in Far Eastern studies with a view to going into business in an underdeveloped part of the Orient. He was hesitant, however, to



acknowledge any altruistic motive. His friends' prompting finally forced him to admit that, in a small way, he wanted to set up his own Point Four Program.

William Alfred, a poet now teaching at Harvard, had attended Brooklyn College during the unbuttoned 'thirties and 'forties.

"Brooklyn College gave you an opportunity to be foolish," he recalled. "And that was healthy. When I came here, much more precision was demanded. Reading a text became a moral act. My task now is to show students how much they really know. I have to break down their circumspection."

As one might expect, the more "inward" subjects—like literature and philosophy—have gained in popularity. Government has declined. An interest in history has been spurred by the impulse, common after a war, to take stock of the national experience.

How do students respond to Harvard? The experience tends to be more astringent than euphoric. "You don't enjoy Harvard the first two years, but you respect it," a student said grimly. Freshmen develop a tough, sinewy independence.

"You're forced to make your own decisions here," a student said. "You either grow up or you break."

There is no attendance check in most classes, deadlines for papers are flexible, and there are "reading periods" when classes are suspended to enable students to catch up.

There is a certain reciprocal *politesse* at Harvard. Students are treated like responsible adults, and usually they behave accordingly. Manners can degenerate into an empty formalism (which is the hostile stereotype many people have of Harvard), but there is really too much sparkle and intellectual animation for that to happen. What *can* happen is that mandatory politeness can result in less intimate communication.

Autonomy can also mean isolation for some students, despite the House pattern. Theoretically, the tutors assigned to the Houses are supposed to make contact with students. In practice, they are caught up in their own affairs—graduate studies and tutorials—and in the dining-room are more likely to sit around with a few choice students, or with other tutors, than to seek out the sad and the lonely. Yet contact with faculty is there for the asking—it has institutional support—and I saw students drop into tutors' rooms to borrow a book or just to chat.

There are seven Houses designed to defeat Harvard's vastness and impersonality. Students

who live in a House are required to have most of their meals there, which has tempered the hegemony of the Clubs and has prevented fraternity inroads. (There is only one fraternity.) Each House has its own social life and activities, each develops its own rites. Lowell House, for example, has a High Table Dinner, a black-tie affair to which precisely a dozen tutors, six guests, and six seniors are invited. After the dinner, they adjourn to the common room, with full punctilio, for coffee and cigars.

#### THE CRIMSON AND THE CLUBS

ONE of the most spirited of Harvard phenomena is the *Crimson*, the superbly turned out undergraduate newspaper. Independent of faculty control, the *Crimson* owns its own building and printing plant; and one can see bulky middle-aged pressmen in work clothes getting instructions from their apple-cheeked bosses. *Crimson* editors have a long tradition of iconoclasm, defiance of university administration, and a collegiate raffishness. A Radcliffe girl epitomized a nearly universal sentiment when she said, "I often feel irritated by their opinionatedness, but they're stimulating."

They tend to be liberal, anti-club, and passionately pro-Harvard. A few years ago when a Jewish student was a candidate for election by his fellow editors as President of the *Crimson*, his opponent made anti-Semitic pronouncements. One of the deans told the Jewish candidate, with some amusement, "You probably put him up to this." The *Crimson* ethos was such that a good Jewish candidate, beleaguered by prejudice, could win hands down. He did.

One of the *Crimson's* gaudiest annual sports is issuing the *Confidential Guide to Freshman Courses*, a bargain at fifty cents. Fine Arts 13 is whimsically described as "A ground-glass view of art from clay to Klee, given in a half-darkened cellar of Fogg on a bright white screen by dimly-visible men. A good though whirlwind introduction." Of an English instructor, the Guide said bluntly: "Everybody agreed that his fall-term lectures were both intolerably dull and useless for the course."

A chemistry instructor inspired this vignette: "Rochow had the amusing habit of revealing the bleached hair of Annexites [Radcliffe] by darkening the lecture room and shining a powerful fluorescent light toward them." A professor described as "dull" wrote a letter to *Crimson* asking plaintively, "What will my grandchildren think?"

*Crimson* executives meet with President Pusey regularly, but they come in the spirit of potentates conferring with another chief of state. They are minimally subject to the administration's control. If anything, the lines of power move quite the other way. The *Crimson's* deadpan japeries are all in a spirit of fun, but the Boston papers report them, sometimes distortedly, and then the wire services pick them up. This sometimes gives rise to administrative disquiet. June is also a time of small dread for the President. "The *Crimson* boys fish about in the honorary degrees," he said. "They know our sensitive spots." In general, there is an admirable permissiveness.

"Students grow up in the *Crimson*," he added. "They have to make their mistakes. By and large, they do well with their responsibilities."

#### WONKS AND CLUBBIES

**T**WO faces of the *Crimson* are reflected in recent pieces. One was an editorial about the Yale-Harvard game. In a spirit of Ivy League raillery, the newspaper declared:

"On our part, we have always looked forward to the Yale game. It is refreshing to meet our clean-living Rivals Through the Centuries, and see how wonderfully they have progressed since we founded their Alma Mater a few centuries ago. They dress so nicely, and are so delightfully clean-shaven, and one always knows that they will be such wonderful financial successes in life. We like Yale—it's much milder."

In a spirit of high dudgeon, however, the *Crimson* excoriated Princeton last spring for its unhappy club episode. John E. McNees depicted the nervous chatter, the tightly drawn anxieties of "bicker" day, when elections to the Princeton clubs are held. Then he went on to define the social pariah—locally known as a *wonk*—at bicker-time: "He wears outlandish ties, dirty sweaters, and baggy pants. Not only lacking a crewcut, he is in bad need of a barber. . . . His idea of kicks is playing the violin. The girls he dates, when he dates at all, are dogs." With mordant irony, the writer observed that in the view of the Princeton clubs "this precisely describes the sort of man who must at all costs be kept out. It is also a fairly accurate portrait of Einstein. . . ."

The *Crimson's* wrath against Princeton may very well be a displacement of its own animus against Harvard's Clubs. The parallels are uncomfortably tight. The Clubbies show the same relentless disapproval of the *wonk*. Some critics

have charged the *Crimson* with an unseemly silence about Harvard's own princes of snobbery. The usual rejoinder is that the Clubbies constitute no more than 15 per cent of the College population.

Harvard officials, agreeably candid about almost everything else, maintained a well modulated silence about the Clubs; it was the one area in which I got a run-around. But one sees the silent clubhouses, the sports cars, the lank elegance, and the Harris tweeds. The Clubbies make their presence felt out of all proportion to their meager numbers. Their counsels don't prevail, but they do have the effect of taking some first-rate people out of circulation.

There is, of course, a rationale for the Clubs. Harvard, for all its intellectual hurly-burly, is a conservative institution with a deep respect for the past, which includes an aristocratic tradition. The Clubs keep some sense of it alive (Harvard used to rank its students socially) and to some extent reduce the pressure toward other forms of social stratification, by providing those who wish it with an isolated and relatively innocent playground.

#### SEX AND ESPRESSO

**B**OY meets girl at Harvard in an atmosphere of stylized distaste. The cold sneer directed at Radcliffe girls is a fixed part of the Harvard physiognomy. In the end, after the requisite sparring, they marry.

Harvard's comments on the local women are predictable. Radcliffe girls are too academic and "raise the curve"—that is, make courses harder by raising the average. A Radcliffe "jolly-up" is described as simply an "overcrowded mixer, full of sour cider, and girls primed with smart repartee."

The real grievance is that there aren't enough girls (1,000 to Harvard's 4,500). Beneath the studied indifference there is a lively respect for the "Cliffies" pedaling to class on English bikes in their drab Brooks Brothers raincoats.

The girls have the best of two worlds. They have their own identity as a women's college, and they have Harvard's resources. "An administration without a faculty," Radcliffe ships its students to class at Harvard, and the girls sit in a line like discreet little sparrows. Short-haired, for the most part, they have unostentatious good looks (though they are far less arresting than, say, Sarah Lawrence's frequently lush beauties).

The girls could have a carnival of dates, but the very availability of men, coupled with Har-



ward restraint, makes for an informal social pattern. Weekdays they get together in dorm parlors or talk over a cafeteria cup of coffee. Admittedly, Radcliffe girls are spoiled. Harvard freshmen are usually beneath notice for them; the lowliest Cliffee can command a senior, or even a graduate student.

Forty of Radcliffe's 220 seniors last spring were married, which is a rather moderate figure. An unmarried senior described her graduate plans and added, "Subject to change, of course, if I become engaged."

There is still a vestige of the old blue-stock-ing spirit. While I was having lunch at Radcliffe, someone referred to a magazine story about a Harvard-Radcliffe romance. "Does it deal with a seduction?" I asked. "No," a girl snapped, "it deals with an *affair*."

On a bright Sunday afternoon, I walked along the edge of the Charles River. The grassy slopes were speckled with blankets on which little knots of students reposed with their textbooks or copies of the *New York Times*. The students were largely segregated by sex. To my astonishment, the tableau froze. Very few Harvard boys left their small plot of real estate to sally forth into Radcliffe territory. In my mind's eye, I could see other campuses, Cornell or Michigan or Brooklyn College, where a similar challenge would evoke a far different response.

Harvard compensates for Radcliffe's numerical deficiencies by ransacking the resources of such local schools as Simmons, Wellesley, Emerson, and Boston University. But only the enterprising deserve the fair, and there are many Harvard boys for whom Saturday night is uncompanied and joyless. Vivid in my mind are the two freshmen—at least they looked like freshmen—who lurched past me after what must have been a heroic consumption of beer. Arms around each other's shoulders, smiling incoherently, they shamled into the night.

In counterpoint to Harvard's normal well-bred amiability, there is a thin line of outlaws and dissidents. One hears vaguely of bohemian enclaves within the Houses, but they never quite materialize. There is, however, a kind of genteel outpost of the Beat Generation in Cambridge. Espresso shops in the Greenwich Village pattern have begun to spring up, replete with candlelight, jazz trios, and bitter coffee.

For the most part, they are frequented by well scrubbed couples out on a Friday night date. But they are also the spiritual haven for the Cambridge perennials, weary worldlings who have stayed in Cambridge after graduation.

Vaguely writing a book, working part-time, or living off a trust fund, they float in some shadowy limbo between the B.A. and the wide, wide world.

According to one of the coffee-house owners, a Brandeis alumna with a major in literature, the Clubbies react to bohemianism with a jumpy truculence. The products of prep school and North Shore can evidently find black stockings and no lipstick unsettling. There have been incidents. In one case, only the presence of an ex-Clubbie, now disaffiliated and *beat*, averted a nasty fight. The ultimate in insouciance was reported by a coffee house which had been broken into at four in the morning. The police found a Clubbie, haughtily unmindful, having a leisurely cup of coffee right in the middle of the shop.



#### PROSPECTS, AND PUSEY

**H**ARVARD has votaries aplenty. Van Wyck Brooks sees it as the home of the inner-directed man, free from the "patent-leather smiles" of his fraudulent contemporaries. A recent alumnus describes it as a place where "the Bronx High School of Science finds itself flanked by Groton and St. Paul's." Its friends admire its fostering of independence—Harvard indifference, they argue, is a way of protecting independence—its unswerving pursuit of excellence, its sustained defense of the "right to utter." (President Pusey, of course, stood up to McCarthy with courage and dignity, which was no small feat at the time.)

Harvard asks not merely, "What are the facts?" but "What do the facts mean?" Jonathan Kozol, a recent graduate, wrote: "Whatever fine things may be said for the well rounded, smoothly

adapted, broadly interested boy, something especially fine should be said for the undistracted, wholly devoted, single-intentioned student whose sole reason for being is to study long hours of intent concentration."

To be sure, there is an antiphony of criticism. Harvard is charged with being vast, impersonal, and amorphous ("many spokes without a hub"). The faculty is Olympian and unapproachable. ("You don't feel they really want you to visit," a student said.) The College's pride is overblown, some argue. "It's like the Hegelian mystique of the state," a professor observed. "People forget that there are values larger than the University." Some ingrown types have even expressed resentment at the rise to academic eminence of the University of California.

The most vigorous philippic against Harvard was provided by a now defunct little magazine, the *Cambridge Review*. In a special issue in 1956, it offered a sordid view of Harvard and a garish mix of ideas from Wilhelm Reich, Henry Miller, and John Dewey. It assailed the "ritualistic inanities" of social intercourse in Cambridge, "the phony realism and fake maturity," and Harvard's repression of the "lithe, natural movement of thought and feeling." It even committed the ineffable sin of admiring some features of Yale.

The editors sadly concluded: "The truth is we know so much we do not feel anything. . . . The University has forgotten that human beings help each other by interaction, by fighting and loving. Tutors and professors, if they are to live, must be involved with their students even in a latently sexual manner with the possibility of the sex becoming overt."

What distinguished this critique of Harvard, aside from its bizarre theory of togetherness *cum* sex, its occasional insights, and its barbarous misspellings, was its bland acceptance of Harvard's eminence. "Harvard's greatness as an educational institution is being destroyed," it asserted. "This school cannot be called a school of *veritas*."

WHAT does the future hold for Harvard? Recently the University was agitated by a bitterly waged fight over the refusal of George Buttrick, the University Preacher, to allow Memorial Chapel to be used for non-Christian ceremonies. Buttrick took the position that for a Christian church such a function was anomalous. President Pusey ultimately withdrew his support from this view, after a surge of disapproval from secularists, religious indifferents, "village athe-

ists," and some members of the Divinity School.

The controversy brought out some latent antagonisms to Pusey's emphasis on religion, but it was also suggested to me—not entirely facetiously—that in the eyes of some Harvard jingoes his real offense lay in *putting God above the college*. A campus wag rewrote the Ten Commandments with Harvard in the place of Jehovah.

The Harvard tradition is essentially Unitarian, but in recent years it has been dominated by scientism. Pusey in his assaults on secularism and in his espousal of the creative arts represents a countervailing tendency. (It has also been pointed out by some that his sacerdotal tone, in the early days at least, strengthened his hand against Senator McCarthy. In any case, the sequence of religiosity and anti-McCarthyism disconcerted his critics on both sides.)

Harvard is not displeased with its present way of life, but it is not settling into smug somnolence. At the moment there is a ferment in the creative arts. A theater building is being planned, to be run by students, and a center of design is contemplated for the future. The timing of Harvard's artistic renaissance is interesting. No weathervane to academic fashion, Harvard maintained its high intellectual standards while other colleges, under the rubric of self-expression and creativity, were watering theirs down. Having consolidated its intellectual gains, Harvard can now turn to the arts. Characteristically, its theater will remain extracurricular and will not be integrated with course work.

Rich, but not *that* rich, Harvard is currently beating the bushes for \$82.5 million in order to expand its facilities, increase scholarships, and meet an anticipated boom in enrollment. Harvard Yard buffs will no doubt be distressed to learn that future architecture will be modern in design; there is no room to build except up.

Harvard contemplates its abundance with quiet pleasure. It has a right to. Imperial but modest, dignified but humorous, Harvard bestrides the American college scene—a well-mannered colossus.

*This is the first of a series of articles comparing three very different types of educational establishments. In a forthcoming article Mr. Boroff will report on the characteristics of Sarah Lawrence—a fashionable, expensive, and experimental college for girls. Later he will examine Brooklyn College, a city-run and far-from-aristocratic institution with highly individual views on life and learning.—The Editors*



# AMERICAN HOMES

## *Solemn to Gaudy to Drab*

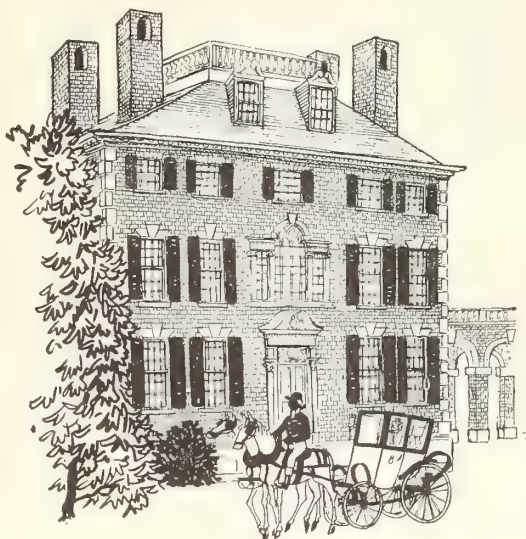
AS OBSERVED BY OSBERT LANCASTER

**L**AST winter Osbert Lancaster, English cartoonist, stage designer, satirist, and architectural historian, visited America and made, among others, the drawings on this and the following pages. These are the commonest of our native types of dwellings. If you live in a town or city that is a century old, the chances are that you will find these houses, sometimes smaller and sometimes bigger, in your neighborhood. Those that were originally designed more than a century ago have, you may be sure, been revived at some time or other as "Colonial" or "Cape Cod Cottage" or possibly as the local savings bank, in the "Federal Manner." The captions for the drawings are based on, but are by no means faithful to, Mr. Lancaster's text for his forthcoming book on the history of domestic architecture, to be published by Houghton Mifflin and called *Here, of All Places*.—THE EDITORS



**COLONIAL:**  
**SALT-BOX AND GEORGIAN**

The Pilgrim Fathers borrowed the basic designs of their houses (*upper left*) from, unsurprisingly, the south-eastern counties of England. The high, pitched roof was admirably suited to heavy snow-falls, and construction in wood presented no problems to ships' carpenters from coastal towns



long familiar with clapboarding techniques.

The Georgian house, which was still going great guns in the early nineteenth century in America (*upper right*), dated back to Christopher Wren, the principal architect for the rebuilding of London after the fire of 1666. It was for a long time the very model of the American gentleman's home and it was revived far and wide in the suburbs that blossomed with various nostalgic elegancies in the 1920s.



FEDERAL

*De rigueur* for housing Southern belles and julep colonels, the Federal style was also popular in the North and the Middle West from about the turn of the century (the last century, that is) until banks stopped using columns on their façades just a few years ago. Colleges and schools still use it.



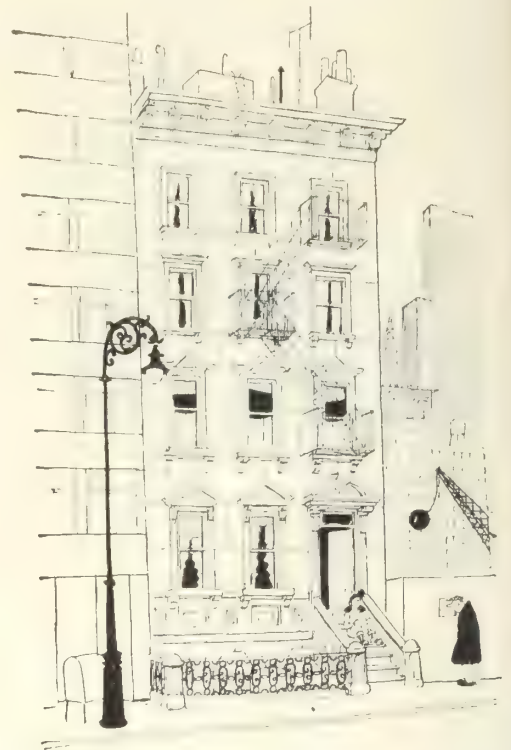
CARPENTERS' GOTHIC

The Gothic was considered a more "honest" style for American homes than the Federal in the 1840s. Its life was a short but exceedingly merry one; its most common habitat is on the shores of the Hudson River, though it migrated to all sorts of out-of-the-way places in small numbers.



HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED

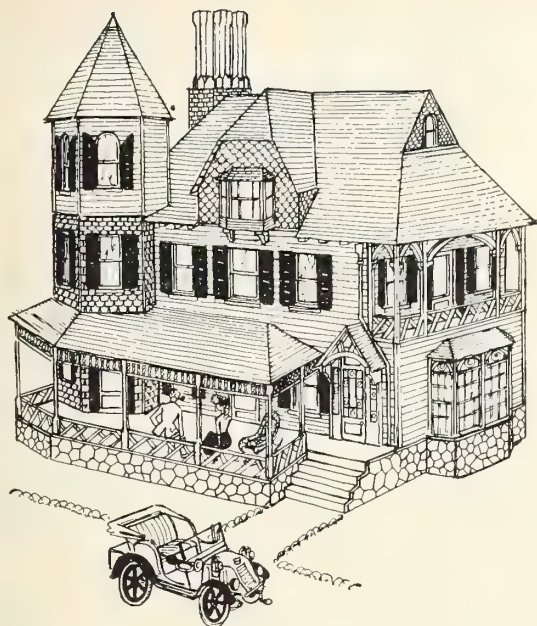
Such mansions as this, with their many "brackets" (partly structural but mostly ornamental) were common in the 1850s and '60s. They are, as Mr. Lancaster says, "Melancholy symbols of the thwarted hopes of an over-confident generation . . . they yet retain in their decline a dignity with which it seems unlikely that any imaginable change of fortune will invest the ruined split-level or the abandoned motel."



THE BROWNSTONE

The brownstone nestles between skyscrapers and movie palaces, a reminder of the bustles and sideburns of the 1880s and '90s. They still house a great many urbanites who are snobbish about the suburbs.



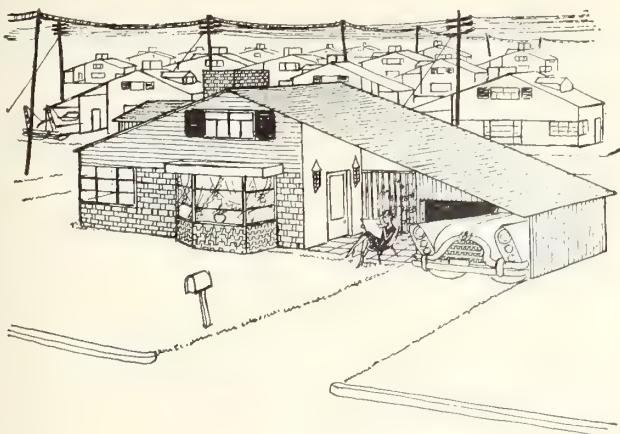


## AMERICAN QUEEN ANNE

"A vaguely Jacobean style" that swept America in the 1870s and for several successive decades, it was usually painted brown or dark red. You'll find many more "Queen Annes" in most New England towns, for example, than you will genuine "Colonials." They are usually camouflaged with white paint (which was considered "vulgar" when they were built) and look as though they had always been there.

## AMERICAN BASIC

Built on a "balloon frame" (that is, a light frame of two-by-fours that was made practicable by the introduction of the machine-made nail) anything can happen with American Basic. It's everywhere in all sorts of variations, unpretentious, usually convenient and comfortable, and looks like the home of every President since they stopped coming from log cabins.



## HOME ON THE RANGE

The editors will gladly give a three-year subscription to anyone who can write a caption for this drawing that doesn't remind them of *The Organization Man*, on the one hand, or the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the other.

Brig. Gen. S. L. A. MARSHALL

*Drawings by Arie Glaser*



## *Why the Israeli Army Wins*

Its shaggy discipline would shock a West Pointer—but we could learn plenty from its unorthodox training, spirit, and fighting methods. . . . A firsthand report from a leading military analyst.

**T**HE fighting power of the Israeli Army is one of the chief hopes for keeping peace in the Middle East during the dangerous months ahead.

I have just returned from an examination of that Army in the field and I have been studying it and the whole military balance in the Middle East at first hand for the last three years. My best estimate is that the Israelis are strong enough to discourage Arab nationalist military adventures near their borders for about five years—if the Army's fighting power can be kept up to its present level. Within that time it might be possible to work out a settlement reasonably satisfactory to all the nations concerned.

But if Israel's deterrent force is allowed to dwindle, then a war—with unpredictable but terrifying consequences—seems to me much more likely. During the August crisis, I saw for myself that the weight of the Israeli Army was one of the main supports for stability in Jordan. Any conspirators plotting to overthrow King Hussein must have realized that they might well be denied all the prizes of revolution by a military reaction from Israel.

This does not mean that Israel was eager to leap at the established Jordanian government,

as some of the news dispatches from Jordan suggested at the time. On the contrary, I can testify that both the Israeli Army and government were normally tranquil. Senior staff members took their vacations on schedule, and maneuvers were held to a reduced program decided a year earlier because of a tight budget. In sum, Israel reacted like a neighbor desiring to keep Jordan at peace.

Moreover, Israel's request for the right to buy arms and equipment from the West does not indicate any plan to build up its fighting power. Its main purpose is simply to replace machinery now wearing out, and to fill its dire need for trucks, half-tracks, and medium tractors. If this equipment is obtained, the Army will be ready to give as splendid an account for itself as it did in the one-hundred-day war it fought against the Egyptian Army on the Sinai Peninsula in 1956.

### HOW THEY DID IT

EVER since I first went to Israel to make a study of the Sinai War, I have been asked by American military experts: How did the Israeli Army do it? And now that American troops have actually touched on Middle Eastern soil, the question seems more pertinent for Americans to ask than ever. Whatever virtues our own forces may have, one thing seems certain: our training and our tactics—the demands we have made and the performance we expect from our soldiers—are radically different from those the Israelis have employed with remarkable success.

My conclusion while in Sinai—and it stays unchanged—is that Israel's Army did it by extend-



ing the limits of military daring. *Hitting forces traveled farther over more formidable country in less time than any other combat body in history.* Decision was won in three days. By the fourth day some of the brigades (the Israeli term for regiment) were mopping up two hundred miles beyond their assembly points.

This alone is a feat at which to marvel. A fortified area about half the size of Nevada and far more repellent than the harshest wastes in that state was conquered by a small field army fighting as it drove forward almost at the rate of an unopposed motor caravan. Even the few paved roads in Sinai lack level gradients and follow a tortuous course according to the rise and fall of the terrain. Of this land little comes to man but trouble.

The mediocrity of the opposition had something to do with the phenomenal pace of the invading army. But it is only through the close-range view that the opposite and more significant truth stands clear: *The soldiers of Israel invariably looked their best in those hours when they were beset by the greatest combat difficulty and the enemy pressure became such that total disorganization should have ensued.*

Motorization and tracks made possible the record marks in mobility. Without tanks, without half-tracks, Israel's Army could not have started. But there is no bright new magic in that. The United States Army, which has had such vehicles for a generation, has not assured itself the same sustained mobility.

#### CLEAN BUT NOT NEAT

**W**HAT made the difference? Certainly not professional zeal and efficiency, for Israel's Army is not professional in the way Western nations use that term. The campaign was not aided by any new secret making possible a more adequate supply in the fighting zone. Israel's ranks are not particular wizards at motor maintenance and battlefield repair.

To the contrary. Israel's Staff professes an ignorance of logistics, which in more sophisticated circles has become a kimono-like word, covering everything and touching nothing. Staff members claim—so earnestly as to invite skepticism—that the governing principle is to “send the combat force against the decisive object and then order the supply people to keep up.”

Within their training system there is relatively little schooling in the problems of field maintenance, and in the field no such elaborate echeloning of technical skills and parts-stores as

we know. During fighting operations the fighters do most of the repair. They explain, “Many of us are farmers. We learn the knack on trucks and tractors.”

Briefly then, Israel's Army is a fighting body in spirit and not a balanced aggregation of highly trained specialists. In a frontier sort of way, it looks the part. Its men are clean but not neat. From top to bottom, the establishment has no frills of any kind. The office of the Chief of Staff is a bare-walled cubicle. No elevator operates in its many-storied headquarters building. All ranks wear only the austere, rough woolen field uniform.

Smartness in dress is impossible. Smartness in bearing is given only lip service. By Western standards, this Army, while radiating human warmth and the high courtesy native to the country, is wholly lacking in the outward forms of discipline. An enlisted man may appear unshaven, with his hair looking as if he is on strike against the barber. The man on sentry go may be seen munching an orange as he walks his post. An officer may wear striped civilian socks with his uniform.

All that counts is the end object which discipline elsewhere is supposed to serve—undeviating performance of the task. Israel gets that from its soldiers without polish or spit, except as the latter is applied to the hands. During the Sinai campaign troops had a saying: “Fear of the higher command is worse than fear of the enemy.”

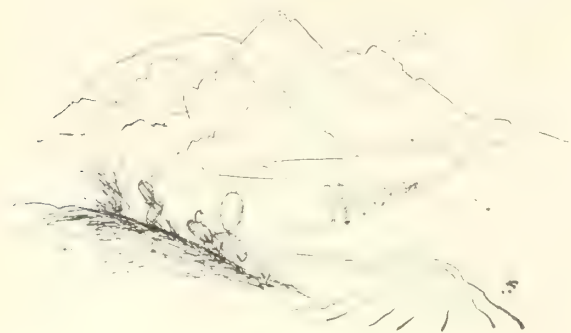
The Army's deviations from traditional military practice seem perfectly suited to the temper of a force which is more civilian than soldier. Israel's so-called “Regular Army” is scarcely more than a cadre of higher NCOs, warrant officers, and those relatively few commissioned people who love the military life, have demonstrated superior skills, and are therefore asked to renew their contracts periodically. There is no enlisted volunteering. The body of the “Regular Army” is that draft of inductees which happens to be getting its two-and-one-half years' steady training in the going period.

Recruit training is threefold tougher than in the United States Army. But the only stiffness is in the soldier's aching back after a full day. Men salute—occasionally. Orders and directions are stated in the simplest words possible, with a minimum use of technical phrases. The recruit hardly puts on his soldier suit before he learns to refer to his highest commanders by their first names. Within the officer corps the habit of using nicknames is so ingrained that proper names are

too often forgotten. One assistant chief of staff explained the high degree of co-ordination in Israel's battle forces in these words, mystifying in their simplicity: "We give and take more easily because we're all friends."

This Army, composed for the great part of men who had to spring from the plow or rush from the office, was given only three days to form and move on Sinai. In that time, its reservists had to assemble, equip, deploy, and get such limbering-up training en route as the hours permitted. Brigade and battalion commanders were read into the plan only after mobilization and movement were well under way. With rare exceptions, their own parts—including sectors and in some cases main objectives—were not pre-assigned. They still had to shape their attack plans, contrive such basic reconnoitering as was possible, and issue their orders.

On still another count, as to infantry-armor action, the campaign was unique. Commanders were told to keep battle losses minimal and not encumber their columns with prisoners if it was more opportune to let them get away. All efforts were to be directed toward squeezing out and destroying opposing fortifications. This stricture, imposed because it suited both the political nature of the fighting problem and the moral standard of Israel's troops, made an utmost requirement of movement, while lessening the normal accent on fire.



It would work if communications held up most of the time and if the Egyptians, with their advantages of owning the high ground, where they were relatively safe under deep earth cover, fronting flat fields of fire, were not overly resolute. Both calculations proved accurate. Communications broke down a few times, and usually, as is to be expected, at the highest pitch of the local fire fight. The Egyptians broke down more frequently, giving way time and again in these same minutes of heaviest pressure.

Strength overcame disorganization because

Israel's Army fights that way. When the attack becomes disjointed, when radios are muted by fire and lower commands are out of touch with the steadying hand higher up, Israel's soldiers nearest the enemy invariably follow their standard procedure. *They close upon the defender's works.*

## “RISK, RISK, RISK”

**T**HAT is the main lesson from the battle story. The phenomenal mobility of Israel's Army isn't generated out of machine power but out of the unanimous acceptance and application of a fighting doctrine which of its essence becomes unifying in the hour of greatest danger. Gideon's band may have held to the same simple rules. There is not one new idea in the doctrine. The startling tactical pace of the Army comes of applying sedulously those methods and precepts which all armies tell their infantry and armor will best maintain unity in battle. The difference is that Israel's soldiers hear and believe.

It's a short list:

... Leading means moving to the point of main danger if decisive pressure is to be maintained. There is no excuse for holding back.

... When orders can't get through, assume what the orders would be.

... When in doubt, hit out. The short route to safety is the road to the enemy hill.

... Don't attack head-on; there is usually a better way.

... If you must go in head-on, don't present a broad target.

... When troops are truly exhausted, hold back and rest them.

... Waste no energy in useless movement. Maintain the pace of the attack so long as physical resources seem sufficient.

... If the force designated to attack is not suitably armed to overrun the position, pull off and call for what is needed. Avoid useless wastage.

... Don't delay the battle because of supply shortages which lie beyond its probable crisis.

... Keep your sense of humor if you would save your wits.

... When trapped by sudden fire, movement means salvation more surely than a fox-hole.

... Always try for surprise in one form or another.



... When local surprise is possible, don't expose movement with premature fires.

... In the attack, risk, risk, risk.

Israel put nine brigades into Sinai. All but one were used in combat; the extra brigade arrived too late. There were two main battles, one of which decided the campaign as a whole. Eight brigades engaged in sharp and casualty-laden actions and wore through approximately a score of moderate-to-heavy skirmishes, without violating any of these combat commandments. Of the eight brigades, only three were "Regular Army."

The broad design for the campaign as drawn by the High Command was all-inclusive. That is to say that by its end, within less than one week after the first shot was fired, the nine brigades were to stand unchallenged over the whole of Sinai, with every enemy position taken and all resistance ended. All of this was "according to plan." The remnants of Egypt's Army withdrew to the Canal only after its brigades had been broken in trying to hold their defenses. The battlefield story is the final refutation to President Nasser's claim that Israel's swift advance was a hollow victory because he had ordered his Army out of Sinai. Thereby he discredits his troops, most of whom tried to hold their ground, and some of whom fought bravely, although their commanders showed no initiative whatever.

Egyptian conscripts are drawn mainly from the fellaheen or farm laborers. The fellah is illiterate, not interested in fighting, lacking any real bond with his officers, and so undernourished that he is not really combat material. But at least these forces had numbers, solid earth-and-concrete protection, favorable defensive ground invariably fronting on flat fields of fire, and sufficient modern arms to annihilate infantry and perforate medium armor. At all main positions—as post-battle inspection revealed—the Egyptians were over-gunned and over-munitioned.

The campaign was won in a whirl by such slender forces that it is almost a miracle they were not beaten by space alone. They did it on nerve more than with fire and deception. It does not cheapen their performance that the resistance was spotty: full courage is not a relative thing. But the record is not without blemish. Here and there a leader hesitated, trying to command from too far back or bending his ear more to the beat of danger than to the call of tactical opportunity. When detected, he was relieved.

No excuses tolerated. No explanations asked.

Israel's High Command says: "Success comes when leaders lead instead of push." The Army guides by that rule on the battlefield. Squad, platoon, and company commanders go first into the fire. Should the attack temporarily stall because of strong resistance, or become unhinged from severed communications, battalion and brigade commanders go posthaste to the center of action and restore movement. If there are two points of disarrangement, the second in command also goes forward.

Measured in bodies only, the cost of this code comes high. Of Israel's soldiers killed in the Sinai war (less than two hundred) half were leaders. Yet the Army believes that this ratio of expendability among its best-qualified fighters is more to be honored than deplored. The Staff says: "That kind of leading, exemplified at all levels, inspires more men to become leaders."

#### TOUGH TRAINING TO THINK

**H**OW does the Israeli Army go about teaching its leaders to lead—and its soldiers to follow—so successfully? Here are brief summary notes on some of the more significant training practices I saw being employed in Israel. They will, I suspect, hold some surprises for those who have passed through American military barracks.

**Standards for Induction:** Israel's Army believes that it takes a minimum of thirty months' hard training to make a fit combat soldier. Every reservist has that much steady service behind him before qualifying for stand-by duty in a home-town unit.

There is no minimum educational requirement for induction. There is none for promotion or for elevation to, and within, the officer corps. *All officers are made from the ranks.* The average field-grade officer has less than a twelfth-grade education.

There is a minimum intelligence requirement for retention in the Army once the man is inducted. Every recruit must pass a basic examination designed to test his common sense, reasoning power, and reaction time.

During training, the soldier is thrown more on his own than under the United States system. All instruction is pointed toward sharpening the power of decision in the average individual. Physical exercise and lecture courses are aimed to test and increase personal initiative. Israel's trainers believe that teaching the man to think clearly, observe keenly, and report accurately

is the main object in the school of the soldier. Accordingly, relatively little importance is attached to perfection in the manual of arms, parade-ground drill, and other routines familiar in Western armies.

**Marches and Exercise:** Troops are kept moving about in open country as much as possible. The average recruit is strong in the legs, having hiked around since childhood. From the hour of his entry into service, he needs that muscle power, for it is pushed hard.

The Army wastes no time in road marching, believing that a thirty-mile movement across ridges does more to condition troops than seventy miles on the flat. Most marches are an approach to a combat exercise. Even when the reserves take their periodic training, they are kept in the open and are put over rough ground, traveling by night. Every camp is an armed bivouac on a position suitable for defense; no time is spent at a training base. Say the trainers: "That would be a waste. The men would be put on police tasks; we don't call that training." While in uniform, the reservists live away from their families, as would soldiers fighting a campaign, and they seem to like it better that way.

During training, the reservist subsists on hard field rations. No blankets or overcoats are issued for the bivouacs. The Staff feels that the toughening process is furthered by letting the men sleep cold on the ground.

What the Army requires physically of its troops is illustrated in the testing course given the recruit, after it is decided that he is potential NCO material. Such aspirants are divided into packets of three; then each member of the team is put under a twenty-pound load, including his rifle and ammunition. Next, the team is given a march schedule which keeps it moving forty miles per day for three days running, through sharp ridges, such as are found in the Galilee country.

Two-thirds of the route is covered by day, the other by night, the whole taking approximately thirty hours of the three days.

In another test, the body of NCO candidates must march forty miles and finish in eight and one-half hours. No starter is permitted to fall out. If he shows signs of faltering, his comrades must help him along. If he fails, they must carry him.

**Night Training:** Though a night-fighting body, Israel's Army follows the principle that programs of night and day training should be balanced realistically. As things work out, about one-third of all training is done at night. But if,

for example, it were estimated that 95 per cent of all combat mine-laying would be done during the daylight, mine-laying would get little attention in night training schedules.

#### TEEN-AGE OFFICERS

**The Work Week:** Upon entering the Army, the inductee must serve at least six months as a private. But he may be tabbed for leadership immediately because of his personal qualities and a high IQ showing. In that event, he is sent quickly to section-leaders school, where he spends five months learning to handle what Americans call a squad. Every week he works fifty-two hours or more.

As a basic soldier, he is paid ten dollars per month, with no allowance to his family. The reservist is paid the same, but gets compensation for his family from both government and his employer, which brings his total income to 80 per cent of civilian pay.

**Officer Material:** After being made an NCO, the soldier must work at noncomship for at least six months even if he is unmistakably officer material. If he has the quality, he can go before the officer selection board, provided he first signs a contract to serve as an officer for at least one year.

Israel commissions about eight hundred men annually, of whom approximately three hundred enter infantry service. The same school trains officers for the combat arms and the technical services; the tech officers are given an extra polishing later. The age for conscription is eighteen. The average age of the newly commissioned second lieutenant in the standing army of Israel is nineteen; in the reserve, twenty-three. A company commander's average age is twenty-three; battalion commander, thirty-two.

The basic course for officership lasts six months. The classes are sent for a week at a time into mountain country, where they practice patrol leading, approach marching, and leadership of the platoon in the attack. They march twenty-five to thirty miles each night and get their rest (except for debriefing practice) during the day.

**Conserving Energy:** All training programs, including the first instruction given the recruit, stress the conservation of human energy during combat and the danger of overextending operations by assigning tasks which are not within the physical limits of men.

"Never overload the soldier; rest him whenever possible." Reiterated at all stages of training, the two rules become ingrained in the



junior leader. Says the Staff: "We learned the hard way that this is the road to salvation."

During training, one-third of body weight is the maximum load permitted the soldier. That includes uniform, pack, and all else. During combat, the load is lightened, according to the theory that his energy will be less under fire, rather than more.

"Don't be too eager; don't pile on the pressure," has an odd sound, coming from a General Staff. It's said in Israel to junior leaders by way of emphasizing that men should be rested at every opportunity instead of settling on them that extra fatigue during the mounting-up process which comes from needless anxiety in the command chain.

Elsewhere it's a too familiar story. The colonel says "Be ready at 0900." So the captain tells his platoon leaders, "Be ready at 0800," and they tell the section leaders, "Be ready at 0700."

Israel's Army shuns this practice like a plague. The recruit, on his way to become an NCO, is told that if he checks his men, and they look relatively ready, even though they are still sleeping, it's a sign of weakness in him if he routs them out ten minutes too early merely to further his own peace of mind.

**Sharpshooting:** There are eight snipers in each infantry battalion and the Army values them as "worth their weight in gold." They are trained to take up ground individually, working well ahead or to the flank of the company in the attack. They become expert in scouting, map reading, the interpretation of front-line intelligence and use of the rifle. The sniper scope is carried in the pocket and slips onto the weapon in one click.

Recently the General Staff has looked at a new problem: "How do we get *aimed* fire at night?" It is seeking the answer in an original system of muscle and eye co-ordination and is confident that the results are justifying the experiment. Under training conditions, according to the Staff, with this new method the average Israeli rifleman can be fairly sure of hitting a kneeling man at night three times out of four at seventy-five yards range. The theory and method have not been proved in combat. But the Staff believes that the solution lies in sharpening the senses of the rifleman rather than in the use of infra-red scopes or other special equipment.

**Women in Service:** In Israel's Army there is a higher proportion of women in service than in

the United States Army. Eligible, physically able young women are drafted, though there are exemptions because of religious scruples, married status, etc. After entering upon training, they are employed according to their talents. In contrast to what is done in the United States services, they are fitted into the lower combat echelons, as signalers, clerks, etc., when they are emotionally disposed toward this kind of work even though it is attended by danger. Their presence in the zone of fire is believed to have an uplifting influence on the morale of the fighting force. Even the male fighters so say.

The literature, radio, and other conditioning influences in Israel put less accent on glamor and sex than is the case in the United States. The Army's problem is eased proportionately. Soldiers say, "We get along better because there are more women around than in other armies." But that doesn't half explain it. The association between men and women in service is marked by a mutually supporting comradeship, high respect for the dignity of every other person, and a common decency. The males act neither protectively nor superciliously toward the females. In the field, the attitude is as natural and relaxed as if they were together in a college classroom.

Women soldiers assigned to combat units are trained in the use of weapons. That is a safeguard rather than a key to their employment during fighting operations; they are used in the field on support tasks such as radio operator, supply clerk, or cryptographer. A few women soldiers have qualified as paratroopers mainly because the General Staff couldn't resist the pressure to grant them this measure of equality. However, no woman soldier was parachuted into Sinai. During the Sinai occupation the women were used in all kinds of security missions interchangeably with the male soldier.

**Indoctrination:** Once a month, the Education Department of the Army's GHQ publishes a pamphlet about the land, its social problems, political goals, etc., for the benefit of troops.

The information is the précis for an orientation lecture. Each unit commander is supposed to give such a talk to his troops at monthly intervals. Like the average American officer, he dislikes the chore, tries to brush it off and sometimes succeeds.

Though Israel is a new nation and a melting of peoples with many tongues coming from every-



where, the Army attaches relatively little importance to the proposition that training for better citizenship—and clearer understanding by the soldier of his cause—is the one best way to build military unity and stimulate the fighting spirit.

The General Staff regards indoctrination as one more means of habituating officers to stand before their own people and talk—the chief value deriving from the program.

### WHEN TO QUIT

**Doctrine and Decision:** Toward heightening the power of decision in all ranks, the Army's doctrine as published by High Command, or expressed by a section leader, emphasizes task, mission, objective above everything else.

"The battle will never go as you planned it; but you still have your task," epitomizes the main idea. When given a mission, the leader is told that he will exercise his own judgment about how to perform the task if his instructions prove unsuitable. But he cannot withdraw without permission.

Such phrases as "at all costs" are avoided in Army orders because of their ambiguity. The patrol sent to reconnoiter with instructions to avoid detection may return at will if sighted by the enemy. On the other hand, a patrol of the same size, if sent to destroy a roadblock, must stay with the task as long as any chance remains that it can be accomplished.

The patrol can't quit simply because it has been badly shot up. But if in the judgment of the leader, it has taken so many casualties that the able-bodied have been immobilized by the weight of the wounded, he may withdraw without permission, and his decision will be accepted if the facts prove consistent with the Army's rigorous standard.

The radical disregard of supply sufficiency which marked Army operations in the Sinai campaign directly reflects teaching by the Army trainers. Leaders are told: "Logistical means are of secondary importance. Things are never perfect. It's more risky to wait. So go on and hit. Don't drag your feet because supply is short. The means will come to you. You've got to take a chance."

**Something New Added:** During the Sinai fighting, the General Staff concluded that reserve officers have less capacity than "regulars" for a quick shift of direction amid battle and the making of a bold decision.

The civilian leader undeviatingly responded

to orders. He was less apt to see the opening clearly and change his line abruptly when the battle became fluid. That was understandable; thirty days' training per year provides too little exercise in "adaptability."

So something new was tried to test and make more acute the decision-making faculty in reservists. It is a three-day command-post exercise which starts at a slow trot and finishes like a cavalry charge.

The battalion commander is taken into the field with his staff, communications people, his company commanders, and their operations network. Then he is given a tactical exercise—capture of a tank-defended town, attack on a fortified ridge, breakthrough of a fortified pass, destruction of a major roadblock, etc.

On the first day, all of his means for careful calculation of decision are present. He is given twenty-two hours to form a plan. Air photos and maps are available. Any amount of reconnaissance is permitted, as is unlimited consultation with his staff, though all hands must act as if they are in the presence of the enemy. He commands through written orders. Control officers are down with his company commanders and they feed back information about how the situation is developing. In the end, he delivers his plan, and movement order, to the brigade.

At that moment, he's told, "Everything's changed. Your H-hour remains the same. But the brigade is making a ninety-degree change in direction. It's been stopped on the right. So that's your target—that hill over there. There's no time for reconnaissance. Here are the maps and air photos. You'll have to move in thirty minutes. We want your decision before then."

In the interval, the control officers are shoving information to the companies and it comes back to battalion in full flow while the chief and his staff are weighing what to do. The pressure builds up, up, toward the climax.

The worst bump comes as the battalion commander presents his second plan. He is told, "Again, everything's changed. The enemy is cracking on the right. You've lost half your force. You attack straight ahead against Hill 300. There's no time for map checking or staff talk. We want your decision right now."

In the final phase, the statement of enemy strength and the distance to be traveled makes sound solution of the problem barely within his limits of time and men. It remains just possible to take the objective. The commander's decision therefore initiates a workable plan only if, in his mind, speed of thought presages rapidity



of movement and daring improvisation. The primary idea is to sharpen faculties; the secondary idea is to test their sufficiency under emergency conditions.

Some battalion commanders, given this processing, become completely shocked. Others meet its challenge without turning a hair. Along the road, higher command learns which officers excel at planning, which at on-the-spot improvisation and which at control. As personal weaknesses become revealed, further training is directed toward producing balanced "adaptability."

### THE COSTLY RESERVES

**Reserve Cutback:** In Israel, force levels are not set by law. There is no such problem as the Army having to fight for its existence; very few members of the Knesset are actively anti-military. The armed establishment is given a lump sum appropriation according to the availability of money. It is then up to the General Staff to write the equation—how much can be spent on reserve training, what size standing force can be supported, what must be apportioned to procurement, etc. The Army figures that it costs five times as much to maintain a professional soldier as to train a conscript. Hence the continuing tendency is to narrow the standing force while broadening and strengthening the reserve manpower base.

Due to the high cost of the Sinai campaign, however, and the need for structural reforms indicated by the mobilization, that aim is being temporarily diverted. The funds won't stretch far enough to pay for conversion and still maintain old standards. Israel's Army has about decided that the most practical economy is to slash reserve training.

Here is another risk-filled decision. Readiness in its civilian soldiery has been the rock of Israel's security since the reserve was first formed and given its character in the design drawn by the inspired soldier-scientist, General Yigael Yadin.

Israel's law prescribes that a reservist shall not be given more than thirty days' continuous training per year and one day refresher training per month. That legal limit doubles the training stint of the average U. S. National Guardsman. But it's merely the statement of an ideal standard.

*Prior to Sinai, the average civilian soldier in Israel got not more than two weeks' training annually. The look of greater combat readiness in its reserve is hence not to be found in length*

*of training time but in the stern use made of it.*

Under the new economy, the Army proposes to limit reserve training to officers and NCOs, down to section leader. It reasons, perhaps from necessity, that training money spent on part-time private soldiers is largely wasted because they forget too easily.

Reserve battalions will be called up separately twice yearly for three-day training intervals. Men and officers will get one day's schooling in weapons handling to quicken their technical knowledge. After that, the formation will go into a tactical exercise, such as the attack on a fortified position. Though only one battalion will be present for maneuver, the brigade exercise will otherwise be conducted full-dress—with pyrotechnics, bangalores, and live ammunition in the supporting weapons. In a first attempt, several of the participants were wounded. Staff observers marked the experiment "successful."

This contracted program, the Army hopes, will be sufficient to keep the command apparatus intact and healthy. It's far from the ideal. But it's the most that the nation can afford.

### PROOF IN FIRE

**N**O MATTER how rugged, realistic, and ingenious a training program may seem, it is never proven until soldiers who have been through it must move forward and take ground in the face of the enemy. All over the world the operation which swept Sinai clean has been praised as a "masterpiece of mobility." But statistics never win a battle. The proof of whether a masterpiece was made by the mobile mind and the willing heart rather than by machines is to be found only in the small picture of the fighting under fire.

The picture that emerged out of the Sinai war is one that deserves close attention from the soldiers and statesmen of other nations. It demonstrated how enormous group power can be generated by consummate daring in command. To the limit possible, leaders looked to their own forces, kept check on the sufficiency of supply, sought all information which might be helpful. But when forces seemed too few, supply drained low, and intelligence of the enemy was lacking, they still marched forward.

The men of this small Army did the best possible with what they had. They responded as if what is all-important is to live fully while one may. To regard their effort in any other light is to miss what counted most in the Sinai adventure—and in the Israel Army today.

# Pennsylvania's new breed of Politicians

Long famous for its "crushingly bad leadership," the state finally is developing men who can attract national attention—perhaps too many of them for its own comfort.

**P**OLITICAL parties, however national, tend to take on a local coloring. In the post-Civil War era, Ohio was the mother not only of Presidents, but of Republican doctrine. New York fathered the Democratic party of the New Deal years. California, cradle of the future, already plays a special role in Republican politics. Texas cannot be overlooked as a claimant for current pre-eminence among the Democrats, but there is also a strong word to be said for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The late James Finnegan of Philadelphia virtually ran the Democratic party as Adlai Stevenson's campaign manager in 1956. Matthew McCloskey, also of Philadelphia, is the national treasurer and—along with Albert Greenfield, a Philadelphia realtor, and Prince Grace's father, John B. Kelly—a prime party contributor. Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh, now the gubernatorial candidate, yields to no man in influence on the Democratic National Committee. Mayor Richardson Dilworth of Philadelphia and Governor George Leader, candidate this year for the Senate, have both heard Vice Presidential talk—and turned to it that famous organ, the political deaf ear, which, seeming not to hear, echoes back the plea, "Louder, louder." That same instrument, some people believe, is being applied to Presidential talk by Senator Joseph Clark.

Local success of course underlies national prowess. Besides the State House and one of the two Senatorial seats, Pennsylvania Demo-

crats occupy thirty-two of the city halls in the state's fifty biggest towns. In this fall's poll they are heavy favorites to hold the State House, pick up the other Senate seat, and win a majority of the Congressional delegation. With luck, they may carry both houses of the state legislature.

Set in the perspective of the past, these successes are well-nigh incredible. Historically, Pennsylvania has been famous for the lackluster quality of its political leadership. James Buchanan was *the* Pennsylvania President. For modesty of achievement not many states can match the claim—advanced by the 1934 Pennsylvania yearbook—that: "James G. Blaine and Philander Knox were born a short distance from each other on the Monongahela River. Andrew Mellon was a distinguished Secretary of the Treasury." But all this merely signifies, as crushingly bad leadership often does, the existence of a one-party state. Pennsylvania in the ninety years after the beginning of the Civil War elected only two Democratic governors.

How, then, did a Republican bastion become a Democratic stronghold? And why did this happen at the very moment when the Republican tide was almost everywhere else on the rise?

Political accident and economic opportunity are the answers. Out of office at the end of World War II, the Pennsylvania Democrats enjoyed the benefits of the Revolt of the Moderates that in so many other places worked for the Republicans. Once in power they were not overly burdened by the New Deal legacy. "It does no good," Governor Leader has observed, "to tell children of a more prosperous era how Roosevelt ended the depression." Thus unencumbered, the Pennsylvania Democrats faced up squarely to the problems of the Affluent Society and put forward a cast of political personalities able to make capital of such uninspiring issues as education and city planning. The hallmark of



the Pennsylvania Democracy in fact has been concentration on just those welfare matters which were neglected everywhere in the bad times before the war as minor, and overlooked elsewhere in the confident years after the war as dull.

#### HOW DILLY AND SILLY CARRIED PHILLY

THE purely political side of the picture can be told in the story of "Dilly and Silly carrying Philly," as one Republican calls the triumph of Richardson Dilworth and Joseph Sill Clark. Philadelphia gentlemen and lawyers, and bearers of names to conjure with locally, the two men had been Democratic workers since the 'twenties and seekers after public office since the 'thirties. Until 1948, defeat was their political diet. In that year the successive suicides of a number of Republican officeholders dramatically laid bare the corruption of the city administration. Overnight the Democrats became the heroes of reform—"the goodies against the bad-dies," as Clark now puts it. They had a ready-made program in the proposed City Charter—a document restricting politically appointed jobs to about two hundred. Necessarily, their prime appeal was to the white-collar class which was most sensitive to the corruption issue. As a result, there was a revolution in the established pattern of party voting.

In the big city wards, traditionally receptive to machine politics, Democratic strength tended to ebb. The thirty-third ward, for example, is heavily Irish and the stronghold of the leader of the Democratic machine organization in Philadelphia, Congressman William Green. In 1940 and 1944, the Democrats won in the thirty-third by majorities of nearly 2-1. In 1948 and 1951 the margin was 3-2. But in 1954, when Leader ran for the governorship, the two parties were almost even. In 1956, the Democratic margin was barely 10 per cent.

By contrast, the sector of the big Democratic gains lies in the arcanum of the Moderates—the semi-suburban wards on the outskirts of the city. In the twenty-first ward, a white Protestant section with only 2 per cent Negroes and little increase in the population over the past twenty years, there are 11,000 more registered Republicans than Democrats. In 1948, Dewey beat Truman by nearly 2-1. But in 1951, the Democrats came within a thousand votes of carrying the twenty-first, and since then the Republican edge has hovered at around four thousand.

Even more striking is what has happened in the fiftieth ward, also an outlying semi-suburban district. In 1938, registration was 3-2 Republican, and a decade later Dewey carried the ward by almost exactly that margin against Truman. But since the war the fiftieth has been filling up with the new middle class migrating from the center of town. Registration between the two parties is now about even, and the ward has gone Democratic in every election since 1950.

The upshot of the changing vote pattern has been the remaking of Philadelphia into a town that may be called, after the fashion of some newspapers, independent-Democratic. The Democrats have carried the city in every local and national election for the past seven years. "They murdered us in the suburbs"—the famous diagnosis made by Jake Arvey of the national Democratic debacle of 1952—is, in Philadelphia at least, a Republican threnody.

#### JUMPING ON THE ECONOMIC BANDWAGON

THE economic side of the picture is tied up with Pennsylvania's position as a center of heavy industry—third in the nation in the value of its manufactures. Long before the recession, technological changes in heavy industry were posing acute social problems throughout the Commonwealth. Oil and natural gas have driven out anthracite coal as a home heating fuel, cutting employment in Pennsylvania's anthracite mines from 360,000 in the 'twenties to about 75,000 in the good year of 1956. Even when steel production was on the rise, employment tended to lag because productivity per worker rose so rapidly. Not only did rail traffic fall off, but the introduction of the far sturdier diesel engines cut back sharply job possibilities in towns like Altoona where railroad shop work is the major industry. State unemployment, as a result of all these factors, has consistently kept ahead of the national rate. In the good times of 1956, it stood at 4.2 per cent of the working force against a national figure of 3.1. In this year's bad times, five Pennsylvania centers have accounted for a fifth of national unemployment in industrial areas.

Workers, of course, can and do move. Not communities. Cities throughout Pennsylvania have had to live with unemployment and declining business activity, with a steady increase in the cost of all their services, and with the migration to the suburbs further depressing real-estate values and tax revenues. These troubles

came on top of the wartime shortages and the depression stringency. By 1950, after twenty years of deferred maintenance, virtually every town in the state was going to seed.

The response of Pennsylvanians was a program to save their cities that merits at least a passing glance from the sputnik-gazers persuaded that the ginger has gone out of the American soul. Its form was Classic American—committees of businessmen, union leaders, civic officials, clerics, professionals, and educators. The aim was to attract new industry, buck up services and refurbish neighborhoods, in short, to make communities grow. The scope was state-wide. To name only a few of the organizations, there was the Allegheny Conference in Pittsburgh, the Greater Philadelphia Movement, the Sunbury New Enterprises Development Corporation, the Greater Pottsville Industrial Corporation, the Altoona Enterprises Inc.

#### URBAN REDEVELOPMENT

**F**OR the rising Democrats, the growth of the community-development organizations was a god-send. For one thing, it dovetailed perfectly with the clean-government drive, providing an irresistible argument for a professional civil service. "You can't ask a ward-heeler," Mayor Lawrence points out, "to tell you what kind of sludge pump you need in your new sewage system." For another, because Republican businessmen figured prominently in the community organizations, the Democrats, by fostering development, were able to pull off the kind of political cross-ruff Roosevelt managed when he took in Knox and Stimson as defense secretaries in 1940. Lastly, community development was a going program with popular support—a bandwagon.

How the Democrats jumped on is pretty well known by now. A report on the co-operation of the Lawrence administration with the Allegheny Conference to drive the smoke from Pittsburgh and rebuild the downtown part of the city has already appeared in this magazine. So has an account of the rebuilding of central Philadelphia\*—the city that has been rated by *Fortune* magazine as first in the country in urban redevelopment.

Almost equally impressive though less publicized, are the developments in the smaller towns. Erie for instance. There the Democratic Mayor,

\*See "Lawrence of Pittsburgh" by Frank Hawkins (August 1956) and "Philadelphia Does It" by James Reichley (February 1957).

in since 1954, is a former real-estate man and college professor who wrote a Master's thesis on "The Effect of Industrial Employment upon the Erie Economy." An urban redevelopment scheme is under way. In anticipation of the opening of the St. Lawrence Seaway, harbor deepening and port expansion are in progress. "Erie," one state planner says, "is a year ahead of almost every other city on the Lakes."

With Clark in the Senate and Leader in the State House, the Democratic position on the community-growth bandwagon has been further solidified. Clark is recognized as the leading Senate spokesman on urban redevelopment. Leader rates professionalization of part of the state civil service and aid to mental hospitals as the two major accomplishments of his regime. The Leader administration has also worked up a unique plan for attracting industry by co-operating with local agencies to loan industrialists the complete capital for building new plants. In the first eighteen months of the "Pennsylvania Plan," assistance was given for the construction of 489 installations employing over 30,000 people with annual payrolls amounting to more than \$2.5 million. In addition, Pennsylvania is one of the few states in the union to share with the federal government and the local administrations the burden of financing urban redevelopment. It has the biggest state-wide rebuilding program in the country, with more projects (forty-eight) than any other state, and it was the first state to exhaust the redevelopment funds made available by the federal government.

#### THE BIG FOUR

**P**ROBABLY the strongest testament to the vitality of the Pennsylvania Democrats is the quality of the men who run their show. In the Big Four—Lawrence, Leader, Dilworth, and Clark—Pennsylvania has, for the first time in decades, produced a crop of really interesting political leaders.

David Leo Lawrence is a boss by temperament as well as trade. He is strong-featured, cocky, openly proud of a rise from obscurity to an easy footing with the Mellons, and full of bounce. At sixty-eight, he can wind a man thirty-five years younger on a walk through town. None of his assistants can recall seeing him with his hair unkempt or his coat off. They very much recall that he is wont to bawl out charwomen for not turning out the lights in City Hall. And his capacity for saying No is famous. A friend



who asked the Mayor not long ago if he would support for re-election a Democratic state official who had had some income-tax trouble, was told: "Support him? I'm going to knock him down."

Still, Lawrence's medium is the art of the possible, and on behalf of the Democratic party he brings to bear enormous resources of flexibility and conciliation. "As a politician," one Democrat, who is by no means always in agreement with Lawrence on policy matters, observes, "there's only one thing you can feel for Dave Lawrence—admiration. He can work with Stevenson and John L. Lewis, Democrats and Republicans, the North or the South, the American Legion and the Pittsburgh Symphony. Anyone."

Sophisticated elasticity is very definitely not the strong point of George Leader. A farm boy reared in the strictest Lutheran tradition, he is given to phrases like, "Maybe I don't understand culture because I grew up in agriculture." Cigars are his vice, television a favorite amusement, and textbooks on administration sit on his night table. Inexperience joined to a Dutch temper has cost Leader, as Governor, the swallowing of some camels and not a little straining at gnats. He delayed his whole program for seventeen months while waging a losing battle with the legislature over his tax proposals. When a Republican state senator sat on a Leader proposal for checking highway speeds by radar, the Governor wrote out in his own hand a blast charging that the Senator had "condemned hundreds of Pennsylvanians to death."

But sharp outbursts are only the other side of George Leader's principal virtue: youth. Tall, slim, and earnest, a slow speaker in flat accents, he cuts the figure of Mr. Deeds. The most cynical acknowledge that he has few peers at establishing rapport with a crowd: attacking one rival for extravagance, he was even able to make an issue out of money spent on doilies. And in George Leader's mouth ambition sounds like modesty. "Just because a fellow is lucky enough to be elected Governor at thirty-seven," he says, "doesn't mean he's smart enough to be elected President." "Maybe not," one of his assistants comments. "But if George Leader is lucky enough to get elected Senator in '58, and maybe Governor again in '62, there'll be a lot of Democrats thinking he's smart enough to be President in '64. That may sound like a long way off. But George Leader's best distance is the marathon."

The sprinter in the crowd, and probably the most appealing of these Pennsylvania Democrats,

is Dilworth. A professional glamor boy might envy his basic equipment—dark skin, silvery hair, classic features, a background of Yale and the Marines, and, in Senator Clark's phrase, "all the charm of a beautiful woman."

"Publicity," Mayor Dilworth's press man says, "is his atmosphere. When all the Mayors meet, he's the one who comes down with appendicitis. Returning from Europe, he's on the *Andrea Doria* when it goes down."

Joined with flair is undoubted courage on issues and men. When Harry Truman's nomination of Judge James McGranery of Philadelphia as Attorney General was gliding through the Senate back in 1952, Dilworth felt obliged to go down to Washington and make known his view. It was: "absolutely unfitted . . . one of the worst judges I've ever seen . . . fundamentally a small-time politician."

Partly because of his sharp tongue, Dilworth has suffered, during the past year, a serious setback. He was the logical choice for the gubernatorial nomination, and, if he had won, he would have had a fair shot at the White House. But in the six weeks before the nomination, Dilworth, needled by some hanky-panky behind the scenes, alienated practically every voter bloc by:

- (1) questioning a decision which gave some strikers the right to collect unemployment insurance;
- (2) expressing contempt for the Philadelphia blue laws;
- (3) removing a ban on a Brigitte Bardot film;
- (4) advocating a special parking tax; and
- (5) seeming to come out for recognition of Communist China. In the end, Lawrence had to be rushed in as the candidate for Governor.

#### OUT IN FRONT

WITH Dilworth confined to Philadelphia, the biggest of the Big Four is, without question, Senator Clark. A complex man locking warring opposites within his breast, Clark has been called the "pugnacious pixie." He is small and delicately featured, has a soft, not unmusical voice, bright eyes, and an oddly pleasant habit of wrinkling his nose as though staring into the sun. "If he were in prep school," one veteran Washington correspondent says, "they'd call him 'Bunny.'"

Clark is uncommonly intelligent—a *magna cum laude* from Harvard—and quick: "the quickest mind I've ever seen," says an assistant who had previously worked at the White House and the State House in Albany. He is a demon

for work. While Mayor of Philadelphia he took a speed-reading course; now he arrives at his office every morning with the newspapers and Congressional Record already digested. He can also be very tough.

"I never saw anyone go to such lengths as Joe Clark in trying to kill off a candidate," the partisan of a candidate Joe Clark killed off said recently. "He was absolutely ruthless. No professional politician was ever as ruthless as that guy."

Most impressive of all is Clark's ability to use his interference. For years in Philadelphia he was the junior partner in the Dilworth-Clark team. He had no primary battle for the Senate race in 1956 because a threatening faction was bought off with patronage by George Leader. In the Senate he lines up solidly with Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. "I love working with Lyndon," he says.

Some people believe that Clark is already lining up his blockers for 1960. He figures the odds as "4-1 on Meyner, 7-1 on Governor Williams of Michigan, and, say, 8-1 on Jack Kennedy." For himself he professes to see only the Senate. He has wanted the job since he was fourteen and finds himself not the least disappointed.

"I'm going to stay here as long as Green," he says referring to ninety-one-year-old Theodore Green of Rhode Island. "They'll have to blast me out."

But on the desk of Senator Clark's Philadelphia assistant there was recently sitting a copy of *The History of Presidential Elections*. And Senator Clark's Philadelphia assistant, though a genial man and most intelligent, is not one afflicted with an irrepressible bent for idle historical research.

#### INTERNAL POLITICS

**A**MONG such strong personalities, it is only natural that strains should have developed. Clark, Dilworth, and Lawrence have frequently looked on George Leader's political naïveté with something less than charity. Lawrence, despite a full decade on the side of the angels, is sometimes seen by the others in a devilish light—as the Boss. Dilworth supporters believe that there was more than outspokenness in his failure to get the gubernatorial nomination. Among other things, they feel that Clark gave only tepid support and was, in the end, not unhappy to see the elimination of the only man who could have challenged him as Pennsylvania's Favorite Son in 1960.

Even more acute strains exist between the reforming element in the Democratic party and the regular city organizations. In western Pennsylvania, Lawrence, chief of reform and the machine, has been able to keep the struggle below the surface, though even he is under pressure for jobs. But in Philadelphia there has been continuous open skirmishing between Congressman Green's organization and the Clark-Dilworth followers. The two groups were at odds on implementing the City Charter, with the Green group seeking to limit civil-service extension. Green blocked Dilworth bids for Governor in 1954 and again this year, and almost succeeded in keeping Clark off the ticket as Senatorial candidate in 1956. A showdown fight is expected next year when Dilworth comes up for re-election as Mayor. "What the hell," one of the Green men says, "they're against big city machines. We're a big city machine."

One last headache the Pennsylvania Democrats have in common with Democrats almost everywhere, though less acutely—the Republicans. More than in most states Pennsylvania's GOP has been sharply split between a liberal pro-Eisenhower wing bidding for independent support, and a conservative faction grouped around the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association. It was an attempt to please both extremes that led to former Governor John Fine's notorious seesawing between Taft and Eisenhower at the 1952 Republican Convention. Former Senator James Duff, an early Eisenhower supporter, lost to Clark in the 1956 Senatorial race, in some measure because the conservative Republicans sat on their hands.

This year the Republicans have at least partly bridged the gap. Representative Hugh Scott, with strength in both factions, is accounted a very strong candidate against George Leader in the Senate race. The gubernatorial candidate facing Lawrence is Arthur McGonigle, a wealthy pretzel manufacturer of whom the Democrats are saying, "He made his fortune on crooked dough." McGonigle, helped by the Manufacturers Association, baked Harold Stassen in the primary, but in the general election he may have trouble with independent voters.

On balance, the Pennsylvania Democrats, despite the usual talk about running scared, are running confident. "I regret to say it," Mayor Lawrence remarks, his eyes as much a-brim with twinkle as with tears. "but I think the recession may be an issue." "I'll be surprised," another experienced Democrat says, "if we don't win by more than half-a-million votes."



A Story by Charles G. Finney

Drawings by Gil Walker



# *The Life and Death of a Western Gladiator*

HE WAS born on a summer morning in the shady mouth of a cave. Three others were born with him, another male and two females. Each was about five inches long and slimmer than a lead pencil.

Their mother left them a few hours after they were born. A day after that his brother and sisters left him also. He was all alone. Nobody cared whether he lived or died. His tiny brain was very dull. He had no arms or legs. His skin was delicate. Nearly everything that walked on the ground or burrowed in it, that flew in the air or swam in the water or climbed trees was his enemy. But he didn't know that. He knew nothing at all. He was aware of his own existence, and that was the sum of his knowledge.

The direct rays of the sun could, in a short time, kill him. If the temperature dropped too low he would freeze. Without food he would starve. Without moisture he would die of dehydration. If a man or a horse stepped on him he would be crushed. If anything chased him he could run neither very far nor very fast.

Thus it was at the hour of his birth. Thus it would be, with modifications, all his life.

But against these drawbacks he had certain qualifications that fitted him to be a competitive creature of this world and equipped him for its warfare. He could exist a long time without food or water. His very smallness at birth protected

him when he most needed protection. Instinct provided him with what he lacked in experience. In order to eat he first had to kill; and he was eminently adapted for killing. In sacs in his jaws he secreted a virulent poison. To inject that poison he had two fangs, hollow and pointed. Without that poison and those fangs he would have been among the most helpless creatures on earth. With them he was among the deadliest.

He was, of course, a baby rattlesnake, a desert diamondback, named *Crotalus atrox* by the herpetologists Baird and Girard and so listed in the *Catalogue of North American Reptiles* in its issue of 1853. He was grayish brown in color with a series of large dark diamond-shaped blotches on his back. His tail was white with five black cross-bands. It had a button on the end of it.

Little *Crotalus* lay in the dust in the mouth of his cave. Some of his kinfolk lay there too. It was their home. That particular tribe of rattlers had lived there for scores of years.

The cave had never been seen by a white man.

Sometimes as many as two hundred rattlers occupied the den. Sometimes the numbers shrunk to as few as forty or fifty.

The tribe members did nothing at all for each other except breed. They hunted singly; they never shared their food. They derived some automatic degree of safety from their numbers,

but their actions were never concerted toward using their numbers to any end. If an enemy attacked one of them, the others did nothing about it.

Young *Crotalus*'s brother was the first of the litter to go out into the world and the first to die. He achieved a distance of fifty feet from the den when a Sonoran racer, four feet long and hungry, came upon him. The little rattler, despite his poison fangs, was a tidbit. The racer, long skilled in such arts, snatched him up by the head and swallowed him down. Powerful digestive juices in the racer's stomach did the rest. Then the racer, appetite whetted, prowled around until it found one of *Crotalus*'s little sisters. She went the way of the brother.

Nemesis of the second sister was a chaparral cock. This cuckoo, or road runner as it is called, found the baby amid some rocks, uttered a cry of delight, scissored it by the neck, shook it until it was almost lifeless, banged and pounded it upon a rock until life had indeed left it, and then gulped it down.

*Crotalus*, somnolent in a cranny of the cave's mouth, neither knew nor cared. Even if he had, there was nothing he could have done about it.

ON THE fourth day of his life he decided to go out into the world himself. He rippled forth uncertainly, the transverse plates on his belly serving him as legs.

He could see things well enough within his limited range, but a five-inch-long snake can command no great field of vision. He had an excellent sense of smell. But, having no ears, he was stone deaf. On the other hand, he had a pit, a deep pock mark between eye and nostril. Unique, this organ was sensitive to animal heat. In pitch blackness, *Crotalus*, by means of the heat messages recorded in his pit, could tell whether another animal was near and could also judge its size. That was better than an ear.

The single button on his tail could not, of course, yet rattle. *Crotalus* wouldn't be able to rattle until that button had grown into three segments. Then he would be able to buzz.

He had a wonderful tongue. It looked like an exposed nerve and was probably exactly that. It was forked, and *Crotalus* thrust it in and out as he traveled. It told him things that neither his eyes nor his nose nor his pit told him.

Snake fashion, *Crotalus* went forth, not knowing where he was going,

for he had never been anywhere before. Hunger was probably his prime mover. In order to satisfy that hunger he had to find something smaller than himself and kill it.

He came upon a baby lizard sitting in the sand. Eyes, nose, pit, and tongue told *Crotalus* it was there. Instinct told him what it was and what to do. *Crotalus* gave a tiny one-inch strike and bit the lizard. His poison killed it. He took it by the head and swallowed it. Thus was his first meal.

During his first two years *Crotalus* grew rapidly. He attained a length of two feet; his tail had five rattles on it and its button. He rarely bothered with lizards any more, preferring baby rabbits, chipmunks, and round-tailed ground squirrels. Because of his slow locomotion he could not run down these agile little things. He had to contrive instead to be where they were when they would pass. Then he struck swiftly, injected his poison, and ate them after they died.

At two he was formidable. He had grown past the stage where a racer or a road runner could safely tackle him. He had grown to the size where other desert dwellers—coyotes, foxes, coatis, wildcats—knew it was better to leave him alone.

And, at two, *Crotalus* became a father, his life being regulated by cycles. His cycles were plant-like. The peach tree does not "know" when it is time to flower, but flower it does because its cycle orders it to do so.

In the same way, *Crotalus* did not "know" when it was time for young desert diamondback rattlers to pair off and breed. But his cycle knew.

He found "her" on a rainy morning. *Crotalus*'s courtship at first was sinuous and subtle, slow and stealthy. Then suddenly it became dynamic. A period of exhaustion followed. Two metabolic machines had united to produce new metabolic machines.

Of that physical union six new rattlesnakes were born. Thus *Crotalus*, at two, had carried out his major primary function: he had reproduced his kind. In two years he had experienced everything that was reasonably possible for desert diamondback rattlesnakes to experience except death.

He had not experienced death for the simple reason that there had never been an opportunity for anything bigger and stronger than himself to kill him. Now,





at two, because he was so formidable, that opportunity became more and more unlikely.

He grew more slowly in the years following his initial spurt. At the age of twelve he was five feet long. Few of the other rattlers in his den were older or larger than he.

He had a castanet of fourteen segments. It had been broken off occasionally in the past, but with each new molting a new segment appeared.

His first skin-shedding back in his babyhood had been a bewildering experience. He did not know what was happening. His eyes clouded over until he could not see. His skin thickened and dried until it cracked in places. His pit and his nostrils ceased to function. There was only one thing to do and that was to get out of that skin.

Crotalus managed it by nosing against the bark of a shrub until he forced the old skin down over his head, bunching it like the rolled top of a stocking around his neck. Then he pushed around among rocks and sticks and branches, literally crawling out of his skin by slow degrees. Wriggling free at last, he looked like a brand new snake. His skin was bright and satiny, his eyes and nostrils were clear, his pit sang with sensation.

For the rest of his life he was to molt three or four times a year. Each time he did it he felt as if he had been born again.

At twelve he was a magnificent reptile. Not a single scar defaced his rippling symmetry. He was diabolically beautiful and deadly poison.

His venom was his only weapon, for he had no power of constriction. Yellowish in color, his poison was odorless and tasteless. It was a highly complex mixture of proteids, each in itself direly toxic. His venom worked on the blood. The more poison he injected with a bite, the more dangerous the wound. The pain rendered by his bite was instantaneous, and the shock accompanying it was profound. Swelling began immediately, to be followed by a ghastly oozing. Injected directly into a large vein, his poison brought death quickly, for the victim died when it reached his heart.

At the age of twenty Crotalus was the oldest and largest rattler in his den. He was six feet long and weighed thirteen pounds. His whole world was only about a mile in radius. He had fixed places where he avoided the sun when it was hot and he was away from his cave. He knew his hunting grounds thoroughly, every game trail, every animal burrow.

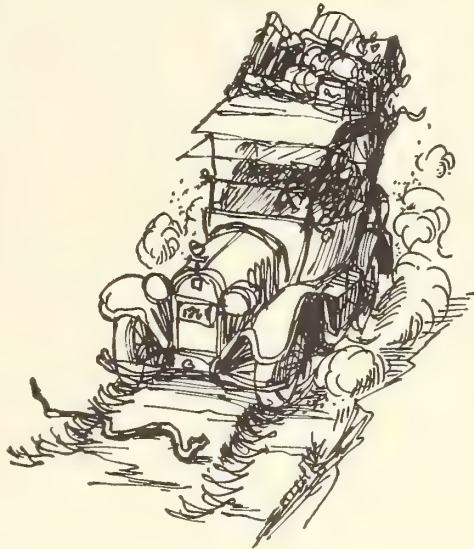
He was a fine old machine, perfectly adapted to his surroundings, accustomed to a life of

leisure and comfort. He dominated his little world.

The mighty seasonal rhythms of the desert were as vast pulsations, and the lives of the rattlesnakes were attuned to them. Spring sun beat down, spring rains fell, and, as the plants of the desert ended their winter hibernations, so did the vipers in their lair. The plants opened forth and budded; the den "opened" too, and the snakes crawled forth. The plants fertilized each other, and new plants were born. The snakes bred, and new snakes were produced. The desert was repopulated.

In the autumn the plants began to close; in the same fashion the snake den began to close, the reptiles returned to it, lay like lingering blossoms about its entrance for a while, then disappeared within it when winter came. There they slept until summoned forth by a new spring.

Crotalus was twenty years old. He was in the golden age of his viperhood.



**B**UT men were approaching. Spilling out of their cities, men were settling in that part of the desert where Crotalus lived. They built roads and houses, set up fences, dug for water, planted crops.

They homesteaded the land. They brought new animals with them—cows, horses, dogs, cats, barnyard fowl.

The roads they built were death traps for the desert dwellers. Every morning new dead bodies lay on the roads, the bodies of the things the men had run over and crushed in their vehicles.

That summer Crotalus met his first dog. It was a German shepherd which had been reared on a farm in the Midwest and there had gained the reputation of being a snake-killer. Black

snakes, garter snakes, pilots, water snakes; it delighted in killing them all. It would seize them by the middle, heedless of their tiny teeth, and shake them violently until they died.

This dog met *Crotalus* face to face in the desert at dusk. *Crotalus* had seen coyotes aplenty and feared them not. Neither did the dog fear *Crotalus*, although *Crotalus* then was six feet long, as thick in the middle as a motorcycle tire, and had a head the size of a man's clenched fist. Also this snake buzzed and buzzed and buzzed.

The dog was brave, and a snake was a snake. The German shepherd snarled and attacked. *Crotalus* struck him in the underjaw; his fangs sank in almost half an inch and squirted big blobs of hematoxic poison into the tissues of the dog's flesh.

The shepherd bellowed with pain, backed off, groveled with his jaws in the desert sand, and attacked again. He seized *Crotalus* somewhere by the middle of his body and tried to flip him in the air and shake him as, in the past, he had shaken slender black snakes to their death. In return, he received another poison-blurting stab in his flank and a third in the belly and a fourth in the eye as the terrible, writhing snake bit wherever it could sink its fangs.

The German shepherd had enough. He dropped the big snake and in sick, agonizing bewilderment crawled somehow back to his master's homestead and died.

The homesteader looked at his dead dog and became alarmed. If there was a snake around big enough to kill a dog that size, it could also kill a child and probably a man. It was something that had to be eliminated.

The homesteader told his fellow farmers, and they agreed to initiate a war of extermination against the snakes.

The campaign during the summer was sporadic. The snakes were scattered over the desert, and it was only by chance that the men came upon them. Even so, at summer's end, twenty-six of the vipers had been killed.

When autumn came the men decided to look for the rattlers' den and execute mass slaughter. The homesteaders had become desert-wise and knew what to look for.

They found *Crotalus*'s lair without too much trouble—a rock outcropping on a slope that faced the south. Cast-off skins were in evidence in the bushes. Bees flew idly in and out of the den's mouth. Convenient benches and shelves of rock were at

hand where the snakes might lie for a final sunning in the autumn air.

They killed the three rattlers they found at the den when they first discovered it. They made plans to return in a few more days when more of the snakes had congregated. They decided to bring along dynamite with them and blow up the mouth of the den so that the snakes within would be sealed there forever and the snakes without would have no place to find refuge.

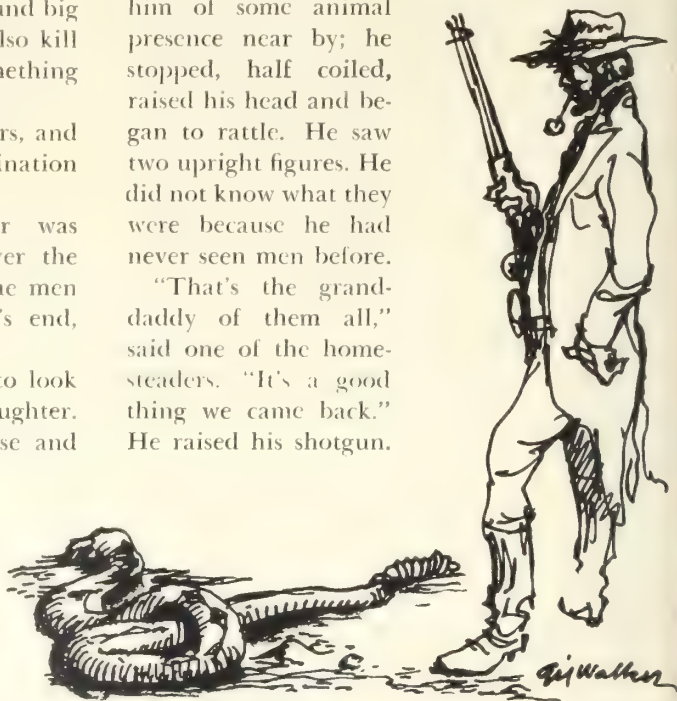
On the day the men chose to return nearly fifty desert diamondbacks were gathered at the portals of the cave. The men shot them, clubbed them, smashed them with rocks. Some of the rattlers escaped the attack and crawled into the den.

**C**ROTALUS had not yet arrived for the autumn rendezvous. He came that night. The den's mouth was a shattered mass of rock, for the men had done their dynamiting well. Dead members of his tribe lay everywhere. *Crotalus* nosed among them, tongue flicking as he slid slowly along.

There was no access to the cave any more. He spent the night outside among the dead. The morning sun warmed him and awakened him. He lay there at full length. He had no place to go.

The sun grew hotter upon him and instinctively he began to slide toward some dark shade. Then his senses warned him of some animal presence near by; he stopped, half coiled, raised his head and began to rattle. He saw two upright figures. He did not know what they were because he had never seen men before.

"That's the granddaddy of them all," said one of the homesteaders. "It's a good thing we came back." He raised his shotgun.





ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

# THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

*In April Dr. Oppenheimer spoke to a group of editors and journalists from all over the world who had gathered in Washington for a meeting of the International Press Institute. He spoke without a prepared text, using only notes; the article which follows is published substantially as it was recorded during the lecture.*

WHEN I speak to the press I am aware that I am talking to a group of men who have a singularly critical destiny in these rather peculiar times. Those of us whose work it is to preserve old learning, and to find new, look to the press to keep the channels of truth and communication open and to keep men in some sense united in common knowledge and common humanity.

I want to talk about the nature and structure of our knowledge today and how it has altered and complicated the problems of the press. There are enormous differences between our world of learning today—our Tree of Knowledge—and those of Athens, or the Enlightenment, or the dawn of science in fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Europe. You can get some suggestion of how shattering these changes have been if you remember that Plato, when he tried to think about human salvation and government, recommended mathematics as one of the ways to learn to know the truth, to discriminate good from evil and the wise from the foolish. Plato was not a creative mathematician, but students confirm that he knew the mathematics of his day, and understood it, and derived much from it.

Today, it is not only that our kings do not know mathematics, but our philosophers do not know mathematics and—to go a step further—our mathematicians do not know mathematics. Each of them knows a branch of the subject and they listen to each other with a fraternal and honest respect; and here and there you find a knitting together of the different fields of mathematical specialization. In fact, a great deal of progress in mathematics is a kind of over-arching generalization which brings things that had been separate into some kind of relation. Nevertheless, it is not likely today that our most learned advisers—the men who write in the press and tell us what we may think—would suggest that the next President of the United States be able to understand the mathematics of the day.

## YIELDING BOUNDARIES

THE first characteristic of scientific knowledge today—a trivial and pedestrian characteristic—is that its growth can be measured. When I talk of “science” here I would like to use the word in the broadest sense to include all man’s knowledge of his history and behavior, his knowledge, in fact, of anything that can be talked of in an objective way so that people all over the world can understand it, know what the scientist has done, reproduce it, and find out if it is true or not. It is hard to measure the growth of science defined in these terms in a sensible way but it can be measured in fairly foolish ways.

One way of measuring science, for example, is to find out how many people are engaged in it. I know a young historian of science who has amused himself by counting the scientists of the last two centuries and he has found that their number has, quite accurately, doubled about every ten years. Professor Purcell of Harvard put the same conclusion another way the other day when he said, “Ninety per cent of all scientists are alive.” This gives some notion of the changes involved.

I must, however, qualify this trend in two ways. First, it cannot continue, because if it went on for another century, then everyone would be a scientist—there would be nobody else left. So a kind of saturation is setting in and the rate of science’s growth is slowing down. The second qualification is that what might be called the “stature” of science is not proportional to its volume; it may be proportional to the cube root of its volume or something like that. In short, every scientist is not a Newton and the propor-

tion of Newtons among all scientists tends to decline as the number of people involved gets bigger.

Despite all qualification, though, the fact remains that the growth in the number of people in science and the growth in firm knowledge—important, non-trivial knowledge of the kind that appears in learned journals and books—have been more or less parallel; and this growth will continue, although the increase in it is bound to taper off. The result is that nearly everything that is now known was not in any book when most of us went to school; we cannot know it unless we have picked it up since. This in itself presents a problem of communication that is nightmarishly formidable.

On the other hand, there is a more encouraging aspect of this scientific knowledge. As it grows, things, in some ways, get much simpler. They do not get simpler because one discovers a few fundamental principles which the man in the street can understand and from which he can derive everything else. But we do find an enormous amount of order. The world is not random and whatever order it has seems in large part "fit," as Thomas Jefferson said, for the human intelligence. The enormous variety of facts yields to some kind of arrangement, simplicity, generalization.

One great change in this direction—and it has not yet, I think, fully come to public understanding—is that we are beginning to see that the hard boundaries which once seemed to separate the parts of the natural world from each other are now yielding to some kind of inquiry. We are beginning to see ways across the gaps between the living and the dead, the physical and the mental.

Let me give just a few illustrations:

- It is probably not an accident, although it is not really understood, that the age of the earth—some six or seven billion years according to calculation by radioactive techniques—is very close to the period required for the most distant nebulae to recede into the furthest reaches of space. We can picturesquely define that time by saying that during it things were a lot closer together than they are now and the state of the material universe was very different. Some years ago the brilliant Russian biochemist Oparin suggested that when the atmosphere had no oxygen in it, certain conditions could have prevailed on earth under which life could have originated from inorganic matter. There has since been confirmation in Urey's laboratory and this

hypothesis turns out to be true. Although mermaids and heroes do not walk out of the test tube, we do see that quite reasonable accounts of the origin of life are not too far from our grasp.

- The recent research on how the genetic mechanisms of all living material operate shows how certain proteins have special information-bearing properties—how they can store information and transmit it from one generation to another.\*

- The study of how the nerve impulses from our sense organs to the brain can be modulated and altered by the perceptive apparatus of the animal—often it is an animal rather than a man—give us some notion both of the unreliability of our sense impressions and of the subtlety of the relations between thought and the object of thought.

All these problems, which even in the nineteenth century seemed to obstruct the possibility of a unified view of the great arch of nature, are yielding to discovery; and in all science there is a pervasive, haunting sense that no part of nature is really irrelevant to any other.

#### GAY AND WONDERFUL MYSTERY

**B**UT the model of science which results from all this investigation is entirely different from a model which would have seemed natural and understandable to the Greeks or the Newtonians. Although we do start from common human experience, as they did, we so refine what we think, we so change the meaning of words, we build up so distinctive a tradition, that scientific knowledge today is not an enrichment of the general culture. It is, on the contrary, the possession of countless, highly specialized communities who love it, would like to share it, would very much like to explain it, and who make some efforts to communicate it; but it is not part of the common human understanding. This is the very strange predicament to which the press addresses itself today and to which it can give, I believe, only a partial solution.

It would of course be splendid—and one often hears this—if we could say that while we cannot know the little details about the workings of atoms and proteins and the human psyche, we *can* know the fundamental principles of science. But I am afraid that this is only marginally

\*An account of this development, by F.H.C. Crick, appeared in *Scientific American*, September 1957.



true. The fundamentals of physics are defined in terms of words that refer to an experience that lay people have not had and that very few people have run across in their education.

For example, in my opinion, it is almost impossible to explain what the fundamental principle of relativity is about, and this is even more true of the quantum theory. It is only possible to use analogies, to evoke some sense of understanding. And as for the recent discovery—the very gay and wonderful discovery for which Dr. Yang and Dr. Lee were awarded the Nobel Prize—that nature has a preference for right-handed or left-handed screws in certain situations and is not indifferent to the handedness of the screw—to explain this is, I believe, quite beyond my capacity. And I have never heard anyone do it in a way that could be called an enrichment of culture.

*To sum up the characteristics of scientific knowledge today, then, I would say that it is mostly new; it has not been digested; it is not part of man's common knowledge; it has become the property of specialized communities who may on occasion help one another but who, by and large, pursue their own way with growing intensity further and further from their roots in ordinary life.*

We must always remember that, like most human accomplishments, the sciences have grown out of a long, accumulating experience of error, astonishment, invention, and understanding. Taken as a whole, they constitute a series of traditions; and these traditions—once largely common, now largely separate—are as essential to understanding a part of biology or astronomy or physics as the general human tradition is to the existence of civilized life. I know that a complete immersion in these many different, related, yet specific traditions is beyond the reach of any one person—that as things stand today, most of us are without any experience, really, in any. We have much in common from the simple ways in which we have learned to live and talk and work together. Out of this have grown the specialized disciplines like the fingers of the hand, united in origin but no longer in contact.

#### PRACTICAL BOOBY TRAPS

**N**OW I am going to make a distinction which may seem arbitrarily sharp but which is I think important both to the learned community and the press. I have been talking until now about science as the things we have discovered about nature—incredible things and

beautiful and astonishing, but defined, usually, not by any use to which they are put, but simply in terms of the ways in which they were found out. Pure science is thus inherently circumscribed but immensely revealing, showing as it does that left to itself, man's imagination was not a patch on reality.

Seeking out this knowledge is one problem and I am not through with it. But the other problem is that, of course, this knowledge has practical consequences. On it is built the world we live in and the face of that world has been changed, probably more than in any other period of history, by the scientific revolution. Now these practical consequences, because they are intended in some way to be responsive to man's needs, can be talked about in an intelligible way. It is not necessary to know how a nucleus is put together, or what are the laws which determine its behavior, in order to explain what nuclear energy is all about. It may be very hard to explain it well because it involves human choices, options, decisions, prejudices. But I believe that it is no more difficult to write about nuclear energy than about where people go for a holiday. It is not much harder to write about nuclear weapons, except that, to the problems of human variety, there is added the problem of a very great deal of secrecy.

To take another example, it has not been hard to write about the use of vaccines in the prevention of disease and these can be described without elaborate theory. As a matter of fact the vaccines were discovered without much theoretical background and the atomic bomb was made before we had much idea what held nuclei together; we do not have very much idea today.

The press has done an admirable job in explaining these and other practical applications of science—I think it is aware that it has to do a much, much greater one. But there are, I think, some booby traps which stand in its way. I would like to list three of them.

**One of the simplest traps is that when technical people talk they always emphasize the fact that they are not sure.** Sometimes, as in the case of knowing all the effects of radiation on life, we are not, in fact, sure, because experience takes so long to acquire. But usually the statement that we are not sure is more like the polite comment, "I don't want to bore you but . . ." Statements about scientific matters are not entirely sure—nothing is—but compared to politics they are so extremely sure as to be of a different order of certainty. If a scientist says he is not sure, pay attention to the limits within which he says

this—the margin for error he insists on allowing. This margin will not be so wide. Within what limits we are uncertain about the genetic damages of radiation, for example, is not something to worry or wonder about. We know something of the effects on the genes. The differences of opinion over this question lie in quite a different field. They lie in conflicting assessments of the relative gravity of these damages and of other vaster dangers of total nuclear war.

A second trap to beware of is the strange fact that the words scientists use have taken on special meaning so that there is a confusing quality of punning when they discuss technical things and describe their aims. "Relativity" sounds like something that occurs in daily life; it is not. Scientists talk about the "adventure" of science and they are right; but of course in the public mind this is very likely to be identified with looking to see if the other side of the moon is really there. Here the public is wrong. The adventures of science are intellectual adventures, involving discoveries of the inadequacy of our means of describing nature, because it is so unfamiliar and strange. Space travel has, no doubt, its value and virtue, but it is in no way related

to the great adventures of science. It would be, of course, if we could go out two or three billion light-years and see what is going on there, because it is hard to see that far with telescopes. But this is not the same thing as the progress of human learning and understanding.

A third trap and a serious one—it has infested the discussion of radioactive fallout—is that in most technical explanations, very large numbers occur, and it is often hard to convey their implications sensitively. It may be equally true to say, for instance, that something will cause 10,000 casualties and that these casualties will affect a hundred-thousandth of the population of the world; but one statement can make the effect seem rather small and the other can make it very big. We cannot get over the habit of talking in numbers but it takes some exposition if we are to avoid creating the wrong impression.

I have one example of this. It has to do with radioactive fallout. I know nothing about the main efforts being made to eliminate fallout at present but it is obvious that they have to do with the elimination of fissionable material from bombs. The first step is to take the casing away from big bombs and the next step, presumably, is to take away much—or even all—of the rest.

I have some understanding of this as a technical problem and some idea of the benefits which will accrue from it. But in an old day, when we had the first primitive, tiny, atomic weapons, there was also a contrast. The story is in the public domain and I am surprised that no reporter has dug it out. We were thinking then in terms of casualties of hundreds of thousands and not hundreds of millions. It was a much more innocent age but it was warfare and in that sense it was not innocent. All the bombs then had fissionable material and the first one we set off at Trinity near Los Alamos was dirty. It was set off practically at ground level, the fireball touched the ground and in fact a great deal of radioactive contamination was spread, by the standard of those days. The government had a lot of trouble with a herd of cattle whose hair turned white as a result. It was a very dirty bomb.

The bombs at Hiroshima and Nagasaki on the other hand were clean. They were exploded high in the air and few if any casualties were produced by fallout. Possibly there were a handful on a global scale, but practically all the hundreds



*"What's so terrible? It's a deadly rock but it's a clean rock."*



of thousands who died, and the others who were maimed from radiation and blast, did not have the benefit of fallout. Nevertheless, I vastly prefer our first dirty bomb to those two clean ones.

When all is said and done about these problems—essentially soluble problems—of describing the practical consequences of scientific progress, there remains the central, perplexing question, to which I keep returning, of bringing an appreciation of the new scientific knowledge to the world. It is a question of high importance; it deserves study.

I do not see, for example, how the scientist can evoke the same understanding and grateful warmth from his fellows as the actor who gives them pleasure and insight, and reveals their own predicament to them, or the musician or dancer or writer or athlete, in whom they see their talents in greater perfection, and often their own limitations and error in larger perspective. The power of the new knowledge itself to excite the intelligent public's mind is very different from the days of Newton when the problems under discussion—the course of the heavenly bodies, the laws of dynamics—were not far from ordinary human experience. People could go to demonstrations to see the new principles in action; they could discuss them in salons and cafés. The ideas were revolutionary but not very hard to understand. It is no wonder that the excitement and change and enrichment of culture in Europe that came about as a result of these discoveries were without parallel.

Today there are sciences like that, which are just starting. During the nineteenth century the theory of evolution certainly played this role. And today, in the psychological sciences there are many fundamental points that anyone can understand if he is willing to take the trouble—science here is just beginning to leave the common experience, and the accumulated tradition has not yet grown very far.

Yet as a whole, the problem is formidable. It is not hopeless—much can and should be done. But I do not believe it can be done by the press alone. Part of the solution lies in education, and, I think, part of it lies with just learning to live with it. Our tradition and culture and community of learning have become reticulated, complicated, and non-hierarchical. They have their own nobility if one brings to them the right attitudes of affection, interest, and indefatigability. The new knowledge is not the kind of thing one can ever finally master; there is no place a man can go to get it all straight. But it has its beauty if one knows how to live with it.

And the main thing is to recognize this and not to talk in terms of cultures which are unattainable for us, but to welcome those that are at hand.

Because beyond the need for explanation of the practical, beyond the need for information, there will always be the need for a community of meaning and understanding. To my mind this is a basic and central need. It is a very grave circumstance of our time that the overwhelming part of new knowledge is available only to a few people and does not enrich common understanding. I think, nevertheless, that learned folk do have some sense of this community; and I think this furnishes a clue for others, because it comes in part from the similarities of experience in our professional lives—from recognizing points in common and differences in our separate traditions. We have lived in parallel ways through experience and wonder and have some glimmering of a kind of new-found harmony.

This suggests to me that all of us in our years of learning, and many if not most of us throughout our lives, need some true apprenticeship, some hard and concentrated work, in the specialized traditions. This will make us better able to understand one another but, most important of all, it will clarify for us the extent to which we do not understand one another. It will not be easy. It means a major change in the way we look at the world and in our educational practices. It means that an understanding of the scope, depth, and nature of our ignorance should be among the primary purposes of education. But to me, it seems necessary for the coherence of our culture, and for the very future of any free civilization. A faithful image of this in the public press could do a great deal to help us all get on with it.

#### CRAZY BUT NOT STUPID

I WANT to turn now to a second subject—disarmament—which may seem irrelevant but, as I hope to show, is not entirely so. Somehow it does not seem quite right of me to discuss a question which I regard as quite central for the future of culture without adding at least a few phrases about the anomalous and terrible situation of the new weapons with which, in their origins, I had quite a close connection.

Perhaps I can best start with a story. It seems that a man was driving into an American city to keep an appointment and one of his back wheels came off in front of an insane asylum. One of the inmates stared out of the window at him

and the man said to him in desperation, "Look, the bolts are missing from one of my wheels—I've got an important engagement and everything depends on my making it." The man in the asylum said, "Well you've got four wheels, take a bolt from each of the other three and your problem is solved." The traveler looked up and said, "Say, you aren't so crazy." And the inmate replied, "Sure I'm crazy, but I'm not stupid." That may be a good parable for where we stand with our weapons.

I fully respect those who take the cheerful view that matters might be much worse. It would certainly be worse if all Europe were in Communist hands; it would be worse if a third world war had broken out and ravaged our lives and our culture. But the situation is still terribly dangerous. When we come on testimony before Congressional committees that our operations as now planned would call for 300 million deaths, and so on, we are not, I believe, hearing overstatements or misstatements.

Furthermore, it is my impression that those who are in a position to know expect that, for a time at least, technical developments may tend to create a situation much more trigger-happy and much less subject to the enormous control these weapons call for—the control which should perhaps be the first expression of that change in the behavior of states and governments for which we are surely destined if we are to survive.

Yet there is enough anxiety so that there is more and more talk of disarmament, and the governments—which have agonizing responsibilities for maintaining the power and influence of their states—are at last nibbling gently at the subject.

I would be reluctant to create the impression that I do not believe in disarmament. We all know what indescribable difficulties stand in the way of negotiating it and how Utopian it seems to talk of meaningful, effective, adequate disarmament which would protect the world. But my point is a little different. It is not that disarmament is Utopian but that it really is not Utopian enough. There are two quite simple arguments from the nature of scientific progress which bear on the stability and value of disarmament. They are very general principles and they were very much on our minds when, in 1946, a group of people in this country and abroad tried to work out an idea of what the control of atomic energy would mean.

The first point, which I mentioned earlier, is that new discoveries are made with such enormous and unpredictable rapidity that you can-

not possibly devise an instrument of disarmament which is to hold good twenty or thirty years from now unless you forbid inquiry and discovery—and you probably could not legislate that even if you wanted to.

The second point is that the acquisition of knowledge is, for practical purposes, and barring global catastrophe, an irreversible thing. If ever the nations do start to fly at each other's throats they will be quite capable of doing again whatever they once learned to do.

#### AN OPEN WORLD

THESE two propositions meant to us then, and mean to me now, that the world has to be an open world in which, practically speaking, secrets are illegal. They mean that some of the great power and responsibility which habitually and traditionally rest with the nation-states must rest in less national hands which are better able to use it. They mean that ours must be a united world, as it has never been before.

Some part of this redistribution of power can be accomplished through international organizations, and the experience of OEEC and EURATOM and NATO give very great hope for developing into valuable trans-national institutions. NATO, in particular, may have its greatest historic destiny in this hope, rather than in its past.

But, even more than a growing role for the international organizations, these propositions signify to me the greater development of something which pervades the whole of natural science, and most of learning, and which is beginning even to touch our colleagues behind the Iron Curtain. I refer to the fraternal communities of men embarked on specialized work: those who know how to extirpate malaria; those who seek to understand the radio signals coming to us from remote parts of the Universe; those who recreate the early history of man, his art, and his learning. Their knowledge and know-how bind them together as possessors of true community, complementary to the local geographic communities, complementary to the communities of state and civic tradition; they are the warp of community, as the nations are the woof.

These communities of the mind are the human counterpart and the basis of the international institutions that the future must hold in store and on them rests, it seems to me, the hope that we will survive this unprecedented period in the history of man.





By JAMES BALDWIN

*Drawings by Eldzier Cortor*

## THE HARD KIND OF COURAGE

An account of a distinguished Negro author's first visit to the South . . . and his discovery that not all white people there are "mean" and that the North may not be immune to their troubles.

**Y**OU can take the child out of the country," my elders were fond of saying, "but you can't take the country out of the child." They were speaking of their own antecedents, I supposed; it didn't, anyway, seem possible that they could be warning me; I took myself out of the country and went to Paris. It was there I discovered that the old folks knew what they had been talking about: I found myself, willy-nilly, alchemized into an American the moment I touched French soil.

Now, back again after nearly nine years, it was ironical to reflect that if I had not lived in France for so long I would never have found it necessary—or possible—to visit the American South. The South had always frightened me. How deeply it had frightened me—though I had never seen it—and how soon, was one of the things my dreams revealed to me while I was there. And this made me think of the privacy and mystery of childhood all over again, in a new way. I wondered where children got their

strength—the strength, in this case, to walk through mobs to get to school.

"You've got to remember," said an older Negro friend to me, in Washington, "that no matter what you see or how it makes you feel, it can't be compared to twenty-five, thirty years ago—you remember those photographs of Negroes hanging from trees?" I looked at him differently. I had seen the photographs—but *he* might have been one of them. "I remember," he said, "when conductors on street-cars wore pistols and had police powers." And he remembered a great deal more. He remembered, for example, hearing Booker T. Washington speak, and the day to day progress of the Scottsboro case, and the rise and bloody fall of Bessie Smith. These had been books and headlines and music for me but it now developed that they were also a part of my identity.

"You're just one generation away from the South, you know. You'll find," he added, kindly, "that people will be willing to talk to you . . . if they don't feel that you look down on them just because you're from the North."

The first Negro I encountered, an educator, didn't give me any opportunity to look down. He forced me to admit, at once, that I had never been to college; that Northern Negroes lived herded together, like pigs in a pen; that the campus on which we met was a tribute to the industry and determination of Southern Negroes.

"Negroes in the South form a *community*." My humiliation was complete with his discovery that I couldn't even drive a car. I couldn't ask him anything. He made me feel so hopeless an example of the general Northern spinelessness that it would have seemed a spiteful counter-attack to have asked him to discuss the integration problem which had placed his city in the headlines.

At the same time, I felt that there was nothing which bothered him more; but perhaps he did not really know what he thought about it; or thought too many things at once. His campus risked being very different twenty years from now. Its special function would be gone—and so would his position, arrived at with such pain. The new day a-coming was not for him. I don't think this fact made him bitter but I think it frightened him and made him sad; for the future is like heaven, everyone exalts it but no one wants to go there now. And I imagine that he shared the attitude, which I was to encounter so often later, toward the children, who were helping to bring this future about: admiration before the general spectacle and skepticism before the individual case.

**"I DON'T LET IT  
BOTHER ME"**

**T**HAT evening I went to visit G., one of the "integrated" children, a boy of about fifteen. I had already heard something of his first day in school, the peculiar problems his presence caused, and his own extraordinary bearing.

He seemed extraordinary at first mainly by his silence. He was tall for his age and, typically, seemed to be constructed mainly of sharp angles, such as elbows and knees. Dark gingerbread sort of coloring, with ordinary hair, and a face disquietingly impassive, save for his very dark, very large eyes. I got the impression, each time that he raised them, not so much that they spoke but that they registered volumes; each time he dropped them it was as though he had retired into the library.

We sat in the living-room, his mother, younger brother and sister, and I, while G. sat on the sofa, doing his homework. The father was at work and the older sister had not yet come home. The boy had looked up once, as I came in, to say, "Good evening, sir," and then left all the rest to his mother.

Mrs. R., was a very strong-willed woman, handsome, quiet-looking, dressed in black. Nothing,

she told me, beyond name-calling, had marked G.'s first day at school; but on the second day she received the last of several threatening phone calls. She was told that if she didn't want her son "cut to ribbons" she had better keep him at home. She heeded this warning to the extent of calling the chief of police.

"He told me to go on and send him. He said he'd be there when the cutting started. So I sent him." Even more remarkably perhaps, G. went.

No one cut him, in fact no one touched him. The students formed a wall between G. and the entrances, saying only enough, apparently, to make their intention clearly understood, watching him, and keeping him outside. (I asked him, "What did you feel when they blocked your way?" G. looked up at me, very briefly, with no expression on his face, and told me, "Nothing, sir.") At last the Principal appeared and took him by the hand and they entered the school, while the children shouted behind them, "Nigger-lover!"

G. is alone all day at school.

"But I thought you already knew some of the kids there," I said. I had been told that he had friends among the white students because of their previous competition in a Soapbox Derby.

"Well, none of them are in his classes," his mother told me—a shade too quickly, as though she did not want to dwell on the idea of G.'s daily isolation.

"We don't have the same schedule," G. said. It was as though he were coming to his mother's rescue. Then, unwillingly, with a kind of interior shrug, "Some of the guys had lunch with me but then the other kids called them names." He went back to his homework.

I began to realize that there were not only a great many things G. would not tell me, there was much that he would never tell his mother.

"But nobody bothers you, anyway?"

"No," he said. "They just—call names. I don't let it bother me."

Nevertheless, the Principal frequently escorts him through the halls. One day, when G. was alone, a boy tripped him and knocked him down and G. reported this to the Principal. The white boy denied it but a few days later, while G. and the Principal were together, he came over and said, "I'm sorry I tripped you, I won't do it again," and they shook hands. But it doesn't seem that this boy has as yet developed into a friend. And it is clear that G. will not allow himself to expect this.

I asked Mrs. R. what had prompted her





to have her son re-assigned to a previously all-white high school. She sighed, paused; then, sharply, "Well, it's not because I'm so anxious to have him around white people." Then she laughed. "I really don't know how I'd feel if I was to carry a white baby around who was calling me Grandma." G. laughed, too, for the first time. "White people say," the mother went on, "that that's all a Negro wants. I don't think they believe that themselves."

Then we switched from the mysterious question of what white folks believe to the relatively solid ground of what she, herself, knows and fears.

"You see that boy? Well, he's always been a straight-A student. He didn't hardly have to work at it. You see the way he's so quiet now on the sofa, with his books? Well, when he was going to ——— High School, he didn't have no homework or if he did, he could get it done in five minutes. Then, there he was, out in the streets, getting into mischief, and all he did all day in school was just keep clowning to make the other boys laugh. He wasn't learning nothing and didn't nobody care if he *never* learned nothing and I could just see what was going to happen to him if he kept on like that."

The boy was very quiet.

"What were you learning in ——— High?" I asked him.

"Nothing!" he exploded, with a very un-boyish laugh. I asked him to tell me about it.

"Well, the teacher comes in," he said, "and she gives you something to read and she goes out. She leaves some other student in charge . . ." ("You can just imagine how much reading gets done," Mrs. R. interposed.) "At the end of the period," G. continued, "she comes back and tells you something to read for the next day."

So, having nothing else to do, G. began amusing his classmates and his mother began to be afraid. G. is just about at the age when boys

begin dropping out of school. Perhaps they get a girl into trouble; she also drops out; the boy gets work for a time or gets into trouble for a long time. I was told that forty-five girls had left school for the maternity ward the year before. A week or ten days before I arrived in the city eighteen boys from G.'s former high school had been sentenced to the chain gang.

"My boy's a good boy," said Mrs. R., "and I wanted to see him have a chance."

"Don't the teachers care about the students?" I asked. This brought forth more laughter. How could they care? How much could they do if they *did* care? There were too many children, from shaky homes and worn-out parents, in aging, inadequate plants. They could be considered, most of them, as already doomed. Besides, the teachers' jobs were safe. They were responsible only to the Principal, an appointed official, whose judgment, apparently, was never questioned by his (white) superiors or confreres.

The Principal of G.'s former high school was about seventy-five, when he was finally retired and his idea of discipline was to have two boys beat each other—"under his supervision"—with leather belts. This once happened with G., with no other results than that his parents gave the Principal a tongue-lashing. It happened with two boys of G.'s acquaintance with the result that, after school, one boy beat the other so badly that he had to be sent to the hospital. The teachers have themselves arrived at a dead end, for in a segregated school system they cannot rise any higher, and the students are aware of this. Both students and teachers soon cease to struggle.

"If a boy can wash a blackboard," a teacher was heard to say, "I'll promote him."

I asked Mrs. R. how other Negroes felt about her having had G. re-assigned.

"Well, a lot of them don't like it," she said—though I gathered that they did not say so to her.

As school time approached, more and more people asked her, "Are you going to send him?" "Well," she told them, "the man says the door is open and I feel like, yes, I'm going to go on and send him."

Out of a population of some fifty thousand Negroes, there had been only forty-five applications. People had said that they would send their children, had talked about it, had made plans; but, as the time drew near, when the application blanks were actually in their hands, they said, "I don't believe I'll sign this right now, I'll sign it later." Or, "I been thinking about this. I don't believe I'll send him right now."

"Why?" I asked. But to this she couldn't, or wouldn't, give me any answer.

I asked if there had been any reprisals taken against herself or her husband, if she was worried while G. was at school all day. She said that, no, there had been no reprisals, though some white people, under the pretext of giving her good advice, had expressed disapproval of her action. But she herself doesn't have a job and so doesn't risk losing one. Nor, she told me, had anyone said anything to her husband, who, however, by her own proud suggestion, is extremely close-mouthed. And it developed later that he was not working at his regular trade but at something else.

As to whether she was worried, "No," she told me; in much the same way that G., when asked about the blockade, had said, "Nothing, sir." In her case it was easier to see what she meant: she hoped for the best and would not allow herself, in the meantime, to lose her head. "I don't feel like nothing's going to happen," she said, soberly. "I *hope* not. But I know if anybody tries to harm me or any one of my children, I'm going to strike back with all my strength. I'm going to strike them in God's name."

G., in the meantime, on the sofa with his books, was preparing himself for the next school day. His face was as impassive as ever and I found myself wondering—again—how he managed to face what must surely have been the worst moment of his day—the morning, when he opened his eyes and realized that it was all to be gone through again. Insults, and incipient violence, teachers, and—exams.

"One among so many," his mother said, "that's kind of rough."

"Do you think you'll make it?" I asked him. "Would you rather go back to ——— High?"

"No," he said, "I'll make it. I ain't going back."

"He ain't thinking about going back," said

his mother—proudly and sadly. I began to suspect that the boy managed to support the extreme tension of his situation by means of a nearly fanatical concentration on his school-work: by holding in the center of his mind the issue on which, when the deal went down, others would be *forced* to judge him. Pride and silence were his weapons. Pride comes naturally, and soon, to a Negro, but even his mother, I felt, was worried about G.'s silence, though she was too wise to break it. For what was all this doing to him really?

"It's hard enough," the boy said later, still in control but with flashing eyes, "to keep quiet and keep walking when they call you nigger. But if anybody ever spits on me, I *know* I'll have to fight."

His mother laughs, laughs to ease them both, then looks at me and says, "I wonder sometimes what makes white folks so mean."

#### YOUNG MAN IN TROUBLE

**T**HIS is a recurring question among Negroes, even among the most "liberated"—which epithet is meant, of course, to describe the writer. The next day, with this question (more elegantly phrased) still beating in my mind, I visited the Principal of G.'s new high school. But he didn't look "mean" and he wasn't "mean": he was a thin, young man of about my age, bewildered and in trouble. I asked him how things were working out, what he thought about it, what he thought would happen—in the long run, or the short.

"Well, I've got a job to do," he told me, "and I'm going to do it." He said that there hadn't been any trouble and that he didn't expect any. "Many students, after all, never see G. at all." None of the children have harmed him and the teachers are, apparently, carrying out their rather tall orders, which are to be kind to G. and, at the same time, to treat him like any other student.

I asked him to describe to me the incident, on the second day of school, when G.'s entrance had been blocked by the students. He told me that it was nothing at all—"It was a gesture more than anything else." He had simply walked out and spoken to the students and brought G. inside. "I've seen them do the same thing to other kids when they were kidding," he said. I imagine that he would like to be able to place this incident in the same cheerful, if rowdy category, despite the shouts (which he does not mention) of "nigger-lover!"



"Which epithet does not, in any case, describe him at all.

"Why," I asked, "is G. the only Negro student here?" According to this city's pupil assignment plan, a plan designed to allow the least possible integration over the longest possible period of time, G. was the only Negro student who qualified.

"And, anyway," he said, "I don't think it's right for colored children to come to white schools just *because* they're white."

"Well," I began, "even if you don't like it . . ."

"Oh," he said quickly, raising his head and looking at me sideways, "I never said I didn't like it."

And then he explained to me, with difficulty, that it was simply contrary to everything he'd ever seen or believed. He'd never dreamed of a mingling of the races; had never lived that way himself and didn't suppose that he ever would; in the same way, he added, perhaps a trifle defensively, that he only associated with a certain stratum of white people. But, "I've never seen a colored person toward whom I had any hatred or ill-will."

His eyes searched mine as he said this and I knew that he was wondering if I believed him.

I certainly did believe him, he impressed me as being a very gentle and honorable man. But I could not avoid wondering if he had ever really *looked* at a Negro and wondered about the life, the aspirations, the universal humanity hidden behind the dark skin. As I wondered, when he told me that race relations in his city were "excellent" and had not been strained by recent developments, how on earth he managed to hold on to this delusion.

#### THE NORTH TOMORROW

**I**LATER got back to my interrupted question, which I phrased more tactfully.

"Even though it's very difficult for all concerned—this situation—doesn't it occur to you that the reason colored children wish to come to white schools isn't because they want to be with white people but simply because they want a better education?"

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, "it seems to me that colored schools are just as good as white schools." I wanted to ask him on what evidence he had arrived at this conclusion and also how they could possibly be "as good" in view of the kind of life they came out of, and perpetuated, and the dim prospects faced by all but the most exceptional or ruthless Negro students. But I

only suggested that G. and his family, who certainly should have known, so thoroughly disagreed with him that they had been willing to risk G.'s present well-being and his future psychological and mental health in order to bring about a change in his environment. Nor did I mention the lack of enthusiasm evinced by G.'s mother when musing on the prospect of a fair grandchild. There seemed no point in making this man any more a victim of his heritage than he so gallantly was already.

"Still," I said at last, after a rather painful pause, "I should think that the trouble in this situation is that it's very hard for *you* to face a child and treat him unjustly because of something for which he is no more responsible than—than *you* are."

The eyes came to life then, or a veil fell, and I found myself staring at a man in anguish. The eyes were full of pain and bewilderment and he nodded his head. This was the impossibility which he faced every day. And I imagined that his tribe would increase, in sudden leaps and bounds, was already increasing.

For segregation has worked brilliantly in the South, and, in fact, in the nation, to this extent: it has allowed white people, with scarcely any pangs of conscience whatever, to *create*, in every generation, only the Negro they wished to see. As the walls come down they will be forced to take another, harder look at the shiftless and the menial and will be forced into a wonder concerning them which cannot fail to be agonizing. It is not an easy thing to be forced to re-examine a way of life and to speculate, in a personal way, on the general injustice.

"What do you think," I asked him, "will happen? What do you think the future holds?"

He gave a strained laugh and said he didn't know. "I don't want to think about it." Then, "I'm a religious man," he said, "and I believe the Creator will always help us find a way to solve our problems. If a man loses that, he's lost everything he had." I agreed, struck by the look in his eyes.

"You're from the North?" he asked me, abruptly.

"Yes," I said.

"Well," he said, "you've got your trouble too."

"Ah, yes, we certainly do," I admitted, and shook hands and left him. I did not say what I was thinking, that our troubles were the same trouble and that, unless we were very swift and honest, what is happening in the South today will be happening in the North tomorrow.



# ATHENS on the Subway

By FREDERICK GUTHEIM

*Drawings by Donald Mackay*

Lincoln Center could turn out to be a priceless boon to music and the theater—or a diamond-studded noose to throttle artistic talent. A noted city planner examines its pitfalls and possibilities, and suggests what can be done to make it a national delight.

NEW YORK CITY, that incurably romantic metropolis, has long dreamed of having its own cultural headquarters, worthy of a world capital, bringing together the theater, ballet, opera, music, and anything else that will fit in with them.

This fantasy lay behind the creation of Rockefeller Center in the 1930s, and it emerged fifteen years later in William Zeckendorf's boldest scheme, his original plan for the slaughter-house site ultimately occupied by the United Nations. The vision has now appeared again—in its purest, undiluted form—as the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

Lincoln Square, the big package containing the Center, is New York's most ambitious urban redevelopment project. Under the slum-clearance program, federal subsidies and the power of condemnation are being used to clear more than fourteen West Side blocks. On them will be built new private housing for four thousand families, a new graduate-school campus for Ford-

ham University, and the Lincoln Center—in which the Metropolitan Opera, the Philharmonic orchestra, the Juilliard School of Music, a new theater for the dance, and a new repertory theater will all find a place. As the project made its way through the City Planning Commission and the Board of Estimate, and weathered extensive court disputes, some additional features were deleted—including six new legitimate theaters. Added since have been a restaurant and a performing-arts museum.

Though vague and anonymous to most people, Lincoln Square is an actual place on the official map of New York—a left-over triangle formed by the intersection of Broadway and Columbus Avenue. A block east is Central Park; four blocks south are Columbus Circle and the new Coliseum. The actual project area is irregular—lying between 60th and 70th Streets, Columbus Avenue, and the railroad tracks three blocks to the west—but it takes its name from the little plaza which contains, strangely enough, a statue of Dante.

This is a curiously divided neighborhood. Here stands a modern office building once owned by former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, housing the New York offices of the Atomic Energy Commission. Not far away is Pearl McCullough's Club House and Sanitarium for Birds. There are Protestant churches and several substantial Catholic institutions, plus a number of Pentecostal chapels that struggle along behind store fronts. Like many "recent" New York slums, the area is a thoroughly mixed one.

Though most of the residential buildings are Old Law Tenements built before 1900—and though 96 per cent of them were recently found to be substandard—it is not structural defects that



make this a slum. Rather it is the overcongestion, disease, delinquency, crime, and other attendant ills of a cramped and scrambled population. Here are 110 rooming houses, all built before 1902. About a quarter of the nearly 20,000 people living in the area are members of minority groups, mainly Negro and Puerto Rican. The newsstands display *La Prensa* and *El Imparcial* along with the English-language press, and *bodegas* are numerous. Heavy trucks pound north and south day and night, on Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues. Crosstown streets are clogged with parked cars. Perhaps the conflicting strands of violence and respectability are succinctly conveyed by the sign on a dry-cleaning shop: "Stain Specialists. Expert Removal of Blood, Ink, Nail Polish, Vomit."

The Lincoln Square project is a part of the general upgrading of New York's West Side, where nearly five thousand municipally-owned apartment units are now under construction. Three thousand more have recently been completed, and two more large urban-renewal projects are being planned. Housing will in fact take up five-sixths of Lincoln Square, with only eleven acres going to the Arts Center. But it is the Center, of course, which distinguishes this from other projects which the Committee on Slum Clearance has offered the city.

The issues raised by Lincoln Center are profound ones for New York. But regrettably they are not the questions on which public attention has been concentrated. In the ten hours of public hearings conducted by the New York City Planning Commission, and nearly two years of discussion in the press, the main concerns have been whether it is constitutional to use federal subsidies to aid a religious institution, and how to handle the vast human problems involved in uprooting 5,194 families and 581 business establishments. The far more important problems of overcentralization, overconcentration, and overcongestion—not to speak of the ultimate artistic consequences—have been neglected.

Is there any sense in bringing together so many cultural and entertainment activities?

Is this the right place in New York to do it?

Are eleven acres enough for an opera house, concert hall, ballet theater, repertory theater, Juilliard, and an outdoor amphitheater—all having a combined capacity of 13,500?

Is the area accessible to such large crowds?

Will underground parking for eight hundred cars be enough?

What about the heavy trucking traffic?

To go deeper, we might ask whether all the

parts of the Lincoln Center plan fit together—or whether this is just an expedient package of unrelated elements? Is there any significant relationship between the opera, symphony, ballet, and music school, or are they merely being brought together by accident? Did the City Planning Commission, when it outlined future land-use for the West Side in its 1954 Master Plan, really have in mind this concentration of so many eminent institutions?

These are the questions that should have been asked. Some are worth discussing even at this late hour, because the planning and development of Lincoln Center can still be changed for the better. Others, like the location of the project, should have been raised much earlier if they were to have any practical effect.

But my purpose here is to encourage a broader understanding of an enterprise which I believe to be more significant to New York City—and to American culture generally—than even its promoters have claimed. We have at stake the nation's main institutions in the performing arts; the biggest piece of capital ever committed to a cultural undertaking; and the creation of an artistic force of vast influence. It can turn out to be either a wonderful opportunity or a formidable threat to the integrity of the arts—depending on the way the project is handled in the stages just ahead.

#### GENTEEL SQUALOR

IT MUST be admitted, at the outset, that New York's major cultural organizations badly need new quarters. The Metropolitan Opera occupies a wholly inadequate site at the southern edge of the Broadway theater district. Its dingy brick building, dating from the 1880s, is completely obsolete. The acoustics are tolerable only in about half the seats—the expensive ones. The stage cannot even be seen from one-sixth of the seats, especially those on the sides of the balcony. Because there is no space for storing stage sets, the opera has to pay \$200,000 a year just to haul scenery to and from warehouses in the Bronx—to say nothing of damages from doing it in snow and rain. Backstage is a theatrical slum of overcrowded dressing-rooms, inadequate lavatories, and other inconveniences. The masonry building cannot be remodeled, and the impossibility of air conditioning condemns it to a short winter season which, last year, amounted to only 167 performances.

Despite these handicaps, the Metropolitan is the world's leading opera company, and Carrère

and Hastings endowed its interior with a magnificence unlikely to be duplicated today. Lacking the public subsidy which supports every other major opera company, the Met's recurring and often frantic appeals for support have given a false impression of an impoverished and tottering institution. This impression has been strengthened by a widely-publicized search for new quarters over the past several decades (Rockefeller Center, planned in 1931, was a by-product of this research). However, the opera is exempt from taxes. Its highly valuable real estate is only lightly mortgaged. If the Met were to move to Lincoln Center, it would be in excellent financial shape. As a tenant, the opera would pay rent for only some thirty weeks' use of its building. Its capital resources would not be sunk in land and buildings, but would be available for new productions. It would be able to experiment with summer opera, and other popular and profitable off-season activities.

While nine-tenths of opera fare will probably continue to be highly standardized, there should be both greater possibility and more incentive for experiment. No drastic change in the form of productions would be likely to result from the move, nor any surge of new American operatic compositions, or even opera in English. Still the opera would be better lit, with cleaner scenery, fresher costumes and—best of all—you would be able to see and hear it. It would also have 3,800 seats; whether that is good or bad depends on your taste in opera-going.

The New York Philharmonic is a tenant in Carnegie Hall—a charming and acoustically splendid house—but it is living there on borrowed time. Its architectural faults are not nearly as atrocious as those of the Metropolitan, and its accessory of studios for artists is not likely to be duplicated in its new home, but Carnegie Hall still leaves much to be desired.

The performing musician looks out into an audience divided into five levels. The concert-goer destined for the cheaper seats has to climb three or four flights. Backstage conditions are cramped and inadequate. Oratorios and other choral works require the chorus to remain on stage, even during intermissions—there is no place else to go—so performers have been known to faint from exhaustion.

Lincoln Center promises a concert hall for 2,400 persons with no more than three levels of seats, reached by escalators. Contrasted to Carnegie Hall, with its semi-theatrical stage and proscenium arch, the new building would be frankly a concert hall with emphasis on better

acoustics, sight-lines, and up-to-date facilities for radio and television transmission. It is hard to see anything here but an absolute gain.

The third major musical institution in Lincoln Center will be the Juilliard School, probably the nation's leading center of musical education, with about a thousand students. Juilliard's present location at the northern edge of Morningside Heights dates from 1910, and it has become progressively less satisfactory as the school has concentrated on its graduate program and felt the need to be closer to the center of things. Its old buildings were designed merely for musical education, while the school now aspires to link music to the theater and the dance, and will organize three principal divisions—music, dance, and dramatic arts—when it moves.

As projected, Lincoln Center will also contain a ballet theater and an outdoor music amphitheater for 3,500 equipped with an orchestra shell. A repertory theater for a company yet to be organized is now assured by a \$3 million gift for this purpose by Mrs. Vivian Beaumont Allen. Beneath the complex, a parking garage will accommodate eight hundred cars.

Lincoln Center—the overall organizational framework—is under the direction of a board with representatives from each of the major participating institutions. To finance its ambitious undertaking, it proposes to raise \$75 million by public contributions, of which \$55 million is earmarked for buildings. More than half has already been pledged.

The project was well described by John D. Rockefeller III, Chairman of its Board, as “a step of pivotal importance in the artistic life of this country.”

Where is this step likely to lead?

#### PERILS AND PRESSURES

THE individual institutions which move to Lincoln Center will find themselves in greatly improved circumstances. But this will still be a collection of five autonomous institutions, united chiefly by their common location and landlord. Already the demand has been heard, from the musicologist Paul Henry Lang, that “behind the steel, stone, and chromium must be a spirit as up-to-date as the architecture and modern conveniences. The distinguished institutions transferring their seats to the new artistic center will not be expected to continue business as usual but to move into the second half of the twentieth century.”

Lincoln Center has stirred hopes of releasing



creative energies long dormant, of stimulating exploration and new developments in the performing arts. The simple fact of proximity may help; the presence of a great educational institution and of artists in several fields should mean much to performers, audience, and students. Already Lincoln Center itself has taken the first steps to create an Artists Council, parallel to its Board of Directors, and the initiative for artistic advance may well come from there.

But if union provides a certain strength and inspiration, it is also a sobering commitment in these days of organizational limitation in the arts.

Behind the Lincoln Square program is the idea of the mass audience, year-round air-conditioned performances, businesslike management dedicated to filling every seat in the house. Radio and television, and perhaps the film, may demand performances that can be delivered to the millions. These pressures toward standardization and popularization will be magnified by the built-in managerial desire to minimize business risk.

This could all too easily lead to hiring stars with established followings, clogging programs with safe old favorites, and generally shunning anything new and daring.

The music world already is highly centralized. A few big booking agencies virtually own most musical performers, and they largely dictate the nation's musical life by determining who shall play what, where, and when. If their kind of business arguments for "giving the public what it wants" dominate Lincoln Center as well, they may throttle imagination and progress.

So far, the best assurance against this danger has come from a few people associated with the Center who have stated clearly what they want to do with it. George Judd, Jr. sees the Philharmonic's move as a chance to "make available to the widest possible public as many concerts, drawn from the entire range of symphonic literature, as will be consistent with the best possible performance under conditions really suited to both performer and listener."

William Schuman, the president of Juilliard,



has said that he sees an opportunity to create an institution "which can devote itself exclusively to the training of the most gifted students." That is why schools of dance and dramatic arts will be added to Juilliard's music program. And as a director of the Center, though he has thus far kept silent, Lincoln Kirstein—managing director of the New York City Ballet and founder of the American School of the Ballet—must be counted as one who understands what the Center can mean for the future of the arts.

So there is hope, if not yet assurance, of an interplay between the arts on a scale unparalleled in modern times; and there is the avowed aim, still to be translated into reality, that "the whole of Lincoln Center will be greater than the sum of its parts."

#### SUNNY BUT URBANE, LIKE

**P**ERHAPS it is premature to comment on the architecture of a project that is still changing, and far from complete even on paper. But the preliminary sketches plainly show that the principal architects—Harrison and Abramowitz—are wrestling with difficult problems. They are trying to fit into an arbitrary New York plot a number of buildings with highly specific requirements, and to end up with a place that is open, sunny, green, and at the same time urbane, busy, and monumental.

Most of the southern edge of Lincoln Center is being left open, for a park with facilities for open-air concerts. This is a notion cherished by Robert Moses, whose influence in this project has been decisive—though the idea is a bad one for this noisy site. A large restaurant and the concert hall occupy the most accessible northeastern corner, where a spot has also been reserved for a museum. Paved areas, a promenade, and a plaza relate these to the other buildings.

By locating a thirteen-story slab of apartments where they will screen out a number of municipal buildings, the architects have created a controllable space for the opera, the repertory theater, the theater for the dance (to be designed by Philip Johnson Associates), and the



*Lincoln Square in the summer of 1958—with demolition beginning (right corner). Lincoln Center of the future appears on page 66. The*

*Metropolitan Opera building dominates the three-block site, with the Dance Theater on the left and the Concert Hall, right.*

Juilliard buildings (to be designed by Pietro Belluschi). This plan now seems well established, and operations to clear the site are already under way, though the first building is unlikely to be completed before 1961.

The greatest difficulty, of course, is congestion. The subway and the eight-hundred-car garage will require most patrons to go on foot or by taxi, even when the Center's five halls are not all operating. Though it should be possible to stagger their times of beginning and ending performances to minimize the traffic jams, this will still be New York, not Glyndebourne.

The illusion of green spaciousness will be gained by facing the buildings inward, away from noisy streets, to create a campus setting. If lounges and lobbies are properly developed, this feeling can be accentuated so that the one-third of the site not actually covered by buildings will seem a great deal larger. A high standard for such green spaces has been set in New York by the garden of the Museum of Modern Art and the open spaces in Rockefeller Center, and presumably an equally good design job can be done here. Rich garden treatments and sculpture, with spectacular illumination at night, are indicated.

The design of the individual buildings is still developing. The opera is the only one yet to assume final form. From its early sketches—strongly reminiscent of the winning competition

drawing for the Sidney, Australia, opera house—this has grown into a much more refined structure, characterized by a five-story glass elevation under the gay scallops of its vaulted concrete roof. The elements of this design are hardly original, but their execution is sensitive and the conception—even at this huge scale—is good.

This is nighttime architecture. Towering over the airy glass entrance is the huge masonry block containing the stage loft and the other working parts of the opera. Such a mass of brick is unlikely to be suppressed as firmly as the drawings suggest, even at night, but should not destroy the whole conception.

The theater for the dance and the concert hall, so unlike in function, are unbelievably similar and symmetrical. They flank the main approach to the opera house. In the current proposals they are deliberately subordinated to Harrison's "modern baroque" glass opera façade. Their architecture is in the style of the Mies van der Rohe of a decade ago, but we still have only preliminary sketches, and much further progress in their design can be expected.

While the architectural aspects of Lincoln Square are of fundamental importance, it is too early to form any final judgment. We seem likely to get something distinguished by refinement rather than originality. But inherent in the planning are difficulties not likely to be overcome. Though the trip will seem worthwhile,



once you are there, the problem of getting away again will be a distracting annoyance—like wondering how you are going to get out of a big museum.

#### THE MISSING AUDIENCE

THE real issues raised by Lincoln Center are not related to urban redevelopment, nor yet to architecture; and they have ceased to be issues of planning. They are questions about the concentration of cultural activity in a single place, of the extreme removal of the arts from other aspects of city life. The risks, and the responsibilities, are enormous.

The matter would be more easily resolved if this were a cultural center for Chicago, Kansas City, or Los Angeles. But New York aspires to be—and is accepted at home and abroad—as our national cultural center. Its monopoly on mass communications makes it that, whether you like it or not. Lincoln Center cannot finally be judged apart from the essential creative element which translates the performance of any great artist into a national or international event—the audience.

Is the audience of the opera, the symphony, the ballet just an anonymous mass of people who pay the freight? Or is it a critical, cosmopolitan, functioning element in the artistic production—something that affects the way musicians work, that makes a playwright change his lines, or a choreographer alter his design? Who sets the standard for the performing arts? Why do you play up to one audience, down to another? Can a performance be complete until it has passed the test of the most critical audience?

The answers are self-evident to anyone who has gone to a matinee, and inarguable to anyone who has experienced the London audience of a good play, the Milanese audience of an opera, or the Copenhagen audience of a pantomime.

For an audience is not a haphazard collection of people, or even one self-selected by their attraction to a particular production. It has a life and a character of its own. It is made up of many small parts, cliques or cliques, as the case may be. It has continuity. It can identify itself. Its reaction is conditioned by the newspapers and magazines it reads, by the gossip it hears, by the views it exchanges before the show, during the intermission, or after the show.

So far the missing element in Lincoln Center is the audience, and it will be the hardest element to create under the present plan.

The natural neighbors of concert halls, thea-

ters, and artistic enterprises are not other institutions of the same sort. They are hotels, night clubs, bars, restaurants, bookstores, music shops, flower stores—all the services that are part of an evening out. What else does one do between leaving the office and arriving at the opera? Where to meet one's friends, to exchange views, to pass an agreeable hour (glass in hand) before an experience that one anticipates sharing? How recapture its pleasure afterwards?

Perhaps it was a mistake not to move the Russian Tea Room along with the Philharmonic to Lincoln Center. The remedy might be to encourage an uptown migration of cafés, night clubs, and lunch rooms. But the restaurant facilities so far planned as part of the Center suggest neither the intimacy nor the quality needed to serve an important social purpose. Rather one fears a mass-feeding operation, something like the Brass Rail or Schrafft's.

This point is stressed because in this tightly planned project there will be no room for private businesses to supplement the cultural facilities. The land will be filled by housing and other buildings. Moreover, they are not regarded as legitimate parts of the enterprise. If a single night club were to find a location within the antiseptic boundaries of a federally-subsidized redevelopment project, the political clamor would be ear-splitting. What then to do?

Outside the boundaries of the project, however—probably along Broadway between Lincoln Center and Columbus Circle—the city might be able to use its zoning and other powers to encourage the growth of new establishments of the needed type. It might even regulate their appearance and construction. Such a strip of several blocks might become a busy and attractive mall—parts of it actually sheltered against the weather by enclosure—and branching into minor streets and lanes. New York might then have a modern equivalent of old 52nd Street, the vernacular architecture we find today in Los Angeles' Olvera Street, or the much admired qualities of Copenhagen's Tivoli.

What I am speaking of is not an after-thought or a detail that can safely be overlooked. The lack of attention thus far paid by Lincoln Center to the complete cultural and social experience means, in effect, sandwiching music in between rides on the subway. Unless it is remedied, it may finish off the audience as a working partner of the artist. If so, I am afraid it will contribute a provincial tone to the performing arts in New York City, and be fatal to their serious acceptance.

# THE DAY THE TAPS RUN DRY

Water—our most carelessly wasted resource—is fast becoming our most precious one. Already it sets the limits for growth of many cities and industries . . . and nobody is yet doing anything effective to prevent a real catastrophe about twenty years from now.

**I**F THERE is one thing which the ordinary American city-dweller never thinks about from one end of the year to the other, it is water. He turns on the tap, and water pours; he turns off the tap incompletely, and it drips; he flushes the toilet, and it roars. Every so often, some politician or city planner makes a speech warning people not to waste water, but nobody pays much attention. To most Americans today, pure, palatable water in unlimited quantities is a kind of birthright, like citizenship, and not even the Supreme Court can ever take it away.

No following generation of Americans is ever likely to share this luxurious attitude. We are rapidly running out of good water. More than a thousand cities and towns already have been forced to curtail their water service. Near Chicago, where artesian wells flowed under their own pressure a hundred years ago, new wells must go down 2,000 feet to reach the water table. Dallas is already pumping the salt-tainted Red River into its mains, and New York faces the likelihood that eventually it will have to purify the polluted Hudson to slake its growing thirst. In Mississippi, wells are now 400 feet deeper, on the average, than they were only ten years ago. Denver, eager for new industry, has been turning away manufacturers whose production processes involve a heavy use of water.

All along the Atlantic Coast, as the water table

falls, the ocean is pushing in to the underground reservoirs. In Dade County, around Miami, high salt content in the wells threatens the crops on irrigated farms. Inland, oil-field brines often seep into the deep wells. Marianna, Arkansas, tastes salt when it turns on the tap, and one Texas community was forced to drill three dozen new wells in a single year. When headwaters are piped off to the reservoirs, the rivers fall: in the summer of 1957 swimmers waded across the Delaware at the point where General Washington took his famous ferry ride.

## WHERE IT ALL GOES

**A LARGE**, rich suburb of New York has already experienced the ultimate horror. On October 29, 1957, the city reservoir of Orange, New Jersey, became a muddy hole; and two days later, one of the city's four artesian wells ran dry. Orange turned desperately to the state of New Jersey for help, which was forthcoming—but only after the city had pledged to reduce its consumption by 500,000 gallons a day.

Water shortages, obviously, can be caused by either of two things: too much consumption or too little supply. Both are operating in America today. Our demand for water is increasing at a fantastic rate, and we are channeling our resources to meet our needs at far less than maximum efficiency.

According to the latest report from the United States Geological Survey, our farms, homes, and factories are drawing 240 billion gallons a day from the nation's streams, reservoirs, and underground storage. Of the total, roughly 10 per cent goes into homes for drinking, washing, and sprinkling the lawn. The rest is divided more or less equally between farms and factories.

Sixty years ago, the average household used





*A young Orient & Pacific passenger hears his first bagpipes two days out from Fiji. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.*

## Run away to sea—on a golden Orient & Pacific ship!

Pick your dreams. Pick your destination. Hong Kong, Australia, Fiji, New Zealand, Manila—they're all yours on the golden ships of the new Orient & Pacific Lines. These are the largest and fastest liners in the Pacific. Each has thousands of feet of sunbather's deck. Two swimming pools. English governesses to mind the children for you during the day. And more things to do at night than you could find in most fair-sized towns.

The amazing thing is, your trip can cost less than a resort vacation. About \$24 a day!

Round-trip fares to the South Pacific start at \$604, those to the Far East at \$640. Or you can sail there and fly back, and save with round-trip rates both ways. See your travel agent. Or write for free brochure.

Orient & Pacific Lines: Suite B, 210 Post St., San Francisco. Cunard Line: General Passenger Agents in U.S. and Canada.

*Orient & Pacific ships sail from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver —*





## To judge, we first must KNOW

The villain is mankind. The hero is mankind. The prosecutor, the jurors, the presiding judge—all mankind.

Constantly we judge ourselves as men, as nations and opposing nations, as friends or potential enemies. But before we judge, we try to KNOW.

Only by following the news of man can we know man. Know what happens to him or threatens him or rejoices him, in Iraq or Israel or Lebanon, in London or Paris or Washington.

Only through the news can we follow his race for space, his prayers for peace, know him as he harvests, as he welds, as he teaches or sells or cures or invents.

The endless flow of the news is the endless

story of man. To get the news, we read our papers, we hear radio and TV broadcasts, we talk about it with our friends.

And some of us do one thing more: we read TIME the day it comes out.

We read it because it brings the news together for us, sharpens it, gives it tension and color and warmth, and because TIME makes the news "our news" instead of just "the news."

Throughout the free world, millions of families feel this way about TIME, and look on TIME'S writers, researchers and editors as indispensable allies in the great (and sometimes grand) job of KNOWING the news.

**Read TIME - The Weekly Newsmagazin**



ninety gallons of water per head each day. Today we have 35 million bathrooms, we buy millions of dish washers and washing machines, air conditioners and automatic lawn sprinklers—and the per capita use of water has risen to 148 gallons a day. El Centro, California, which would be miserably uncomfortable without air conditioning (summer temperatures rise to 115 degrees) holds the world's record for domestic water use—600 gallons a person a day. And while consumption per capita goes up, our population is rapidly rising, currently at the rate of three million a year.

The increase in domestic water consumption, however, is small beside the growing thirst of commerce. American industry now uses 110 billion gallons of water a day—eleven times as much as it used in 1900, and almost half again as much as it used in 1952.

Nearly all manufacturing requires *some* water, and many processes demand amazing amounts. A new oil refinery in Delaware takes in as much water as a city of two million people. Each ton of paper drinks 65,000 gallons. Steam plants for producing electric power consume 91 gallons for every kilowatt-hour sent out on the lines. Gunpowder costs 100 gallons of water a pound.

With the depletion of high-grade iron ores in the Mesabi Range of Minnesota, the emphasis is shifting to taconite processing, a procedure which demands three times the water used at present in that district. And the new plastic and atomic industries are the worst water hogs of all. By 1975, unless manufacturers cut down their water consumption, our factories alone will tap 275 billion gallons a day—if they can find it.

On the farms, irrigation canals and pipelines are stretching out farther every year. Some 34 million acres of farmland in this country are artificially watered by one means or another, and the practice is rapidly spreading from the dry West—where irrigation has reclaimed great stretches of previously useless land—to the more humid East. Recurrent droughts in Eastern farm areas since the war, plus the development of more efficient pumping equipment and lightweight pipes, have led to a four-fold increase in the amount of irrigated land on the Atlantic side of the Mississippi. In Indiana, where there were less than 5,000 acres of irrigated land in 1950, there are now 25,000, and farm experts foresee an increase to 80,000 by 1965.

In the West, too, more and more water is being demanded of the earth. In 1941, 420,000 acre-feet of water were pumped out of the ground in Santa Cruz valley, Arizona; by 1949, withdrawals

had reached the rate of 1,250,000 acre-feet a year. (An acre-foot is the amount of water necessary to cover one acre to a depth of one foot.) During this period, rainfall replenished the underground reservoirs at the rate of only 215,000 acre-feet a year. On the high plains of Texas, men are pumping up the underground water reserves *twenty times* as fast as nature can replenish them. To this kind of arithmetic, there must be an end.

#### HOW RESERVOIRS ARE RUINED

**W**E HAVE long ceased to live on our water “income”—the annual rainfall. Today we are drawing heavily on our water “capital,” the underground reservoirs built up by natural processes over thousands of years.

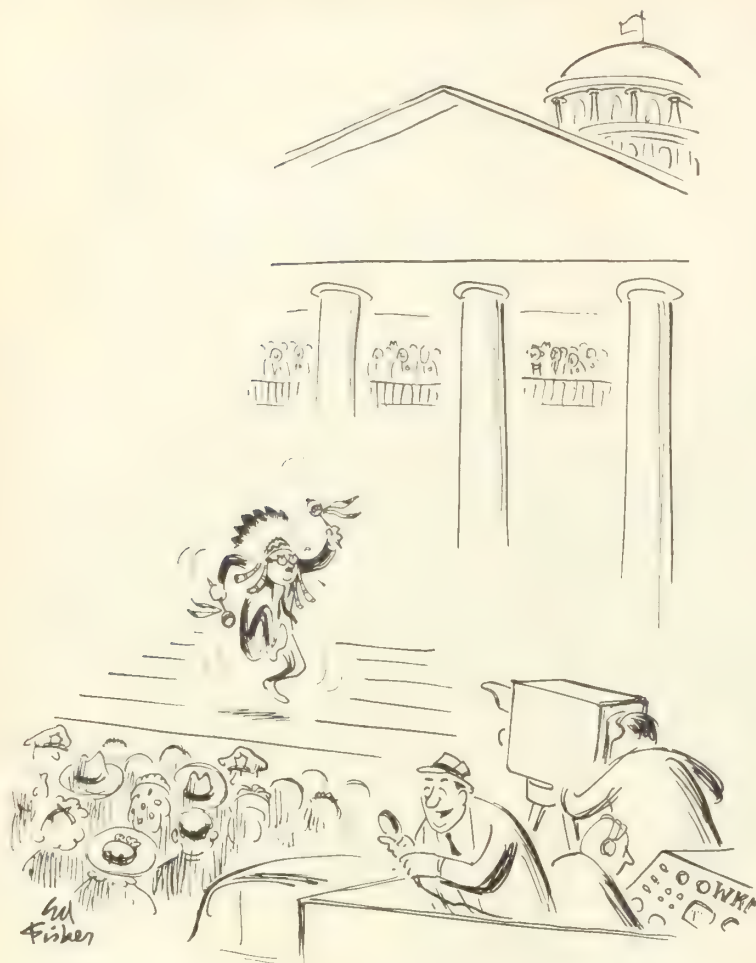
In fact, of course, the situation is not so hopeless as the statement sounds. Our water income actually far exceeds our needs—if only we could channel all of it to our spigots. The average daily rainfall onto the United States is considerably more than the 240 billion gallons we withdraw. But most of that rainfall runs off to the sea without ever passing through a water main.

Water is available for our use only during that relatively brief time between its fall from the heavens and its arrival in the oceans. The more rapidly it runs off, the less of it we have.

Forested watersheds hold great quantities of rainfall—an inch of water in every four inches of humus—and release it slowly to the streams and rivers and underground reservoirs. Cut-over forest land holds little water; the rainfall runs off it quickly, in soil-destroying, gulley-digging torrents.

We have already sheared off most of the 822 million acres of virgin forest we found in this country, destroying the sponge-like forest floor which held back the run-off. And the suicidal process continues. Some large timber and paper companies today practice a highly publicized form of good forestry on their own lands, but many of these still overcut the small farmer's woodlot or timberland, let to them on contract. Dr. McArdle of the U. S. Forest Service classifies most of today's cutting as “far from good.”

Water is held for future use not only by the “plant robe” which normally covers the ground, but also by certain natural reservoirs, especially swamps and marshes. Here, again, we have been abusing our heritage. More than 82 million acres of swamps have been drained for farmland, and millions more have been covered over with housing developments. Springs and creeks have been bulldozed out of existence.



*"—And now Governor Whipple, true to his campaign pledge to do everything possible to relieve the water shortage . . ."*

Another kind of natural reservoir is the aquifer—an underground deposit of rain water which has, through the course of ages, seeped through the soil and porous stone until it is trapped by an impervious layer of rock. Some aquifers are like oil fields; they can be tapped by wells—and once drained, the water cannot be replenished within any foreseeable period. Others are like great liquid lungs, breathing water both in and out; they soak up the surface moisture and release it gradually to streams and rivers—thus helping to keep the flow of our water courses relatively stable.

This complex system is being interfered with nearly everywhere in the United States, with results that are as dangerous as they are hard to see. Many aquifers are being drained faster than they can be replenished. Elsewhere the natural supply of water to these underground storage tanks is being curtailed—by new highways, parking lots, air fields, and other construction which

is spreading over hundreds of thousands of acres. It isn't possible to recharge a water table through six inches of concrete. An overgrazed pasture or cut-over forest, where the rainfall runs off immediately instead of soaking in, starves the underground reservoirs in much the same way.

In a few localities, as we have shown, so much fresh water has been pumped out of the ground that it has, in effect, left one of those vacuums which nature traditionally abhors. As a result, salt water has crept in from the sea, through deep buried layers of porous sand or rock—and wells in some parts of California and along the Atlantic coast have begun to pump worse-than-useless brine.

Most of us, of course, still depend for the greater part of our water on surface streams, rather than the vaults of the aquifers. But it has been an immemorial habit of human beings not only to drink out of streams, but also to dump their sewage and other wastes in the same place. This was tolerable so long as the country was sparsely settled—but today it

has become so crowded that virtually all of our streams are polluted to the point where they are suspect for human consumption unless chemically treated. Already many Americans are drinking what may be accurately—if disgustingly—described as treated sewage.

#### WHERE IT CAN BE SAVED

**D**AMAGE done over a century cannot be repaired in a year or two. Even the most immediate, thorough, and expensive national water program would not deliver its benefits for ten to twenty years. Since we have no such program—Washington hasn't yet begun even to draft one—we must resign ourselves to at least a generation of relative water shortage in the land of plenty.

There are palliatives, very well in their place, so long as we do not regard them as solutions. We can drastically reduce water waste by con-



sumers. Peeping Tom statisticians say that we use three times as much water as we really need for our morning shower. Leaky taps, which account for 20 per cent of domestic water waste, could be made a misdemeanor punishable by a stiff fine. One modern luxury we can easily do without is the private swimming pool in the back yard; lots of us may be able to afford it economically, but hydrologically it is too expensive.

Water engineers are unanimous in their opinion that both waste and consumption would decline sharply if households and factories had to pay for their water by the gallon, rather than on the usual franchise basis. Water rates should be eliminated everywhere from the general real-estate tax package, and meters should be installed to measure and charge for water according to the amount used.

On the farm, too, water economies can be achieved. Open irrigation ditches lose water through seepage, vegetation along the banks, and the inevitable evaporation. Water is saved wherever pipes are substituted for ditches. Out in the range area, where water is scarcest, underground reservoirs are being drained needlessly, either to establish "prior use" under Western laws, or as part of ill-advised reclamation projects.

Industry, however—which is guilty of the greatest waste—could accomplish the greatest savings. Steel mills require, on an average, 65,000 gallons of water to make a ton of steel; but in California, where water is tight, the inappropriately named Fontana Mills have learned to make do with 1,000 gallons per ton. Again, steam generating plants ordinarily use 91 gallons for each kilowatt-hour of electricity produced, but power plants in areas hard pressed for water turn out the same current with one-tenth the water consumption.

Most industrial use does not pollute water to the point where it must be poured out to sea. Many factories could re-use over and over again much of the water that goes through their pipes. Even sea water can be used in certain operations, and a Texas refinery has contracted with the city of Amarillo for a supply of used water from the sewage disposal plant.

As yet, however, only one tenth of one per cent of the water used by industry is reclaimed sewage. Literally billions of gallons of safe, pure water could be saved every day, if industry would where possible content itself with water good enough for factories but not good enough for human beings.

On the supply side, too, temporary improve-

ments can be wangled from nature. Where the aquifer has been contaminated with salt water, artificial recharging may keep the wells in business for a few more years. It may eventually be possible to recharge some depleted underground reservoirs by the diversion of flood waters—though no such experiment has yet fully succeeded, despite many theoretical discussions in hydraulic engineering journals. Cloud seeding may enable us to divert to the land some of the rain that now falls on the ocean. River pollution can and should be reduced. And, of course, great dams, artificial reservoirs, and aqueducts will keep increasing our apparent supply of water. Dramatic as they are, however, surface reservoirs make poor substitutes for natural subterranean storage vaults: evaporation loss is high, and silt accumulates rapidly, cutting down the storage capacity.

If the day ever comes when nuclear energy can provide cheap power in unlimited quantities, we may be able to handle our water problems by distilling sea water or by irradiating great quantities of sewage. But neither of these alternatives is currently practical—or pleasant to think about, at best. Indeed, they may well create more sinister situations than they solve.

#### WHO HAS TO DO WHAT

**T**HERE is only one way to avoid a water crisis in the coming years: a national water policy carried out on all levels of government, and including new measures of reforestation and conservation. We must slow down that part of the water cycle between the cloud and the sea, during which water is available to us. We must regulate our water use instead of merely supplying water to all and sundry on a catch-as-catch-can basis.

Experiments have verified the long-term value of reforestation. In the White Hollow Watershed of Tennessee the Forest Service permitted 1,700 acres of badly treated land to revert to nature. Where the land was gullied, the Service planted trees. Fifteen years later, severe summer storms no longer started torrents rushing down the hillside. Instead, the water flowed off evenly, at one-tenth the speed. The total amount of water coming down from the hillside after a one-inch summer rainfall was the same—but the streams ran full for ten times as many days.

Every protected swamp, every untouched woods, every revived forest adds to the water-holding capacity of the land. And the land cover can be made more efficient by sound watershed

engineering—building a small reservoir in an upland hollow, controlling a disintegrating gully, dredging rivers, constructing floodways, stabilizing stream banks, creating a peaceful rather than a violent landscape.

Such engineering has already begun under the Watershed Protection and Flood Control Acts of 1954 and 1956. These laws give the federal Soil Conservation Service a modest budget for technical advice and assistance to local groups planning watershed improvements. But a great deal more legislation will be necessary before federal help is really an important factor in water-short areas.

At present, no fewer than twenty-five different federal agencies deal with some phase of the water problem—flood control, reclamation, navigation, water pollution, and so forth. All of them do valuable work, but each operates independently, with its eye on its own specialized chore. No agency in the federal government is concerned with water policy *as a whole*; indeed, the federal government historically has shown little concern over the total quantity of water available to homes, farms, and factories. We need, first of all, an act of Congress establishing a national water policy, and perhaps an independent agency to turn that policy into a program.

Even the most rigorous national policy, however, will leave most of the actual work of water conservation and control to the state governments. A few of them are already busy on the job, most notably California, where the crush of population threatens a water calamity. California's master plan, which contemplates a population of 40 million, calls for the construction of 200 reservoirs and an aqueduct system, the entire project to cost \$8.6 *billion* at current prices. Iowa and Pennsylvania, too, have assumed state-wide authority over water development, and New York has reserved a state veto power over all new water systems. (New York also has vast state forest preserves, protecting its main watersheds.)

Often, several states draw water from the same river basin. Today they squabble with each other about their withdrawal rights—the dispute between Arizona and California over the water in the Colorado River is a recurrent feature of the Supreme Court calendar. Eventually, however, they will have to learn to work with each other, to protect the watersheds and safeguard the joint supply. *Incode*, which administers the Delaware River and its headwaters, is a functioning example of what the states—in this case, New York,

New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—can accomplish together once they understand their joint interests.

Meanwhile, the municipalities, cities, towns, and villages, must recognize their obligations. Water supply is a regional, not a local problem. There can be little progress in water planning so long as every incorporated entity seeks out its own private waterhole. Under the supervision of state authorities, whole clusters of communities should be planning, building, and operating their common water supply systems.

Co-operation, supervision, and control are the key words. On every level, there must be a stop to the haphazard hijacking of convenient water. Until we learn to ignore artificial boundaries—to see that the watershed, not the user community, is the central element—we cannot hope to plan a future free of water shortages.

#### WHAT HAPPENED IN THE SAHARA

**I**N A few areas, water scarcity is already a hindrance to progress. Plans to process oil shale deposits in Colorado may well founder for lack of water. Out on the edges of the great Western range, the desert creeps further into the grassland every year.

Most communities, though, have scarcely felt the pinch as yet. There is no great hardship, after all, in a temporary ordinance—common, these days, in Eastern cities—which forbids people to water their lawns except after dark. But these bits and pieces of municipal law foreshadow a cramped future, unless we act sensibly and soon to avoid a real crisis.

Led by Dr. Paul Sears of Yale, ecologists have been warning us for years about the danger to civilization inherent in a falling water table. There are ancient waterworks under the Sahara. Among the greatest monuments left behind by the dead nations of antiquity are the aqueducts—notably in Italy, Spain, and the Middle East—which multiplied as a failing civilization outgrew its water supplies. Our ingenuity has stripped the ground cover and dried the land infinitely faster than our ancestors could manage such destruction. We must now use that ingenuity to conserve and restore the balance of nature.

Without such ingenuity, without a well-financed, well-conceived national water program, we will inevitably drink our way into a water famine. And it will be too late to plan America's future on the day the taps run dry.



WILLIAM S. WHITE

# *The Washington* PHONIES

A report on the social, political, and intellectual frauds who are now flourishing in the capital—and its more fashionable suburbs—as they never did before.

WASHINGTON—This is the era, in Washington and elsewhere, of the Real Cool Man, of the phony rampant. The 'fifties began with the occasional triumph of the very nearly synthetic man; they are drawing toward the end with the frequent triumph of the wholly *ersatz*. The older phonyism had an ugly silliness. The new phonyism is worse, and poorer—it is only shabby.

The phony *circa* 1950 was somehow not so cool as the Real Cool Man of 1958. He was not *entirely* stuffed with dehydrated, vitamized straw, and lacquered with lanolin. There was a fugitive touch of genuineness about him—if only because in rare private moments he allowed a faint breath of candor to creep into his speech and actions. But the phonies of 1958—especially the three species which we shall examine in a moment—have come a long way. The general climate has nourished them.

The contemporary phony is innocent of candor. Not a chemical trace could be found in him by a convocation of assayers. This is what makes him *sui generis*; for his predecessor was at least big enough to be called an SOB. The new phony is too mean a thing even to have evil principles.

The most conspicuous species in these parts is undoubtedly the Phony Intellectual. On any sort of mental or scholarly equipment, one can in Washington become this kind of intellectual—or what a young lady known to me calls a "squinty-eye." A squinty-eye is a fellow who be-

comes an intellectual by more or less constantly saying he is one. He simply puts on his intellectual suit, complete with all-but-visible shoulder flashes bespeaking his status. At a Washington cocktail party he will always be artfully under-dressed. The fact that his shoes are never blacked is an earnest that he is an earnest man, with no time for the small vanities and conformisms of this world.

He will seek out at this party not the most powerful or interesting or pleasantly convivial guest. He will seek out the guest who is in fact—or maybe is only thought to be because of his own reiteration that he is—the most intellectual in the room. Our aspirant phony will bat his eyes solemnly. (Thus the term "squinty-eye.") Possibly he also will surreptitiously touse his hair. He will pull gravely at his pipe. He will ask for sherry, but if this is not to be had he will settle rather whimsically for vodka on the rocks.

He will speak cryptically and portentously. If what is interesting Washington at the moment is domestic, or simply light and local, he will certainly avoid the topic. Instead he will murmur a phrase of quiet speculation as to what is *really* going on in Afghanistan. He will have read up on this improbable place, or another like it, so that he is able not only to identify but casually to pronounce the name of the opposition leader. He will point out this opposition leader's relationship with those rather curious external movements which, as he will disclose, have so gravely and so recently been troubling the Turks.

His first objective is simply to be seen in this kind of *tête-à-tête*; the second is to make a lasting impression upon the already arrived intellectual.

The intellectual phony has several basic rules for shaping the image of himself that he presents to others. Subtlety is at the heart of his policy. While he can become an intellectual by wearing his intellectual's uniform, he is very careful that it is not too obviously cut. To insure against such a lapse, he has certain dos and don'ts.

## HOW TO BE PRAGMATIC

INvariably, on what might (very loosely) be called his affirmative side, he allows himself to be identified with certain personal positions. He is, for example, always sympathetic to appointed public men, particularly in such suitable milieus as the State Department. Elected public men, however—especially those in Con-

gress—he treats with a quiet, mannered scorn; he wishes it to be understood that he is apart from, and above, them. For they are “politicians.” In his lexicon, to be appointed to high office is automatically to become a “statesman”; to be elected to one is an intellectual disablement placing the victim quite outside the pale.

Indeed, “politics” in general he deplores, except perhaps in the United Nations—where, of course, there is no petty log-rolling and none of that crude appeal to the galleries so unhappily present elsewhere. When he is forced into an actual political discussion—and, sadly, sometimes the intellectual phony is a journalist, or perhaps it would be better to say a communicator—he makes no silly disclosure of his total lack of knowledge of it. He only takes a high-minded, tolerantly jocular, attitude; he waves it all away as the concern of more earthy men. In a tony way, he jokes the thing out of existence.

And what if he is, by ill luck, pressed irresistibly into taking some political position, particularly in a sticky time when it is being said that people should stand up and be counted? Why, he says, “partisanship,” though permissible for others, is just not his dish of tea. For his own part, he is quite ready to take the trenchant position that this is a “practical” and not an “ideological” country. If this does not, perhaps, quite answer the question at issue, it has raised another one: What the hell does he *mean*? Usually this diversion enables him to escape to some other subject.

Again, the squinty-eye softly frees himself from all localisms—including the soon-suppressed biographical fact that this symbol of urbane learning may have got his academic degree, if any, in physical culture at South Dakota State. He is generous enough never openly to criticize in others any puerile attachment they may hold for a state, a region, or a remembered way of earlier life.

But this to him is like “partisanship”—or like taking any clear position any time where there is any risk. It is a regrettable vulgarism toward which he is ready to extend a rather pointed forgiveness, but his charity should not be regarded as inexhaustible.

His discussion of books—indeed of the printed word in any format—is an arresting combination of advance and withdrawal. Of course any work that may be commercially successful—that is, voluntarily bought and read by large numbers of people—he will naturally shun. Except possibly, if it is of foreign origin, deals with life or letters in total and gloomy incomprehensibility,

and has caught on mainly through its appeal to pseudo-intellectual snobbism.

Such works as he *will* discuss he approaches with a kind of murmuring caution. If a book has caught on with the real intellectuals, our man will warily suggest that maybe he likes it pretty well, but only in such ambiguous terms as to leave open a line of instant retreat. His adjective, if applied at all, will be the word “interesting,” never the word “good.” For “interesting” does not commit him; if his antennae should discover that the real intellectuals don’t after all care for this book, he will draw back like a crab over hot sand.

He is the same way about the theater or such movies as he will occasionally sneak off to attend. Any truly professional work of the theater—like the consistent brilliance of Rodgers and Hammerstein, say—is of course entirely out of the question. For these men not only can be readily understood; what is worse, the most dreadful lowbrows often like their stuff, too. Instead, he likes—again subject to a quick change of view in any change of climate—the odd, murky little things put on with semi-amateur incompetence which he thinks of as true theater art.

As to the movies, he is officially a total abstainer. Unofficially he will surreptitiously enter a *foreign* movie house; but one must be deep in his confidence even to know of this part of his private life. A movie is good or at least acceptable—and this is a view certainly not spread around by him—if made in any of the following places, the preference being in this order: the Far East, the Balkans, Italy, France, Germany, Great Britain.

He suggests quite often that he is an artist, with words or palette, and would work at it professionally—if only he had the time.

He is, in fact, a real little jim-dandy of a fellow. He is filled—and tragically filled, when you come right down to it—with a sweating, desperate lust for a status that isn’t worth a damn when it comes to him in the only way it ever could come.

#### THE SOCIALITE

THE Social Phony, though often close to the phony intellectual, varies enough to be called a definable sub-type. This chap, too, has on his intellectual’s suit, but this is not the final expression of what he is and hopes for. The social phony adds, so to speak, bowed evening pumps. It is never very clear—though he always implies it was somewhere in New



England—where he came from. But it is daz-  
zlingly clear where he hopes to go. And in order  
to go there—to what might be called the mansions  
of the spirit of Washington Society—this lad is  
scrupulous not to go to some other places.

He would, for example, certainly never lunch  
at the Mayflower; there a man is apt to run into  
businessmen smoking cigars—at lunchtime.  
Again, he would never go—or he says he never  
would—to Mrs. Gwen Cafritz's soirees. (There is  
some doubt that he would be asked, for Mrs. C.  
likes to have guests who clearly have arrived—in  
the headlines at least—and our chap is still in  
transit.)

Where he *will* go is to parties that have a  
mixture of the younger and more "interesting"  
bureaucrats or politicians, the diplomatic set,  
and possibly a few vaguely uncomfortable mem-  
bers of local Society, the old Washington resi-  
dents called Cave Dwellers.

Where he *will not* live is very easy to describe:  
all of Washington except Georgetown. This old  
section is actually a pleasant part of the city,  
but at present it is running an unhappy race.  
For the process of slum clearance that has very  
soundly been going on there ever since the war  
is bringing a new class of residents—first squads,  
then companies, then whole battalions of social  
phonies.

These lads (and lassies, too, it must be said)  
are a little hard for the established, friendly, and  
unpretentious folk of Georgetown to take. But  
they are taken, much in the spirit that an ex-  
Washingtonian and a real poet like Archibald  
MacLeish must, upon his too-infrequent visits  
here, accept the attentions of the phony intel-  
lectuals.

It is only fair to add, however, that the phonies  
suffer disappointments too. It is visibly discon-  
certing to the intellectual phony to find, upon  
meeting him, that MacLeish speaks in a quiet  
understandable way, and sometimes even in short  
colloquial terms that could be plainly grasped by  
such deplorable non-intellectuals as trial lawyers  
or even newspapermen. The social phony also  
may be rudely shaken—though of course with all  
possible *savoir-faire*—to discover that some of  
those in real society even go to the Presbyterian,  
rather than the Episcopal Church.

(I am aware that it is far from chic to speak  
of churches in public. I do it only out of a  
sense of journalistic duty, and in the highest  
respect for both these churches, one of which  
happens to be in my own family background.  
The Episcopal Church is in no way to blame,  
of course, but as a poor-man's social historian

I have to note a point made long ago by H. L.  
Mencken: *i.e.*, that many *arrivistes* look upon  
Episcopal membership as a merit badge.)

#### POLITICAL THREE-DOLLAR BILLS

THE Phony Liberal, in his turn, will be  
found upon close examination to have  
much in common with one or both of the other  
varieties. Like the intellectual and social phonies,  
the phony liberal is distinguished by the most  
profound illiberalism toward all dissent or oppo-  
sition. Nearly always a member of the Demo-  
cratic party, he is the best possible human  
argument for the continuation of Republicanism.

This fellow is self-righteous and self-petting  
beyond ready belief. He is as bloody-minded as  
any member of the frantically angry far right  
could possibly be. And I, for one, would as soon  
be tried by a jury of the one as the other. The  
phony liberal is always and automatically right,  
upon every issue and every conceivable convolu-  
tion of that issue. What in the right wing would  
be regarded by him as outrageous demagoguery  
is in his case only the courageous action of a  
lonely and high-minded man who simply will  
*not* be beaten down by the forces of reaction.

He spends his time howling about the un-  
democracy of the Senate filibuster—and only uses  
it himself when his own *good* designs are at  
issue. He denounces the Southern bolters from  
the Democratic party and would cast them all  
into the outer darkness for their failure to sup-  
port any Democratic candidate for President.  
It is entirely different, however, when he sets  
out to undermine his own party leadership.

He does not hesitate to do this—for, you see,  
he is a man of real conviction who naturally  
scorns mere expediency—on the day before, or  
the day after, calling upon that leadership to  
pass for him the bills that he could never pass  
for himself.

The phony liberal is always for civil rights;  
but it must be precisely his notion of civil rights,  
and his own bill on his own terms, or it will not  
do at all. He deeply deplores segregation but  
somehow finds it necessary not to send his own  
children to Washington's integrated schools. His  
motive, of course, is entirely pure; his reasons  
are wholly unrelated to racial or social matters.  
If in some cases his children were transferred  
from public to private schools only after integra-  
tion arrived here—well, of course, his friends will  
be aware that all this is only coincidental.

He is fanatically pro-labor—but very few

# *Dateline* London, Paris, Tokyo, New Delhi, Moscow, Bonn

The world is shrinking—fast. What happens today in Russia or the Middle East may affect every one of us tomorrow. The intelligent American keeps abreast with—indeed anticipates, if he can—the twists and turns of international affairs by maintaining a direct, personal link with Europe. And this he can do through London's leading weekly review, the *NEW STATESMAN*. With special correspondents in all the main foreign centres and a staff of brilliant commentators, the *NEW STATESMAN* is known and read throughout the world. Authoritative, outspoken, independent and wonderfully well-informed, it commands a higher sale than that of any comparable journal. It is the only paper in the world which can number both John Foster Dulles and Nikita Krushchev among its contributors.

## American Literature Number— FREE if you accept this offer NOW

Many readers turn first to the book pages of the *NEW STATESMAN* for, with Bernard Shaw among its founders, it has long been recognized as the most distinguished literary commentary in Britain. 'If,' says Professor Robert Lynd of Columbia University, 'there are better book reviews appearing week after week, I should like to know where.' Just published—the largest issue for 20 years—is the American Literature Number, with contributions by C.P. Snow, V.S. Pritchett, Edmund Wilson, Arthur Schlesinger Jr and many others. This greatly enlarged issue will be presented *free* to everyone taking advantage of the special privilege offer below. But hurry! *Write now!*

## 40 issues for only \$5—half price!

If you are not already a reader, mail the coupon direct to London *today* (postage 8¢ seairmail; 15¢ airmail) with check, money order or bill for \$5.00. You will receive, direct from London, a copy each week for 40 issues—HALF the news-stand price.

**Mail today—this offer closes Oct. 31**

*NEW STATESMAN*, Great Turnstile, London W.C.1, England

*I am not already reading your paper.*

*Open a 40-week privilege subscription immediately—and send me your American Literature Number free.*

[HM-1]

Name .....

(Block letters, please)

Address .....

# New Statesman

BRITAIN'S WORLD-FAMOUS VIEWSPAPER

## WASHINGTON PHONIES

labor people are ever in his drawing room, and when they are it is clear that the host is being terribly democratic about it all.

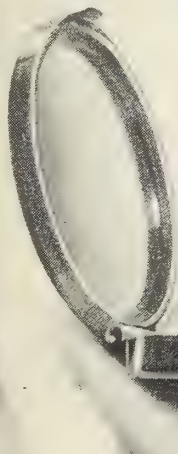
He is death on snobs, of course and entirely scornful of debuts which he describes as snobbish in principle. But it is possible, without engaging private detectives, to learn that he is, very casually and quietly arranging for daughter Jane to be brought out in a few years.

THE Phony Conservative is the least numerous in my gallery of three-dollar bills, the least complex and, no doubt, the least interesting. Like the phony liberal he starts off by being guilty of intellectual theft. He has stolen a name to which he is in no way entitled. Only in the crazy mixed-up labeling of the present could he possibly call himself anything other than a reactionary with strongly radical tendencies.

He is the man who supports mobism in the name of conservatism. If conservatism has any irreducible attribute, it is the attribute of total resistance to all mob movement, not only in the streets but in men's minds. True conservatism—which means, of course, devotion to proved values—can never tolerate any form of lynching. But the phony conservative fellow gladly (though guiltily) runs with the lynch packs in one form or another. And the most spurious point about him is that he never fully and freely admits his association. He is a yes-but man where the out-and-out far right winger at least takes up his position in broad daylight and stands with to the end.

What this fellow is—let us describe poorly with his poor annals—is a member of a new kind of Snob family, elevated a bit from money swapping and grubby mortgage foreclosure, and removed beyond New William Faulkner's unpronounceable county in Mississippi. He rubs elbows with—or shines shoes for—some of the irresponsibly rich and powerful. But while they enjoy the use of him, they positively have no use for him.





## "We can't be there already!"

It happens time and again. Travelers who take to the air the Royal Dutch way never cease to be amazed at how "short" the trip is.

The atmosphere aboard is so relaxing and friendly. It's part of the genius the Dutch have for "winning you over" with the first smile. Then there's the way they serve you — gracious, courteous, yet crisply efficient. They seem to know what you want before you even ask. This earnest attention to every little detail is a proud tradition with the Flying Dutchmen of KLM. It makes the pleasure of your trip so real, so royal, you're bound to wonder where the time went. See your Travel Agent or call your nearest KLM office.

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 430 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

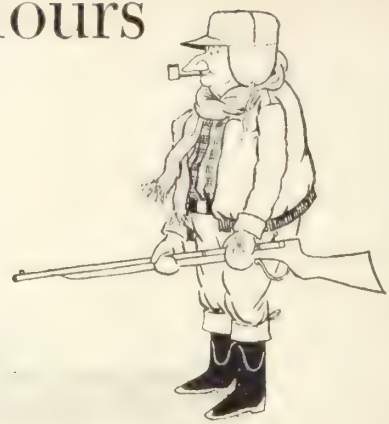


THE WORLD OVER

# KLM

ROYAL DUTCH  
AIRLINES

# After Hours



## WILD RICE AND DUCKS

**I**N THE spring of 1957 a friend of mine decided that it would be a nice idea to grow wild rice on some partly swampy acreage in New England. The price of wild rice in grocery stores had got to something over \$4.00 a pound, but he was less interested in its culinary aspects than in what it might do to attract wild ducks to his place. The question was where to find the seed.

He started with a local seedsman who specializes in attracting not ducks but suburban matrons, and got nowhere. The yellow pages of the telephone book helped not at all, but the Audubon Society picked up the challenge and after several days came up with the answer, a gentleman named Wm. O. Coon of P.O. Box 371, Oshkosh, Wisconsin, U.S.A. A letter to Mr. Coon evoked a long reply and a catalogue.

Mr. Coon's letter, which my friend preserved and turned over to me along with the catalogue, planting suggestions, and price list, was the sort of business letter one rarely sees these days. It treated what was obviously a small problem as though it were a big problem, and was full of friendly advice. It was the kind of letter that made my friend look at his little swamp and say to himself, "I'm not sure Mr. Coon would approve of this swamp; maybe I'd better go buy some better duck land so that Mr. Coon won't be disappointed in me." He didn't, but he wanted to.

He ordered some wild rice seed from Mr. Coon and some wild Jap millet seed. (The rice arrived wet,

with the caution that if it were allowed to dry out before sowing, it wouldn't grow; you won't get anywhere by planting the wild rice you buy at the grocer's.) He scattered some of each of the kinds of seed in his little swamp and along the edges of a stream. At the same time he put a little wild rice in a large flowerpot which he set on the windowsill of his apartment in New York so that he could watch nature at work. By December the flowerpot, which contained a little earth, a good deal of water, and a scum of oily soot from local hospital and power-station chimneys, froze solid. It stayed that way most of the winter, and in the spring, sure enough, the rice had sprouted.

That was all that was ever seen of the wild rice or the millet. My friend's stream was too fast-flowing; possibly the seed that was swept away caught and prospered several miles down in the often sluggish Housatonic River into which the stream runs. As for what went into the swamp, a farmer who had come in to cut hay on the acreage went over the swampy part and mowed everything that was growing. Next year my friend plans to get in a bulldozer and dig a small pond where the swamp is and endow it with wild rice, Wampee duck corn, wild celery, Sago pondweed, deep water duck potatoes, nodding smartweed, and some other goodies and watch the ducks flock to him.

One sentence in Mr. Coon's letter was especially haunting. "Wild ducks," he said, "migrate thousands of miles in search of good feeding grounds and when they locate an

attractive place, large numbers will congregate and stay throughout the entire season."

My friend, who has never shot a duck in his life, is not one to let go of an idea once he has it, and he doesn't like to see nature's creatures become extinct. He has, consequently, been digging around in the subject and has given me two items, quite unrelated, one about ducks and one about wild rice which I pass along.

Wild ducks, he said, were having a rough time of it in the 1920s when everybody else was having a ball, and duck-lovers were afraid that their favorite game might be following the carrier pigeon into oblivion. An organization called, optimistically it seemed, "Ducks Unlimited" was formed and went to the root of **the problem**, which was the breeding grounds where 65 per cent of all North American waterfowl originate—the Canadian provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. They found that "ill-advised" farmers had drained swamps and ponds and potholes and lowered the levels of lakes where ducks had nested for many centuries.

In 1937 Ducks Unlimited set about to repair the damage, and before you could say blue-winged teal they had built 650 dams to make ponds with 3,800 miles of shoreline and 750,000 acres of water. They put up hundreds of miles of barbed wire to guard the preserves from cattle, planted foods like those Mr. Coon recommended to my friend, set up fire-watchers to guard against marsh fires, and disposed of some five million crows and magpies who, in



## Where stamp use is greatest, food prices have risen the least

**INFLATIONARY TRENDS**, growing despite a business recession, continue to make rising food prices a cause for concern among consumers. Recent broadened studies continue to give assurance that the trading stamp plays no part in this trend.

FACT, these new studies strengthen the conclusions reached by university marketing experts a year ago. As in previous studies, no evidence was found that stamp stores, as a class, charge higher prices than non-stamp stores. Furthermore, from the U.S. Government Bureau of Labor Statistics Index, augmented by reports from the National Industrial Conference Board, it was found that food prices have risen least in cities where stamp use is greatest.

Between 1953 and 1957, food prices rose 1.5% for all U.S. cities; the same prices rose 0.75% in the cities where less than 50% of the supermarkets had adopted trading stamps.

During the same period, in the cities where more than 50% of the supermarkets had adopted stamps, food prices rose only 0.75%.

These comparisons are additional, and the most recent, evidence that trading stamps, by increasing competitive pressures, have operated to hold food price levels down. It would seem, therefore, that families living in "stamp cities" can thank trading stamps for playing a part in the lower cost of living they enjoy.

\* \* \*

**REFERENCES:** "Who Profits from Trading Stamps?", Dr. Eugene R. Beem, *Harvard Business Review*, Nov.-Dec., 1957.

"Trading Stamp Practice and Pricing Policy." Dr. Albert Haring and Dr. Wallace O. Yoder, Marketing Department, School of Business, Indiana University.

*A copy of "Food Price Trends In Cities of Varying Trading Stamp Activity" will be sent upon request. Write The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, Department "E", 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.*

*This message is one of a series presented for your information by*  
**THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY** which pioneered 62 years ago in the movement  
to give trading stamps to consumers as a discount for paying cash. **S&H GREEN STAMPS**  
are currently being saved by over 22 million families.

# "I HAVE A SON I'VE NEVER SEEN"\*

*"I have a son that I have never seen, whose language I do not speak and who does not understand mine.*

*"Today, and every summer day, tourists from many lands through the town of Delphi in Greece. They come to view those scenes made sacred through literature and history. Near this town lives my son Nikolaos.*

*"In my mind's eye I see him now, walking those well worn paths, climbing the craggy hills, attending the quaint old school. I see him visiting the old, battered, bullet-scarred church. I see him going home to the tiny one-room house where he lives with his mother and sister. In my imagination I step through the door. I see the one hard bed, the crude table and bench, the battered box that serves as a chest and the makeshift stove. I count the ornaments of the place—a few flowers in a tiny jug and love. The young mother works, when there is work, as a laborer on a nearby farm. The work is heavy and the hours are long. She is paid ten dollars a month. One fifty of this she pays for rent.*

*"There was a war. Remember? War took this child's father and*

*made him my son. I am proud of him. His frequent letters in the characters of his own tongue are, when translated, the most beautiful literature I can read. I am proud of him.*

*"In our world today there are millions of boys and girls who through war and horror have lost one or both parents. These children know no real home. They never have enough to eat. They have no proper clothes. They share but little love. They have no medical attention. There is no provision for their education. They have no future as we understand that term.*

*"There is in our country an organization known as the Foster Parents' Plan. Through this Plan you may "adopt" one of these children. You may make yourself responsible for the health and education of one of these little ones. You may become a father or a mother in reality. You may know the joy and satisfaction a child's letters bring. You can know that somewhere in the world a child's prayers, on your behalf, rise like sweet incense to the Infinite. And you can see in your own life how they are answered."*

*Written by Foster Parent Roland Porter about his "adopted" child.*

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a Foster Parent. You will be sent the case history and photograph of "your child" upon receipt of application with initial payment. "Your child" is told that you are his or her Foster Parent. At once the child is touched by love and a sense of belonging. All correspondence is through our office, and is translated and encouraged. We do no mass relief. Each child, treated as an individual, receives a monthly cash grant of eight dollars plus food, clothing, shelter, education and medical care according to his or her needs.

Plan is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, government-approved, independent relief organization, helping children, wherever the need—in France, Belgium, Italy, Greece, Western Germany, Korea and Viet Nam—and is registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the United States Government and is filed with the National Information Bureau in New York City. Your help is vital to a child struggling for life. Won't you let some child love you?

© 1958 FPP, Inc.

## Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

PARTIAL LIST OF  
SPONSORS AND  
FOSTER PARENTS  
Mary Pickford  
Mr. and Mrs.  
Robert W. Sarnoff  
Dr. John Haynes Holmes  
Jean Tennyson  
Helen Hayes  
Dr. Howard A. Rusk  
Edward R. Murrow  
Bing Crosby  
K. C. Gifford  
Gov. & Mrs. Walter Kohler  
Charles R. Hook  
Mr. and Mrs.  
John Cameron Swayze  
Garry Moore

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC.		H 10-58
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.		
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.		
A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year. If possible, sex, . . . , age, . . . , nationality, . . . . .		
I will pay \$15 a month for one year (\$180). Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), yearly ( ).		
I enclose herewith my first payment \$ . . . . .		
B. I cannot "adopt" a child, but I would like to help a child by contributing \$ . . . . .		
Name . . . . .		
Address . . . . .		
City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .		
Date . . . . . Contributions are deductible from Income Tax		

## AFTER HOURS

seems, don't get along with ducks.

All this was done with tax-deductible money provided by 30,000 duck hunters (out of the two million who shoot each year) and the pay-off has been more ducks than anybody knows what to do with. In 1941 there were less than fifty million migratory waterfowl. By 1945 there were an estimated 160,000,000, and by 1955 the shooting season on three major "flyways" had to be lengthened. My friend doesn't know why a few of these shouldn't die in and eat his wild rice.

He is, he tells me, going to beat commercial competition, and this is the other item he got excited about.

IT SEEMS that the reason why wild rice has cost so much for a housewife to buy is that it grows in the lakes of Minnesota and has always been harvested by Chipewyan Indians. One Indian paddles his boat and another Indian bends over the tall rice grass over the side and flails off the seeds. What falls back in the water keeps the crop going. This ancient process has produced an annual crop of about a million pounds and in good years it is retailed for about \$2.00 or \$2.50 a pound. The price got as high as \$4.50 this year because floods damaged the crop and cut it to about a third its usual size.

A bright young man named Joe F. Paulucci thought this all seemed rather backwards, and he has decided to help nature and the Chipewyan along. He is the president of a company that produces Chinese food, Chun King Sales, Inc. of Duluth, and he is going to seed a thousand acres of swampland by airplane. He'll do the experiment works, then he means to rent other swamps and he hopes to bring the price to the housewife down to fifty or sixty cents a pound. If what Mr. Coon says of the metabolic qualities of wild rice is true, Mr. Paulucci is going to be hiring magpies to keep the ducks off. Furthermore, when wild rice gets to be inexpensive it will unquestionably be as common as broccoli. Do you remember when broccoli was considered a rare and precious item in the gourmet?

"Eat your wild rice, dear."

"I say it's groats, and I say to hell with it."





# NOTES ON THE YOUNGER SET

WAS recently a passenger on a DC-6B, no slouch of a plane, and was sitting up forward in the very front seat. A lady got into the seat opposite me with a little boy of about three. He pressed his nose eagerly against the window and looked out at the enormous propeller just a few feet from him. How exciting for him, I thought. After a few seconds he turned away.

"Granny," he said, "where did you get my crayons?"

So much for the air age.

One other note, this one on manners. A boy somewhat older, perhaps eight or nine, stayed at a friend's house for supper. When he came home, his mother asked him if he'd enjoyed himself.

"They're funny," he said. "They don't even have napkins. They just give us pieces of cloth."

## CAMPAIGN

RELIABLE informants, whom I may or may not believe, have assured me that they recently saw the following stickers on the windshields of automobiles:

On a Porsche in Greenwich Village:

HELP STAMP OUT  
CADILLACS

On a Cadillac in Detroit:

THIS CAR WAS MADE  
IN DETROIT U.S.A.  
BY IDIOTS

On a Volkswagen in Connecticut:

MADE BY DER ELVES  
IN DER BLACK FOREST

—Mr. Harper

# Learn The Truth About THE CATHOLIC CHURCH By Mail...At No Cost!

You can easily investigate Catholic faith and worship in the privacy of your home.

Just send us your name and address and advise that you want to know what the Catholic Church really teaches... what Catholics really believe. We will send you an interesting course of instruction which is short, yet complete.

We will send you a book explaining Catholic faith and worship... written in an easy-to-understand form. There are six test sheets which you can mark and we will check and return to you. This will enable you to determine how well you understand the book. It will give you quick and authentic answers on any point you do not immediately understand.

There is no writing to do... and nobody calls on you unless you request it. Nobody knows, in fact, that you are inquiring into Catholic teaching. Thousands of people are taking the course, and learning for the first time wonderful truths about the Church established by Christ Himself.

We know that many people would like to learn all about the Catholic Church—but hesitate to make personal inquiries. This offer is made for the benefit and convenience of such people, so they may get authentic Catholic information and study it in the privacy of their own homes.

You will find in this course of instruction answers to the questions which confuse non-Catholics. You will discover that Catholic belief and practice are not what they are so often misrepresented to be.

And if it is true that the Catholic Church is Christ's Church... as we maintain... you owe it to yourself to get the facts. This you can readily do through this short course of instruction... without cost or obligation... and in the privacy of your own home.



As Catholic laymen, who treasure our Faith, we invite you to understand it and, we hope, to share it.

Write today, giving your name and address and stating that you want the course of Catholic instruction by mail. The book and simple test sheets will be mailed to you, in a plain wrapper, without any cost or obligation to you. Nobody will call on you or urge you to join the Catholic Church. If you wish... while taking the course... to ask any questions which puzzle you, we will answer them promptly without any cost or obligation to you. Send a postcard or letter now—**TODAY! ASK FOR INSTRUCTION COURSE—D.** But—please—apply only for yourself.

# FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL  
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS  
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU  
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.

Please send me your Free INSTRUCTION COURSE—D

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

SUPREME COUNCIL  
**KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS**  
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



# the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## The Public, the Private, and the Real

**T**OBIAS HOOD, the narrator and main character in Nadine Gordimer's new novel, *A World of Strangers* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95), is a young Englishman of a kind that is becoming less and less frequent in contemporary fiction: he isn't mad at anybody. Yet in his own modest, undramatic way even this unangry young man is a rebel, for he has broken with the tradition in his prosperous middle-class family of going in for public causes, good works, and reform movements. He divides people into what he calls "public livers" and "private livers":

"The people with public lives," he says, "are concerned with a collective fate, the private livers with an individual one. But—roughly, since the Kaiser's war, I suppose—the private livers have become hunted people. Hunted and defamed. You must join. . . . You must protest, defy, non-cooperate. And all these things you *must* do; you can't leave it all in the infinitely more capable hands of the public doers."

But in spite of the fact that he knows how much the temper of the times is against him, young Hood is determined to be a "private liver," to choose his friends and interests simply on the basis of personal liking, without regard for public issues, ideology, or any other abstraction. *A World of Strangers* is essentially an account of how that determination is put to the test when he goes out to Johannesburg for a year as a representative of his family's publishing business.

As an outsider, easy-going and undogmatic, Tobias Hood soon makes friends with a wide variety of South Africans. Through connections back in England he becomes an occasional member of a more or less continuous house-party on the lavish estate of an enormously rich mine-owner, but he also comes to know many other kinds of people, including some Negroes whom he visits (illicitly) in their squalid houses in the "townships." His impression of South African society is succinctly summarized in the title of the book; it is a "world of strangers" in which the different groups seem hardly to be living in the same universe, let alone in the same city.

And within the groups themselves the people are portrayed as strangers to one another; none of the leading characters is "typical" of the group he or she belongs to officially or even very much at home in it. The chief female character in the book, for instance, is accepted, because of her skill as a horsewoman and her beauty, as a member of the house-party set on the mine-owner's country place, but actually she is a butcher's daughter living on inadequate alimony in a cramped, almost sordid flat in Johannesburg. She passes for a woman of fashion but is actually almost a prostitute.

So it is with the main character of Dutch descent, also a woman. Her respectable Boer family has completely cut her off since her brief and unsuccessful marriage to an Indian. Now she works as a lawyer among the Negroes and lives in an interracial Bohemia whose members have little in common except a willingness to meet one another.

The main Negro character, Steven Sitole, is described by one of his Negro friends as a white man in a black skin. He is almost totally deracinated; he has lived for a time in England and wants to go back. Like Tobias Hood, who becomes his great friend, Steven is a "private liver"; he refuses to join in the various efforts to improve the condition of his people, refuses to let his life be caged by causes or abstractions, preferring to take his chances, making his life and his living in the loopholes of the law.

Steven's tragic, useless death succeeds in doing what his grandly wasted life failed to do: it convinces Tobias Hood that at least in South Africa no one can live a completely private life; it forces him to take sides and to throw in his lot with the strangest of the strangers. Yet *A World of Strangers* is not exactly another novel preaching the necessity of engagement or committal; it comes much closer to being a lament for that necessity. Miss Gordimer does not seem to be saying that young Hood must take a stand for the good of his own soul but rather that South African society (and perhaps by implication, all society) is such that it makes a really private life impossible. Private life is possible, she suggests,





Photo by Friedman-Abeles

## LIES LIKE TRUTH

Theatre Reviews and Essays

By HAROLD CLURMAN

A stimulating, conversation-sparking collection of pieces on the theatre and theatremanship . . . ranging in topics from theatre in America to theatre abroad; from plays classic to plays controversial; from Shakespeare, Shaw and Chekhov to O'Neill, Osborne and Ionescu.

"extremely valuable to our theatre and our culture" — William Inge

"authoritative, perceptive, and readable . . . a rewarding and stimulating volume."

— Christian Science Monitor  
\$6.00

## NAMING-DAY IN EDEN

The Creation and Recreation of Language

By NOAH JONATHAN JACOBS

Delightful fantasy, contagious humor and impressive scholarship suffuse the pages of this volume on man's most astonishing invention: the power to communicate. Using Adam's naming of the animals in Eden as his springboard, Dr. Jacobs explores the many aspects of semantic lore and describes the fascinating curiosities of language derivations.

\$3.95

"this is a 'Canterbury Tales'"

— Saturday Review

## ONCE TO SINAI

By H. F. M. PRESCOTT

Author of

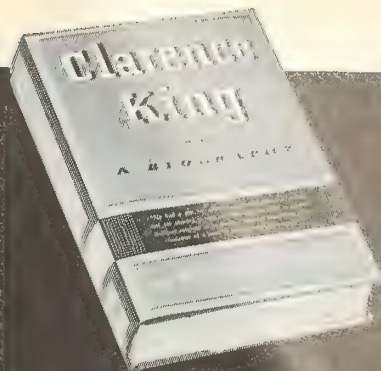
*The Man on a Donkey, Son of Dust,  
The Unhurryng Chase,  
Mary Tudor*

The engrossing sequel to *Friar Felix at Large*, chronicling the second trip to the Holy Land by the ebullient Friar who was nine parts tourist to one part pilgrim.

"~~For~~ one of the most fascinating and informative books of this or any other year . . . Miss Prescott has brought to bear all the resources of modern scholarship to correct, to supplement, to enrich the Friar's story . . . The result is a thoroughly lively tale, and a compact masterpiece of historical writing." — N. Y. Herald Tribune

"~~For~~ a delightful, rich and extremely revealing narrative . . . No one writing in English today recreates the past with a finer blending of historical scholarship, creative imagination and literary skill than H. F. M. Prescott."

— N. Y. Times  
\$5.00



## CLARENCE KING

A Biography

By THURMAN WILKINS

"Clarence King . . . scientist, man of letters, and connoisseur of the arts who in his brilliant youth seemed a kind of Leonardo of post-Civil War America, has long deserved a full-length biography, and Thurman Wilkins' book does justice to its subject."

N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

"Clarence King has been a legend in American culture ever since Henry Adams . . . called him 'the most remarkable man of our time.'" — Newsweek

"If a man is known by the company he keeps, the name of Clarence King should be recognized by every literate American . . . If a man is remembered for what he does, Clarence King's name should come to mind whenever science and adventure are spoken of . . . well-documented biography . . . an absorbing portrait . . ."

— N. Y. Times Book Review

"This book belongs beside De Voto's magnificent trilogy on the unveiling of the American West."

— Boston Sunday Globe  
\$7.50

*The Macmillan Company*  
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

Your local bookstore plays a leading role in the cultural progress of your community. If any one of these books is not immediately available your bookseller will be happy to order it for you. Support his efforts to make your community a better place in which to live.

only when there is enough public community so that people can trust one another; in a world of strangers, everyone's life becomes public because everyone is suspect.

Hood comes to understand that a man cannot choose where he encounters his reality, whether among the rich or the poor, the black or the white, his friends or strangers. Reality hits a man where it finds him: it appears in different conditions for different men, but for each it lies in "the demands of his own condition."

Miss Gordimer is one of the very best of the talented group of South African writers who have emerged since the second world war. She has intelligence, taste, and a fine freedom from clichés of thought and feeling and expression. Many of the virtues of *A World of Strangers* are more the virtues of a good essay than of a novel, or at any rate her description and analysis of South African society will probably strike many readers as superior to her story. The weakest thing in the book is the character of Steven Sitole, but he is the most difficult kind of character to present in fiction, because his greatness lies in nothing he says or does but simply in being superbly what he is, in his fullness of life, his sheer abundance of being. He has the passionate absorption in life that constitutes such an important part of the charm of children, and children are notoriously hard to render in novels.

#### VENETIAN MEETING

**S**TEPHEN SPENDER'S new novelette, *Engaged in Writing* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.75), is a satirical account of an international congress of intellectuals and writers convened in Venice. Such a gathering is a sitting duck for satire, and Spender, who has represented Britain at many international meetings, presumably knows the subject. He has a fine gallery of delegates, especially a fatuous old Italian who thinks that everything can be solved by a few empty verbal formulas, a brilliant Frenchman (Sartre, apparently) who very lucidly proves that nothing can be solved because the delegates couldn't possibly understand each other, and three tired Russians who never seem to know quite what is going on.

But Spender carries his joke too far and takes it too seriously. He may very well be right in his implication that nothing very much is accomplished by accumulating a lot of intellectuals in one room. A good many people who have attended such gatherings have reached much the same conclusion, including the clergyman who returned from a ministerial meeting with the opinion that clergymen are like manure—spread them out and they can enrich a wide field, but pile them all up together in one place and they stink. Intellectuals too are fertilizing agents in

society, and perhaps they require a certain dispersion to have their most beneficent effect.

Spender, however, goes beyond questioning the usefulness of international gatherings of intellectuals to question the usefulness of the intellectual enterprise itself. "Reality," the Hungarian delegate says, in an undelivered speech that seems to bear Spender's endorsement, "... cannot be written down, it cannot even be remembered the moment after it has happened, because memory would already have smoothed it over, rounded it into a smooth soothed object like a pebble thrown out of ferocious seas whereas the real imprisons you in its moment which is totally different from every other moment."

Perhaps reality is that idiosyncratic, that untouchable, that utterly private. But it would be a strange reality that would be more available to an amoeba than to a man, in which an idiot incapable of speech would be more at home than an Aristotle or a Shakespeare, and such seems to be the reality Spender is describing.

*Engaged in Writing* has passages that are witty and prose that is excellent, but much of the writing is labored, rhetorical, and excessively ornate. Take, for example, this fairly typical sentence from the first page: "The slapping of waters and the groaning of the rope fixed to the pier where the vaporetto halted, were small squeaks in the European storm which swept the marble junk of Venice into this little corner of the Adriatic." It is difficult to see what that elaborate metaphor accomplishes; it is ornate and vaguely ominous, but hollow.

#### TWO AT THE CROSSROADS

**T**WO new American novels—John P. Marquand's *Women* and Thomas Harrow (Little, Brown, \$4.75) and Louis Auchincloss's *Venus in Sparta* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50)—are books that bear a very strong but largely superficial resemblance to each other.

Both are examples of the novel of middle age now so popular in this country. In each the main character is a man who comes from a prosperous and well-placed Atlantic-seaboard family, who has gone to good schools, worked hard to make something of his considerable natural endowments, and achieved, by middle age, a position that enables him to appear a success in the eyes of his contemporaries. Each man has been dominated by a series of women for whom he has been something less than a match, each has had an affair overseas during the second world war that leads to a second marriage, each has one son, and each suddenly finds himself in a position where what he had counted on in life, the conventional "reality" that he had relied upon, fails him, and he must go forward to meet a new reality posed by "the demands of his own condition."



# The Swivel Chair



The morning mail always brings one new plaything from the space salesman to the swivel chair. These are miniature movie reels, flip charts, cutouts and pop-ups, even, alas, a painted turtle — each winsomely offering a short story of statistics in proof that it pays the publisher most to advertise with him. All are welcome as playthings, but they do little to dislodge the conviction that books sell because people talk about them. Some of the talk, low-pitched as possible, should come from the publisher. The reviewers, one hopes, will top it. The special feature writers may swell the chorus until that pregnant moment when one commuter says to another "What is this book about X that everyone's talking about?" Some of those X's are these:

## The Affluent Society

by **John Kenneth Galbraith** (\$5.00)

An immediate bestseller. "Mr. Galbraith argues, and it would be difficult to disagree with him, that ideas conceived in an age of scarcity have no relevance to an age of abundance . . . tells us more about American 'civilization' than many eminent scholars who have set out systematically to explore the subject . . . a masterpiece." *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. That long-term resident of the bestseller list, **Parkinson's Law** by **C. Northcote Parkinson** (\$3.00), long since reviewed in the book pages, makes new conquests of space in the editorial columns. "Professor Parkinson was . . . the first to announce that 'work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion.' . . . In the very book in which this most celebrated of Parkinson's laws burst upon an unsuspecting world, the author also presented (other) discoveries." *Maurice Dolbier, New York Herald Tribune*. **The Death of Manolete** by **Barnaby Conrad** (\$5.00) was a bestseller almost before the books were shipped. The customers were waiting to talk about this one. "This is the life of a bullfighter in exact and intimate detail . . . and not just any bullfighter, but the great Manolete." *New York Herald Tribune*.



In its eighth month on the bestseller list is **The Winthrop Woman** by **Anya Seton** (\$4.95) "A superb piece of historical portraiture . . . One feels, after finishing its engrossing pages, that one has lived through another incarnation." *John P. Marquand*.



## The Square Root of Wonderful by

**Carson McCullers** (\$3.00) is the center of another sort of talk — how much should a play be doctored. Following Broadway production of the belabored revision, we are publishing in book form the play as Miss McCullers wrote it.

Under the bestseller list of the *New York Times* there is a panel of "bear in mind" titles. There is always a good reason for inclusion there. Among recent choices were **J. B., A Play in Verse** by **Archibald MacLeish** (\$3.50) "Adds a new dimension to the accomplishment of American literature. We and all future time now have a great American poetic drama." *John Ciardi, Saturday Review*. And **Consciousness in Concord**, the text of Thoreau's hitherto "Lost Journal" (1840-41) together with notes and a commentary by Perry Miller (\$4.00) "A piercing glimpse of the prickly sage . . . a brilliant piece of work." *The New Yorker*.



Buffs on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line continue the great debate. Two notable additions are **An End To Valor: The Last Days of the Civil War** by **Philip Van Doren Stern** (\$5.75) "Holds our almost breathless attention to the last." *The New Yorker* and **The Battle of Gettysburg** by **Frank Aretas Haskell** (\$3.50) "Haskell could fight — and write . . . it is the classic of its kind." *Time Magazine*



An eye-witness account that was the foundation of a great scene in *War and Peace* is **Napoleon's Russian Campaign** by **Philippe-Paul de Ségur**, newly translated and edited by **J. David Townsend** (\$5.00) "Here is a book to make anyone sit up through the night. Count de Ségur wrote history as literature and literature as history." *Boston Globe*.

A loquaciously-contested battlefield is no farther than the next PTA meeting. Good homework for this is **Schools Without Scholars** by **John Keats** (\$3.00) "The campaign against anti-intellectual nonsense in the schools has gained the valuable assistance of John Keats . . . Keats is an effective writer, able to express serious purpose in readable prose." *Chicago Tribune*.



**Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers**

The General the South Hated Most

## PRINCE OF CARPETBAGGERS

By JONATHAN DANIELS

A fascinating account of suave, swaggering General Littlefield who looted the South when the Civil War was over. "Reads like entertaining fiction."—CARL SANDBURG. "A most distinguished performance."

—BRUCE CATTON. \$4.95

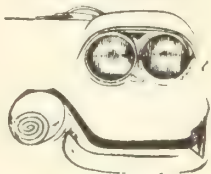
The Story of the Underground Railroad

## MAKE FREE

By WILLIAM BREYFOGLE

Packed with excitement and historically accurate, MAKE FREE is the first full account of the amazing ways in which runaway slaves were helped on their way to freedom from the slave states to Canada. The author tells the whole story of the "conspiracy" and the extraordinary people who took part in it. Endpaper maps. \$4.50

The book that makes Detroit eat chrome!



## THE INSOLENT CHARIOTS

By JOHN KEATS

Author of "The Crack in the Picture Window"

With merciless wit and an array of astonishing facts John Keats tells who has turned American cars into insolent chariots—and how and why they have done it. Over fifty drawings by Robert Osborn. \$3.95



A romantic "lost page" of American history

## A Yankee's Odyssey

The Life of Joel Barlow

By JAMES WOODRESS

The adventurous true story of the Connecticut Yankee who tried to forestall the War of 1812, helped Fulton launch his first steamboat in Paris, and freed Americans enslaved by the Barbary pirates.

Illustrated. \$5.95

A Great Quaker Humanitarian

## FRIEND OF LIFE

The Biography of Rufus M. Jones

By ELIZABETH GRAY VINING

Author of "Windows for the Crown Prince"

A magnificent biography of the Maine farm boy who became known the world over as a humanitarian, philosopher, teacher and mystic — a fascinating "friend of life."

Illustrated. \$6.00

## THE LINES ARE DRAWN

American Life Since the First World War as Reflected in the Pulitzer Prize Cartoons

A trenchant account of the issues illustrated by the cartoonists and the big issues ignored by the Pulitzer Prize judges. \$4.95



By GERALD W. JOHNSON

Full-page reproduction of every cartoon

KEYSTONE BOOKS

Paperbound



The Collector's Bach

By NATHAN BRODER. Bach on LP records — listed, discussed, rated. 192 pages. \$1.25

The Collector's Jazz

Traditional and Swing By JOHN S. WILSON. Complete guide to LP records of Jazz from New Orleans to World War II. 319 pages. \$1.45

Living With Your Allergy

By SAMUEL M. FEINBERG, M.D. How to handle your own and your children's allergies. 190 pages. \$1.25

Epilepsy

What it is and What to Do About it By TRACY J. PUTNAM, M.D. An authoritative handbook for epileptics and their families. 190 pages. \$1.25

THE NEW BOOKS

Yet for all these resemblances such is the plasticity of the form, and such the resourcefulness of novelists, that the two books are not really much alike. Thomas Harrow, in *Women and Thomas Harrow*, is an aging playwright whose disaster is primarily financial. He has pledged almost all that remains of his large earnings to finance a very expensive costume musical comedy; it fails, the bank calls in loans, and he finds himself, years of open-handed living, his earning-power in question practically broke. This leads to a general re-examination of his life.

Marquand has now carried back of the flashback to the point where he hardly has to stray into the native present. *Women and Thomas Harrow* begins when Harrow learns of his financial loss and ends the next day when he meets his first wife again after many years apart. Through that meeting decides his attitude he will take toward the future; almost everything in between consists of what he remembers and relives in the sleepless night that intervenes.

Harrow is proud of his power of recollection, and the reader is likely to agree that they are remarkable. His attitude toward his memory is a vast, undifferentiated nostalgia. In the end he is unable to answer his favorite question ("Where has everything gone?"), but he decides that he can face the future stoically, at least.

The writing in *Women and Thomas Harrow* is a little sedulous; Marquand permits himself too many asides, too many slipshod sentimental passages in which laments the passing of the old-fashioned New England spinster or silent movies or the Palm Beach life of 1928. The book is too wistful to make any attempt at satire. Yet sure that it will give pleasure to many readers. It is full of Marquand's skill in recapturing the tails of daily life as well as the glamorous world of the theater and fashionable society. No surprise that readers of Marquand's earlier books but there is no reason to suppose that they want to be surprised.

In *Venus in Sparta* Auchincloss uses flashbacks, though not to lay out the past but rather to assess its



# VINTAGE BOOKS

*Important additions  
to a distinguished list*

## **GREAT ISSUES IN AMERICAN HISTORY A Documentary Record, Vols. I & II**

**by Richard Hofstadter**

The great documents of American history, from the Resolutions of the Stamp Act Congress of 1765 to President Eisenhower's Second Inaugural Address, with general introductions and considerable editorial comment by Professor Hofstadter. These two volumes provide a generous sampling from the nation's major political controversies. A VINTAGE ORIGINAL. *Each volume \$1.25*

## **THE SOCIAL HISTORY OF ART Volumes III & IV**

**by Arnold Hauser**

A comprehensive study of the social origins of art, representing Volume II of the original edition. Complete, unabridged, fully illustrated. *Each \$1.25*

## **THE NOVEL IN FRANCE by Martin Turnell**

A distinguished study of France's great novelists as they mirror the history of their times and the growth of the novel as an art form. *\$1.25*

## **CONFESSIONS OF ZENO by Italo Svevo**

A novel hailed as the best of the year when first published and now acknowledged as a masterpiece of twentieth-century fiction. *\$1.25*

## **THE NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE**

**by Bergen Evans**

An entertaining and witty assault upon preposterous error, legends, preconceptions, and beliefs. *\$1.25*

## **GREAT OPERAS Volumes I & II**

**by Ernest Newman**

A panorama of world operas and a definitive study of the stories, texts, and music of the thirty operas included.

*Each \$1.25*

## **TWO LEGENDS: OEDIPUS AND THESEUS by André Gide**

Two wholly remarkable modern recastings of ancient legend dealing with timeless aspects of human life, by a Nobel Prize-winning author. *95c*

## **A HISTORY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE From Its Beginnings to 1900 by D. S. Mirsky**

A keen and penetrating exploration into one of the most complex and fascinating literatures of the world. Edited by Francis J. Whitfield. *\$1.25*



*For a free descriptive circular  
listing all Vintage titles, write to*

**VINTAGE BOOKS, INC.**  
501 Madison Avenue, New York 22

*Do we need  
union reform?*

## AS UNIONS MATURE

An Analysis of the  
Evolution of  
American Unionism

By RICHARD A. LESTER

A FORCEFULLY written book about how American unions got to be what they are, where they stand now, and where they go from here. With 18 million members and a power and influence that penetrates industry, politics, community life, and even foreign trade, unions in the United States have entered a new era. Gone is much of the old militancy and zeal that characterized unions before World War II. How and why has this come about? This searching analysis draws upon the experience of five major U. S. unions to show what the main trends are and what they mean. \$3.75

## THE SOCIETY OF CAPTIVES

A Study of a  
Maximum  
Security Prison

By GRESHAM M. SYKES

BRUTALITY and systematic neglect have largely disappeared from prison life—but equally damaging psychological stresses remain: rejection by the free community, poverty, enforced celibacy, and the “grinding dullness” of prison life. This thoughtful study describes life in a “tough” prison as seen by inmates and guards alike. It explores the complex social structure that often shifts real power into the hands of the prisoners. A book that not only enlarges our understanding of the treatment of criminals in American society, but illuminates the meaning of total power as well. \$3.75



At your bookstore, or  
**PRINCETON**  
University Press  
Princeton, New Jersey

### THE NEW BOOKS

sequences for the present. His leading character, Michael Farish, is a man with a sense of his own inadequacy; in all the appearances of life he has had the best that was going, yet he has always had a feeling that he has been expected to play a part a little too advanced or masculine or forceful for his own nature.

Farish's sense of inadequacy reaches its culmination when he has to recognize the fact that his wife is having an affair with one of his assistants in the bank where his grandfather was once president and he expects to be; the situation is further complicated because this particular assistant is in a position to call into question Farish's probity in an important business transaction.

Auchincloss breaks with the pattern of the novel of middle age by making the consequences of his predicament genuinely serious for Michael Farish. Farish does not emerge with his chin up and his eyes clear, ready to face the world again, a sadder but a wiser man. Instead he begins to disintegrate. He divorces his wife and leaves the bank, marries a calculating woman, drifts into alcoholism and a sick passion for his stepdaughter by his first marriage, and ends a thoroughly confused and discredited man.

If *Women and Thomas Harrow* is a little self-indulgent in the writing, *Venus in Sparta* is a little self-denying; Auchincloss seems to be afraid of wasting a word, and so there is a kind of nervous haste in the book. A slower, more relaxed narration would give the story greater stature. Contemporary taste in fiction is all for calling a spade a spade, of course, but Auchincloss could permit himself a little more indirection and periphrasis; his fine and fastidious intelligence both requires and justifies them. But in spite of these mild strictures *Venus in Sparta* is the best novel Auchincloss has so far written.

### THE PECKING ORDER

The Law, by the French novelist Roger Vailland (translated by Peter Wiles; Alfred A. Knopf, \$3.95), is frequently comic in its details, but at bottom it is one of the grimmest little novels to come along in some time. The book takes its title from

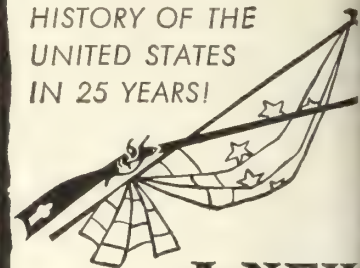
## Admiral HORNBLOWER in the West Indies

By C. S. FORESTER

Assigned to His Majesty fleet in the West Indies, Rear Admiral Lord Hornblower finds his three years there anything but a respite from the tumultuous career that brought him fame. C. S. Forester, with the assurance of a master storyteller, has added a thrilling new chapter to the saga of Horatio Hornblower in a book all connoisseurs of adventure on the high sea will relish.

At all bookstores • \$4.00  
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

NOW! THE  
MOST EXCITING  
HISTORY OF THE  
UNITED STATES  
IN 25 YEARS!



A NEW  
HISTORY  
of the UNITED  
STATES by  
WILLIAM MILLER

From the world before Columbus... to the present...the whole, colorful story of our nation comes to life with electrifying brilliance!

"...vivid, racy style...sweeps the reader along."

WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG  
Columbia University

A must for history lovers, families... every American. \$5.00

GEORGE BRAZILLER, II  
215 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3



ame of a stupid and brutal played in the South of Italy, the story takes place. Details the game are hardly worth ex- ang, but its chief characteristic the winner is granted unlim- icense to humiliate the losers. ere are some hints that under he social systems exceptions may occurred, but the point of the s that modern society is all one ame of "the law"—everyone is to get the upper hand of one else in order to humiliate ebase them. The unfolding of ory resembles those studies that een made of hens, in which it een discovered that there is a ing order" or strict social hier- in the chicken yard, a hierarchy on which hens can peck which hens. In Vailland's view, such order of human society too: es an endless struggle to get over others and use it to their iation and one's own aggran- ent.

lland illustrates this thesis with onomy, point, and variety of ter. Although his book is not he presents a large cast of vivid cters in a series of brilliant , many of them funny and hor- at the same time, like the scene ich a father takes his son to hel in order to make him late e elopement he has planned, e scene in which a man's mis- ersuades his wife to assert her endence by appearing in a ng suit that makes her a laugh- ck. By the time he gets through nd has left few stones unturned little South Italian town, and as found grubs under every

course the reader may entertain rvation or two about the just- of Vailland's diagnosis of so- The struggle for supremacy others, the fight for power and on, is certainly real enough, but it is "the law" of all human onships may be doubted. (Book- -Month Club selection.)

#### LIFE IN THE OLD GIRL

Marlborough's Duchess (Alfred topf, \$5.75) Louis Kronenberger written the biography of a n who addressed herself to the gle for power and position

# Answers more questions than any other reference work

... at a fraction of the price you'd expect to pay!



Brings into your home accurate information on every subject known to man ... with thousands of illustrations ... heartily recommended by leaders in every field of knowledge

Here is the most helpful basic reference work that you can have in your home!

**It is the most complete dictionary** ever published — containing thousands of words and definitions not included in any other dictionary.

**It is the world's greatest "information center"** — equivalent in printed material to an 18-volume encyclopedia ... containing so much encyclopedic matter that it has become famous as the great "question answerer."

**It covers the entire range of man's knowledge** — vocabulary, geography, biography, the arts, the sciences, the professions — opening up for you all the cultural and practical knowledge of this eventful era.

Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, is one of the most inspiring purchases you will ever make for yourself and your family. It is an invaluable aid to students and to leaders in business and every profession ... an unequaled "partner" in word games and puzzles ... a "question answerer" so informative and intriguing that someone in your family will turn to it nearly every day.

As your family develops the "look it up" habit, their questions will be answered with complete accuracy, for this New International is the same unabridged Merriam-Webster relied on by schools and libraries as "the Supreme Authority" of the English-speaking world.

**Don't let the years roll by** without giving yourself and your family the benefit of this wonderful, low-cost reference work. See Webster's New International at department, book, or stationery stores.

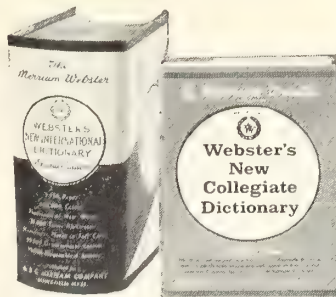
...

**WARNING:** Don't confuse this genuine Webster's New International Dictionary with "big" dictionaries offered as supermarket premiums or in "free" offers. Always look for the Merriam-Webster trademark to protect yourself from inferior substitutes.

INSIST ON

## MERRIAM- WEBSTER

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary (\$5 and up) is the only desk dictionary based on the New International. It is the dictionary required or recommended by nearly all schools and colleges. There should be an up-to-date copy in every home.



Adot. Copyright by G. & C. Merriam Co.

**FREE—64-page Illustrated Booklet of Word Origins**

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 470, Springfield 2, Mass.

Please mail me your free illustrated booklet, "Interesting Origins of English Words." Also send me more information about Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Name .....

Address .....

City & State .....

*Behind the  
Bamboo Curtain  
with two expert  
reporters*

## The United States and China

Completely Revised Edition

*By John King Fairbank*

"The best book on China in our time" has now been completely revised through ten years of constant study. It reveals the real China that Americans do not know — a country strong and independent enough to impose its will on the Kremlin when necessary. China's deeply-rooted values and traditions, politically important yet largely ignored by American strategists, are fully explored in this penetrating, timely analysis of a people likely to number a billion before the century's end.

\$5.50

## Stalin's Failure in China, 1924-27

*By Conrad Brandt*

To understand how Peking can dictate to the Kremlin, a knowledge of Communism's initial Chinese failure is essential. Working from the Trotsky papers, interviews with a former Chinese Communist leader, and the time-obscured histories of Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek, and Mao Tse-tung, Mr. Brandt draws a sharp and revealing picture of Stalin's fiasco in China and the surprising combination of factors that caused it. \$4.75

Through your bookseller, or from



**HARVARD  
UNIVERSITY PRESS**

79 Garden St., Cambridge 38, Mass.

THE NEW BOOKS

about as single-mindedly as anyone who ever lived—Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. Yet even that fascinating, grasping, headstrong lady had a lifelong love affair with her husband and several friendships that did not get caught in the toils of her worldliness and ambition.

Kronenberger's account of Sarah falls into two large sections that are different in their treatment and somewhat different in their success. The first and longer section deals with Sarah's rise to power and her exercise of it. During those years when she dazzled Queen Anne, shared and advanced the career of the greatest warrior-diplomat of his time, and had a finger in every political intrigue afoot, her life was, as Kronenberger remarks, simply a part of the history of England, and at times of the Continent as well. Consequently, in this part of his book Kronenberger is often retelling a story that has been told a good many times before. He tells it well; obviously he loves the period and has an easy command of it.

But the really fine part of the book is the long concluding essay on Sarah in old age. In most biographies the best section is the account of the subject's youth, and little is known about Sarah's childhood, but she had a long, wonderfully vigorous, and well-documented old age. She was no longer much of a political force (though she was always sure that things would be much improved if she were), and her biographer is freed from the necessity to follow strictly the course of public events.

Instead Kronenberger roams at will among the multitude of people and activities that absorbed her always abundant energies. Her lawsuits alone would have kept most women fully employed; she was always a prodigious letter-writer; she fought with her children and grandchildren; she attended to extensive business and a vast fortune; she even found mistakes in the bill for the Duke's funeral expenses—among other things, she was charged for twenty-four trumpeters and counted only seventeen in the procession. Her long feud with Sir John Vanbrugh, the designer of Blenheim Palace (the Queen's gift to the Duke for his victories and still unfinished at his death), will always be the

## Stride Toward Freedom

THE MONTGOMERY  
STORY



By MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.

The inside story of the "American Gandhi" who successfully led his people to victory through their non-violent resistance to segregation. "Of first-rate importance . . . a most moving, challenging, exciting narrative . . . I wish every American would read it."

—HARRY EMERSON FORD

"A remarkable story . . . leaves the reader with the feeling that he has had the privilege of being close to a human being who is making an important contribution to living history."—NORMAN COUSINS

"Some day all of America will look back at this phenomenon as one of the greatest stories of our heritage."—HARRY GOLDEN

With 8 pages of photographs • \$2.95

## Creeds In Competition

A CREATIVE FORCE IN  
AMERICAN CULTURE

By LEO PFEFFER

An eminent constitutional lawyer tells us how the American pattern of free religious development affects such issues as: public funds and private schools, Sunday "blue" laws, Bible and obscenity; also laws relating to sex education, child welfare, divorce, adoption, etc.



## To Hallow This Life

MARTIN BUBER  
AN ANTHOLOG

Edited and with introduction by JACOB TRAPP. A balanced collection of 235 passages from 16 of Buber's books. To Hallow This Life presents the full range of thought of a philosopher who has been called "one of the few wise men living on the earth at the present time."—Nobel Prize citation 1949. "Gems of rare spiritual wisdom, profound human insight and breathtaking poetry."—MAURICE S. FRIEDMAN. \$3

At your bookseller

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 10



## THE NEW BOOKS

example of a quarrel between  
ect and client; she finally  
him out of the building and  
d it herself—but in accordance  
is plans.  
he history books, and even to  
extent in the early part of  
nberger's biography, it is a lit-  
rd to understand how Sarah  
to have so much power. She  
ot born to great rank or wealth,  
n she saw to it that those  
ons were corrected; she is said  
e been beautiful but the por-  
leave room for a difference of  
in; she was sometimes shrewd  
ten wildly erroneous in her  
ents and impolitic in her ac-  
she was rude, self-righteous,  
nated, litigious, ungenerous,  
aining, and could swear like a  
r. Yet she was another of  
people who have a wonderful  
ty to be fully what they are,  
his concluding pages Kronen-  
does a remarkable job of re-  
ing the extraordinary vigor  
rce of her personality. (Hand-  
illustrated.)

### THE AMERICAN SCENE

merican Murder Ballads and  
Stories (Oxford, \$5.50) Olive  
Burt has produced a thor-  
ghly entertaining book. Unfortu-  
te it proves conclusively that  
cans have more talent for  
side than for balladry, for it  
u be the grossest flattery to de-  
most of the ballads as medi-  
und lamentably often they are  
ven amusingly bad.  
asionally there is a nice touch  
understatement, as in these lines,  
sedly spoken by a man who first  
ied his wife and then grew  
ful of the effectiveness of his

sh looked so quiet on the bed,  
ld not think that she was dead;  
on her throat my hands I laid  
there a deep impression made.  
ne nest elegiac note is struck not  
hor of a victim but of the town  
e a murder took place—Hardin,  
which once boasted two sa-  
named Sodom and Gomorrah:  
railroad soon spelled Hardin's  
doom,  
died with none to mourn;  
re Sodom and Gomorrah stood  
arch silent fields of corn.

# In *WOMEN AND* *THOMAS HARROW* John P. Marquand

delves deeply  
into American  
marriage today



John P. Marquand's first novel since 1955 is a literary event that ranks with the publication of his *WICKFORD POINT* and *POINT OF NO RETURN*. In this new story the author has turned to the world of the theatre, and his protagonist, Thomas Harrow, a successful, fashionable playwright, is sure to find his place with George Apley, H. M. Pulham, Charles Gray, and other famous Marquand characters. Many consider *WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW* the crowning achievement of the novelist's distinguished career. It is, as Clifton Fadiman writes, "Marquand's best story." \$4.75

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • Boston

**Subscribe now\***



**To This Exciting  
New Magazine**

**The  
Complete  
Text**

Bests from the journals and quarterlies, as nominated by their editors; supplemented by staff selections from periodicals not commonly seen on the newsstands — "a cross section of what thinking writers write."

### Subscription, Bonus Issue Coupon

Best Articles & Stories Magazine, 1757 Devon Lane, Bloomington, Indiana: I enclose \$5 (Canada \$6, Foreign \$7) for 1 year subscription, 10 issues. Also send Bonus Issue free.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

\*FREE BONUS COPY THIS MONTH features Ben Morreale's story "L'Americano," G. F. Hudson on Asia, "Hemingway at Petoskey," selections from Poetry, Yale Review, Virginia Quarterly, Journal of the A.M.A., 14 other leaders. BA&S is sold by subscription only.

# OPUS

## #1

*An event of importance for*

### NEW AUTHORS ONLY

**OPUS #1** is the title of a new Philosophical Library 1958 book series which will publish the deserving manuscripts of new authors only.

**OPUS #1** has two basic requirements: The author must have something to say and know how to say it.

**OPUS #1** will be dedicated to the humanities and will include works in the fields of Art, Literature, Philosophy, Religion, Sociology, History, Psychology and Psychiatry.

**OPUS #1** books will be printed on special, fine antique paper, and artistically cloth-bound for library use.

*Only complete book-length manuscripts accepted*

*Inquire for full details*

## Philosophical Library

*Publishers*

15 East 40 St., New York 16, N. Y.

### DICTIONARY OF

## PHILOSOPHY

By DAGOBERT D. RUNES

From Thales to Einstein you can now have the brilliant thinking and ideas of every great mind since the beginning of recorded time. A superb volume, interpreting all major concepts of vital thought. An all-embracing source of information that is invaluable to the layman, teacher and student.

*De Luxe Library Edition*

**\$6**

## PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY

*Publishers*

15 E. 40 St. ● N. Y. 16, N. Y.

*Expedited shipment by prepayment*

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

One might quickly grow tired of the ballads if it were not for the ingratiating compeetary Mrs. Burt provides. She tells how she found her songs, provides any details of the murders that she has been able to unearth (often her account is better than the ballader's), and offers suitable moral guidance to the reader when the situation requires it.

**Once upon a City** (Macmillan, \$15) is primarily a collection of several hundred wonderful photographs taken in and around New York in the years 1890-1910. They are the work of a family of photographers named Byron, and have been given a text by Grace M. Mayer.

Miss Mayer commands a prose style in which artists "limn" scenes and writers "opine" or "suspire" sentiments and syntax does some very peculiar things, but she knows so much, has such enthusiasm for her subject, offers so many odd facts and quotations from out-of-the-way books that her lapses must be borne with, though not perhaps for very long at a time.

The pictures are superb, and extremely various in their subjects. Among the best are a group of immigrants arriving in steerage, a bachelor dinner at the Yale Club in 1904, a room decorated in the "oriental style," old men playing checkers in the King's County Almshouse, the barber shop in the Hotel Algonquin (a veritable floral bower), Herald Square in the snow, and Alice Duca Miller with her mother and sister. New York in those days was a city of the starkest contrasts, of rampant bad taste and vulgar display among the rich, of cruel deprivation among the poor; but in these pictures it is also a very beautiful place.

AS anyone who has visited New York in the last few years knows, one of the most striking changes the city has undergone recently results from the large influx of Puerto Ricans, and in **The Puerto Ricans** (Oxford, \$3.75) Christopher Rand presents an excellent account of these newcomers. They differ from any other group of immigrants the city has known because they are already citizens and because they do not necessarily come to stay—many come up for seasonal employment and then fly back to en-

joy the proceeds of their la's

Rand has visited their home as well as spent a good deal of time with the Puerto Ricans in New York. His account is sympathetic but not sentimental. He is particularly good at describing the problems that the Puerto Ricans encounter as a result of living in two cultures more or less simultaneously—problems of diet, for example, and of marriage. (A good many Puerto Ricans contract "insensual"—i.e. somewhat informal—marriages, and that gets them in considerable difficulty in a welfare state that runs on documents.) Rand concludes that the ease with which the Puerto Ricans can fly back and forth is going to make their Americanization, or perhaps one should say their "continentalization," far from easy.

## BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

### FICTION

**Young Men See Visions**, by M. Mian.

This novel is set in a town called Wendover, Massachusetts, at about the time when Louisa May Alcott was growing up in Concord, preoccupied in only slightly different terms from hers with the same problems of riches and poverty, good and evil, and the too close family which bedevil the characters here. A new young minister comes to the Old North Church and by telling the congregation of a vision he has seen he upsets the conventional, settled views of the well-to-do elders, disrupts a family, and brings great trouble on his own head. Mrs. Mian has recreated an engaging and revealing picture of the way those interested in maintaining the status quo at the end of the century were digging in uneasily against the stirrings of a new era of industry and invention, and tells an amusing and romantic tale as well. Her language is charming and full of flavor. She calls uncurling fern fronds "musical notations on a score for summer" and in those days when a game



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

et took the place of cocktails  
e dinner on summer evenings,  
were "grim warriors in immacu-  
flannels." A delightful book,  
ative in all the best ways. By  
author of *My Country-in-Law*  
*The Merry Miracle*.

Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50

*Other Side of the Day*, by Hilda  
y Krech.

is is a book with a thesis that  
lets go. It is another heartfelt  
much-better-than-average varia-  
on the theme, "Should a mar-  
voman work?" One would think  
ficult to ring any new changes  
his subject and indeed Mrs.  
r, gifted as she is, rings only one.  
woman in her novel, with some  
comes-to-realize that it's more  
than not the *happy* wife and  
er who feels the need for other  
ment: "The satisfaction of one  
makes the next wish possible;  
he stage for it to be born." . . .  
usy, credible, thoughtful story set  
erkeley, California. A woman,  
ied to a young, successful archi-  
s happy in her marriage and her  
ons. But she has some drive left  
This is a rather elaborate and  
in self-study in what to do about  
ut it is well written, the story  
vincing, and the problem, after  
as to be faced by each genera-  
in its own terms.

Knopf, \$3.95

ree distinguished books of short  
es have just made their appear-  
all three the products of un-  
l and original minds. All of  
i, though often amusing, are on  
spine-chilling, hair-raising side  
use of the way the authors take  
dane experiences—buying and  
ing over an old house; a near  
e crash; taking a present to a  
in a mental hospital—and make  
hem soul-destroying episodes, il-  
ating in the best tradition of  
short story that it is possible  
ramatize one moment in human  
and through it to reflect the  
and illuminate the future.

ovel, a Novella and Four Stories,  
Andrew Lytle.

s the title indicates this is not  
tly a book of short stories. The  
word is an arresting essay which  
much to explain why there are

# NOW THOR HEYERDAHL's Aku-Aku

(pronounced ack'oo-ack'oo)

## THE SECRET OF EASTER ISLAND

by the author of *KON-TIKI*



**FIRST REVIEWS:** "Just as enthralling and illuminating to read as *Kon-Tiki* . . . Not only a gripping adventure story, but a suspenseful feat in scientific detection as well. It held me fascinated from first page to last, not least for the remarkable color photographs that illustrate the narrative."

— JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*

"An advance reading of the 424 page book, with its 62 photographs in full color, led this observer to mounting enthusiasm over its excitement, suspense, and even humor."

— FREDERIC BABCOCK, in "*Among the Authors*,"  
*Chicago Tribune*

"A thrilling book of romance, research and discovery." — DANIEL A. POLING,  
*Christian Herald*

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION

Lavishly illustrated, \$6.95 at all bookstores  
RAND McNALLY

Why do married women work?

What do they do with their money?

Is a working mother harming her children?

Do older women make good workers?

Are employers justified in discriminating against married women?

How can women who want to go to work get the training and guidance they need?

To what extent will the future growth of our economy depend on women working?

WORK IN THE LIVES OF MARRIED WOMEN—the latest publication of the National Manpower Council—deals with these and related questions. The volume is now available at your bookstore. \$4.75

## WORK IN THE LIVES OF MARRIED WOMEN



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS  
2960 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.

## THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIAN ART

D. Talbot Rice

D. Talbot Rice, a renowned art historian and writer, tells the fascinating story of the earliest Christian art—a survey ranging from the Roman catacombs to the late icons of Venice, some of which were painted by a young foreigner named Domenicos Theotocopoulos, now better known for his "View of Toledo." Throughout the book, attention is given to the rich heritage of Byzantine art as well as to that of the Western world. 48 pages black-and-white illustrations; 4 full-color plates.

\$7.95 at your bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS

# G. B. STERN

shares with us the good company of the people she has loved and admired:

Somerset Maugham  
Max Beerbohm  
David Lloyd George  
Sheila Kaye-Smith  
Ronald Knox  
Pamela Frankau  
R. C. Sherriff  
John Berjeman  
Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne

**and did he stop  
and speak to you?**

\$3.75



Henry REGNERY Company  
Chicago 4, Illinois

## THE HATTERASMAN

by Ben Dixon MacNeill

The 400-year chronicle of an Island's life  
Of ships and water and wind and sand  
Of what makes heroes out of ordinary men  
\$5.00 at your bookstore

## TALL IN THE SIGHT OF GOD

by Robert A. Bowen

Spawn of a rugged mountain family, Robin Arvane sets out to get what he wants in this tempestuous saga that begins with a pre-Revolutionary battle and leads through the Civil War.

\$4.95 at your bookstore

JOHN F. BLAIR, Publisher

First Natl. Bank Bldg., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Welcome a UNICEF Trick or Treater  
this Halloween. He's calling on behalf  
of millions of children in need.



UNITED NATIONS CHILDREN'S FUND

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

"Southern" writers and how, by their treatment of their special material, the best of them fit into the great artistic tradition. The sense of place, of family, of custom, manners, and ritual is all, and is illustrated in each story here, no matter what its theme. It is perhaps shown best in the previously published novel, *A Name for Evil*—a ghost story in the grand manner, full of wisdom, humor, and a creeping sense of doom. A book not to be missed. By the author of *The Long Night* and *The Velvet Horn*. McDowell, Obolensky, \$4.95

Nabokov's Dozen, by Vladimir Nabokov.

A great many people who have read or heard about Mr. Nabokov's controversial *Lolita* will want to read these stories even if they didn't know Mr. Nabokov's work before. Some were written in Russian, one in French, the rest in English, following the course of the author's life—Russia before the Revolution, then Europe, then America. I don't mean that they are all autobiographical though some of them are. Most of them have been in various collections before but the publishers say flatly that these thirteen (in spite of the title) "are the best of Nabokov's stories." They are certainly very good indeed. In reviewing *Lolita* last month Paul Pickrel said:

Nabokov's style is extraordinarily free, utterly indoctrinaire; he writes as if he put down anything that came into his head. [His writing] has a remarkable fertility of imagination, an ease and wealth of invention, and a wonderful freshness of language.

It has all that and often has the shocking, head-clearing effect of a slap in the face. Try "Signs and Symbols," or "Conversation Piece 1945," for instance. In the latter he describes a group of women at an evening meeting.

None of the women were pretty; all had reached or over-reached forty-five. All, one could be certain, belonged to book clubs, bridge clubs, babble clubs, and to the great, cold sorority of inevitable death.

Many of the stories have a delicate nostalgia. "First Love" is worth reading if only for the loving description of a model of an international sleeping-car seen in a store window when

"A masterly work."—Van Wyck Brooc

**THE REDISCOVERED  
OF MAN**  
by  
**WALDO FRANK**  
author of  
**BRIDGEHEAD**

Drawing on all phases of existence, intellectual memoir, an analysis and summation of our world, offers a practical program for Western man's survival salvation. \$6

GEORGE BRAZILLER, New York

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF A YOGI**

by Paramhansa Yogananda

The Inspiring Story of  
A Man Who Found God

"I am grateful to you for granting me some insight into this fascinating world."  
THOMAS MANN,  
Nobel prizeman

At All  
Bookstores  
\$4.00

Self-Realization  
Fellowship, Dept. AH,  
Los Angeles 65, Calif.

## OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies, Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets plotted. All magazine back numbers supplied, as your list of wants. No obligation. We reply quickly at lowest prices.  
(We also supply all current books at retail prices—Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, vertised or listed in this issue of *Harper's Magazine*)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE  
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.  
N. Y. We also BUY books and magazines.

**PEDRO'S**

386 Robert St.  
St. Paul 1, Minn.

BUY DIRECT  
at  
FACTORY PRICE

Mfrs. and Distributors of FINE LUGGAGE  
LEATHER GOODS—BRIEF CASES. Write for Dealer Catalogue!

## THE OLDEST WRITERS' SERVICE

Literary Agent, established 37 years. Manuscripted, revised, typed, marketed. Special attention Book manuscripts. Poetry. Catalogue on request.  
Dept. B, Agnes M. Reeve, Frank

## ATHEIST BOOKS

32-page catalogue free.

TRUTH SEEKER CO. 38 Park Row, New York 8.

## OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

—AT LOWEST PRICE  
You name it—we find it! Fast service. No obligation. Send us your wants!

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS  
Box 3003-H, Beverly Hills,



a boy. Try any of them and yourself caught up in bright e. Doubleday, \$3.50

Housebreaker of Shady Hill, n Cheever.

out one of these stories by the of the National Book Award, *Vapshot Chronicle*, have ap- in the *New Yorker*, but even ead a second time they weave wn, if suburban, magic. But love, and death are as im- t in suburbia as anywhere else r. Cheever is as conscious of use of place in his way as Mr. s in his. I think perhaps "The y Husband" is my favorite A man saved in the crash- g of an airplane is suddenly e of being alive that it leads plete unbalance and to terror. is all told with a breath-taking ess. The plane crash-lands. ne "opened an emergency door back, letting in the sweet of their continuing mortality— e splash and smell of a heavy Harper, \$3

ighth Day of the Week, by Hlasko, translated by Norbert nan.

ive never read a more thor- disenchanting novel than this f a Warsaw family in 1956. It ill wonder that this young riter has been sharply at- by the Communists for the e he paints of cynicism and r in Poland today. The cen- aracter is a girl, a student, in with a young man who has ears of the war in prison. All rant is a place to be alone to love and this proves so impos- ver so many pages that after a one ceases to believe in the ties. A friend offers to leave to his apartment, but he for- when finally they decide to dignity to the winds and go woods, it pours. The young s ready to go back to prison all decisions are made for n the meantime she in despair oother man take her to his ent after a party—and meets ver on the way home, waiting key, too late. Her mother is her father is getting old and ned and wants only a week-

end of fishing. Her brother is drink- ing himself to death because his girl (married to someone else) won't come to save him. The young boarder is engaged to a whore. They all long for that eighth day that never comes. . . . The novel is well and sharply written, almost entirely in dialogue. It must be dreadful indeed to be so poor and so lacking in privacy, but the weaknesses in the characters seem more compelling than the external conditions—and some of their afflictions are so arbitrary that woe seems not so much a motivating force as an artificial glaze. Dutton, \$2.75

### New Book-Magazine

For four years now some quarter of a million Americans have been reading with interest and pleasure a hard-cover, picture-and-text maga- zine called *American Heritage*. This month a sister magazine (first print- ing 225,000 copies) called *Horizon* makes its appearance. Whereas *American Heritage* deals with Ameri- can history, *Horizon* deals with world culture, past, present, and future. It is a large order any way you look at it but the first issue takes a big brave bite. I had the dummy in my hand for only an afternoon so that there was no time to read, but the illustra- tions and layout—a great deal of color—are impressive. Its range is wide and unpredictable. A piece on "The Golden Age of the Dutch Re- public," by the historian C. V. Wedg- wood, is illustrated by reproductions of paintings of the period. There are sections from Kerouac's novel, *The Subterraneans*, and from Allen Ginsberg's poem, "Howl." H. R. Trevor-Roper discusses Christendom and the Turks; the ubiquitous Julian Huxley writes on "Man's Challenge: The Use of Earth." There are arti- cles on the musical as the new art form in the theater, on "The Missing Mourners of Dijon"; a magnificent spread of great nature photographs; sections from Stravinsky's memoirs; a piece on the perils of drink; a pro- file of Walter Paepcke by Marquis Childs; "Sense and Nonsense" by Gilbert Highet. These are only part of the contents but enough to illus- trate that *Horizon* means what it says when it calls itself "A magazine of the Arts." It is a bi-monthly pub- lication selling for \$3.95 a copy, \$18 a year.

"No one gives a damn if you can teach."



## THE ACADEMIC MARKETPLACE

*An anatomy of the academic profession — its mores, its morale, its machinations*

By THEODORE CAPLOW and REECE J. McGEE With a foreword by JACQUES BARZUN



What is happening to the men and women who teach — and struggle to get ahead — in our institutions of higher learning?

What is taking place in the universities themselves during this period of rapid change?

With unusual scholarship and wit, the authors of this new book apply the insights and techniques of modern sociology in a penetrating analysis of the structure of the contemporary American university. They reveal the effects of college personnel practices on the structure, spirit and goals of higher education as a whole. \$4.95

BASIC BOOKS, Publishers.  
59 Fourth Avenue, New York 3

are you a

UNITARIAN

without

knowing it?



Do you believe that neither proph- et nor priest can do your thinking for you?

Do you believe man is capable of self-improvement and is not con- demned by the doctrine of "origi- nal sin"?

Do you believe that striving to live a wholesome life is more important than accepting religious creeds?

Do you believe in the practical ap- plication of brotherhood in all so- cial relations?

Then you are professing Unitarian beliefs.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10¢ TO UNITARIAN LAYMEN'S LEAGUE Dept. HX2, 25 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass. Please send me booklets on Unitarianism

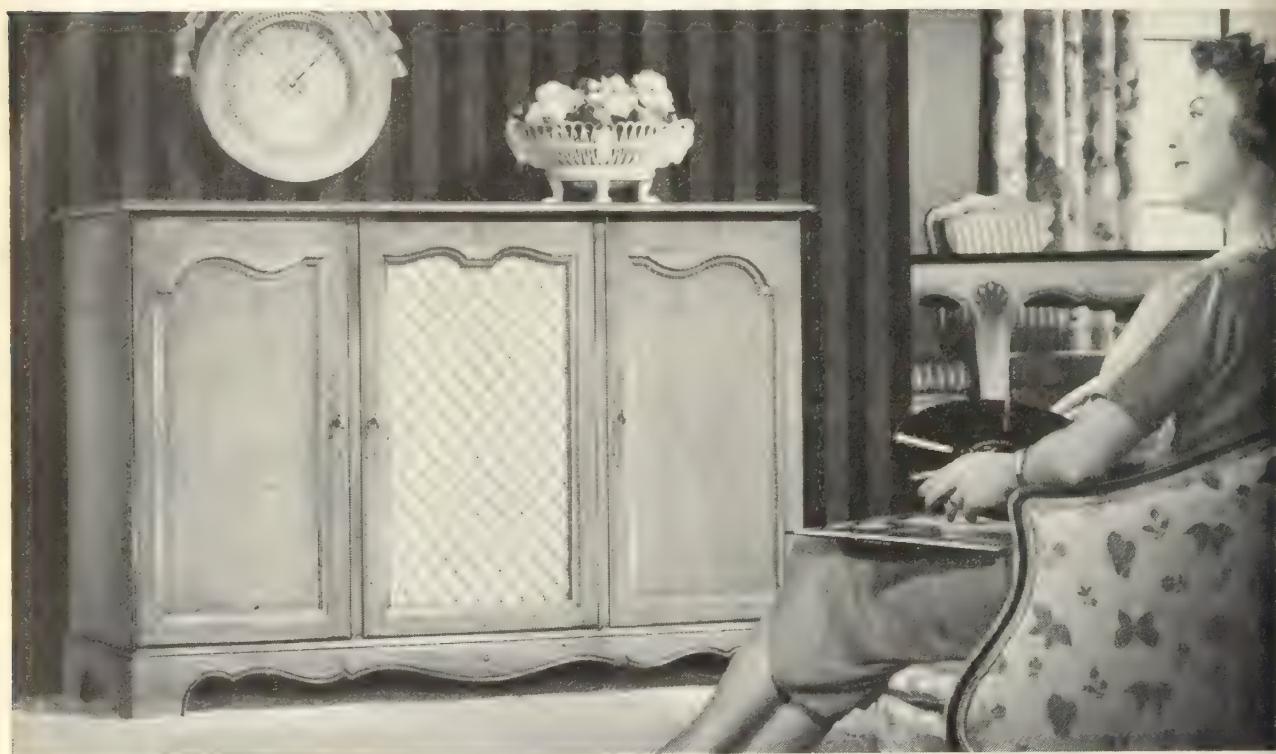
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Be there in person!

The new Zenith — world's finest high fidelity —  
creates living sound from stereophonic records



Plays all your present records with a depth of sound you never realized was there

A new and complete line of high fidelity instruments has been created by Zenith. They are unlike anything you have ever heard before.

You'll hear a new depth of sound in all your present records. You'll hear music as live as the minute it was recorded—music with dimension, direction and movement—from the new stereophonic records. You seem to hear the performers in person—not

the speakers, not the records.

The complete line of Zenith High Fidelity Instruments includes deluxe, full stereophonic instruments, self-contained in magnificent classic, traditional or modern fine-furniture cabinets. Also stereophonic equipped high fidelity instruments with companion Zenith remote speaker systems which may be added now or later for full stereophonic sound. See

—and hear—the new Zenith, world's finest high fidelity, at your Zenith Dealer's.

Above is the Zenith Classic—Full Stereophonic High Fidelity, self-contained in a single cabinet, with FM-AM radio. In cherry veneers and cherry hardwood solids, elegant Provincial styling, Model SF2580, \$800.\* Stereophonic-equipped models are priced from \$199.95.\*

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF STEREOPHONIC SOUND AT YOUR ZENITH DEALER'S

**ZENITH**

*The quality goes in  
before the name goes on*



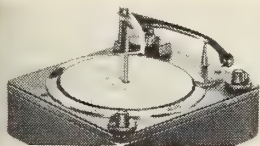
ZENITH R.  
CORPORATION  
CHICAGO,  
ILLINOIS

Royalty of television, stereo, high fidelity instruments, graphs, radios and hearing 40 years of leadership in radio exclusively.  
\*Manufacturer's suggested price. Slightly higher in the west and West Coast. Price specifications subject to change without notice.

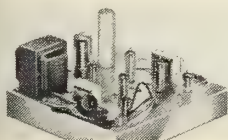


*Specially designed  
with quality  
components—for  
the world's finest sound*

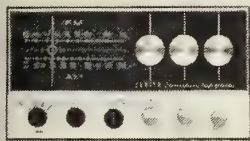
extensive Zenith features, to please even the most knowledgeable high fidelity enthusiasts are incorporated in these remarkable Zenith instruments.



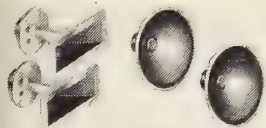
The exclusive **Cobra-Matic® Record Changer** has speeds. Zenith's all-new **Cobra® Tone**—with its dual-needle cartridge for phonic sound—preserves records with a feather-light touch, yet picks up every record sound with incredible fidelity.



Its **undistorted power output**—up to its peak—from dual channel amplifiers specially designed by Zenith for the finest phonic sound reproduction.



**Studio Sound Control Panel**, another exclusive, gives you precision control of response—virtually the same control that of a recording studio sound engineer. Has Zenith's exclusive **Presence Control** and **Stereo Balance Control**.



Full **speaker systems** employ at least high-rated Zenith quality speakers—boomers with heavy Alnico 5 magnets, high frequency exponential treble horns. Crossover networks separate and deliver frequencies into their proper speaker bins.

**ZENITH**

# the new RECORDINGS

*Edward Tatnall Canby*

## STORYTELLING ON RECORDS

**H**ow many of us ever get to read the classic stories that are lying around in print, as easily accessible as they ever were? We don't have the time, we say—but paradoxically, a lot of us apparently can make time for them in the new medium of recorded sound, even though it is much slower-going than a book.

One reason may be that most stories are best when told, especially by a skilled actor-storyteller. Another reason is that a personal story—such as that of Eleanor Roosevelt or Dylan Thomas—gains an extra dimension when we hear it in that person's own voice.

**Daniel Defoe's "Moll Flanders,"** read by Siobhan McKenna. Caedmon TC 1090.

This is an unexpected item, a condensation of a great English novel into an hour of good reading. Some of us will remember Moll from college English classes, a purse-snatcher who ends up where she began, in Newgate Prison.

What is interesting in Siobhan McKenna's perceptive reading is the social document, the more up-to-date in sound for its remarkable age. Every generation reads what it will into such classics. Here for ours is a fine picture of the way conscience works, conveniently retiring until wrong is safely done, and its possessor's descent, under the usual impetus of want, toward an habitual criminal life. Defoe is good today because he does not moralize—except in Moll's much-too-easy pious expressions of horror at herself. But her actions speak for themselves—every expert on what we now refer to as delinquency will find this early eighteenth-century classic absorbing.

You'll flounder a bit for the first few moments of the record, since the pace is fast and the accent rather British; but give it a good ten minutes and you'll be well hooked.

**Readings from "Don Quixote"** (translated by W. Starkie). Walter Starkie. Mentor Series 12-A 1.

This charming record has an unexpected twist to it—the presentation is Irish, and for an excellent reason: Walter Starkie, an authority on Spain, happens to be

Irish with the literate Irishman's gift of language and storytelling. Here, he reads from his own recent translation of Cervantes.

The Irishness is mainly in the kindling excitement for sheer storytelling that carries Mr. Starkie from scene to scene with animation. But the lilting Irish rhythms, not self-conscious at all, are in the translation itself as well as the author's reading.

Side Two goes further. The hot argument between Sancho Panza and his wife over his dreams of splendor and a governorship is an Irish free-for-all—Sancho and wife are a couple of Irish peasants. As the dispute grows, so does the brogue. Can there be any harm in transplanting this universal story into Hibernia, out of Iberia?

**Tales of Hans Christian Andersen.** Read by Michael Redgrave. Caedmon TC 1073.

These familiar tales are read here in a low key, casually and quietly (aided by almost perfectly noiseless plastic surfaces) with an almost abstracted air. Curiously effective, on grown-ups at least, though the kids may or may not like it, after the usual high-pressure TV stuff they hear most of the time. "The Emperor's Nightingale" is the major item and will go well with current showings of the delightful puppet film on the same subject, if it comes to your region. Also with the excellent recording of "Le Rossignol," Stravinsky's masterful early and middle period opera on the story (Angel 35204/L).

The somewhat slangy English translation is evidently a good try at the original intentions in Danish (it is by R. P. Keigwin) but some of it won't make sense to American kids—but no great matter. "Rum" for "strange," is an example. And you'll probably have to explain what a tinder box is. (Also included: "The Emperor's New Clothes" and "The Steadfast Tin Soldier.")

**Grimm Fairy Tales**, read by Joseph Schildkraut. Caedmon TC 1062.

It's hard to avoid the inevitable pun on the Grimm brothers' name in describing these fine tales, so full of elemental

Advanced Programs  
at Lockheed require  
Engineers and Scientists  
to work on

## THE FRONTIERS OF SPACE TECHNOLOGY

Lockheed holds such important programs as the Polaris IRBM for the Navy; the Kingfisher target missile for the Army; the X-7 ramjet test vehicle for the Air Force and other important projects.

Experienced engineers and scientists are needed for responsible positions in our research and development laboratories and in our project organizations. Please write to our Professional Placement Staff, Sunnyvale 23, California.

### **Lockheed** MISSILE SYSTEMS DIVISION

SUNNYVALE, PALO ALTO, VAN NUYS,  
SANTA CRUZ, VANDENBERG AFB, CALIFORNIA  
CAPE CANAVERAL, FLA.  
ALAMOGORDO, N.M.

## there's so much to choose from at Hotel Cleveland!

What's your pleasure? Fabulous roast beef in Cleveland's first specialty restaurant The Rib Room. Dancing to a famous orchestra in the smart Bronze Room. Relaxing over a drink in the stag Men's Bar. You'll find something to suit every taste and mood at Hotel Cleveland.

And you're in the very heart of town, close to business, shopping and theaters... directly connected with Union Passenger Terminal.



## THE NEW RECORDINGS

violence and tenderness. Caedmon had a brilliant thought in assigning them to an imaginative, old-world reader whose voice and manner, just faintly Germanic, bring back the ageless romantic world of grotesque elves, flaxen-haired princesses, and horrid witches.

Small children will be by turns fascinated and terrified—but mostly fascinated—by Mr. Schildkraut's exuberant performance. He chortles and gurgles, he shouts and he wheedles, he gives great belly laughs. His witches are hair-raising and his frog, the one that bargains to sleep with the King's Youngest Daughter in her own bed, is positively slimy.

Grown-ups, many of them, will feel that these goings-on are exaggerated and in poor taste, but I think they are wrong. The stories always were like this and the tradition, if a bit old-fashioned, is surely an honorable one. But don't try Grimm on your older, growing-up children; they'll be bored.

Included here are "Tom Thumb," "The Frog Prince" (these two particularly good), "Rumpelstiltskin," "Sleeping Beauty," "Rapunzel," and others.

**Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens** (Readings from "Our Mutual Friend," "Dombey and Son," "Pickwick Papers," "Christmas Stories," "A Tale of Two Cities"). London LL 1619/20 (2).

Dickens, these days, has degenerated in the popular mind, mainly thanks to Old Scrooge & Co., into a quaint antiquity, redolent of Olde Inns and stout coachmen. It's time that a new medium such as the LP record should bring us back to the good-humored but brilliantly acid Dickens, the witty commentator on middle-class British society at its stuffiest! Dickens himself was an enormously popular reader of his own works; Williams has revived those readings, impersonating Dickens (beard and all).

Dickens must have been a superb showman, in an age of much show and sentiment. Williams is faithful to it in a most literal way (thanks to considerable research on the subject); he draws, lisps, hacks, shrieks, sucks in his breath, weeps copiously in falsetto—all, we can guess, as Dickens must have done before his delighted Victorian listeners, both British and American. Again, there are plenty of us who will be embarrassed by these goings-on; they are decidedly not in the style of today. But I assure you, if you will use patience and imagination, you'll enter into the Dickens spirit and end up respecting Mr. Williams' imaginative acting.

The Dickens cross-section is lively, from sentiment to ghost story to sharp satire. Don't miss "Moving in Society" (from *Our Mutual Friend*), a breath-

takingly witty commentary on Long family life. That sort of Dickens never grow stale.

**A Visit to America, and readings other poets.** Dylan Thomas. Vol Caedmon 1061.

This is an appallingly effective sa both achingly funny and indescrib tragic—Dylan Thomas' own satirical scription of a lecture tour in Amer It was a series of such tours that ki Thomas, for he could not resist the people whose adulation ate away his strength, to no purpose (he may b thought) but idle amusement.

If you play "A Visit to America" Dickens' "Moving in Society," you l a composite picture of American British middlebrows that is about best satire in our language. This or a priceless recording, to put beside Child's Christmas in Wales" (Caed TC 1002) as the best of Dylan Tho genius.

The remainder of the record, a part of it, is of readings from o poets, as usual transformed into facets of Thomas himself, in that bo ing, slow, passionate Welsh voice.

**Eleanor Roosevelt in Conversation** Arnold Michaelis. M-G-M E3648 R

The storytelling here is Mrs. Roosev casual reminiscence, prompted (not often) by Mr. Michaelis, who has been a zealous specialist in this sort of i view during the last few years, on and radio.

It seems to be true that Mr. M. put his famous subjects at their though his own recorded remark questions continue to leave me Most of us who haven't heard Elea person know her voice mainly from somewhat shrill public speeches she made, before conventions and the here, the lady herself is really mously characterized in her own wo the wise and honest observer, the shy young member of a formidable ily, and the well-bred lady who ca bring herself to criticism of any p without first praising him, in all fair Mr. Michaelis is good when he Mrs. R. down to admitting that F mother was indeed an amiable ty But the almost-too-fair appraisals o various men around the Presiden to be a bit wordy. *Everybody* ha good side.

It is the first side of the record its long reminiscence of the turn-o century Roosevelt clan—and espec the somewhat formidable Thee Roosevelt, her uncle—that is really cinating here. Historical docum in sound



# ZZ notes

arrabee

ELLA

voice is unmistakable, lilting and sessional, but like a little girl's a fine, metallic edge that can rattle up and down your spine—Lou Williams discovered, at the Savoy Ballroom in the 1930s, the first heard it.

Fitzgerald, then a teen-ager, had given her first break by Chick Webb with him, at twenty, she was "A-Tisket, A-Tasket" (on Decca DL 8477), the record that started her on her way.

There is an argument, one of those that jazz critics love so well, as to whether Ella is really a jazz singer or a singer using jazz techniques. The distinction would be a useful one, if it were less invidious, but the difficulty of applying it to Ella is mainly because of her *aficionados*.

Not only she is, as Nat Hentoff writes, "a vision of innocence" and does her own ballads. You could go further and say that she does her *very* best music of Cole Porter or Rodgers and Hart, where the semi-sophisticated, wise sentimentality of the lyrics is usually well served by the conflict and peace with wisdom in her voice. She did, after all, as did few others, manage to bridge the bop revolution of the late 1940s in the curve of a later career (see Decca DL 8149). She has put together a two-record set (*The Best of Ella*) that covers it fully, using material often duplicated in the other Decca albums. Aside from the two "song books" (the Ellington do without), my choice among records for Verve would be *Like a Bird* in *Love*. It has the best jacket too.

Best of Ella, Decca DL 8759-60 (1956). Songs in a Mellow Mood, Decca DL 8155. Lullabies of Birdland, DL 8155. Ella and Her Fellas, DL 8477. Ella Sings in, DL 8378.

Fitzgerald Sings the Cole Porter Song Book, Verve MG 4001-2. Ella Sings the Rodgers and Hart Song Book, MG 4002-2. Ella Fitzgerald Sings the Duke Ellington Song Book, MG 4004.

Someone in Love, Verve MG 4005. Ella Fitzgerald at the Opera House, MG 8264.

# STEREO

"No longer a promise  
but a performance"

IRVING KOLODIN

Saturday Review

June 28, 1958



OVER 100 ffss RECORDINGS NOW AVAILABLE — WRITE FOR CATALOG



CS 6013



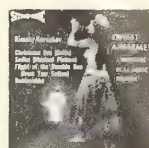
CS 6017



CS 6021



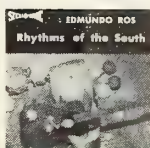
CS 6027



CS 6036



PS 106



PS 114



PS 118



PS 124



PS 125

**LONDON**  
RECORDS

**ffss**

**full frequency  
stereophonic sound**

DEPT AP 539 WEST 25TH STREET NEW YORK 1, NEW YORK



**HEAR THIS MARVELOUS NEW STEREOFONIC MUSIC  
FROM WEBCOR...THERE'S NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT!**

New from Webcor! Stereo-Fidelity! This is *true stereophonic music*—colorful, living, three-dimensional music for your home! Webcor French Provincial Stereo-Fidelity Radio-Fonograf (above), about \$475.00. Matching Stereo Mate IV external amplifier-speaker unit, about \$129.95.

**ALL MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR!**



# Demonstration Offer of New Books of History & World Affairs....

Take any 3 for only \$3.95 with member



Here is an amazingly generous demonstration. It is made solely to prove to you how much you will enjoy the WIDE VARIETY of important books of history and world affairs you can get at savings through the History Book Club.

The distinguished selections pictured on this—all handsomely bound, and many of them illustrated—sell for as much as \$8.00 each at publishers' list. But we invite you to choose ANY THREE for \$3.95, if you join the History Book Club on this Membership Offer.

The History Book Club selections are chosen by an eminent Board of Historians made up of Dumas Malone, Walter Millis and Louis B. Wright. Each is described to you—in advance—in a careful and objective review. If you do not want a book, you may return a printed form (always provided) and it will not be sent. You may accept as few as four selections or alternates a year, and resign at any time accepting four such books.

You receive a valuable Free Bonus Book with your fourth purchase after your initial selection. (Last year, counting the value of Bonus Books, members saved an average of \$3.16 on each selection.) And, in addition to current selections, a great many other important new books are always available to you, at the Members' low prices and with full Bonus Credit.

Right now, choose ANY THREE books from the list (values to \$23.00) for only \$3.95. Mail your coupon now—without money—to History Book Club, Inc., Dept. HA-26, 40 Guernsey St., Stamford, Conn.

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, Inc.  
Dept. HA-26, 40 Guernsey St., Stamford, Conn.

SEND ME AT ONCE THE THREE books I have checked, two as my enrollment gift and one as my first selection, and bill me ONLY \$3.95 (plus a few cents for postage and packing). Forthcoming selections will be described to me in advance, and I may decline any book simply by returning a printed form. You will send me a valuable FREE BONUS BOOK each time I purchase four additional selections or alternates. My only obligation is to accept four selections or alternates in the first year I am a member, and I may resign at any time after accepting four such books.

**Guarantee:** If not completely satisfied, I may return my first shipment within 7 days, and membership will be cancelled.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... Zone.....  
State..... HA-26

- ☐ **THE SEVEN CAVES** by Carleton S. Coon. The story of the hunt for seven prehistoric caves, scattered across the globe—how their locations were predicted, how they were found, and what was found in them. Here is the suspense of the hunt and the excavation, and the surprise of startling new discoveries about our earliest ancestors. List price \$5.75.
- ☐ **A HISTORY OF FRANCE** by Andre Maurois. One of France's greatest writers has produced this masterful history of his own country. A rich tapestry of victories and defeats... of kings, mistresses, statesmen, politicians and heroes. List price \$7.50.
- ☐ **THE DECISION TO INTERVENE** by George F. Kennan. A striking and unusual picture of Russia as her bloody sunrise dawned. Here are revealed the ruthless Bolshevik leaders, the confused Western diplomats, the spies and provocateurs—and the few Americans who tried (and almost succeeded) in making "friends with the new Soviet." List price \$7.50.
- ☐ **RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR** by George F. Kennan. A fascinating account, rich in detail, in personalities and in anecdotes, of the Russian Revolution. Here is a priceless key to Soviet history—past, present and future—by the former U.S. Ambassador to Russia. List price \$7.50.
- ☐ **HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF** by Walter Goerlitz. Here at last is the complete history of the most feared and respected military geniuses of all time—their personalities, triumphs and fatal mistakes—from Clausewitz to Rommel! List price \$7.50.
- ☐ **VICTORY: THE LIFE OF LORD NELSON** by Oliver Warner. On sea, he forged the destinies of empire. On land, he could not curb a scandalous passion for his friend's wife. Here is the story of a life so filled with valor and animated by danger that it glows like a great legend. List price \$6.50.
- ☐ **THE CIVIL WAR: A SOLDIER'S VIEW** by Col. G. F. R. Henderson. A welcome collection of hitherto scarce writings by a British army observer of our War Between the States. This is his frank, always interesting critique of the generals, the campaigns and the men who fought them. List price \$6.00.
- ☐ **THE TREE OF CULTURE** by Ralph Linton. This brilliant and immensely readable volume traces mankind and his cultures—his religions, caste systems, and complex relationships between families and sexes—from tribal beginnings to the complex world of today. List price \$7.50.
- ☐ **THE LION AND THE THRONE** by Catherine D. Bowen. As Attorney General under Elizabeth I, Sir Edward Coke mercilessly prosecuted Essex and Raleigh. Yet as Chief Justice under James I, he risked his life for the rights of the individual. A vivid portrait of England's greatest jurist. List price \$6.00.
- ☐ **TESTIMONY OF THE SPADE** by Geoffrey Bibby. How did European man live 15,000 years ago? Who were the cave dwellers of the Ice Age, the religious fanatics who built Stonehenge? Here is a thrilling "you are there" re-enactment of the lives, customs and religions of prehistory. List price \$6.75.
- ☐ **MEMOIRS OF GEN. W. T. SHERMAN**. One of America's first "modern" generals tells his own colorful story of the damned-and-praised campaign of the Civil War... and how he introduced the military strategy that has developed into the concept of "total war" against neither armies nor civilians. This is the greatest autobiography of the Civil War. List price \$8.00.
- ☐ **NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND FOREIGN POLICY** by Henry Kissinger. Should we risk count Soviet aggression with force? Despite H-bomb fears? Kissinger says we must! This book examines the strategic limited wars, and shows how nuclear disaster. List price \$3.95.
- ☐ **SPAIN: A MODERN HISTORY** by Salvador de Madariaga. This is a land of contrast, of character, of fierce national and fiercer civil war. Today a "natural fortress," equally important to East and West, book is more than a superb history of the Monarchy, the Republic and the dictatorship; it is a chronicle of history to come. List price \$7.50.
- ☐ **ALEXANDER HAMILTON** by Richard B. Morris. Shown from the day of his birth, with the very men he had helped power, young Alexander Hamilton conquered enmity and adversity to become one of the most far-seeing shapers of our nation. Here in his own words, is Hamilton, the lover, the husband, the father, the patriot and statesman. List price \$7.50.



**JAL** your gracious introduction to the Orient



*he pampers you on the Pacific's fastest, quietest air fleet*

Perhaps you have met one of Japan Air Lines' lovely kimono-clad hostesses before. If not, you will discover the real meaning of hospitality on your first JAL flight.

Aboard giant Super Couriers, these charming girls introduce you to such Deluxe Service pleasures as "sake"... "kuchitori," exotic Japanese hors d'oeuvres to complement delicious American meals... "o-shibori," hot towels to refresh your face and hands... colorful, comfortable "happi" coats for relaxing en route. Such are the delights of being pampered by experts of the art!

And there's added pleasure and confidence in the silken swiftness of JAL Super Courier flight, fastest and quietest across the Pacific.

Daily San Francisco-Tokyo flights via Hawaii, all radar equipped, deluxe and tourist accommodations on flight. Frequent service beyond to Hong Kong and Singapore. See your travel agent.

P.S. Send 10¢ for 24-page Far East Documents Guide. Covers passport, visa, health and other requirements. Write JAL, Dept. "H", Box 911, San Francisco 26, Calif.

*fly* **JAPAN AIR LINES** *U. S. to the Orient via Hawaii*

*New York • Washington, D. C. • Chicago*

*Los Angeles • San Francisco • Seattle • Honolulu*



*Bottles have changed...*

*but never the quality of*

**I.W. HARPER**

*since 1872*

PRIZED KENTUCKY BOURBON

100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND OR MILD 86 PROOF



From left to right: "DANDY" Pinch Bottle, 1900; "AMBER" Colorful Glass, 1880; "CANTEEN G. A. R." Reunion Souvenir, 1895; "PEWTER PITCHER" Gift Decanter, 1900; "COMPANION" Long-Necked Decanter, 1910; "BAR BOTTLE" Ornate Cut Glass, 1910; "DWARF" Round Etched Decanter, 1885; "GOLD MEDAL" Embossed Decanter, 1949; "HARPER'S OWN" Ceramic Jug, 1890; "LITTLE COMPANION" Cut Glass, 1910; "NAUTICAL" Shippers Tribute, 1890; "THE AMERICAN" Hand-Blown Flask, 1875; "CARBOY" Wicker-Covered, 1880; "CAMEO" Cut Glass Miniature, 1899. DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY I.W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KY.



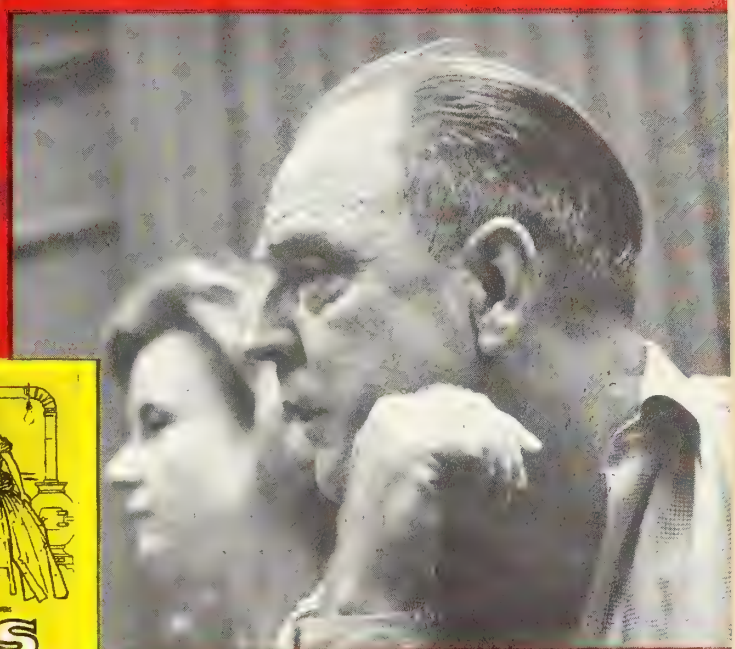
# Harper's

magazine



## The Men-Taming Women of William Inge

by Robert Brustein



## The Job the Protestants Shirk

by Truman B. Douglas

## Unsnarling Traffic on the Roads, Rails, and Airways

by John Edgar Hoover

## Scientists with Half-closed Minds

by David Greenberg

## Sarah Lawrence: For the Rich, Bright, and Beautiful

by David Greenberg





# The charm of Europe



AUSTRIA



BELGIUM



DENMARK



FINLAND



FRANCE

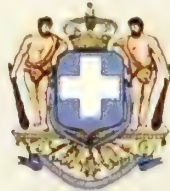


GERMANY

...as varied



GREAT BRITAIN



GREECE



ICELAND



IRELAND



ITALY

as its national



LUXEMBOURG



MONACO



NETHERLANDS



NORWAY



PORTUGAL

coats-of-arms!



SPAIN



SWEDEN



SWITZERLAND



TURKEY



YUGOSLAVIA

Discover for yourself why Europe is the world's outstanding vacation value. Twenty-one different countries — unique treasure-houses of history, culture and art — offer fun, sport and entertainment of every kind. But go in FALL, WINTER or SPRING. And to *really* see Europe, don't limit yourself to visiting her fabulous cities but tour her delightful highways and byways as well!

*See your Travel Agent now! For further information, write each country below in which interested. Address: National Tourist Office (Name of Country), Box 258, Dept. M-12, New York 17, N. Y.*

## EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION

AUSTRIA • BELGIUM • DENMARK • FINLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY • GREAT BRITAIN  
GREECE • ICELAND • IRELAND • ITALY • LUXEMBOURG • MONACO • NETHERLANDS  
NORWAY • PORTUGAL • SPAIN • SWEDEN • SWITZERLAND • TURKEY • YUGOSLAVIA



# Good earnings for the telephone company have a way of being good for the customer, too



Everybody has problems. One of ours is the rather widespread belief that the sure way to low telephone rates is to keep the company's earnings as low as possible.

Attractive as this may seem at the moment, it has distinct hazards for the telephone user. Handcuffing the company limits progress and long-range economies, and will lead to poorer service at a higher price than the customer would otherwise have to pay.

This fact is receiving increasing recognition by the commissions which regulate telephone rates and earnings. But it is not something that concerns the commissions alone. It needs your understanding, too.

Regulation can only work best in the interest of all when it is free to act in the interest of all on the basis of economic facts.

Authorizing good earnings for the telephone company requires wisdom and foresight and sometimes calls for a high degree of political courage. Such action, however, in the long run will return the greatest value to the public.

Fortunately, from the standpoint of the individual telephone user, our increased rate needs, where required, are small. They usually come to not more than a few cents a day on the average customer's bill.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



HARPER & BROTHERS  
PUBLISHERS

Chairman of the Executive  
Committee: CASS CANFIELD

Chairman of the Board:  
FRANK S. MACGREGOR

President:  
RAYMOND C. HARWOOD

Vice-Presidents:  
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.,  
EUGENE EXMAN, ORDWAY TEAD,  
DANIEL F. BRADLEY,  
JOHN FISCHER, EVAN W. THOMAS

Treasurer: LOUIS F. HAYNIE

Assistant to the Publisher  
and Circulation Director:  
JOHN JAY HUGHES

EDITORIAL STAFF  
Editor in Chief: JOHN FISCHER  
Managing Editor: RUSSELL LYNES

Editors:  
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON  
CATHARINE MEYER  
ANNE G. FREEDGOOD  
ROBERT B. SILVERS  
LUCY DONALDSON

Washington Correspondent:  
WILLIAM S. WHITE

Editorial Secretary: ROSE DALY  
Editorial Assistant:  
VIRGINIA HUGHES

ADVERTISING DATA: consult  
HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.  
480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.  
Telephone Murray Hill 3-5225.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE issue for  
Nov. 1958. Vol. 217. Serial No. 1302.  
Copyright© 1958 by Harper & Brothers  
in the United States and Great Britain.  
All rights, including translation into  
other languages, reserved by the  
Publisher in the United States, Great  
Britain, Mexico and all countries  
participating in the International  
Copyright Convention and the  
Pan-American Copyright Convention.  
Published monthly by Harper &  
Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16,  
N.Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A.  
by union labor by the Williams Press,  
99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y.  
Entered as second-class matter at  
the post office at Albany, N. Y.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 60¢ per copy;  
\$6.00 one year; \$11.00 two years;  
\$15.00 three years. Foreign postage—  
except Canada and Pan America—  
\$1.50 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Six weeks'  
advance notice, and old address as  
well as new, are necessary.  
Address all correspondence relating  
to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept.,  
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

# Harper's MAGAZINE®

NOVEMBER 1958



VOL. 217, NO. 1302

## ARTICLES

- 31 UNSNARLING TRAFFIC ON THE ROADS, RAILS, AND AIRWAYS,  
John I Snyder, Jr.
- 37 SARAH LAWRENCE: FOR THE RICH, BRIGHT, AND BEAUTIFUL,  
David Boroff  
*Drawings by Sheila Greenwald*
- 45 THE JOB THE PROTESTANTS SHIRK, Truman B. Douglass  
*Drawings by Joseph Papin*
- 50 "DEAR JUSTICE . . .," Juliet Lowell  
*Drawings by Burmah Burris*
- 52 THE MEN-TAMING WOMEN OF WILLIAM INGE,  
Robert Brustein  
*Drawings by Tony Walton*
- 64 SCIENTISTS WITH HALF-CLOSED MINDS, Dr. Ian Stevenson  
*Drawings by Blake Hampton*
- 72 ELEPHANTS HAVE THE RIGHT OF WAY, Laurence Lafore  
*Drawings by Frederick E. Banberry*
- 78 BIX AND HIS LOST MUSIC, Ralph Berton  
*Drawings by Michael Train*
- 83 WHY LATIN AMERICA DISTRUSTS US, Thayer Waldo
- 92 THE AMERICAN GENIUS FOR HYPOCRISY, WILLIAM S. WHITE

## FICTION

- 58 SWEETHEART, SWEETHEART, SWEETHEART, Aubrey Goodman  
*Drawings by Peggy Lloyd*

## VERSE

- 36 RELIC, Ted Hughes
- 57 THE UGLY DUCKLING, Allen Kanfer

## DEPARTMENTS

- 4 LETTERS
- 12 THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR—*Unfinished Business*,  
John Fischer  
*Cartoon by Ed Fisher*
- 24 PERSONAL & OTHERWISE—*Among Our Contributors*
- 100 AFTER HOURS, Mr. Harper, Alec Waugh, Bernard Asbell
- 106 THE NEW BOOKS, Paul Pickrel
- 120 BOOKS IN BRIEF, Katherine Gauss Jackson
- 125 THE NEW RECORDINGS, Edward Tatnall Canby  
*Cartoon by Perry Barlow*
- 129 JAZZ NOTES, Eric Larrabee

COVER design by George Samerjan; photograph of  
William Inge at a rehearsal, by Bill Coleman's,  
State College, Pennsylvania



# The books you want to read are—usually— BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB choices...For example:

## AKU-AKU

by Thor Heyerdahl

The author of *Kon-Tiki* writes a superb account of his recent expedition to Easter Island. "Enthralling, exciting and important"—*Daily Mail*, London. 63 full-color photographs. Special price to members \$4.95

## THE KING MUST DIE

by Mary Renault

Out of Greek legend and history the author of *The Last of the Wine* weaves the story of Theseus. "I read it as slowly as I could, to make it last"—Basil Davenport. Special price to members \$3.95

## THE ENEMY CAMP

by Jerome Weidman

The story of a man's bondage to prejudice, by the author of *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. "For excitement and interest it can successfully compete with any best-seller of the last few years." Special price to members \$4.25

## ANATOMY OF A MURDER

by Robert Traver

A "wickedly quizzical" novel about a murder trial in Michigan. Written by an experienced jurist, it is an expert and honestly realistic melodrama of the law. Special price to members \$3.95

## THE WINTHROP WOMAN

by Anya Seton

"A superb piece of historical portraiture" about Governor John Winthrop's rebellious niece who lived at odds with her heritage in 17th-century New England. Special price to members \$4.30

## INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY

by John Gunther

The latest *Inside* book by one of our most knowledgeable journalists. "American readers should approach this book... as if it were required reading." Special price to members \$4.50

## MASTERS OF DECEIT

The Story of Communism in America and How to Fight It by J. Edgar Hoover

"The most imperative book of the decade... as up to date as this morning"—Daniel A. Poling. Special price to members \$4.50

## PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES

by Jean Kerr

A best-selling book "to make the whole family feel good." Jean Kerr tells hilariously of her life with one husband (a drama critic), four sons and a thirty-two-bell carillon in a New York suburb. Price \$3.50

## BY LOVE POSSESSED

by James Gould Cozzens

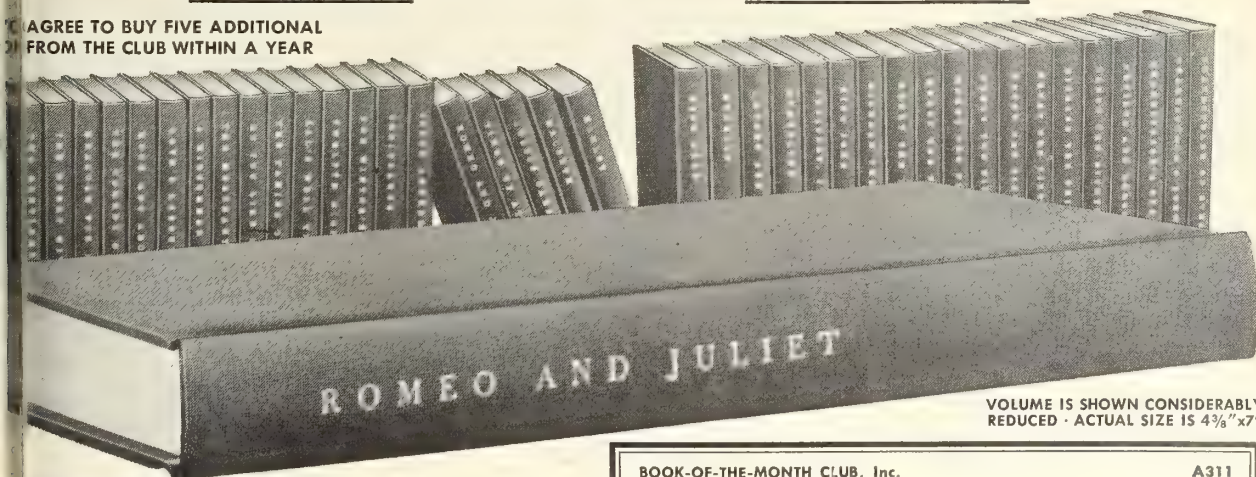
"The maturest and most readable piece of fiction we have been privileged to offer our membership for many years"—Clifton Fadiman. Special price to members \$3.95

BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH ONE OF THE BOOKS ABOVE AND YOU WILL RECEIVE THE

# YALE UNIVERSITY Shakespeare COMPLETE

40 VOLUMES RETAIL PRICE \$60 FOR ONLY \$6

AGREE TO BUY FIVE ADDITIONAL FROM THE CLUB WITHIN A YEAR



VOLUME IS SHOWN CONSIDERABLY REDUCED - ACTUAL SIZE IS 4 3/8" x 7"

**SENSE: A TRIAL MEMBERSHIP** • At least four benefits membership are beyond question. First, you get the books you want instead of missing them through overbusyness. Second, you have a wide choice—at least 200 books a year are made available to you. Third, you pay an average of 20% less for the books than otherwise. Fourth, you share in more than \$13,000,000 of free books (retail value) now distributed annually as dividends.

Each month you receive a full and careful report about the book-of-the-Month. If you judge it is a book you would not want you may send back a form (always provided) specifying your choice. Or you may simply say, "Send me nothing next month."

If you continue after this trial, you will receive a Book-Dividend averaging around \$6 in retail value, with every second book you buy.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

A311

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club\* and send the *Yale University Complete Shakespeare* in 40 volumes, billing me \$6.00 (plus a small charge for mailing), with the purchase of my first selection, indicated below. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. Thereafter I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, I am to receive a Book-Dividend\* with every second Selection—or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

**PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME

(Choose one of the books described above)

Mr. }  
Mrs. }  
Miss } (Please print plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No.....State.....

Books for Canadian members are priced slightly higher, are shipped from Toronto duty free, and may be paid for in either U.S. or Canadian currency.

\*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada



# "They all charge the same"

That's right. Generally speaking, at any given moment you pay the same price for 10 shares of U.S. Steel or any other stock sold on the New York Stock Exchange, no matter what broker you buy it through.

But then you pay the same price for ten gallons of gas whether you buy it from your regular dealer or another station handling the same brand just down the street.

Why then do you prefer your own dealer? Because you like his service and the way he gives it.

Because he doesn't forget details like cleaning your windshield or checking your oil, battery, water, tires, and transmission fluid. Because you know you can count on him for help beyond the call of duty when the car stalls unexpectedly, when you've had a flat, when a rush job has to be done.

Those are essentially the same reasons why you might pick one broker rather than another—even if they do both charge the same.

Because you like his service.

Because he doesn't forget details.

Because you can count on him for special help.

And those are all the reasons why we like to think you might consider us as your broker. If you have an investment problem, if you want an objective opinion about any security, our help is yours for the asking. Simply address your inquiry to—

ALLAN D. GULLIVER, *Department SW-113*

*P. S. If you are buying or selling unlisted securities, prices quoted by different dealers are not, necessarily, identical. That's why, if you are trading in the over-the-counter market, we especially urge you to check Merrill Lynch and compare our prices.*

## Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith

*Members New York Stock Exchange  
and all other Principal Exchanges*

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

*Offices in 112 Cities*



## Self-portraits

TO THE EDITORS:

I have just read "Self-portrait of the Harper Reader" [Sept.]. . . . I have found only one error, and before you are led to believe that your sampling was 100 per cent perfect I want to state that Pam's flute and Rodney's trumpet cost us more than \$352.

WILSON M. DOKKEN  
N. Sacramento, Calif.

Crestfallen as I was on first discovering that I stand at the ultima Thule of that elite which is your readership (only 9 per cent are clerks, salesmen, or laborers), I heartened when I remembered that there are more ways than one to interpret a body of statistics.

On subjective examination I find that we 9 per cent constitute an elite within an elite. (I dismiss from our coterie that 2 per cent of your readers who are farmers, on the biased assumption that a Harper-reading farmer is less likely to be the farmer in the dell than a well trained and, probably, highly paid agricultural executive.) Further, since I am neither a clerk nor a salesman, I find myself part of a yet smaller group. . . . Sorry if I sound a bit smug . . . but these are, let's face it, the facts. After all, I didn't conduct the survey.

LEROY DE CAMP  
Jamaica, N. Y.

We are part of that 2 per cent of *Harper's* readers who are farmers. We are not all as ignorant and worthless as many would picture us. . . .

MR. & MRS. RICHARD DOWELL  
Haviland, Kan.

You have apparently failed to heed the well taken admonitions of one of your own authors. Bernard Asbell ["TV Ratings: What They Really Mean," Sept.] warned of the dangers in accepting at face value the results of one type of survey in the same issue that you printed the reports of a "scientific sample" of your contributors. . . . I submit that the endeavors of your "well established research firm" (shades of cigarette commercials) can be just as wrong as TV polls often are. . . .

NEAL GALPERN  
Long Island City, N. Y.

# LETTERS

Your "Self-Portrait of the Harper Reader" is the most disgusting piece of self-congratulation it has ever been a misfortune to read.

HOWARD W. F.  
Atlanta.

## Public Service

TO THE EDITORS:

Governor Harriman's excellent article on "How to Get Better Public Service" [Sept.] deplores the fact that in New York a career civil servant who is pointed to a non-civil-service position takes a risk of not being able to return to civil service. . . .

Wisconsin has solved this problem by a statute which entitles such an appointee to return to his civil-service status upon ending his non-civil-service employment. . . .

SAMUEL B.  
Madison, Wis.

What civil service needs is not so much better top men but less incompetents in the lower echelons.

It is doubtful if Mr. Harriman ever applied for Unemployment Insurance or a driver's license in his own New York state. . . . Where the public service government, rudeness, inefficiency, waste, and ignorance are the rule rather than the exception. . . .

LION H.  
New York, N. Y.

. . . The "famous Westinghouse experiment" to which Governor Harriman refers was in fact the classic and pioneering industrial psychology series conducted at the Hawthorne Works of Western Electric Company many years ago. . . .

VERA K.  
Cleveland Hts., Ohio

The Governor, Harper's editors and copy readers express their apologies to Western Electric for the mistake and slipped by all of them.

## Shadows of the Gods

TO THE EDITORS:

While Arthur Miller's criticism of contemporary American drama ["Shadows of the Gods," Aug.] are beyond question, it should be remembered that the man who points a finger at his colleagues is himself not without guilt. Miller has made almost half



A VICTOR  
LISTS LIKE  
HE WILL BE  
PRESENTED  
IN THE  
1ST YEAR'S  
ORDINGS



HEIFETZ



HOROWITZ



ANDERSON



BRAILOWSKY



LANDOWSKA



PIATIGORSKY



REINER



GOULD



MONTUUX



MUNCH



FIEDLER



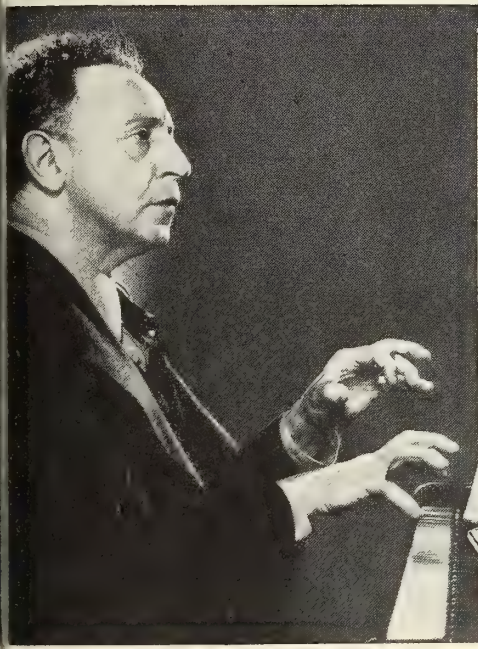
SHAW

TO DEMONSTRATE THE ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

# The RCA Victor Society of Great Music

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

The common-sense purpose of this Society is to help music lovers build up an excellent record library systematically instead of haphazardly... and at an immense saving



BEGINNING MEMBERS WHO AGREE TO BUY SIX SELECTIONS WILL RECEIVE

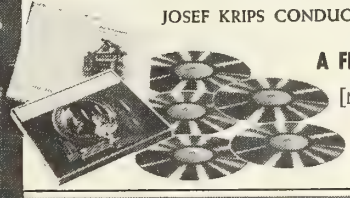
## The Five Beethoven Piano Concertos

PLAYED BY

# Artur Rubinstein

JOSEF KRIPS CONDUCTING THE SYMPHONY OF THE AIR

A FIVE-RECORD ALBUM FOR ONLY \$3<sup>98</sup>  
[Nationally advertised price: \$24.98]



**INTRODUCTORY OFFER** • Most music s, in the back of their minds, certainly id to build up for themselves a represent-record library of the World's Great c. Unfortunately, almost always they are azard in carrying out this aspiration. Be-e of more systematic collection, operating can be greatly reduced. The remarkable ductory Offer above is a dramatic demon-ion. It can represent more than a one-saving the first year.

hereafter, continuing members can build eir record libraries at almost a **ONE-THIRD** VG. For every two records purchased n a group of at least fifty made available ally by the Society) *members will receive rd RCA VICTOR Red Seal Record free.*

cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE**. Society has a Selection Panel whose sole ion is to recommend "must-have" works members. Members of the panel are: **DEEMS** OR, composer and commentator, Chair-

man; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF**, General Music Di-rector, NBC; **JACQUES BARZUN**, author and mu-sic critic; **JOHN M. CONLY**, editor of *High Fidelity*; **AARON COPLAND**, composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN**, music editor of *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE**, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WIL-LIAM SCHUMAN**, composer and president of Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH**, chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH**, Professor of Music, Harvard University.

### HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

**E**ACH month, three or more 12-inch 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  R.P.M. RCA VICTOR Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise in-structed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent to the member. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay only \$4.98, the nationally advertised price. (For every shipment a small charge for postage and handling is added.)

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music V3-11  
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music* and send me immediately the five-record Ru-binstein-Beethoven album, billing me \$3.98 plus a small charge for postage and han-dling. I agree to buy six additional records within twelve months from those made available by the Society, for each of which I will be billed \$4.98, the price nationally advertised (plus a small charge for postage and handling). Thereafter, I need buy only four such records in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six records from the Society. After my sixth purchase, if I continue, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA Victor record, free.

☐ Check here if you wish to begin with **TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO** played by **VAN CLIBURN**.

MR. \_\_\_\_\_  
MRS. \_\_\_\_\_  
MISS \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print plainly)  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
**NOTE:** If you wish to enroll through an au-thorized RCA VICTOR dealer, please fill in his name and address here:  
DEALER'S NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**PLEASE NOTE:** Records can be shipped only to residents of the U. S. and its territories, and Canada. Records for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.

YOU MAY BEGIN MEMBERSHIP WITH THIS RECENT SELECTION... IF YOU WISH



**Van Cliburn** playing **TCHAIKOVSKY'S FIRST PIANO CONCERTO**  
(This counts toward fulfilling the six-record contract)





*Pipe Major at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh.*

## “You can have a glorious time in Britain for less than \$100 a week”

**T**his happy business girl had the surprise of her life. “I budgeted for \$140 a week,” she writes, “but I found I could tour for less than a hundred.

“I actually bought four cashmere sweaters with the money I saved on my two-week trip.”

Here are some of the facts and figures that make Britain such a thrifty place for a vacation:

1. You can go by train all the way from London to Edinburgh and

back for as little as \$18.34.

2. You can get bed and breakfast at most inns for less than \$3.50.

3. You can get a good seat at the Covent Garden Opera for \$2.

4. You can fly from London to the Channel Islands and back for only \$25, on a 15-day round trip.

**NOTE:** The Fall and Spring are especially thrifty times to motor through Britain. Most car rentals run about 25% lower.

**FREE!** Write for illustrated folder “Visit Britain Economically”—Box 173, British Travel Assn. In New York—680 Fifth Avenue; in Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; in Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; in Canada—90 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. For expert help in planning a country-wide tour, see your nearest travel agent.

attempts to involve great issues in plays, but for the most part he has been bold enough to say what he means. “Death of a Salesman” at best is a middlebrow and clumsy play overladen with phony poetical elements. . . .

In the opinion of this theatergoer, the only postwar play which comes to grips with the real faults of Western civilization is “The Visit” by the German Dürrenmatt. . . .

HARVARD HOLLEN  
New York, N.Y.

. . . I have deep respect for [Miller's] accomplishment in the theater, but I found myself in some disagreement with him on certain points, particularly in regard to “The Diary of Anne Frank.”

I believe there are those present in every audience who view this play as a vouchsafed the troubled sight of bestiality in their own souls which Miller states was not vouchsafed to them. I believe too that the fact that the Nazis are never seen on the stage does not deny their force or their existence. The confinement of the play's action to the attic, implies the Nazis in the most terrible way. . . .

Finally when Mr. Miller asks, “What is its relevancy to the survival of the race?” I can only feel that if it is relevant, then it does not matter whether the race survives or not.

GLEN H. . .  
Burbank, Cal.

## What the Doppler Does

TO THE EDITORS:

I have just finished reading “A Pilot Gets to Cut Down on Mid-air Collisions” [Aug.]. . . . I hold a commercial pilot's license with an instrument rating and have flown about 3,000 hours. For the past three years I have been an Air Traffic Operation Specialist with CAA, and I am presently an air route traffic controller. . . .

Mr. Watkins says, “Conventional navigation equipment can be counted on to do more than bring a plane within 5 to 100 miles on one side or the other of the land target.” If he means on a magnetic compass and an air speed indicator, then possibly his assumption is correct. . . . However all aircraft flying over water today are equipped with much more. . . . When the aircraft approaches the coast it is able to pinpoint its position exactly, using radio bearing, regardless of the weather.

Next he says, “Traffic control today is pretty loose.” . . . I will concede that our present system is outmoded, but certainly is not loose. . . .

He also states “planes must guess their position until they pass a check point.”



**BOTH FREE**  
TO NEW MEMBERS

... WALTER J. BLACK'S CLASSICS CLUB INVITES  
YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



*Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of*  
**PLATO AND ARISTOTLE**

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES

ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE

**N**OTHING short of amazing is the way these classics—written two thousand years ago—hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches that lie hidden in our hearts and minds. Little escaped the reflections and discussions of Plato and Aristotle. They were mighty pioneers in the field of knowledge, and their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

PLATO is presented in the famous Jowett translation, and contains the five great dialogues—*Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium, and the Republic*. ARISTOTLE includes the five celebrated essays—*Metaphysics, Parts of Animals, Nicomachean Ethics, Politics, and Poetics*. These splendid De Luxe Classics Club Editions have been brilliantly edited and annotated by Louise Ropes Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College. Both books will be cornerstones of your library. And both are yours *free*, as membership gifts from The Classics Club!

**Why The Classics Club Offers You These Two Books Free**

**WILL YOU ADD** these two volumes to your library—as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today... and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

**Why Are Great Books Called "Classics?"**

A true "classic" is a living book that never grow old. For sheer fascination can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the great books have *become* "classics?" Not, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And these are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity*.

**Only Book Club of Its Kind**

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions—bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops, are richly stamped in genuine gold—books you and your children will cherish for many years.

**A Trial Membership Invitation to You**

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE copies of PLATO and ARISTOTLE—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, Roslyn, L. I., New York.

**THE CLASSICS CLUB**

LJ

Roslyn, L. I., New York

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.89 plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books Shipped in U.S.A. Only.)

Mr. }  
Mrs. }  
Miss } (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. ....  
(if any)..... State.....

# Mexico

*lifetime enjoyment*



*"La Quebrada" Acapulco Mexico.*

## ACAPULCO

the world famous seashore resort of enthralling, unforgettable and mysterious beauty, where nature stands forth in singular magnificence. Rugged cliffs, snow-white beaches surrounded by exotic tropical vegetation. Here you can enjoy unexcelled surf-bathing, boating and exciting deepsea fishing. Splendid hotels, incomparable sunsets and dancing under starry skies.

You'll be really happy vacationing in México.

**MEXICO** awaits you. *Your travel agent will tell you.*

### MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
HOUSTON, TEXAS  
MIAMI, FLORIDA  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

3106 Wilshire Blvd  
27-E. Monroe Street Suite No. 304  
809 Walker Ave.  
45 Columbus Arcade  
205 St. Charles Street

NEW YORK, N. Y. 630 Fifth Ave. No. 801  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS  
MONTREAL, CANADA  
TORONTO, CANADA  
LA HABANA, CUBA

Rockefeller Center  
209 E. Travis Street  
1255 Phillips Square, Suite No. 206  
20 Carlton Street  
Calle 23, No. 72 - La Rampa, Vedado.

Apparently he has not heard of OMNI Radio Range and Distance Finding Equipment. An aircraft equipped with OMNI can fly, exactly, a predetermined course from one city to another and if the plane has dual OMNI DME, he can pinpoint his exact position any time. . . .

With reference to the "stacking" aircraft over an airport awaiting their turn to land, I believe Mr. Watkins has not probed deep enough into the problems of air traffic control to determine the many causes of "stacking."

Nowhere in his article does he specify how his new "gadget" will "cut down on mid-air collisions." Mr. Watkins and his fellow engineers and people . . . are working on this and I believe that we can look forward to continued and more rapid progress in air traffic control.

H. A. GUSTIN,  
Wayne, Michigan

. . . Mid-air collisions have resulted from aircraft being unsure of their positions but rather from being unable to ascertain the relative position of other aircraft. This Doppler box doesn't tell the pilot of proximity of other planes and doesn't give turn directions to avoid collision. . . . The article should have been titled, "A New Navigational Aids," less sensational, but honest.

WILLIAM C. BOYER,  
La Crescenta, California

. . . The Doppler unit is not a contained navigation system, it is merely a part of the navigation system. Also the Doppler unit is not a new development. . . . It has been in wide use for many years in other applications, for example in the familiar radar speed trap. By itself the Doppler radar is simply an instrument for sensing movement. . . .

DONALD J. PIGG,  
Los Angeles, California

Mr. Gustin says that when a plane approaches the coast it is able to pinpoint its position exactly, using radio beams. . . . Radio beams are scarce in many parts of the world. It is in these areas that Doppler can make and is making air travel more accurate and safer. Secondly, conventional radio beams of the type that he mentions are indeed prey to weather trouble. Electrostatic storms can affect their operation adversely. . . .

When I said "traffic control today is pretty loose," I meant no reflection on the ability of traffic control people, it is simply that their hands are tied by various ways which Mr. Gustin acknowledges when he says our present system is outmoded. . . .

On his discussion of OMNI



**Now**—the world's most distinguished musical artists, in cooperation with the world's largest record club, make it possible for you to systematically acquire their greatest recorded performances on superb high-fidelity records **at far less than the usual cost**



LOS BERNSTEIN STERN WALTER SERKIN FRANCESCATTI VAN BEINUM ORMANDY BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET SZELL

# The Columbia <sup>LP</sup> Record Club invites you to accept Any One of these magnificent -Record Classical Sets, **FREE**

if you join the Club now—and agree to purchase 6 selections during the coming 12 months



## The Complete Piano Concertos of Beethoven

For sheer drama, passion and lyrical beauty, Beethoven's concertos tower over all others. Here are all five—performed by Rudolf Serkin and The Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. As you listen to Mr. Serkin's performances, you will understand why he is regarded as the greatest interpreter of Beethoven's piano works.



## The Complete Symphonies of Johannes Brahms

No recordings of Brahms' music ever received greater acclaim than these definitive performances by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic. In addition to all four symphonies, this superb collection includes the joyous Academic Festival Overture and four Hungarian Dances—9 works in all.



## World's Greatest Violin Concertos

BEETHOVEN—Grumiaux; Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orch., Van Beinum. BRAHMS—Stern; Royal Philharmonic Orch., Beecham. MENDELSSOHN and TCHAIKOVSKY—Francescatti; New York Philharmonic, Mitropoulos. VIVALDI: Concerto for 2 Violins and BACH: Concertos No. 1 and 2—Stern, Oistrakh; Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy.



## Great Choral Music of the Western World

Now you can own them all—Handel's Messiah, Mozart's Requiem, and Faure's Requiem... all three of these deeply-moving works beautifully performed by renowned artists and orchestras—Bruno Walter, Leonard Bernstein, Jean Fournet, the New York Philharmonic, L'Orchestre des Concerts Lamoureux, etc. (The Messiah is on two records.)

rough the generous cooperation of the world-famous artists shown above and many others—the Columbia <sup>LP</sup> Record Club now help you acquire a distinguished library of the world's best high-fidelity American and European recordings—at substantial savings! And as a dramatic demonstration of the many benefits you will enjoy as a member, you receive—at once any one of the 4-record Sets described above **FREE**.

only obligation as a member o purchase six selections e more than 100 Columbia c records to be offered in ing 12 months. Thus, you ten records for the price of a saving of more than one- your record purchases

in addition, after purchasing six records you receive a umbia or Epic Bonus record choice free for every two ns you buy

Each month the Club's staff of ical experts selects a classi- ording that will be a distin- addition to your record li- Furthermore, at least seven ceptionally fine recordings, assical and popular, will be

available to you as alternate selections. All are fully described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month

★ You may accept or reject the regular Classical Selection, take any other records offered, or take NO record in any particular month

★ You may discontinue membership at any time after purchasing six records from the Club

★ The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price, plus small mailing charge

★ You must be delighted with membership or you may cancel by returning the four-record Set within ten days.

**COLUMBIA <sup>LP</sup> RECORD CLUB, Dept. 221-4**

142

**Terre Haute, Indiana**

Please send me, at once, as my **FREE** gift the 4-record Set I have indicated below:

(Check one box only)

- ☐ 1. Beethoven Concertos ☐ 2. Brahms Symphonies  
☐ 3. Great Violin Concertos ☐ 4. Great Choral Music

Enroll me in the Classical Division of the Club. My only obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 100 to be offered during the coming 12 months... at regular list price, plus small mailing charge. For every two *additional* selections I accept I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Bonus record of my choice **FREE**.

Name.....  
(Please Print)

Address.....

City..... **ZONE**..... **State**.....

**CANADA:** Prices slightly higher, address 11-13 Soho St., Toronto 2B  
If you wish to have this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, please fill in the following information:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address..... **S-24**

© Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1958 © "Columbia," ® "Epic," ® Marcas Reg.

**COLUMBIA <sup>LP</sup> RECORD CLUB TERRE HAUTE INDIANA**



# REDUCED ROUND TRIP FARES

to the

# South Pacific



NEW ZEALAND • AUSTRALIA  
TAHITI • FIJI • SAMOA • HAWAII

Save up to \$645!

## 4 Matson Spring Cruises

A once-in-a-lifetime adventure at less than regular round-trip fares! You pay only a one-way fare plus half, and enjoy a luxurious 42-day round trip to exotic South Sea isles, countries down-under. For pennies more than \$20 a day you can luxuriate in all the famous features of Matson travel:

- ★ S. S. MARIPOSA — S. S. MONTEREY — the only all First Class, completely air-conditioned, gyro-stabilized liners in South Seas service.
- ★ Matson's famed menus, service and a full, varied program of shipboard activities.
- ★ Swimming pool, theater, spacious decks and lounges.
- ★ All rooms with private baths, less than 400 passengers. More room, more service, more space per passenger.

SAILINGS FROM SAN FRANCISCO\*

### S. S. MARIPOSA

March 22, May 6

### S. S. MONTEREY

April 12, May 27

\* following day from Los Angeles

Fares from \$757<sup>50</sup> round-trip to New Zealand  
from \$862<sup>50</sup> round-trip to Australia

**25% Savings.** Space is going fast.  
Book now while choice accommodations are available. See your Travel Agent today.



MATSON LINES • THE OCEANIC STEAMSHIP  
COMPANY: New York, Chicago, Dallas, San  
Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland,  
Seattle, Vancouver, B.C.

## LETTERS

beams: I was referring to the same radio beams but did not mention OMNI for the sake of simplicity. . . . The accuracy of [these] beams diminishes in direct relation to the distance the plane is from them. . . . The farther it gets from one, the farther it can stray. With a Doppler unit a pilot will know at all times where he is to within two-tenths to three-tenths of a mile. Much of the time he will know within a few hundred feet. . . . Moreover, OMNI beams are concentrated mostly in the Eastern U. S.; they are susceptible to weather static problems; and mountains, big buildings, hills, and valleys will interfere with their line-of-sight operation. . . .

Re Mr. Boyer's letter: True, Doppler does not warn the pilot that other planes may be near. . . . But with Doppler, planes will be where they ought to be at all times. Pilots will be able to stay in their own lanes. Traffic control people on the ground will know far more accurately the location of all planes and will be able to step in to prevent near misses and collisions before they can occur. The use of automatic collision avoiders . . . is a remedy that does not strike at the heart of the matter. . . .

Re Mr. Piggott's letter: A computer is part of a complete Doppler navigation system and I did not intend to imply otherwise. Emphasis was put on the Doppler part because it is the heart of the system—the new electronic mechanism which makes possible, for the first time, free flight in the air without reference to an outside aid. . . .

I did not say that Doppler, per se, is a new development. Its use in the air, however, is. . . . It was a major breakthrough when the MIT man mentioned in the article hit on the key to the Doppler puzzle in the air. There is a great difference between the application of the Doppler principle in the air and other Doppler applications, which are much simpler. . . .

ARTHUR M. WATKINS  
Spring Valley, N. Y.

### New Ice Age

TO THE EDITORS:

Betty Friedan's "The Coming Ice Age" [Sept.] has given me a feeling of optimism I haven't enjoyed for a number of years. Perhaps, *mirabile dictu*, all knowledge of atomic energy, fission, etc. will either be drowned or destroyed by ice before it is too late.

HENRY C. MCGAVACK  
Jackson Hts., N. Y.

Your article on the coming ice age was all right, as articles on the coming ice age go, but I don't see why . . . our scientists can't use atomic energy to melt

that polar ice cap now. Then arctic snows could fall, the glaciers could gradually push south, and give us a little relief from these hot summers.

I don't mean to suggest that we go far as to let a sheet of ice two miles thick cover the United States. The way to stop it is written between the lines in your article—and don't think I didn't catch it! Obviously our engineers should gather an assemblage of power shovel scrapers, and bulldozers and dam up that troublesome shallow sill between Norway and Greenland. With no warm Atlantic water to give it naughty ideas the Arctic Ocean will relax and freeze over again, the snow won't fall, and the glaciers will stay put at the spot which they have by that time advanced (Wouldn't a couple of miles south, Moscow be just about right? If it's cold war they want. . . .)

JOHN FRIEDMAN  
Peoria, Ill.

### Super-cities

TO THE EDITORS:

As a resident of one of Mr. Tunnard's super-cities (Los Angeles) I find your article [Aug.] of considerable interest.

One aspect of his review of the problems facing the super-city is disturbing, however . . . the exclusive reference to the automobile as a means of transportation. There is every indication that "super" problems and "super" congestion will result if equal emphasis is not given to the development and perfection of a mass rapid transit system.

Present experience in the operation of freeways in Los Angeles indicates that a mass rapid transit system is a necessity in order to transport people with speed and efficiency. . . .

P.M. LINSCEY  
Daniel, Mann, Johnson & Mendenhall  
Architects & Engineers  
Los Angeles, Calif.

See "Unsnarling Traffic," by John Snyder on page 31 of this issue.

—The Editor

Mr. Tunnard condemns city planning as obsolete in his super approach to super-urban regional planning.

The regional council, in its concern with the big picture, cannot deal adequately with detailed problems of cities and neighborhood. . . .

Good planning is necessary at all levels. Let the regional planner attack the broad problems, knit together the broad relationships. The city planner must work out the details for his community.

NAPHTALI H. KNEPP  
Colorado Springs, Colo.



Have  
you  
read...

...these  
outstanding  
**BOOK FIND CLUB**  
Selections?

Here are some of the outstanding selections offered to members of THE BOOK FIND CLUB during the recent months. These are books people are talking about, provocative reading in every area of interest. And these are representative of the books which have earned THE BOOK FIND CLUB the reputation for "The Best In Fiction and Non-fiction."

Now, you can have any 3 of these important books for only \$3.95. As a member of the club, you will have the opportunity to purchase monthly selections at prices up to 50% below retail. And with each fourth purchase, you will receive an outstanding Bonus Book FREE.

**Choose any 3 for only 3.95**

*with membership in* **THE BOOK FIND CLUB**

Each month, Book Find Club members receive the interesting and informative *Book Find News*, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and other information about the many selections offered to members... each at a special low membership price. If you choose to receive the selection, you need do nothing: it will be sent to you automatically. If you would like to reject the selection or substitute another of the many volumes offered, you simply fill in the conveniently provided form. *Begin your membership now by accepting any 3 of our outstanding books for only \$3.95.*

**Mail this coupon today! ➡**

**THE BOOK FIND CLUB**  
215 Fourth Avenue  
New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me for only \$3.95 plus postage and handling, the 3 books I have indicated. I am to receive free the monthly Book Find News. I agree to purchase at least 5 additional books during my first year of membership and I am to receive a Free Bonus Book for each four purchases. I may cancel my membership at any time after accepting five selections. *Note: Save the cost of postage and handling of your introductory offer by enclosing check or money order.*

	Pub. at
<input type="checkbox"/> THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY.....	\$ 5.00
<input type="checkbox"/> AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION.....	10.00
<input type="checkbox"/> LOOM OF HISTORY.....	7.50
<input type="checkbox"/> ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED.....	6.50
<input type="checkbox"/> DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER.....	7.50
<input type="checkbox"/> JAPANESE LITERATURE.....	11.25
<input type="checkbox"/> NEW BOTTLES FOR NEW WINE.....	5.00
<input type="checkbox"/> THE POWER ELITE.....	6.00
<input type="checkbox"/> THE SAROYAN READER.....	5.95

Name.....  
(please print)

Street.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Same Price in Canada: Address 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Canada)

H-11-88

**Critical Acclaim**

"Mr. Galbraith's underlying thesis is something new under the sun... so daring and so convincingly argued that it deserves front rank in any debate in economics... A compelling challenge to conventional thought."  
THE NEW YORK TIMES

"The most significant commentary on matters of general public concern to have been published in many a year..."  
THE WASHINGTON POST

"Galbraith takes the dismal slant out into the sunlight..."  
THE REPORTER

"He has a gift for charming irony, picturesque analogy, and witty aphorisms..."  
WALL STREET JOURNAL

"As disturbing as it is brilliant..."  
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

"A more refreshing examination of the stereotype of both liberal and conservative economic thought has not appeared in many years..."  
THE NATION

JOHN FISCHER

*the editor's*

## EASY CHAIR

### Unfinished Business

SAM is the most promising college senior I know. He is bright enough to graduate close to the head of his class. He has earned his own way—with some help from a student loan fund—and in the process he learned how to work. In a lank, horse-faced way, he is good-looking, and he has the kind of charm which goes with a nice balance of modesty and self-confidence. What's more, Sam has character. I've never known him to do anything mean or phony, or to make a promise he couldn't keep.

In sum, he seems built to carry a good deal of responsibility. Five years from now he would make a fine school board member or city councilman; in fifteen, he might conceivably be a governor, a member of Congress, or a top-level civil servant—and any sensible citizen would be delighted to see him in such a job. He could, as the boys say, go about as far as he wants.

But he doesn't want to go that way. Sam now thinks he may try to get into advertising, or the management side of one of the new electronic industries. His interest in public affairs is, at best, perfunctory.

"It's just too boring," he told me recently. "Nothing really exciting is happening in government or politics these days. Look at the campaign going on right now—all the politicians are talking pretty much alike, and not one of them has enough fire in his belly to start a bonfire in a waste basket.

"Like in New York. When a Rockefeller runs against a Harriman, who's going to get in an uproar? They are both good Joes, I guess, but frankly I can't see that it makes a nickel's worth of difference which one is Governor.

"Maybe it was different when you were young," he said. (Tact is something Sam hasn't learned yet.) "In those days the New Deal had the country really jumping, and Washington offered a

man plenty of action. It was the same way, I gather, at a few other times—when Wilson and Teddy Roosevelt and Lincoln were trying to do something big. For any one of them, I could have been had. But that's all over. Now the big jobs are finished, and so far as I can see government is mostly a matter of housekeeping. Not for me, thanks."

Sam was speaking, I am afraid, for thousands of other able young people. At any rate college teachers all over the country have been reporting that his state of mind is fairly typical among their students.

I BELIEVE Sam is wrong. It looks to me as if we are just at the start of a period of history which may be as exciting—and momentous—as any the country has ever known. Granted that, for the moment, the public business appears to be about as pedestrian as the wholesale grocery trade; it was equally unglamorous in the years of Coolidge, Taft, Cleveland, and Buchanan. Those were the fallow, lethargic eras which—in every case—preceded an eruption. Each of them left a backlog of unfinished business.

The same kind of backlog is piling up today, but higher. As a result the new generation probably will have to carry through a remodeling of our society on a scale which will make the New Deal look like a Tinker Toy project. The job will call for enthusiasm, intelligence, enormously hard work, and a lot of cool judgment. If it isn't taken on by the best men of that generation—by Sam and hundreds like him—we may end up in an ugly mess. Just possibly, a fatal one.

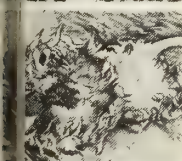
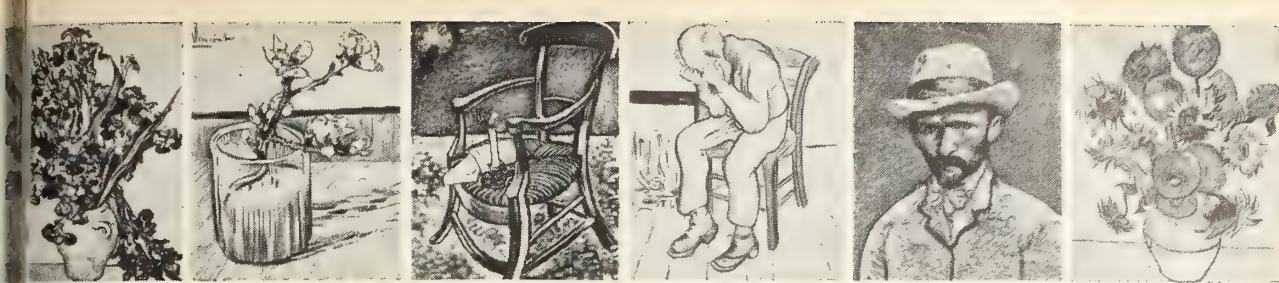
The things which will have to be done will, of course, be entirely different from those which fell to the earlier periods of governmental ground-breaking. They will not, I think, have much connection with the traditional principles of either political party. Neither will the old Conservative *vs.* Liberal division, cutting across party lines, have much relevance to the coming issues. For that reason, most of our present politicians, whose habits of mind got set rigid during the old battles, may not be especially useful. No doubt both Republican and Democratic parties will survive, at least in name, but if they are to remain workable tools of government they will have to undergo vast changes—in leadership, tactics, and philosophy. As that happens, both of them will offer remarkable opportunities to ambitious and imaginative youngsters.

These changes will be forced, it seems to me, by the very nature of the tasks our political system will face. Most of them probably can be lumped together into three main groups:

*(1) Keeping the economic machinery from shaking itself to pieces.*

This will be almost precisely opposite from the economic problem the New Deal had to cope





FROM *The Metropolitan Museum of Art*

## 24 FULL-COLOR MINIATURES

OF FAMOUS  
PAINTINGS BY

# Vincent van Gogh

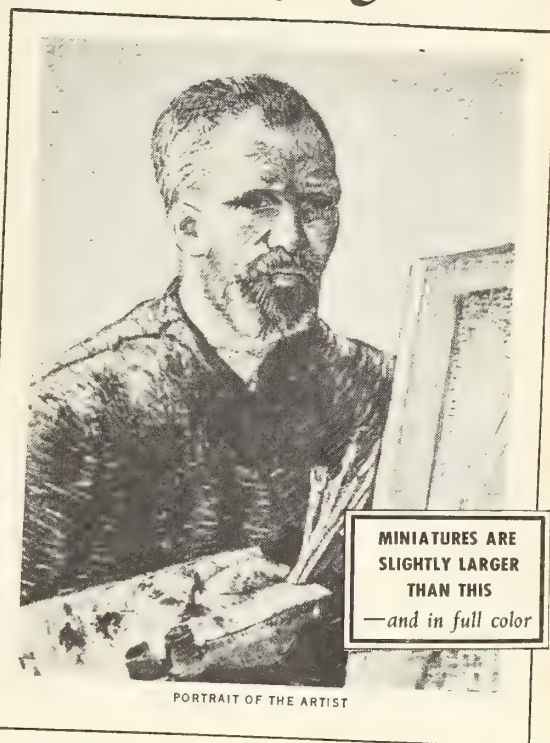
### A DEMONSTRATION WITHOUT CHARGE

of a simple and sensible way—particularly  
for families with children—to obtain  
a well-rounded education in the history of art

**THE MINIATURES PLAN** • Once a month the Museum reproduces a selection of paintings *in full color*. Each set deals with a different artist or school and contains 24 fine color prints (slightly larger than shown at right) and a 32-page album, in which the artist and his work are discussed, and in which the prints *can be affixed* in given spaces. In effect the project is an informal but comprehensive course in the history of art for persons of all ages—but particularly for young people—an ideal way for parents to induce in them a lifelong interest in great art.

**ONE-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION SUGGESTED**, with no obligation to continue. The purpose is to acquaint you with the project. At no expense you can examine the 24 miniature reproductions of paintings by VINCENT VAN GOGH, read the album—then decide, within the month, whether or not you wish to continue. If not, simply let us know and we shall immediately cancel your subscription. No matter what your decision, the introductory VINCENT VAN GOGH set is free. The price for each set (if you continue) is \$1.25, including the album. With the first set purchased, and with every sixth set thereafter, you will receive free a portfolio which holds six albums.

**PLEASE NOTE:** Since the Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum.



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

MINIATURES ARE  
SLIGHTLY LARGER  
THAN THIS  
—and in full color

**BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.**  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

39-11

Please send me at once 24 full-color Miniatures by VINCENT VAN GOGH, with album, without charge. This may be considered a trial subscription. I reserve the right to cancel, according to your offer, within one month or any time thereafter. If I continue, after this free set I will be billed \$1.25 for each set of Miniatures with album (plus 10 cents for postage). To facilitate handling and billing, two sets will be sent every second month. With my first purchase I will receive free a handsome portfolio in which to keep six albums. Additional portfolios will be sent, also without charge, as they are needed. Whether I decide to continue or not the free set is mine to keep.

Mr. }  
Mrs. } .....  
Miss } .....

Address .....

City.....Zone.....State.....

M40



with. Its job was (a) to start up an engine which had frozen and (b) to establish the principle that large-scale unemployment would not be tolerated. That principle is now accepted by both political parties, and today there is no serious danger that the fire under our economic boiler will flicker out.

On the contrary, our struggle with the Communists is providing a kind of forced draft which seems likely to keep the economy boiling at dangerous pressures for as long as anybody can now foresee. Our unavoidable spending for military, economic, and political defenses almost certainly will keep the federal budget at \$80 billions or more—ten times as large as Roosevelt's "radical" depression budgets. Under such circumstances, any unemployment is likely to be spotty and short-lived. Our new economic worry, over the long run, will be how to keep prices from climbing at a steady 3 or 4 per cent a year.

For the clearest lesson of the past is that no society can tolerate that kind of inflation indefinitely. Within the present century it has destroyed (with help, to be sure, from other causes) the Russia of the Czars, pre-Hitler Germany, the French Republic, and half-a-dozen lesser governments—and similar wrecks are beached along the river of history for as far back as the eye can reach. It always works in much the same way—by wiping out savings, ruining the savers and all those who live on fixed incomes, and finally by destroying the borrowing power of the government itself. (One of the more ominous events of the past year is the difficulty the Treasury has been having in selling its bonds.)

This is not merely a problem of government

deficits, which might be cured by the classic remedy of economies plus higher taxes. It hinges on a much tougher question, which no nation has yet been able to answer: Is it possible to have both full employment and a stable price level? Even the Soviet Union, with all its dictatorial apparatus, has not solved it; repeatedly it has had to devalue its currency or confiscate directly the savings of its people.

If the United States does work out an answer, it probably will be one which appalls both Liberals and Conservatives. For it can't be done without breaking the power of some of the strongest pressure groups in our society—darlings of both the Left and the Right.

It might mean, for example, a showdown between the government and the big labor unions which now are able to force up wages (and therefore production costs) another notch or two every year. It would also mean destroying the power of certain monopolistic industries to fix their prices without regard to the public interest.

The steel industry, for instance, recently raised its prices at a time when it was operating at only about half of its capacity—in wild defiance of the rules of capitalist economics. Those rules, to which we all pay lip service, would have required the steel mills to cut prices until they found enough new customers to use up their full output. But management argued that the latest round of wage increases had made that impossible—that the laws of competitive free enterprise were, in effect, suspended.

Washington did nothing. Several things, however, *might* have been done by an administration really intent on stopping inflation—or with faith in its own sermons about Saving Free Enterprise.

As a starter, it might have ordered the Antitrust Division to find out whether labor and management were acting in tacit collusion to jack up prices. Or it might have lowered the tariff to let in enough cheap steel from Belgium and England to force prices down—even if that bankrupted some of the weaker steel firms and threw a few thousand workers out of their jobs. It might also have reminded management that it has a duty to resist inflationary wage demands, even at the cost of some painful strikes.

Politically impossible? Of course it is, according to the ancient conventions of the political game. But sooner or later—if we want to survive—some political leaders will have to find the guts to make such brutal decisions, and the



*"I've contemplated it and I've contemplated it—  
and I just keep getting the same old answers!"*





# 100%

## EXAMINATION

### PAN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

What is the Pan American School of Agriculture?

A fully-equipped, independent School on its own 4,200-acre farm near Tegucigalpa, Honduras... teaching scientific agriculture to Latin American boys since 1943.

Who pays the bills?

United Fruit Company, which gave 6 million dollars to endow, build and operate the School, providing a full scholarship for each student... and the Company continues to pay all operating deficits.

Who can attend?

Any qualified, native-born citizen of a Spanish-speaking tropical American Republic. Green thumbs and a high learning capacity are primary requisites.

Is the School truly Pan American?

It sure is. 170 students attend from 14 Republics. Graduates go into extension teaching and the like - they are not employed by United Fruit, whose sole interest is supporting the best possible school to teach agriculture and to promote hemisphere interdependence.

**United Fruit Company**

General Offices: 80 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass.

COLOMBIA • COSTA RICA • CUBA • DOMINICAN REPUBLIC • ECUADOR • GUATEMALA • HONDURAS • NICARAGUA • PANAMA

## Are you letting an extra income pass you by?

Next time you receive a paycheck, pause to think of this: Millions of Americans are receiving *extra* checks regularly—from dividends on common stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Good common stock can bring you extra income for your lifetime. On the New York Stock Exchange there are more than 300 stocks that have paid dividends every year from 25 to more than 100 years. We've put their records in a booklet called "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS." The coupon brings it free.

### You don't have to be rich

You don't have to have a lot of money to own stock. Two out of three shareholders have incomes under \$7500 a year. Many are acquiring stock through the Monthly Investment Plan, which enables you to invest in some of America's most famous companies for as little as \$40 every three months up to \$1000 a month.

To choose stock wisely, always get facts. Never depend on tips or rumors. Stock prices go down as well as up. A company may not pay a dividend, may lose ground in our competitive economy. And use only money left over after living expenses are paid and emergencies provided for.

Some advantages in owning stock:

1. If the company grows, your investment can grow. So can dividends. This may help your income keep pace with any rise in prices.
2. You can convert stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange into cash at practically any time.
3. Working in one business, you become part-owner of another, drawing extra income from any profits that may be paid as dividends.

Get acquainted with a registered representative or partner in a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. He'll be glad to share his knowledge with you at no charge. He'll help you buy or sell. Ask him also about bonds and preferred stock. And from time to time, ask him to review your holdings with you. Make sure his firm is a Member of the New York Stock Exchange.

But right now: the coupon. It brings you that immensely helpful booklet, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS."

**Own your share of American business**

## Members New York Stock Exchange

For offices of Members nearest you, look under New York Stock Exchange in the stock broker section of your classified telephone directory.

.....  
**Send for free booklet.** Mail to your local Member Firm of the Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. G-58, P. O. Box 252, New York 5, N. Y.

Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

Name.....

Address.....

Broker, if any.....

## THE EASY CHAIR

eloquence to persuade the voters to back them up.

The politician of tomorrow will also need the hardihood to kick a few sacred cows away from the public trough. One of them is the farmer, who insists that the rest of us support him—with a subsidy of \$5 billion a year—while he raises crops we don't need.\* Another is the veterans' lobby, which nicks the taxpayer for an additional \$5 billion, and hopes before long to raise it to \$13 billion.\*\*

Both of these pressure groups (and several others) will have to be defeated before any administration can bring the budget back under control and begin to stabilize the economy. Such a campaign will demand more than naked political courage. It will require the brain power, for example, to persuade nearly a million farm families to get off the land and into useful jobs—and to devise the retraining and refinancing schemes which will make the shift as painless as possible.

Equally unpleasant measures will have to be undertaken in many other fields, and sold one by one to an unwilling public—a public which has not yet been told by the responsible leaders of either party just how hard it is going to be to fight a Cold War that may last for generations.

All this may be easy, however, in comparison with the second group of items on the agenda. They might be described as . . .

\*He gets away with it because the very word "farmer" makes tender emotions well up in the breasts of both Liberals and Conservatives. When a Liberal hears it, he sees visions of starving sharecroppers and mortgage-ridden homesteaders, obviously in need of both compassion and cash. For the Conservative, it conjures up a picture of The Sturdy Yeoman who will stand forever firm against the crazy schemes of those citified radicals. Both images are as out of date as the one-horse plow. In fact, the bulk of the government's farm hand-outs go to rich landowners and giant farming corporations; and every election since 1948 has demonstrated that the farmer is no longer an automatic Conservative, but rather a canny vote-swapper eager to trade with the party making the highest bid.

\*\*See John E. Booth's "Veterans: Our Biggest Privileged Class" in the July 1958 issue of *Harper's*.

## COMING 1

## Harper's magazine

### NEXT MONTH

#### MARK TWAIN SPEAKS OUT

For reasons which he here makes clear, Mark Twain wanted part of his autobiography not to appear until some years after his death. Now published for the first time, these comments and anecdotes are as funny—and as sharp—as anything he ever wrote.

#### THE OUTRAGED OKINAWANS

Okinawa is the key to U.S. defense strategy in the Pacific. Yet despite the fact that we have invested over a billion dollars in the island, Okinawans don't like us—reasons which unhappily appear wherever we are involved in the Pacific.

By Barton M. B.

#### SOUTH DAKOTA'S CHRISTIAN MARTYRS

By behaving exactly like early Christians, the Hutterites have earned themselves the suspicion and hatred of their American neighbors.

By Richard S. Meryman

#### ALSO:

#### THE MAN WHO INVENTED MODERN COOKING

By Cecil Woodham-Smith



## THE EASY CHAIR

) *Building a modern machinery government.*

he county where I live was laid by sensible men. They made it big enough so that any citizen could travel from its farthest bound to the county seat, and then back again, in a comfortable day's ride on horseback. This was important, because the county seat was the place where most government business got done in those days. It dispensed justice, collected taxes, kept property records, and built roads—what was about all that any reasonable man expected of government 50 years ago.

Today hardly anybody travels to the county seat by horseback. In fact, probably half the residents of the county don't know where it is, and I could bet that not one in ten could name a single county official. Which is a pity, since we have a lot of them. All ten stories of our main county office building are overcrowded, and so are a dozen smaller divisions of bureaucracy. Sometimes wonder what they all do.

The nation has three thousand counties—all admirably devoted for the horseback era. For times, they are worse than useless. Although they are hideously expensive, they don't provide the kind of governmental service we now have. How could they, when a single metropolitan area often engulfs a dozen counties . . . when water supply, sewage disposal, airport development, and traffic flow have to be planned on a regional basis . . . when all the serious problems have thrown the county pattern?

The thing they can do is to provide a sort of governmental underbrush which conceals, nurtures, and breeds a violent species of political bloodsuckers—known, in most localities, as the Courthouse Gang. These are cheap operators who thrive on patronage, bail bonds, surcharges, and ticket-fixing. They are mercenaries of the old-fashioned political machines—the pot-bellied chompers who have brought the noble profession of public service into disrepute. From their court-lairs they dominate many of the legislatures, and thus are largely to blame for the shabby and inefficient condition of most of our state governments. (Continued, page 19)

# HENNESSY SUPREMACY is unmistakable...

Americans choose it  
over all other cognacs combined.



Hennessy maintains its unmatched character by drawing on aged cognac stocks unrivalled in size as well as variety.

★ ★ ★  
**HENNESSY**  
COGNAC BRANDY

84 PROOF • Schieffelin & Co., New York



# *The gift of motherhood...*



*The gift of motherhood, so the poets tell us, is the most precious gift of all. But with its many blessings—and with its countless joys—go also a world of responsibilities. For among the many roles a mother plays, she is a guardian of health and a protector of life itself. To be sure, she is never alone in these important responsibilities. For miracles of medicine and of science are at her constant call. Many of these are made possible only because thousands of man-hours and millions of dollars are expended in research*

*by the pharmaceutical industry. It is an industry in which Pfizer is justly proud to play an important part. Out of this Company's creative laboratories have come discoveries that are world-famed. In fact, it is unlikely that a single human life can now go untouched by at least one of these discoveries. For Pfizer's province is the province of the human life—and Pfizer's task is the task of lengthening its span and enriching its days. To this cause we have pledged the whole of our research, of our resources and of our people.*

Science for the World's Well-Being

**Pfizer**

Pharmaceutical,  
Agricultural  
Chemical Products

Since 1849



# The Realities of Motherhood

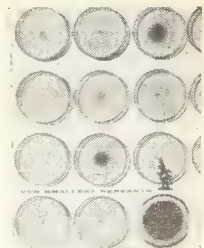


Tomorrow's mothers—and today's—can count on science to help make child-bearing increasingly free of the worries, discomforts and hazards that once were accepted as a "natural part" of so many pregnancies.

Healthier, more comfortable pregnancies are the constant concern of physicians and of modern medical research. Today, your doctor can prescribe from an ever-growing list of pharmaceutical products designed especially to meet the increased nutritional requirements and other needs of the mother and to satisfy the demands of the unborn child. Several such products, developed in the research laboratories of Pfizer, are marketed by the Company's Roerig Division. These include vitamin-mineral supplements as well as drugs to stop morning sickness, to prevent vertigo and to ease tension.

To develop other new and improved products for the world's well-being, Pfizer will this year alone invest more than ten million dollars in creative research.

An absorbing and unusual book, "Our Smallest Servants," tells how science is harnessing millions of microscopic creatures to save human lives! For your free copy write Dept. 62.



Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.  
11 Bartlett St., Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

Science for the  
World's Well-Being

**Pfizer**

Since 1849

## (3) Getting organized to run a foreign policy.

We aren't now. We never have been.

When the Founding Fathers coopered our political system together, the country had practically no foreign relations and wanted less. Moreover, the Atlantic looked like a permanent insulation against such headaches. So the FFs blueprinted a system which (both in its formal Constitution and its unwritten rules) was wonderfully efficient for adjusting sectional differences and compromising the claims of domestic pressure groups. But precisely because it did these things so well, it was ill-designed for dealing with the outside world. One of the earliest and sharpest observers of the United States, Alexis de Tocqueville, thought this weakness might well be fatal—if it weren't for the happy fact that we were beyond the reach of all potential enemies.

Alas, that fact has changed; but the system hasn't. Last September in a remarkable but little-noticed speech Senator Stuart Symington wondered right out loud whether our kind of government could ever deal with the kind of problems which are now pouring in from all corners of the globe. He went so far as to suggest that it might be necessary "to medicate, operate, or even amputate where we are fatally weak."

What he had in mind was the built-in pressures which force every Congressman to think first about the interests of his district—and about the national interest a good deal later, if at all. Worse yet, our system endows every member of Congress with power to delay, frustrate, and sometimes kill any foreign-policy measure he doesn't like.

Thus Congressman John J. Rooney of Brooklyn has been able to hamstring our overseas information program. The spokesmen for a few wheat states have upset our friendship with Canada, and those who look out for the textile manufacturers have jeopardized our relations with Japan. Zionist Congressmen have made it immensely difficult for us to come to terms with the Arabs. And Senator Knowland and his pals of the China Lobby have, at this writing, nearly succeeded in embroiling us in a war over a few tiny islands

last year President Eisenhower suggested that too much power was being centralized in Washington, and the states and other local units ought to take back some of the functions that had drifted over the years into federal hands. You might suppose that the states would welcome such a proposal with glad hosannas. Actually they shrank back in horror. Errors condemned the scheme as impractical, and the United States Conference of Mayors warned sternly that it would have "disastrous results."

Oddly enough, they were right. Very few states are capable of handling competently the remnants of authority they have now. Virtually all are in desperate need of a complete overhaul—including new constitutions and new sources of revenue. In the process, about 2,500 counties ought to be abolished, by consolidation into units that make sense. Naturally the hitherto Gangs will resist to the hilt—just as they have fought court reform, legislative redistricting, and every other step toward modernizing local government.

But until the job is tackled, our local system will continue to erode. The balance of power between state and national governments—already dangerously out of kilter—will eventually collapse; the states will become little more than provinces; the strongest underpinning of our kind of democracy will be gone for good.

Because the white supremacy factions have adopted it as their war cry, "states' rights" has become a discredited phrase. This is too bad, for the word in its original meaning had nothing to do with racial conflict. "States' rights" is an essential part of American society. I don't believe our country is manageable, unless the individual states are vigorous enough to have a large share of the managing. Until now, at least, every nation of continental size has had to be governed in one of two ways: either as a federation or as an autocracy.

The coming generation of politicians, therefore, will have to find some way to renovate the idea of federalism and get it back into working order. At the same time, they will have to take on a third set of problems . . .





## New all-transistor recorder works anywhere without plug-in!

Yes, it's true. The name is Dictet. The maker is Dictaphone.

New Dictet is no bigger than a medium-length novel. Yet its intrepid little mercury batteries make this noble machine powerful enough to record even the tiniest whisper.

To work it, simply pick up the mike and talk. Microphone acts as a speaker for instant playback.

Dictet's ideal for travel notes, small conferences, field reports, and . . . well, you name it. There is a coupon somewhere close. Use it—now!

**Good news for busy traveling men:  
Dictets are now available on all  
Capital Airlines V.I.P. flights!**

# **DICTET<sup>®</sup> BY DICTAPHONE<sup>®</sup>**

Dictaphone Corporation, Dept. HA-118  
420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.  
Please send full-color booklet on new Dictet.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Company \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

## THE EASY CHAIR

of no consequence whatever. (To us, that is. To the mainland Chinese, Quemoy is a different matter. How would we feel if a hundred thousand Communist troops were roosting on Staten Island?)

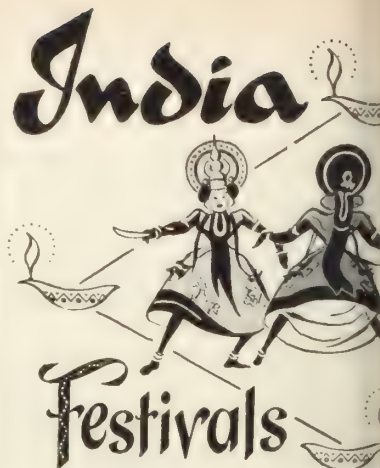
Our cumbersome traditions handicap us just as badly in many other ways. A long-range defense program, employing missiles and planes which take a decade to develop, obviously can't be planned effectively on the basis of annual appropriations. Neither can a foreign-aid program; the friends we try to help get irritable when they discover they don't dare plan beyond the next session of Congress.

It is hardly surprising, then, that the Soviets—uncluttered by such democratic hobbles—have been running circles around us in both propaganda and economic warfare. Perhaps John Foster Dulles is not beyond all criticism as a diplomat, but it is not fair to blame him alone for all the disasters of the last few years. After all, we have sent him into the ring against Khrushchev—a fast, hard puncher—with 531 Congressmen and Senators hanging onto his legs, arms, and hair. We are lucky our boy didn't take a worse licking.

Obviously this kind of contest cannot last very long. Either the Communists will win—and a few more rounds may give them an unbeatable lead—or we have to get in shape to fight on even terms. We have to devise some way to plan and conduct our defense—military, economic, and diplomatic—with at least as much foresight, flexibility, and speed as our opponents.

Maybe we can't do it. Maybe we are too set in our ways. Maybe it is beyond our capacity to adapt our habits and institutions to fit a new environment. Many civilizations have discovered that it was just too hard for them to make the changes necessary for survival—and perhaps the time has come for us to join the long procession toward oblivion.

But I don't believe it. I think Sam and the other young people of his generation will prove just as capable in this crisis as Lincoln and his contemporaries were in theirs. They aren't stupid and they aren't lazy; they just haven't realized yet that there is some unfinished business for them to do.



The dramatic splendor of DUSSEH man's victory over evil . . . Serene DIVA the festival of myriad lights . . . An exo XMAS . . . Rare harvest of Folk Dance rejoicing in the birth of a Republic. Colorful, buoyant HOLI, which mirrors frolic of the Gods of Spring and Love

Excellent modern hotels, expert guides Springtime climate, all travel comforts

For illustrated brochure on Festivals contact your Travel Agent or address Dept. HM.

**GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE**  
19 East 49th St., New York 17, N. Y.  
Murray Hill 8-2245

685 Market St., San Francisco 5, Calif.  
EXbrook 7-0066

**DELIGHTFUL, INEXPENSIVE**

## TOURS OF IRELAND

**BY LUXURIOUS MOTOR COACH**

**All-Inclusive  
Hotels, Meals, Even Tip  
6, 7, 8, 9 and 12 DAYS  
FOR ABOUT \$10 PER DAY**  
TYPICAL 6-DAY TOUR \$56.40  
Dublin, Cork, Blarney Castle,  
Ring of Kerry. ALSO 12-DAY  
TOURS OF ALL IRELAND!

### SPECIAL TOURS FROM SHANNON AIRPORT!

Featuring Limerick, Cork, Blarney, Killarney, Galway, Cashel, etc.

1, 2, 4 and 6 DAYS

**No extra air fare for stopover at Shannon**

SPECIAL TRANSPORTATION DURING AN APOSTAL PERIOD BEFORE YOU LEAVE, obtain all Irish rail and bus transportation, and reservations at Great Southern Hotel from

**YOUR TRAVEL AGENT**

Tour folder and map on request from

**IRISH RAILWAYS**

9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.  
CHICAGO—LOS ANGELES—TORONTO

**CORAS  
IOMPAIR  
EIREANN**

**Ireland's  
Transport Company**





# WARHEAD

*circa 400 A. D.*

Centuries ago, the Indians of New Mexico designed and developed warheads like this one.

Today, we at Sandia Corporation do very much the same job—but we call it research and development in the ordnance phases of nuclear weapons for the Atomic Energy Commission.

The people who made these primitive warheads also applied many of the same skills and techniques to produce implements of peace—grinding stones, knives, needles, and quite a few others.

Here again, we at Sandia follow a similar pattern. In the pursuit of our main task, we study many things in widely-varied fields ranging from nuclear phenomena to numbers theory, from meteorology to metal-working. We learn basic scientific facts and advanced techniques that have important applications far removed from nuclear weapons.

We probe new frontiers of science and engineering. We meet and solve challenging problems in many areas of advanced technology. These are activities which require the services of outstanding engineers and scientists in many fields in our work to maintain our nation's defensive strength.

We have such men—both at Sandia in Albuquerque and at our branch laboratory in Livermore, California. But we need more—at the highest academic and experience levels.

If you are interested in exploring the exceptional opportunities for professional growth and advancement with Sandia Corporation, please write to Staff Employment Section 516C.

**SANDIA**  
CORPORATION



ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO



# Everyone has a stake in a better business climate

The photograph above shows some of the people whose products or services are used by a typical employee in industry and his family. This is an example of the chain reaction of benefits set off by just one job in a community.

Further dramatic proof of the importance of jobs is provided by a recent survey\* which shows that 100 industrial jobs in a community can create:

- 74 additional jobs
- 112 more households
- 4 more retail stores
- 296 more residents in the community
- \$590,000 more income per year
- \$360,000 more in retail sales per year

The jobs that bring widespread benefits like these to a community depend on healthy and profitable businesses. And business, in order to grow and prosper,

looks to the community for a healthy business climate.

What are some of the conditions which make an ideal business climate? They are the same things that thoughtful people in a community want for themselves:

**Honest and efficient government**, supported by a strong majority of alert and well-informed voters who have the balanced best interests of the community at heart.

**Fair taxes** for both business and individuals, without restrictive regulatory or discriminatory financial burdens.

**Conscientious law enforcement** which protects the rights of all citizens, corporate and private.

**Equitable pay and benefits** which reward employees for applying their full effort and skill to the job.

\*"What Industrial Jobs Mean To A Community," U.S. Chamber of Commerce





able union leadership and freedom unwarranted strikes and slow-where collective bargaining is in

ed people to fill employment with educational facilities to pre-ople for a wide range of jobs.

te community facilities such as banks, utilities, transportation, is, and commercial services.

al and cultural atmosphere in people will enjoy living and g, including schools, churches, s, theaters, a responsible press, ulthful recreational facilities.

oughout America, businesses, pal and state governments, and ival citizens are taking an interest in gaining these good climate conditions for their nities.

There is still much to be done, however, on local, state, and national levels. You can help by asserting your views on the need for a good business climate—as a member of community organizations, in civic planning activities, and at the polls. You'll be helping achieve the conditions that will enable your local businesses to operate successfully—with the greatest benefit to you.

*To find out more about how you can help appraise and improve the business climate in your community, write to Business Climate, Dept. H, Box 2490, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.*



Building job opportunities is a continuous effort at General Electric. To help build sales

and jobs in 1958, General Electric employees, the company's half a million share owners, the men and women of 45,000 supplier firms, and 400,000 firms that sell or service General Electric products are carrying out Operation Upturn—a nationwide program to help accelerate the upturn in business by providing customers with extra values.

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**



# A FINE HOME ORGAN AND HI-FI PHONOGRAPH WITH STEREO SOUND

NEW **Thomas** HOME MUSIC CENTER!



The phonograph is your  
**"BUILT-IN TEACHER"**  
 with recorded organ lessons!

Here's a new and different combination of relaxation, entertainment and fun for all:

**ELECTRONIC ORGAN:** Solo and Dial-A-Tone Controls—Thomas exclusives—give two-keyboard versatility, full, rich voices. Easy to play; unique recorded lessons instruct you from the turntable as you play!

**4-SPEED STEREO PHONOGRAPH** plays the new stereo records with their thrilling true full-dimension sound. Thomas Hi-Fi, like magic, will release from *all* your records rich, full tones you never dreamed were there!

Plus...

**TRUE STEREO HI-FI SOUND** with two independent audio systems and six speakers...40 watts of peak power...**FM and AM RADIO INPUTS**...**STEREO EARPHONES** to confine music to your ears alone, if desired. Bench extra.

only \$899.50...easy payment plan.

**Thomas**  
ELECTRONIC  
**ORGAN**

**FREE STEREO RECORD**—Hear the Thomas Home Music Center in thrilling stereo sound! Plays on stereo or regular phonograph. *Send coupon today!*

In Canada—EATON'S OF CANADA

Send Coupon Today!

## THOMAS ORGAN COMPANY

A Division of Pacific Mercury Corp.  
 8356 Hayvenhurst Ave., Sepulveda, California

I'd like your Free Record of organ music.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# PERSONAL and otherwise

## Among Our Contributors

### HYPNOTIC TRANCE

**O**RGANIZED medicine in the United States has taken more than a century to accept the use of hypnosis. At last, the American Medical Association has reported (in its September 1958 journal) that hypnosis "has a recognized place" in the medical armory, including surgery. In the 1840s Dr. James Esdaile reported from India the successful completion of over a thousand operations with the patient hypnotized, but Esdaile's work was greeted with contempt by many of his colleagues—a clear case of the harmful incredulity that **Ian Stevenson** analyzes in "Scientists with Half-closed Minds" (p. 64). This case of resistance to new ideas would be funnier as Dr. Stevenson points out in another instance, "if it really did not refer to us all."

Dr. Stevenson is professor and chairman of the department of psychiatry at the University of Virginia's School of Medicine. He has written a number of ground-breaking articles for *Harper's*—from "Why Medicine Is Not a Science" (April 1949) to his series on tranquilizers and schizophrenia (July-August 1957). He is at work on a book which will collect some of these and other ideas.

For useful examples in "Scientists with Half-closed Minds" Dr. Stevenson thanks two friends: Dr. Stewart Wolf of the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine and Dean Thomas H. Hunter of the University of Virginia School of Medicine.

... Everyone acknowledges that a revolutionary design is needed to ease the traffic jams that are choking the super-cities of the United States. In this field too, "different" ideas often get a rough answer. In "Unsnarling Traffic on the Roads, Rails, and Airways" (p. 31), **John I. Snyder, Jr.** offers for challenge a new, comprehensive approach to the transportation mess.

Mr. Snyder is chairman of the

board and president of U. S. Industries, Inc., and a director of several industrial, banking, and research companies, as well as the National Urban League. He is a member of the N. Y. State Banking Board and vice chairman of the Democratic party committee on economic policy.

One new transit system which Mr. Snyder mentions—tantalizingly in passing—may offer an attractive though partial solution. This is the suspended "monorail." Monorail Inc. of Houston, Texas, a leader in the field, built a pilot line in 1955 and moved it to Dallas for the state fair. There it has carried two-thirds of a million passengers, says Mr. Goodell, president.

A year ago, Dr. Axel Leon Wenner-Gren, the 76-year-old Swedish industrial tycoon, visited the fair with Mr. Goodell and saw the sleek 60-passenger monorail in operation. Plunking down a half-million dollars for a controlling interest, he said that he wanted to see the system established in all the major cities of this country and would plan "to put out whatever money it takes."

What does it feel like to ride the monorail? J. R. Ward of the Berkeley (California) *Daily Gazette*, wrote: "... A green and gray spaceship-like car of fiberglass and steel that floats passengers along 1,600 feet of single rail, gliding noiselessly over the top of vehicular traffic 14 feet below.

"Riding over traffic on sky hooks was interesting but hardly a thrill for there is little or no sense of motion in the coach and it is virtually free of vibration. Whether the system—the inverted 'J' metal pillars, the overhead single rail, and the streamlined coach—is pleasing to the eye depends upon individual esthetic tastes. ... It was graceful and appealing, however, in comparison to the bulky structures that carry the noisy trains overhead in New York's Bronx and the solid, massive overhead concrete roadways that form the East Bay approaches to the San Francisco Bay Bridge."



## ANCIENT CLASSICS SET

ODYSSEY  
SELECTIONS  
TWELVE LIVES



## AMERICAN CLASSICS SET

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN by Mark Twain  
STORIES of Edgar Allan Poe  
LAST OF THE MOHICANS by Fenimore Cooper

## MAKE YOUR FIRST MEMBERSHIP SELECTION FROM ANY OF THESE BOOKS:

- **DAYS** by Francis Bacon: The wisdom of the heart and mind of a genius whose wisdom rich rewards to the modern reader.
- **AS MARNER** by George Eliot: The best of Eliot's — here is a story that sadness and joy in which reader can share.
- **CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE**: The revealing struggle of a man toward faith, his merciful analysis of his personal conduct and sorrows.
- **EYRE** by Charlotte Brontë: The most popular novel of time — memorable for its plot and insight into the life of the human heart.
- **IVER'S TRAVELS** by Jonathan Swift: To those seeking adventure, and enlightenment — this satire offers an incomparable blend of all.
- **LAST DAYS OF POMPEII** by Bulwer-Lytton: A dramatic tale of passion, strife, love and death in ancient Roman days.
- **THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO**: Most amazing book of travel experiences; a story full of the wonders and marvels of the mysterious Far East of the 13th Century.
- **THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES** by Nathaniel Hawthorne: A novel of mystery and brooding suspense; one of the most powerful stories by a master novelist.
- **THE WAY OF ALL FLESH** by Samuel Butler: Remarkable story of a clergyman's son through school days, degradation and prison, and rise to respectability.
- **GREEN MANSIONS** by W. H. Hudson: Haunting, tragic tale of Rima, the "bird girl". A powerful story of the South American rain-forest by a great novelist.
- **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENvenuto CELLINI**: Artist, sculptor, goldsmith, author and lover of many women — Cellini led a spectacular life. This is his story.
- **SELECTIONS FROM PEPYS' DIARY**: A valuable, uncensored record of life during the bawdy, lusty days of the Restoration period.

## FRENCH CLASSICS SET

CANDIDE by Voltaire  
HANA by Emily Zola  
MADAME BEVART by Gustave Flaubert

## ENGLISH CLASSICS SET

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY by Oscar Wilde  
WUTHERING HEIGHTS by Emily Bronte  
MOLL FLANDERS by Daniel Defoe

Perspective of the Centuries to Relieve the Pressure of the Hours . . .

# Fine Editions Club

makes this exceptional offer to the discriminating reader

## FREE Any One of These Sets of Classics

Here are books of enduring values that enrich the mind—now offered in exquisite form to enrich your home. They are a delight to both hand and eye. Above all, they are a delight to the mind. For, in *Fine Editions*, you are offered only those works which have proved their worthiness to live. Theirs is the wit and humor, the philosophy and history, the romance and tragedy upon which our entire culture has been built.

You have probably always wanted to become acquainted with every one of these great books. Perhaps you read many of them in college and now wish to renew your acquaintance on a deeper, more mature basis. Here is your opportunity to do this conveniently — and with substantial savings.

For this Introductory Offer for new members we have selected from the *Fine Editions* list four sets of Classics of three volumes each. These are the Ancient Classics, the French, English and American Classics. Take *any set* as our gift to you for joining. The three beautiful books you select

will be sent to you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** with your first membership selection (see box at left). You will be billed only for this one book at the modest member's price of \$3.95 plus a slight mailing charge.

### SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Do not send money with the coupon. You will receive all four books at once. Examine the rich, genuine leather binding, the 24K gold hand tooling with 24K gold page tops, the clarity of type, the fine paper.

If, after examining the books, you're not happy with them, simply return them within 10 days and pay us nothing. Nor are you obligated to take each subsequent month's selection as it comes out. During the first year, you take as few as five selections. After that, for each four selections, you receive a valuable bonus book **FREE**. Inasmuch as membership is limited, we suggest you mail the coupon now.

FINE EDITIONS CLUB, Dept. 11-G-YF

11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me **FREE** the Classics Set (3 books) which I have checked, together with the fourth book which I have named. This is my first Membership selection, for which you will bill me the Member's price of \$3.95. I understand that I am not bound to accept every book selected by the *Fine Editions Club*, and that I may cancel my Membership any time after accepting as few as five books. For every four books I accept thereafter, I am to receive a valuable bonus book **FREE**. I also understand that, if I am not delighted with the books I have checked in this coupon, I may return them within ten days and owe nothing.

Send me the Set checked as my **FREE GIFT** for joining.

- ☐ Ancient Classics Set ☐ French Classics Set  
☐ English Classics Set ☐ American Classics Set

As my first Membership Selection, please send me:

(Circle number of set of books to be sent.)

**PLEASE NOTE:** A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is limited as a *single book* in reckoning Bonus Book credits, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Monorail, Inc. of Houston is working with four other cities, two of them near the purchasing point, Mr. Goodell tells us. Some areas that are now contemplating monorails, with his firm or others, are the Van Nuys to Long Beach run in California; Los Angeles; Seattle; Miami to Palm Beach, Florida; and Upper Darby to Media, Pennsylvania. Ernest A. Herzog of the architectural and engineering firm, Alonzo B. Reed, Inc. of Boston, has strongly urged a monorail for immediate service in the problematical South Shore territory once served by the Old Colony railroad. A master plan for the Boston area, he says, might include an inner monorail loop downtown and connections to Newton, Lynn, and other suburbs.

It seems likely that some of these enthusiasts will succeed in getting monorail into service fairly soon. But for success in the long run they will have to overcome the jaundiced disbelief of the American motorist. Half-choked in fumes and traffic jams, he is very likely to refuse most suggestions to uplift him.

... The "half-educated" Sarah Lawrence alumna whom David Boroff quotes in his analysis of the "Rich, Bright, and Beautiful" of that college (p. 37) might find comfort by comparing notes with Radcliffe alumnae of the Class of '48. When they were asked by their Tenth Reunion committee how they felt *now* about their college program of studies, 61 per cent said they would substantially change their courses if they had it to do over again. They would want more history, literature, fine arts, and philosophy; more general science for non-science majors; more general education for science majors. "History and literature majors seem the happiest," reported the *Radcliffe Quarterly*, "while those in social relations . . . now feel a need for more background in the humanities and history."

If this is the hindsight of graduates of one of the soundest old-line aca-

demic institutions (as Mr. Boroff described it in his article on Harvard last month), can Sarah Lawrence's progressive products expect to feel less yearning?

Mr. Boroff comes by his interest in higher education from having attended Brooklyn College, Yale, and Columbia, and from teaching now at Brooklyn, where he lectures on contemporary literature and is faculty adviser to the student magazine. In Sarah Lawrence he sees the "muted, discreet, and gradual" triumph of progressive ideas in education, "spawned in the philosophies of William James, Dewey, Whitehead, and others." Colleges have been slower to take on these ideas than schools, he says, because "they require a recasting of the teacher's role. . . . He has to involve himself in the turmoil of the student's world. Who would willingly surrender the smug pleasures of the old relationship for the treacherous uncertainties of the new?"

... This is a time of growing church membership in the U. S., but there is talk everywhere of apathy in religious life. In "The Job the Protestants Shirk" (p. 45), Dr. Truman B. Douglass offers an explanation which may be unsettling to many leaders of the nation's 60 million affiliated Protestants.

Dr. Douglass has been executive Vice President of the Board of Home Missions of the Congregational Christian Churches since 1943 and is the author of *Preaching and the New Reformation* and, most recently, *Why Go to Church*. He is a member of the Executive Council of the United Church of Christ, and of the general board of the National Council of Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. He has held pastorates in Upper Montclair, Pomona, and St. Louis.

... Juliet Lowell got track of a prize letter for her forthcoming book *Dear Justice*, by circulating among sedately dressed lawyers at the Queen's garden party in England, handing out typewritten slips that said:

"I collect unintentionally funny letters, do you have any?"

Her new book, from which a few choice items appear on page 50, is

being published by M. S. Mill is her seventh.

... Robert Brustein brings together and turns inside out a group of the most successful plays of the current American theater, in "The Naming Women of William Inge" (p. 52). If he seems, to Inge, uncommonly rigorous in his analysis, this is the critic's right.

But, for the record, Mr. Inge himself stated his method and purpose in the introduction to the volume of his *Four Plays* which Random House has published this fall. What he has to say about *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs* (now in its second year on Broadway) is pertinent, here is a significant piece of it.

"I suppose it represents my belated attempt to come to terms with the past, to rearrange its parts and re-balance them, to bring a mature understanding to everyday phenomena that mystified me as a boy. . . . to explore some of man's hidden fears in facing life and to show something of the hidden fears that motivate us all. . . . Some people felt that the announcement of the suicide came as too much of a shock, but every suicide I ever heard of came to me in the same way. . . . I always find the reasons for events after they happen, in re-exploring the character to find motivations we had previously overlooked. It was this kind of dynamism I wanted most to achieve."

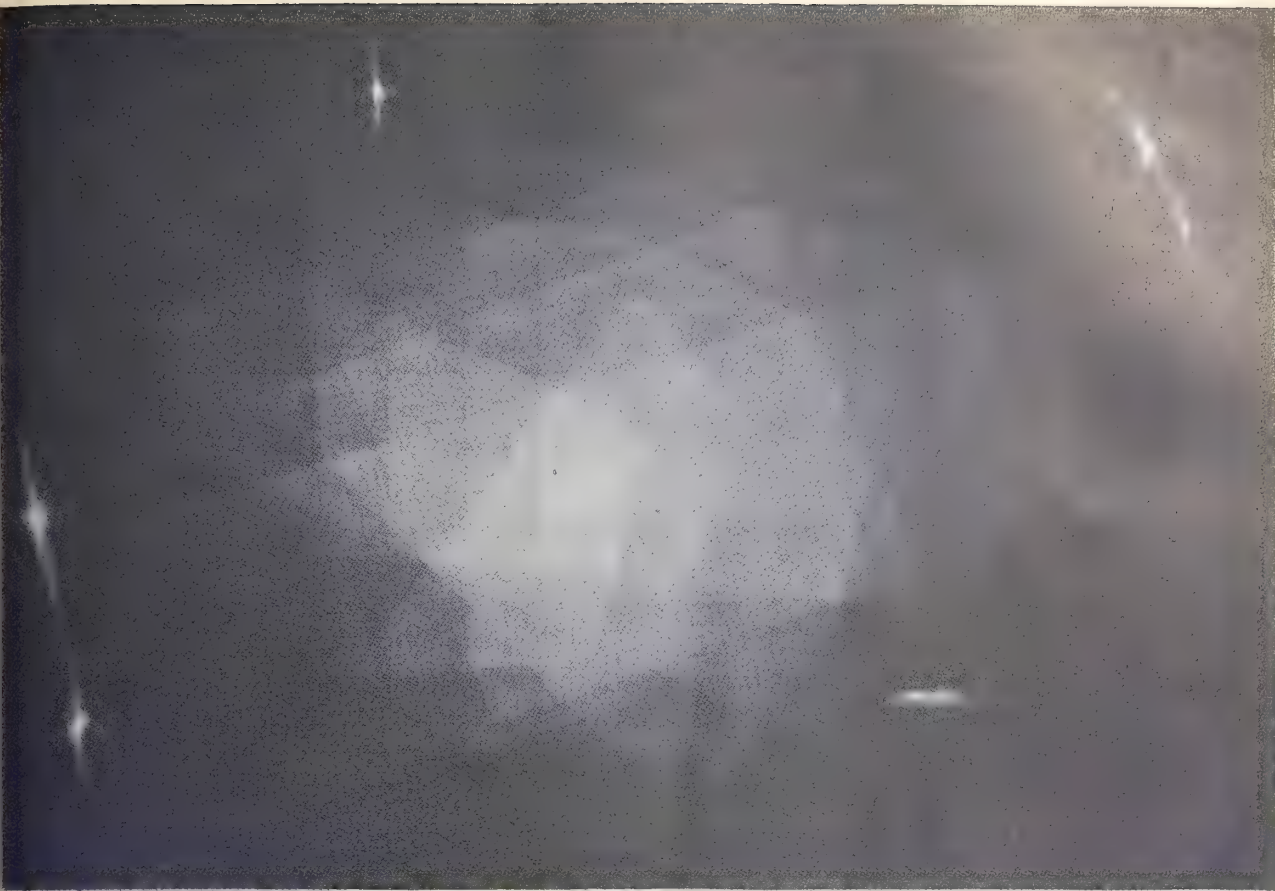
Mr. Brustein has been acting and directing in the theater for thirty years and writing about it in *Commentary*, *Partisan Review*, and other magazines. He teaches dramatic literature at Columbia University.

A New Yorker by birth, he attended Amherst, the Yale Divinity School, and Columbia, where he earned his Ph.D. As a Fulbright fellow in 1953-54, he studied and directed plays at the University of Nottingham. He is writing a book on the American theater in the 1950s and is attending most of the new plays in New York in preparation for a survey of the season for *Harper's*.

... "Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart" (p. 58) is Aubrey Goodman's second story in *Harper's*; his first was "Waldo," published last February. Mr. Goodman is a Yale graduate.







"FORCES OF NATURE," another in a collection of paintings by Simpson-Middleman, two talented artists who find in the natural sciences the subject matter for their contemporary expressions. Courtesy John Heller Gallery, Inc.

**Conquest of space.** Advanced space-age research programs are underway at Boeing—along with development work on Dyna-Soar, a manned space vehicle that will orbit at speeds up to 18,000 mph, and be capable of re-entry and normal landing.

Boeing has geared its facilities, research and manpower resources to meet the needs of the space age. The Boeing Scientific Research Laboratories conduct studies at the frontiers of knowledge. The Systems Management Office has responsibility for all assigned projects employing space-age techniques. Boeing's capabilities have earned the

company and its associates an Air Force assignment for Phase One development of Dyna-Soar.

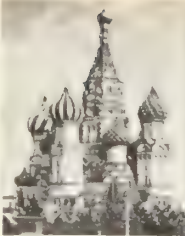
Dyna-Soar and other space-age projects offer exceptional opportunities to engineers and scientists of all categories. Drop a note now to Mr. Stanley M. Little, Department H-81, Boeing Airplane Company, Seattle 24, Washington.

**BOEING**

Now you can

see

Russia  
for  
yourself



on a MAUPINTOUR this very winter

When the snow flies in Red Square, the events of Russia's winter season begin. Most Americans never see them.

There's the famed Moscow ballet, opera at the Bolshoi, folk dancing, festivals. These are *wintertime events!* And MAUPINTOURS, Russian travel specialists, can show them to you! Tours cost as little as \$1159, including travel, food and lodging, from New York.

Incidentally, from May to September, special motor coaches will take you into Russian areas never before open to Americans.

Tour groups are forming now for spring and summer luxury sailings on the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth. They'll visit Russia, Scandinavia, Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Write today for our new folder on Russia. Ask your travel agent for details. No obligation.



maupintours

Inquiry office: 101 Park Avenue  
New York 17, New York

## MUTUAL FUND INFORMATION

The different features of  
**Incorporated  
Investors\***  
are explained in  
free prospectus

\*A mutual fund investing in a list of securities selected for possible long-term growth of capital and income.

THE PARKER CORPORATION H-36  
200 Berkeley St.,  
Boston, Mass.

Please send Prospectus on Incorporated  
Investors

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

## P & O

who studied under Robert Penn Warren, is twenty-three years old, and Texas-born. He spent some months abroad this year, first in Spain and then in St. Tropez, France, working on a novel and a play.

... Laurence Lafore made his safari, "Elephants Have the Right of Way" (p. 72), as part of a six-months sabbatical trip to Trinidad, England, Europe, and Africa last spring. He is back now as associate professor of history at Swarthmore, and is finishing work on a textbook: *The History of Europe since 1500*.

... Of all the oddities connected with Vice President Nixon's unpopular "good will" tour of Latin America last May, none was more striking than the musical triumph of Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic orchestra touring nine Latin-American countries at the same time. There may have been a personal element in the contrasting reception of the two famous young men—there was certainly a cultural one. But important political and economic factors also lay behind the anti-Nixon outburst. These are analyzed by Thayer Waldo in "Why Latin America Distrusts Us" (p. 83).

Thayer Waldo, an American correspondent and newspaper executive (recently on the Oakland, California *Tribune*, but now in Mexico), has lived in Mexico, Argentina, Peru, Ecuador, and Colombia, and has visited all the other Latin-American republics. He was information director of the Pan American Union in Washington in 1945-46, and covered the United Nations conference in San Francisco. He studied the Perón regime on the spot in Buenos Aires, and managed Spanish and English papers in Colombia and Ecuador.

... Ralph Berton ("Bix and His Lost Music," p. 78) writes for movies, radio, TV, and the theater, with jazz criticism a favorite avocation. When he moved recently in New York, he transported his collection of 6,500 jazz records by hand. Born in Chicago in a family of vaudevillians and musicians, he was playing and singing in night clubs before he was ten. He pioneered "Jazz University of the Air" and now reviews books for the new *Jazz Review*.

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE  
OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED  
THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, 1  
JULY 2, 1946

(Title 39, United States Code, Section  
SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, M  
AGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION  
HARPER'S MAGAZINE

published Monthly at Albany, N.Y.  
for October 1, 1958

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, managing editor, and business managers are:  
Publisher HARPER & BROTHERS (a corporation)  
19 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.  
Editor John Fischer, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.  
Managing editor Russell Lyons 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Business Manager None.  
2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately under the names and addresses of stockholders or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned in partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual owner, must be given.)  
Harper & Brothers (a Corporation)  
19 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Berta N. Briggs 49 East 96th Street, New York 28, N. Y.

Cass Canfield 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Cass Canfield and Richard S. Emmet, Trustees  
c/o Bank of New York, New York 15, N. Y.

Cass Canfield, Jr. c/o Irving Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New York 15, N. Y.

Michael Temple Canfield c/o Irving Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New York 15, N. Y.

Marian W. Coward c/o City Bank Farmers Trust Co., 22 William Street, New York 15, N. Y.

Estate of Emma D. Cullen 197 11 Henley Road, Jamaica Estates 3, N. Y.

Eddy & Co. c/o Bankers Trust Co., P. O. Box 8, Church Street Annex, New York 8, N. Y.

Eugene Eisman 110 Old Army Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

John Fischer 23 DuPont Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.

Henry J. Fisher Sabine Farm, Round Hill Rd., Greenwich, Conn.

Estate of Henry Sleeper Harper, 200 East 66th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

Alan Hartman as Trustee under the will of L. Hartman c/o Emmet, Marvin & V., 48 Wall St., New York 5, N. Y.

Raymond G. Harwood 19 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Anna I. Hoyns c/o Lucille H. Sherman, 8 Roman Avenue, Forest Hills Gardens 75, N. Y.

George W. Jones 11 Stoneleigh Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Frank S. MacGregor 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith 70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Helen P. Philbin & Richard S. Emmet, Trustees 48 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

William H. Rose, Jr. Long Hill Road, Oakland, N. Y.

Edna K. Rushmore 59 Fairview Avenue, Madison, N. Y.

Martha P. Saxton R. F. D. Canaan, N. Y.

Lucille H. Sherman 8 Roman Avenue, Forest Hills Gardens 75, N. Y.

Evan W. Thomas, 2nd 77 Huntington Road, Huntington, N. Y.

Edward J. Tyler 19 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and security holders owning or holding 1 percent or of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where stockholder or security holder appears upon the face of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary capacity, the name of the person or corporation for such trustee is acting; also the statements in the paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold and securities in a capacity other than that of a fiduciary owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and monthly newspapers only.)

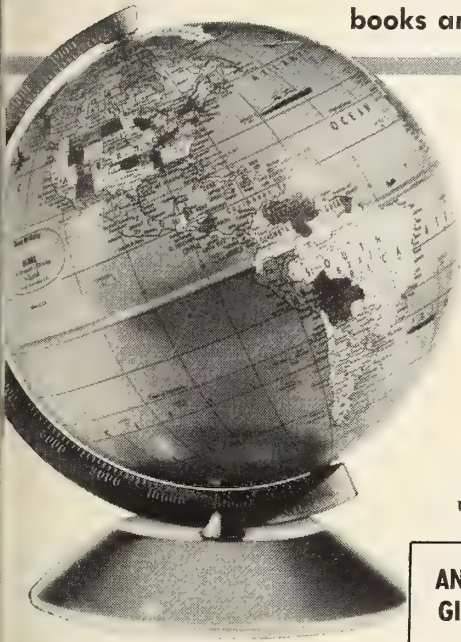
HARPER'S MAGAZINE  
HARPER & BROTHERS (a Corporation)  
JOHN FISCHER, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1958.

[SEAL] EDWIN G. BOHREN, Notary Public  
(My commission expires March 30, 1959)



**TART YOUR CHILD ON THIS SENSIBLE PLAN . . . designed to instill a lifetime love of good books and to assist him—without pressure—with his school work**



THE RAND McNALLY "WORLD-MASTER" GLOBE  
and THE "TRIPLE TURRET" JUNIOR MICROSCOPE KIT

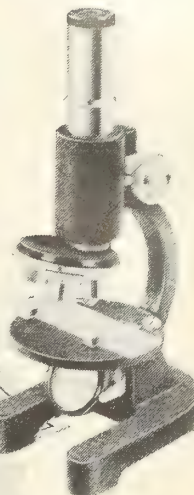
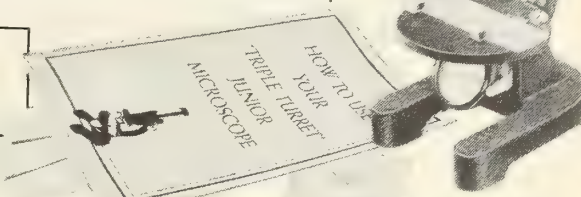
## BOTH GIVEN TO YOUR CHILD

WITH A FOUR-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION

*Young Readers of America*

A BOOK CLUB FOR BOYS AND GIRLS (FROM 8 TO 14)  
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

**AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS  
GIFT . . . see below**



### CHILDREN WHO LOVE TO READ DO BETTER IN SCHOOL

Parents frequently overlook this obvious truth, even when they are most concerned about their children's progress. To encourage—without pressure—the natural love of reading is the sound educational principle behind the YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA plan. It provides—at regular intervals, is extremely important—authoritative that are, above all, fun to read. As educators point out, children who learn to read in this way usually make the best most interested students. And, of course, the "library-building" habit acquired in childhood will benefit them always.

**May Choose Either of These Groups . . .  
Subscribe to Both at a 10% Discount**

**THE ALLABOUT BOOKS** are comprehensive books about SCIENCE. Says *The New York Times*: "They have won an enthusiastic response among fact-hungry young people. . . and informal in style, but not superficial." Each of these volumes—from dinosaurs to astronomy to atoms and Sputniks—is written by an eminently qualified science writer and is accurately and profusely illustrated.

**THE LANDMARK BOOKS** about AMERICAN and world HISTORY "have fired the imaginations and held the attention of tens of thousands of young people" (*N. Y. Times*).

**ABOUT CHRISTMAS** If you wish the subscription to begin as a Christmas Day surprise, check the box in the coupon and mail it to us by December 5. The enrollment gifts and first purchase will be sent in packages plainly labeled "Do not open until Christmas." Enclosed is a card naming you as the donor.

These remarkable books are written by outstanding authors whose reputations were made in the field of serious adult writing—authors like John Gunther, Pearl Buck, Thomas B. Costain, John Mason Brown and many others.

★ **A FOUR-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION (IT CAN BEGIN CHRISTMAS DAY, IF YOU WISH)** is suggested, in order to see how your own young reader responds to the idea. To excite and inspire him immediately, he will receive, free, the enrollment gifts pictured above. With them he will receive the ALLABOUT or LANDMARK book you select as the first purchase from the two listed below. Also included will be fifty handsome bookplates to encourage him to build his own library. At the end of the trial subscription, if you do not feel that the plan is succeeding with your child, you are free to cancel at any time.

**DISCOVER NATURE'S SECRETS WITH . . .**  
100x—200x—300x—junior-size microscope  
(with manual) • Glass slides • Other equipment

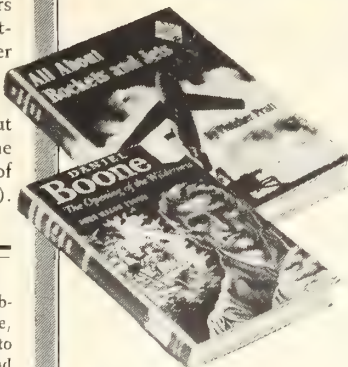
★ **THE SYSTEM IS SIMPLE**—each month your child will receive a book addressed to him personally, always an exciting moment in any home. The price to subscribers, lower than the regular retail price, is only \$1.75 each, plus a small charge for mailing.

★ **IF YOU DECIDE** to subscribe to both series (one ALLABOUT and one LANDMARK book each month) you will receive a discount of 10%, making the special combined price \$3.15, plus the postage and handling charge. In this case, check both the ALLABOUT and LANDMARK books pictured in the coupon as your first purchase.

**ALSO GIVEN . . .  
50 BOOKPLATES**



**BEGIN WITH ONE OF THESE  
OR BOTH**



- ☐ **ALL ABOUT ROCKETS & JETS**  
by Fletcher Pratt
- ☐ **DANIEL BOONE**  
by John Mason Brown

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y. 13-11  
YOUNG READERS OF AMERICA\* Branch

Please enroll the child named below in a four-month trial subscription to *Young Readers of America* and send him free the RAND McNALLY "WORLD-MASTER" GLOBE and the "TRIPLE TURRET" JUNIOR MICROSCOPE KIT with the purchase of the first book(s) indicated. You are to send the child:

- ☐ one **ALLABOUT** book each month and bill me at \$1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.
- ☐ one **LANDMARK** book each month and bill me at \$1.75 (plus a small charge for postage and handling) for each book.
- ☐ one **ALLABOUT** and one **LANDMARK** book each month and bill me at \$3.15 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

I may cancel the membership at any time after buying four books for the child. As the child's first purchase send the book (or books) checked at the left. (For combination subscription check both books.)

Information requested on this order should be filled in by parent or donor—PLEASE PRINT

SEND BOOKS TO . . . Name of Child . . .

Street . . .

City . . . Zone . . . State . . .

ORDERED BY Mr. } Name of Parent or Donor  
Mrs. }  
Miss }

Street . . .

City . . . Zone . . . State . . .

☐ IF YOU WANT THIS AS A CHRISTMAS GIFT, CHECK HERE AND MAIL THE COUPON IN TIME TO REACH US BY DECEMBER 5.  
YR-27





## *Is your life insurance program gathering dust?*

An important promotion . . . a new home . . . a new baby . . . new tax laws . . . rising living costs—a man's life just doesn't stand still. Yet how many men plunge ahead, trusting in an insurance program that is only taking care of yesterday?

Your Travelers life insurance counselor can now

build a program for you with plans that didn't even exist ten years ago. He can bring your life insurance program in line with your present standard of living—and your future needs.

**There is no better time** than right now to seek the counsel of a Travelers agent or broker.

**THE TRAVELERS**  
Insurance Companies

HARTFORD 15 CONNECTICUT

*All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bon*



## UNSNARLING TRAFFIC

*On the Roads, Rails, and Airways*

JOHN I SNYDER, JR.

An industrial executive suggests a way  
to shift unwanted passengers from the planes  
and highways to a new kind of train—  
to the profit of everybody,  
including the harassed customers.

OUR national transportation system is in one hell of a mess. That is a flat statement of fact, and it is true whether you look up at our great airliners in the sky, or down at our more prosaic vehicles on the ground. It is true of every pathway we travel, and something has to be done about it soon.

In the sky, disasters are piling up, and airline executives—caught in a dilemma beyond their total control—can hardly sleep nights for the cold fear of wondering where and when tragedy will strike next. One man I know, head of a major airline, told me recently that he had removed all the telephones from his country home, where he and his wife spend weekends, because he kept imagining the horror of a sudden disaster call in the middle of a sunny Sunday afternoon.

On the ground, the railroads are just as badly off, and railroad executives are not sleeping well

either. Their nightmare is not death; it is financial collapse. The truth is that as things stand now our railroads—vital to our national welfare—are plunging downhill toward insolvency, and very little has been done about it.

On another part of the ground, there is still another dilemma—the one we all know best: our highways are too crowded and they're getting more so all the time.

That, in brief, is our dismal transportation picture. Individually, each of the messes—in the air, on the rails, and on the highways—is staggering in its own very complex terms; and up to now our nation's transportation experts have tended to deal with each one separately.

Thus Congress moves to help the rails, and Senator George Smathers says that without some such action "catastrophe" will strike and the railroads will "go under." Simultaneously we launch our huge new Federal Highway Program. At the same time the Civil Aeronautics Administration, properly alarmed about recent midair collisions, sets up a new controlled Super Skyways Plan—admitting, however, that the plan cannot assure "absolute safety" in the air. And President Eisenhower backed the establishment of the new Federal Aviation Agency—a sort of consolidation of the CAA and the Airways Modernization Board.

These surely are urgently needed measures, and Congress, in the face of public impatience, is acting quickly on most of them. Yet many

of us must begin to wonder how we got into such trouble on so many fronts in the first place, and whether what we're doing about it now is enough.

In my opinion what we're doing is good, but it is not enough. I believe that up to now we have made one fundamental mistake in all our transportation planning—we have consistently failed to recognize that basic problems have begun to emerge which are common to *all* forms of transport, and which must be solved together. We have carefully kept our air-lane, railroad, and highway planners far apart from each other, in separate, air-tight rooms. And no one to date has asked the ultimate question, which is this: *How does each means of transportation fit, properly, into an overall transportation pattern which is broad enough to contain and support them all—and within which each can help its competitors?*

The question must be faced, and it *can* be answered. The plain fact is that such a pattern exists—all we have to do is find it.

#### TOO MANY PLANES?

LET us look first at our airways, where the basic problem is safety.

Everyone who reads newspapers knows that the air is not totally safe today. There are too many landings and take-offs at our big airports, and our air lanes are too crowded. Many among us have been in near collisions in recent years and don't even know it.

If this is true today, what of tomorrow, when bigger, faster planes will be flying in greater numbers than ever before? It is well known that we have already started producing a great new fleet of giant jet airliners, huge craft that will move at 600 mph—double the present airliner's average speed. These planes will be so economical to operate that flight in them will cost us, as passengers, nearly a third less than airline flight costs now. As a result, by 1975 three times more civilian passengers will be flying three times more passenger miles than at the present time, and the number of planes in the sky over the United States will have increased from 90,000 to 125,000.

This is doubtless an exciting prospect, but frankly it frightens me. If controlling our air lanes to make them safer has become a monumentally difficult task under present conditions, how can we hope to handle the speed and growth of our jet-age future?

It is true that we are now finally coming to

grips with this pressing problem. We are blueprinting a super-plan for an air-control network. Excellent men are involved in this project, notably including two retired Air Force Generals—Edward P. Curtis, the President's Special Assistant for Aviation Facilities Planning, and Elwood Quesada, the President's aviation adviser and administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency. (The Curtis group's four-volume report, outlining an up-to-date airways operating system, is a distinguished work and deserves much praise.) These experts firmly believe that their network can be established and will probably work.

They may be right, but I remain uneasy, for I believe there are limits to their plan which they have overlooked. These limits are simply the amount of space available in our skies.

To my mind it is strange that these physical limits are seldom, if ever, mentioned. Although we may successfully establish super-highways of the sky—although our jet-age planes may fly along them, under ideal controlled conditions, in solitary (and therefore “safe”) blocks of air space—still it seems obvious that as more and more planes take to the sky, we will have to reduce the protective cocoons of space around each plane merely to squeeze them all into our air highway pattern. The moment we begin doing this, the super-highways will not be so safe any more.

#### SOMETHING HAS TO GIVE

THE truth is that you are and always will be infinitely safer in an uncrowded sky than in a crowded one. The key to the whole safety equation is air traffic density—the number of planes in the sky. This will remain so, it seems to me, no matter how sophisticated our traffic controls may become. And for this reason I submit that *we must try to cut air traffic density wherever we can.*

This notion is extremely simple but, on the basis of what has gone before, it sounds radical. Up to now no expert has suggested it even as a partial solution to the air-safety problem. Everybody seems to assume that all demand for high-speed traffic in this country in future years will be directed *into the air*, and that more and more congestion in the sky is inevitable.

I don't believe this is so. I believe the opposite—that something has to give, and that a large body of air traffic can be taken out of the sky with great benefit for all forms of airborne transport *and for all other forms of transport as well.* Further, I believe that a good substitute



for this air traffic is available—at least potentially—on the ground.

Obviously there is much air traffic that we cannot do without. Clearly we must not tamper with military flights (except to try to keep the military's jets under control in our air lanes); nor should we fiddle with intercontinental and transcontinental flights—by every yardstick of speed and economy they clearly belong where they are. Local and general aviation is mostly centered around scattered minor airports and doesn't often even come close to the major air routes, so we can leave it alone so long as it is well controlled.

There is another segment of air traffic, however, which doesn't make sense from any point of view—that which the airlines call "low priority" or short-distance travel. To begin with, those of us who travel from 100 to 500 miles by air are not profitable passengers for the airlines—they actually lose money on short-haul business (unless they have a feeder line subsidy from the government).

Even more important, short-haul traffic accounts for a surprisingly large share of the congestion in the air. At peak hours about 80 per cent of all air-carrier movements in Washington, D. C., about a fifth in Chicago and Los Angeles, and one-third in New York are short-haul—both inbound and outbound. One of the world's busiest, and therefore most dangerous, air corridors stretches from Boston to New York to Washington—a short-haul run.

This situation is sure to worsen unless something radical is done about it. The Curtis group estimates that by 1975 our short-distance flights will have multiplied more than five times, while

long-haul flights, in marked contrast, will have grown by only two-and-a-half times.

Plainly short-haul air service leaves much to be desired in every way, and if something has to give to relieve congestion in the air, this is it.

It can't give quite yet, however. The short-distance traveler is still with us, demanding to be moved wherever he wants to go quickly and in comfort. This is his right, and he can enforce it simply by continuing to use the air lanes until we provide him with something at least as good on the ground.

Finding the right substitute isn't easy, however. Since we habitually compartmentalize our transport problems, we are not accustomed to thinking about how to achieve the most economic and efficient means for each type of traffic. Now, I think, is a good time to begin, so let us look along the ground—at our highways and our rails—to see if we can find a short-haul replacement.

#### PARALYSIS ON THE GROUND

AT FIRST glance both are discouraging. If there are too many planes in the sky, there are many more cars on our roads, where congestion has reached a ludicrous peak. Also most of us would probably guess—in spite of our preference for riding in our own cars—that the highways are *not* an economic means of travel, short-haul or long. Your automobile may be convenient and comfortable, but if you have done any cost computations lately you know it is expensive to operate.

The highways themselves, of course, are growing—but at a huge cost. Since 1948, the concrete and asphalt ribbon of our federal-aid highway system, comprising all main national and state arteries, has increased by 160,000 miles—the equivalent of a fifty-lane super-highway running coast to coast. Our bill for this was \$11 billion—a bargain by today's standards. The 41,000 miles of road to be built under the Federal Highway Act of 1956 will involve total expenditures of \$38 billion—if costs don't rise by the time the roads are finished in 1975.

We are paying for all this in rising tolls and taxes. Still our highway experts say we are running behind, that further sharp rises in highway density are in sight. Meanwhile most of us are driving a lot faster than we used to. Consequently death by automobile, now our No. 1 Killer, is exacting an annual toll roughly one hundred times greater than that of plane and rail accidents combined.

#### *Useful in Other Ways, Too*

THE latest and best thing out is a pen-knife, the blade of which is encased in the handle, and is pushed out by a spring, after the manner of the automatic lead pencils, which it closely resembles in appearance when closed. They are very handy for use, and are well adapted to the wants of school children, who have frequent occasion to use a knife to sharpen pencils.

—Pottsville (Pa.) *Weekly Miners' Journal*, October 26, 1883.

In view of all this, it is clearly silly even to begin to think of shifting our short-haul air traffic from our crowded skies to our more crowded highways. We would merely be moving congestion from one place to another where the danger would be even greater; also it would be too expensive. Solving our highway problem, like solving our air-lane problem, centers on *reducing* traffic—not adding to it.

What, then, of our railroads? Can we find our replacement there?

To many railroad men, the idea that they might take over short-haul traffic from the air lanes would sound so absurd that they would laugh you out of the room if you brought it up. As safety is the chief problem in the air today, so money—or the lack of it—is the unbearable burden of our railroads. And, paradoxically the villain here is again *the short-haul passenger*.

Short-haul passenger traffic has hurt our railroads even more than it is now hurting the airlines. On such eastern roads as the Central and Pennsylvania, short-run trains have racked up tremendous deficits. As a result, road after road has submitted plans to the ICC for relief from the short-haul passenger. Simultaneously the western roads have tried desperately (through Vistadome cars and other lures) to retain their *long-haul* passengers—but without real success so far.

It is a safe bet that neither the eastern nor western roads will win their points. Most long-haul passengers are virtually sure to abandon the rails sooner or later, no matter what the roads do; and there are plenty of good reasons—all founded in the public interest—why no railroad is likely to be permitted to dispense altogether with its short-haul clientele.

Here we have one point on which rails and airlines can agree: no matter how he moves, the short-distance traveler remains unprofitable and unwanted.

#### A JOB FOR THE DARING

**O**UR national railway system must—and will—continue to operate, of course. No airplane can haul iron ore or tow steel beams, and there are thousands of other commodities that can be transported economically only by rail. What is alarming about the railroads' present condition is that another round of bankruptcies might easily lead to governmental ownership and operation—a drastic solution which nobody really wants.

So the task facing our railroad managers is

not only to save their roads, but to save them freely and on their own, before the government has to take over. To do this, they will have to operate not only efficiently, but with great daring and imagination—for the old railroading concepts just don't seem to work any more.

Their first big undertaking, it seems to me, should be to woo the short-haul passenger. He may be a thorny traveler, but I believe he can be had, and that the prize is worth the game.

There are several good reasons why the railroads should tackle the short-haul job—and why they can make money doing so, if they do it right. Even today they can carry traffic between many of our cities, during peak hours, faster than most of us can drive the same runs in our private cars. The explanation is that the railroads already possess the physical characteristics of any sensible rapid ground-transport system—the rights of way directly connecting our metropolitan centers. Their terminals are far better located than any airport can be. Moreover, excellent studies have shown that a railroad right of way can accommodate twenty times more people than an express highway lane, and that it costs only one-fifth as much to transport people by rail as by road.

Why then are the railroads losing money on their present short-haul operations? There is of course no reason why they should continue to provide us with services at prices below cost—particularly when their services are so vital.

I think the answer is simply that traditional railroading is too slow to compete with air travel. It can't provide adequate speeds with a reasonable factor of safety, and people go out of their way to avoid it so long as faster, more comfortable transport is available. Yet the railroads must continue to offer the service. The financial results of this squeeze have been ruinous.

In view of this, it seems clear to me that if the railroads are indeed the logical medium to take over the great body of our short-haul inter-city passenger traffic, *what has to be found and financed is an entirely new method of carrying such traffic, quickly, along our railroad rights of way.*

Exactly what the new form of short-haul railroading should be, I don't pretend to know. Maybe the answer lies in the exploration of the monorail system, in which cars travel not on double tracks, but on single steel beams attached to pylons. There are several varieties of monorail; in some the cars are mounted above the beams, in others they are slung below. In all



they move quietly and safely at very high speeds and are capable of rounding steeply banked curves without slowing down.

The monorail originated in Germany, and one has been running in Wuppertal, in the Ruhr, for more than fifty years. In Cologne, Germany, a new model monorail called the ALWEG System has been developed and is on display. In America, we have an experimental monorail on display in Dallas—the early prototype of a system that has been proposed for inter-city service between Fort Worth and Dallas.

But the monorail hasn't really caught on yet. Initial costs of installation are high and have mitigated against its acceptance even in cases where railroads have been willing to donate their rights of way for experimentation. Also the monorail doesn't carry freight—it is a single-purpose system usually intended only for urban passenger traffic.

But the monorail, of course, isn't the only possibility lying at the technological frontier. Dr. A. A. Kucher, Vice President of Engineering at Ford Motor Company, has been working on a "Glideair" vehicle—a high-speed sled which rides on a cushion of air.

#### ARE DEFICITS INEVITABLE?

**T**HERE is the possibility that we can achieve high-speed ground transport with a relatively simple adaptation of historic railroad-ing techniques. The Japanese National Railway has just announced that it is planning to spend more than \$500 million in the next six years on a new electrified train designed to ride on broad-gauge, jointless rails embedded in concrete. This train is already billed as the world's fastest; it is expected to travel between 100 and 150 mph and it will make the run from Osaka to Tokyo—a 320-mile stretch—in three hours or less.

The actual form of future high-speed land transport, however, is not the point here. The point is that some such form is needed. Without it, we will probably be forced to accept public authorities as our railroad managers. One such authority is already under consideration in Massachusetts, where a bill has been filed to create an area transportation commission to operate the commuter service around Boston which the New Haven Railroad, by federal court order, has been permitted to abandon. Under the bill, the authority would lease tracks and the railroad's operating deficit would be borne by Boston and other cities and towns along the way.

But why should we accept passenger deficits

when the situation can be remedied by applied research in rapid ground transportation? Why do we avoid such research? All we need is a vehicle that can carry us faster along the ground, from the center of Boston to the center of Washington, say, than a 500 mph aircraft can carry us—and this can be done by a safe land carriage moving at only 100 mph!

Plainly substantial benefits for all transportation would flow from any sensible solution along these lines. Really fast, comfortable, conveniently scheduled short-haul rail service would rejuvenate the roads' sick passenger operations and would place them once again on a profitable basis, for it would not only help them regain the passengers they've lost, but would also generate new and large passenger revenues. Morning and night, the new fast-haul runs might be partially integrated with "commuter" runs. Eventually they might even extend the present outer edges of our normal commuter zones, opening up new areas—as far as 100 miles beyond city lines—for suburban settlement.

This solution would also ease the congestion in the air. In addition to bringing short-haul air passengers back to the ground, it would enable intercontinental and transcontinental planes to land *not* in crowded air terminals like those in New York, where they usually have to waste time and fuel while waiting their turn in stacks, but in less crowded terminals in cities connected, by fast short-run trains, with the metropolitan centers. Passengers would reach their ultimate destinations as quickly as they do now, if not more so.

In our big cities, finally, bumper-to-bumper road traffic would thin out. We would all think twice before driving even short hauls if we could get there in half the time, and more comfortably, in some other form of transport. The present pressure for costly mid-town parking facilities would be greatly reduced, and far less carbon monoxide would be discharged into our metropolitan atmospheres.

#### THE LONG PULL

**T**HIS is the kind of transportation thinking we badly need today. The project outlined here would be tremendously complex and expensive. Private enterprise—probably the railroad managers—should get it started; but once it is under way the government would have to be very much involved. The necessary capital expenditures should, in fact, be borne by the government.

The truth is that the government is already spending billions on a disconnected patchwork of vast, individual transportation programs. This is ridiculous at the present stage of our technological development and in view of our huge transportation problems. As a nation we can no longer afford unplanned free choice in transportation. We do not live in a limitless world, as we did when we were very young and our frontier was expanding. Space has limitations, in transportation as well as in communications. In communications, we have always allocated channels for radio, television, and telephone signals—failure to do so would have led to chaos on our airwaves. Now the same thing turns out to be true in transportation: we have to treat it as one whole.

What we need first, then, is a group to study it as one whole. This group should consist of trained and expert technicians in all forms of transport; of the dedicated public servants who run government agencies like the CAA and the ICC; of Cabinet members (particularly in Commerce and Interior); and of the civilian leaders who run our railroads, our airlines, our trucks, and our buses, and who build our roads. It should be their assignment to determine what part of the overall transportation job in this country should be handled by what media—and on what physical and economic terms.

The assignment obviously is a tough one—at least as tough as unification of our Armed Forces—but it is just as important as unification and

we can't avoid it any longer. We must have efficient transportation in times of peace and war, and we don't have it now. Therefore the formation of this transportation group should receive highest priority in government and the President should start preparing immediately for it. To begin with, he might well discuss the idea with Congressional leaders of both parties who would ultimately have to approve the necessary expenditures. It is also conceivable that Governors Harriman of New York, Meyner of New Jersey, and Ribicoff of Connecticut—whose states are most deeply embroiled in our national transportation muddle—may want to set up a parallel study group of their own.

Twenty-five years ago, at the depth of the great depression, a group of institutional investors invited Calvin Coolidge, Governor Alfred E. Smith, and Bernard Baruch to help form a National Transportation Committee.

"There is no more important present task," the investors said at that time, "than a thorough and satisfactory solution of the railroad problem, *as an integral part but the most urgent part of the entire transportation problem.*"

We have revolutionized our transportation technology since then, but we still don't have a national transportation policy. We must formulate one now. It is the only way we will ever straighten out our mess and develop a sensible, workable transportation program which will benefit every form of transport and the public as well.

## RELIC by Ted Hughes

I FOUND this jawbone at the sea's edge:  
There, crabs, dogfish, broken by the breakers, or tossed  
To flap for half an hour and turn to a crust  
Continue the beginning. The deeps are cold:  
In that darkness camaraderie does not hold:  
Nothing touches but, clutching, devours. And the jaws  
Before they are satisfied or their stretched purpose  
Slacken, go down jaws; go gnawn bare. Jaws  
Eat and are finished and the jawbone comes to the beach:  
This is the sea's achievement; with shells,  
Vertebrae, claws, carapaces, skulls.

Time in the sea eats its tail, thrives, casts these  
Indigestibles, the spars of purposes  
That failed far from the surface. None grow rich  
In the sea. This curved jawbone did not laugh  
But gripped, gripped, and is now a cenotaph.





By DAVID BOROFF

*Drawings by Sheila Greenwald*

For the Rich,  
Bright, and Beautiful

# SARAH LAWRENCE

Since it got over its experimental binge, it isn't quite as gaudy as its legend. But it still crams its girls with a rare mixture of enthusiasm, Upper Bohemian culture, and a fierce (if somewhat humorless) respect for ideas. The second of three articles on very different types of American colleges.

SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE is peculiarly susceptible to parody. To the casual onlooker, the principle of excess seems enshrined. Its girls are extravagantly pretty. Its President is handsome, drives a sports car, and has an unseemly facility on the tennis courts (located, by the way, next to the Administration Building). Its philosophy of self-expression, unabashed but not unbridled, has long been a sitting duck for wise-guy novelists and social caricaturists. And one of its cruelest ironies is that it looks most like what it admires least: an ultra-swank finishing school.

The college consists of four hundred students, all girls, and seventy teachers, on a campus spread over twenty-five acres of suburban wilderness, an outpost of rugged boulder and undulant lawn amid the encroaching apartment houses of Westchester County. Located in Yonkers, New York, with a Bronxville address, Sarah Lawrence is the former estate of its millionaire founder, and its unspoiled terrain, handsome appointments, and Tudor elegance give an air of

ease to an exercise in higher education which is, in fact, quite vigorous.

The reality of Sarah Lawrence is far less gaudy than its legends. It is progressive but guardedly so. It can, in truth, be charged with accommodating itself to the prevailing climate of conservatism. President Harold Taylor talks about cultivating "the homely virtues"; and the college consciously tries to provide a solid substratum of discipline under the students' flights into self-expression. A cool look at the program yields some sobering reflections about experimentalism in American education. This college—which one assumed was on the far edge of the experimental frontier—proves to be not too unlike other institutions. What has happened is that progressive ideas have, in some measure, been assimilated into educational practice even in the most backward colleges. On the other hand, the great experimental binge is over, and Sarah Lawrence, along with other schools, has been consolidating its gains and even undercutting some of its bolder features. Thus, American colleges in general have tended toward a common middle ground. Nevertheless, Sarah Lawrence is still way ahead of the academic procession along with Antioch, Bennington, Reed, and a few others.

The Sarah Lawrence philosophy is orthodox Deweyism with a heavy overlay of an older bookish emphasis. The individual and her interests are the center of the educational process. (In traditional colleges, the curriculum is unshakably central, and the assumption is that the student and the courses will somehow con-

nect. One way, hardly the best, of making them connect is to require a passing grade.)

Sarah Lawrence hews to other progressive ideas. Learning is the *active* use of knowledge, and facts must produce judgments. Education should be stanchly concerned with the contemporary world—its realities, ideas, and issues—and should reach back to the past not for its own sake, but to understand the present. It upholds liberal values at a time when power, according to President Taylor, is being wielded by the illiberal. (Like Harvard, Sarah Lawrence responded to Senator McCarthy's bullying with disdain. A crusty board member, a Republican from way back, said simply: "Never mind him. Teach school!") Education is concerned with the arts as part of the curriculum, and it tries to combine practical experience with academic study.

Sarah Lawrence approaches the individual student with an almost religious awe of her potentialities, yet it is also socially minded and energetically activist. It is at once aristocratic and democratic, visionary and practical. The wife of the founder—the college was named after her—can explain some of these contradictions. She has been described as "an old-fashioned progressive woman." One should remember, too, that in 1927, when the college began, the emphasis was purely on the individual; the social orientation came later with the dark urgencies of the depression.



#### SCHOLARLY LOVE AFFAIRS

**H**OW are these ideas translated into a day-to-day program? Each student formulates her own course in accordance with her interests. In practice, this can lead to a strange compote of hazily-defined interests and fugitive whims. Some students use the college as a kind of cultural smörgåsbord.

There are, however, institutional controls. The program, according to President Taylor, is not "an invitation to the vulgar display of the

raw ego." The college insists that "students give something back." The student plans her program with her "don" or tutor. Moreover, there are exploratory courses in the main subject areas which are suspiciously like General Education courses elsewhere. Often a student achieves a balance between her own field and others not unlike the Harvard pattern of concentration and distribution.

At dinner with a small group of Sarah Lawrence students, I asked for an example of a patterned four-year program.

"Girls," one bright-eyed student demanded across the empty coffee cups, "who has a cohesive program?"

The Sarah Lawrence girl takes only three courses a semester and gets a fat five credits for each. Most courses meet only once a week for a two-hour session. The rationale is that the student must be given time to read, to concentrate on what interests her *when* it interests her and not be shuttled from one course to another in the usual four-year rat-race. Former Dean Esther Raushenbush summed it up:

"In other colleges, students say, 'Who has time to read?' The fact that here our students have time to read conditions an attitude toward knowledge that will hold throughout life."

"We become competitive about the sheer bulk of reading," a girl said. "I feel unhappy if my roommate is reading *War and Peace* for her don, while I'm only reading *Death in Venice*."

The absence of grades creates yet another problem. Status becomes amorphous. "The only thing that rates around here," a girl explained, "is intelligence. But we have no way of measuring or appraising it."

Classes are small, seminar-size by the standards of other colleges. Each student has a weekly conference with every one of her instructors. At least one-third of the twelve to fourteen hours to be devoted to each course weekly is spent on individual projects. One student, for example, was able to do two years work in Italian in one year through this conference arrangement. The swift and the determined can get a great deal done in this fashion; those who goof off must face the weekly embarrassment of the conference. (Of course, as a student told me, one can always invoke "emotional difficulties" to justify not having done the reading.)

"This program," a dean observed, "creates the will to participate in education, not just to be fed."

It also defeats the impulse students often feel



to beat the system since they are supposed to be in the same camp with their teachers. The Sarah Lawrence girl is constantly in touch with faculty. She sits across the table from them in small classes; she meets privately with her course teachers and her don. After hours, she may attend a faculty-student seminar or help chart the destinies of the college. During Christmas and Easter, she may go junketing to Canada or Puerto Rico with faculty members in tow. From the loving embrace of scholarship there is little escape. Even during the summer she presumably is working on something related to her education.

The faculty itself is a classless society; there are no ranks, no slippery ladder to climb. There is, therefore, little of that fatal dissipation of energy in political maneuvering, in useless scholarship, that accompanies the careerist game elsewhere. This—coupled with the glossy reputation of the students and the proximity to New York—enables the college to recruit well known intellectuals like Horace Gregory, Joseph Campbell, Marc Slonim, Helen Merrell Lynd, Rudolf Arnhem, and others. The college attracts its share of Ph.D.s, and evidently tries to get the unstuffy scholar in whom the rituals of research have not deadened either imagination or the passion to teach.

The determination of the college to be itself is sometimes amusing. The term *major*, associated as it is with old-line colleges, is anathema.

"What is your major?" I asked a student. She looked at me balefully. "All right," I said resignedly, "what is your *field of concentration*?"

"History," she answered brightly. And in the jazzy lexicon of progressivism, there are no course assignments; there are only *contracts*.

#### THE AGONY OF IDEAS

HOW does this program of individual education work out? For many students it yields extraordinary results. Some girls drive themselves in a way they would not elsewhere. As one girl explained, "There are no standards here, no grades. At first it threw me. Then I realized it was for myself. I was the standard." But since the "self" is usually in process of definition, this can lead to a kind of intellectual self-flagellation. A formal course, with its neatly-laid-out assignments, would cause less nagging dissatisfaction. I heard doleful talk of the "February letdown" and of the agonies of self-appraisal in the junior year, when a girl is asked to "define herself." Until that time she travels almost at will in the realms of gold.

For some, the program opens the door to indolence, to a dispersion of energies. The college's emphasis on big ideas, rather than little facts—coupled with the students' free-wheeling creativity—can result in considerable diffuseness.

"I've always had so many interests," a girl said. "Now they've doubled, maybe tripled. I'm so confused!"

I attended a seminar at which faculty members discussed the relation of the social sciences to values. I was dismayed during the discussion period by some questions asked. The girls seemed at once overpoweringly verbal yet inarticulate. Many of the questions were diffuse or too broad, sometimes incomprehensible. I talked with President Taylor about this intellectual haziness.

"One of the things we do," he explained, "is to create an interest in larger issues. The student will cover ground once she becomes involved in ideas. What you see in these large questions is the first launching of this enthusiastic quest of ideas."

College officials are alert to the dangers of aimless discussion, and there has been some retrenchment in progressive ideas.

"Human frailty is the weakness of our program," a faculty member said. "We expect so much. . . . Sometimes if one asks for less, he gets more." The talismanic word on campus is now "discipline."

"We think of the creative spirit as needing discipline," President Taylor said. "Some of the girls get the notion that it's the purity of psyche that counts, but the college is also concerned with the homely virtues."

Because of this feeling, General Education has slipped in through the back door. "We see to it that our students get some basic education," a teacher said. Some teachers now even give exams, something unheard of in the old days. On Graduate Record Examinations, Sarah Lawrence girls perform creditably except in mathematics and the sciences.

At a time when college catalogues, in their avant-garde ebullience, often sound as if they were written by an editor on loan from *Partisan Review*, Sarah Lawrence's course titles are staid and conservative. Its catalogue abounds in such close-to-the-vest offerings as *American Political Institutions*, *Romanticism in the 19th Century*, and *Introduction to Psychology*. Only the presence on campus of some commuters from New York's New School for Social Research ensures some measure of intellectual swashbuckling. Thus Marc Slonim, a distinguished critic, offers a course in *The Hero in Western Literature*.



#### A SARAH LAWRENCE "TYPE"?

THE college has been the victim of a run-away folklore. Thus, the Bronxville campus is depicted as ultra-snobbish yet low-down bohemian. (One applicant, seeing the gaping holes in students' dungarees, quickly steered to the safe harbor of Barnard.) To Philistines its artistic preoccupations are suspect, while to traditionalists its free-style intellectualism raises doubts. Most of all, the combination of girlish enthusiasm, good looks, and self-expression with the throttle open has proved irresistible to satirists. To some people, the college is merely a place where rich girls indulge their expensive whims. And there is still some lingering suspicion about its advanced politics. More often, misinterpretations are for sheer enjoyment.

A story by J. D. Salinger committed the barbarism of lumping Sarah Lawrence with Bennington in this fashion: "The Bennington-Sarah Lawrence type looked like she'd spent the whole train ride in the john, sculpting or painting or something, or as though she had a leotard on under her dress."

A few years ago some Dartmouth students visited Sarah Lawrence in order to do an article for their college newspaper. While they were sitting in a student dorm, the phone rang. A visitor lifted the phone and heard at the other end, "This is Harold Taylor." This was gleefully reported as "This is Harold," and a legend was spawned about first-name comradeship at Sarah Lawrence.

The college suffered a double wound in recent years when Mary McCarthy and Randall Jarrell, temporarily on the faculty, went on a satiric jag in novels presumably about Sarah Lawrence. Some faculty people were convinced that Miss McCarthy was really writing about Bard College, another progressive institution where she had also taught. Mr. Jarrell was dismissed as a "foot-

fauter" in tennis by one irate instructor. The students appear to have read neither novel.

"We're too busy reading good books," a girl said with frank malice.

I discovered that the students stoutly resisted any discussion of a Sarah Lawrence type. If there is any shibboleth students are attached to these days it is that there is no homogeneity among them. In a conformist age, uneasy about its conformism, the great heresy is to admit it. But though there is no single image of Sarah Lawrence students, there are some generic tendencies.

The girls are likely to come from relatively sophisticated homes, and in time they will fill the ranks of Upper Bohemians. Their fathers are usually professionals or "enlightened" businessmen. The girls may wear leotards, chemises, or, more usually, sensible college clothes. ("There are no unwritten laws about dress here.") In warm weather they prowl their campus barefoot in Bermuda shorts. Their hair is often long and unfettered. I found them good-looking—sometimes with a somber, brooding quality, more often in that fresh-faced, blatantly-wholesome manner that is a famous feature of the American way of life. Occasionally one sees a stunning theatrical type who looks like a show girl implausibly studying anthropology. (She is likely to be a theater or dance major.) The number of girls matriculated in four-times-a-week psychoanalysis is probably a little higher than at other campuses. It is reported to me by three alumnae that only girls in analysis were permitted to maintain cars on campus to enable them to make their psychoanalytic sessions on time.

A visiting Williams College student characterized the Sarah Lawrence girl as a "cross between Bennington and Smith." The description makes sense. Somewhat more chastened in their view of the glories of self-expression than Bennington girls, the Bronxville students are less hidebound by academic tradition than their contemporaries at Smith. New York, only a half-hour away, is an escape hatch and saves the students from that febrile ingrown-ness that reportedly infects Bennington off in the Vermont hills. A transfer student from Smith made a pointed distinction: "Smith is *academically* stimulating, but Sarah Lawrence is *intellectually* more exciting."

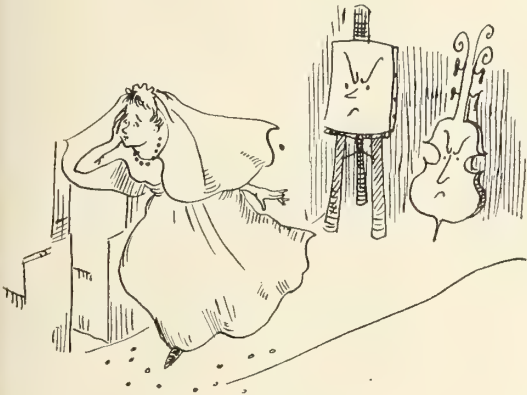
Another transfer student wrote in the school newspaper: "One difference between Sweet Briar and Sarah Lawrence is that Sweet Briar girls pride themselves on being intelligent but not appearing so, and Sarah Lawrence girls on both being and appearing intelligent."



Sarah Lawrence girls are irrevocably middle-class, but they play at the cult of the peasant. "We go in for greasy hair and leotards," a girl said, "and the next minute we're rosy-faced. I guess we're a little of both."

This duality is reflected in their reading habits. According to the library staff, D. H. Lawrence, the miner's son with his stress on the dark tides of emotion, and Henry James, the expatriate patrician, are the most popular novelists.

"I enjoy walking around Greenwich Village in heavy black stockings," a girl observed. "We play at bohemianism here but not in earnest. It has no shock value."



#### THE QUESTION OF BOYS

**S**Ocial life at Sarah Lawrence is different from college norms. The privacy of the woman's college means less pressure about dating. Social life does not confer prestige. Nobody asks, "How many dates did you have this week?" The girl who enters the dining-room dressed for New York will elicit not, "Lucky you!" but rather, "How can you take the time off?"

Sarah Lawrence has a fair share of Social Register girls. A debutante, dressed in rough tweeds, her face innocent of make-up, told me that there is no real conflict between her college life and her outside social life. She goes to coming-out parties, she declared with sturdy common sense, "only to meet boys." However, Sarah Lawrence has stepped up her standards, and she finds most of the members of the social elect "unstimulating." Other girls expressed the same problem. "I find that I can out-articulate my dates," a literature major said.

The college has not yet worked out an entirely satisfactory social pattern. The proud intellectualism of the girls forbids their being too enterprising about dates. And though the college is

near New York, as a West Virginia girl observed, "All right, so you get out at Grand Central. Then where are you?"

The pressure to marry is not quite so important at Sarah Lawrence as it is elsewhere. About 10 per cent of the graduating seniors last year were married, with another 10 per cent on the brink. The quest for self-realization probably delays marriage. One girl said:

"Marriage is difficult because here you're encouraged to think about yourself. How can you give to another person after Sarah Lawrence?"

Moreover, by maintaining strict requirements for on-campus attendance, the college tends to discourage early marriage. President Taylor has decried the tendency to rush into marriage as an "escape from hard choices." Inevitably, he points out, it pulls talented girls out of college.

An instructor, discussing *Man and Superman*, remarked to his class, "Your generation's involvement with home and family is a good thing."

A girl shot back impulsively: "How awful!"

#### THE ORGANIZATION WOMAN

**C**LASSES at Sarah Lawrence are small and fiercely intimate, the lines of communication between teacher and students tautly-drawn. The atmosphere tends to be intense, hushed, almost reverential. I was struck by the fact that active participation was limited to just a handful of girls. There was never total disengagement—that would be rude. At the very least, students maintained a kind of sleepy vigilance. Yet some students have testified to the pressure they are under to contribute to class discussion. A transfer student declared, "At Sarah Lawrence I talked in class for the first time since high school." The truth is that the network of relationships is so sensitive that a Sarah Lawrence teacher would hesitate to wrench a girl out of the nest of her withdrawal, though he might raise the issue in his weekly conference.

In the classes I attended, the intellectual energy level was a little low. Missing was a slam-bang exchange of ideas by which students can test themselves against their teachers. It is true that girls are more submissive than men students, but most teachers can recall women students who asserted their ideas with ferocity. The difficulty at Sarah Lawrence lies in the very closeness of students and faculty. They reflect a *we-ness* that contrasts dramatically with the sense of otherness that students have elsewhere. At Sarah Lawrence, for example, a science instructor regularly brings coffee and doughnuts to class for his handful of

students. At Brooklyn College, on the other hand, I have heard students in the hall refer to their instructors with the grimly impersonal *he*.

A member of the Sarah Lawrence staff who had taught at Brooklyn College during its stormy days of student intransigence stated:

"At Sarah Lawrence, the students are not intellectually aggressive. They don't try to pin the teacher down; they will back down in an issue. You see, they are enormously sensitive to the implications of any conflict. Arriving at a reasonable compromise seems more important than winning a point, for problems are recognized as complex and perhaps not soluble in any final way. It may be, too, that our students have no real commitment to ideas. They may traffic in ideas, but that's quite another matter. On the other hand, when I taught at Brooklyn College, students learned through conflict who they really were."

It may be, too, that small classes, despite their undoubted advantages, lack the bounce and vitality of larger ones. This has been my experience as a college teacher. Interestingly enough, an alumna told me that the one lecture class she had attended at Sarah Lawrence was immensely successful. The instructor was Joseph Campbell, a man of powerful mind and persuasive charm.

Sarah Lawrence students face more acutely the usual dilemma of maintaining their femininity without sacrificing intellectual vigor. Some meet the problem by adopting the posture of earnest but not combative citizens of the Republic of Letters. (A college president told me that in his teaching days he gave up a job at a women's college because it was fundamentally corrupting; one can attain much too cheaply a sense of one's omniscience.)

Ironically, then, in a college evangelical about the individualistic ethos, there is a certain Organization character. Sarah Lawrence is a sensitive, other-directed community—a kind of loving despotism—whose members are too responsive to each other's needs to assert their own too boldly. Also, the college community in many ways is faculty-dominated. Students are consulted at every turn, they chair the meetings, and they make large pronouncements; but the very respect for ideas that the college inculcates ensures that the teachers will predominate. Nor is this necessarily a bad thing. It is one way of keeping permissiveness in check.

The fact remains that Sarah Lawrence is a sound academic institution—a blood-sister to Wellesley, Radcliffe, and other citadels of upright young womanhood. High-school seniors



know this, and more than 900 of them applied for the 125 openings in the present freshman class.

## CAREERS AND PASSIONS

**T**HE artistic-bohemian color of Sarah Lawrence has subsided

somewhat in recent years. The college turns out a large corps of teachers. One uncritically expects off-beat career choices from this realm of leotards, introspection, and resident composers; but teaching attracts the largest number, 18 per cent. A third of the students go on to graduate studies—considerably more than in the past. Sarah Lawrence's teacher-training pattern offers a bracing object lesson to the educational world. At a time when prospective teachers are bedeviled by flaccid pedagogy courses, Sarah Lawrence prepares teachers, and gets the necessary state accreditation, without any sacrifice of intellectual strength. The system is amazingly simple. The college just doesn't have any "education" courses. Appropriate training is provided on an individual basis through cognate courses. Thus, the apprentice teacher studies educational psychology in her psychology class, principles of education in philosophy, and the history of education in European history. To be sure, this arrangement is made possible by small classes and weekly conferences.

The creative arts, with a leaning toward the experimental and sometimes the giddy, have been part of the Sarah Lawrence landscape from the start. Modern dancer Jean Erdman recalls having been catapulted into dance when Martha Graham was teaching there. President Taylor's speeches have a higher literary quotient than those of most college presidents: he quotes casually from Dylan Thomas, W. H. Auden, and Christopher Fry; Martha Graham is as likely to pop up in one of his talks as Bertrand Russell.

But even in the arts, there has been some recession from earlier fervors. Until her senior year, a "performing arts" major may devote only one-third of her time to her field. And even in her senior year she will evoke disapproval if she is guilty of too much artistic parochialism.

"You don't come here to be a studio fixture from 9:00 A.M. to 8:00 P.M.," a pony-tailed dancer said. "They won't let you."

On the other hand, though the inter-connectedness of things is stressed, students are no longer



as busy cross-fertilizing the arts with the intellectual disciplines as they used to be. They steer clear of expropriating big cosmic ideas as subject matter for dance.

"I don't find Occam's *Razor* or St. Thomas Aquinas serviceable in dance," a dancer announced primly.

But the heartening thing is that Sarah Lawrence has not repudiated its brave, venture-some beginnings. It still hovers protectively over pale experimental efforts. Last spring the college presented a new theater piece, "The Zodiac of Memphis Street," a poetic play for dancers, actors, and musicians. In an idiom of stubborn inscrutability, the work was described as experimenting "with the time scale of the various performing arts." The dance and music convey what is happening on the emotional level, adding new dimensions, commenting on the action, adding meaning, and in the playwright's words, "opening the moment."

The theatrical moment was opened before an audience as chic and intellectually hep as one is likely to find in the New York area—svelte Bronxville matrons and their executive husbands and a delegation of New York's artistic rounders. (The community takes a proprietary interest in the college, but a taxi-driver said churlishly, "The girls should be learning how to cook.")

The college is equally ambitious in the realm of ideas. In a burst of Faustian energy, a two-day conference on contemporary American literature last spring considered sweeping problems that in a less headstrong institution would be deliberated for a year. The conference swiveled from the relationship of literature to sociology, psychology, and religion to a look at the tragic hero, humor and satire, and new movements in poetry.

#### WAKING FROM A DREAM WORLD

A VITAL part of the Sarah Lawrence program is the integration of academic work with firsthand experience. This may take the form of assisting in a nursery, surveying of community attitudes, or making a field trip during Easter or Christmas vacation.

"We try to jolt our students out of what they're doing by new experiences," Ed Solomon, the Director of Field Work, explained.

Thus T. S. Eliot's jeremiad against industrialism was vivified for Sarah Lawrence students by visiting small Quebec villages where they perceived the striking cleavages between the older and younger generations.

For Sarah Lawrence girls, insulated as they are by class and family, field work sometimes provides what Mr. Solomon describes as "culture shock." A group of girls returned from Puerto Rico last Easter with an acute sense of the limitations inherent in being urban and upper-middle-class. Even more striking was the social passion that the experience excited. The girls had been quartered in small villages where they trailed after rural leaders engaged in liberating the country-folk from ignorance, disease, and poverty. In the fashion of the 'thirties, the girls felt the pull of simple people and a deep solicitude about their problems. After tearful partings—most of the village leaders called them "Daughter"—they returned to San Juan and the University of Puerto Rico and found themselves outraged at the Chancellor's calm, impersonal assessment of the vibrant realities they had just seen. (Another instructor remarked that many of his students, surfeited with ease, envy his having grown up in the arduous 'thirties, in a period of strikes and evictions.)



The mid-'thirties at Sarah Lawrence offer an interesting counterpoint to the present. This was the Age of Politics there as elsewhere. The most popular departments were the social sciences and psychology. Girls often elected to do field work in factories, union offices, or New Deal agencies. During the Spanish Civil War the college voted to have meatless Tuesdays as a fund-raising device for Loyalist Spain. The well-to-do girl who resisted the stern voice of social conscience was

likely to be asked: "Who do you think you are to go on living in a dream world?" The culture heroine on campus was the daughter of an honest-to-goodness coal miner—nevertheless, most of the girls still dated Princeton and Yale boys. An alumna recalls that she was introduced to modern dance at a political rally on campus where grim-visaged girls danced "The Silicosis Blues." Another feature of those job-poor days was the presence on campus of a host of young male teachers. (There were so many faculty-student marriages that Miss Constance Warren, the President at that time, looked askance at hiring any more single men.)

*Campus*, Sarah Lawrence's student newspaper, is a far cry from Harvard's *Crimson*. The contrast is instructive. Amateurish where the latter is professional, ingenuous where the *Crimson* is cool and sly, *Campus* scolds, admonishes, or exhorts its readers. In a routine account of a lecture on Darwinism, the reporter suddenly erupted:

"I am surprised that more students don't take advantage of this lecture series. We have long claimed that our foul attendance at social get-togethers was justified by our boiling interest in educational affairs. If we have this sober dedication to scholastic ritual—then where are we at one o'clock on Tuesdays?"

#### HALF-EDUCATED

LIKE any experimental venture, the college has its small absurdities: the student who in a discussion of the New Criticism rejects an idea with the peremptory statement, "But I can't *feel* it!"; the casual baby-sitter who, making cigarette money, solemnly takes notes about the experience; the faculty member whose scholarly specialty is cultural attitudes toward cleanliness ("Is it really good to be clean, or is it better to be a little dirty?"). Unfortunately, unlike Harvard's wise young men, the students have little capacity for a purgative humor. It may be because of the youth and experimental vulnerability of the college. It may be, too, that the strong sense of mission of both students and faculty neutralizes the talent for laughing at themselves.

But self-criticism is chronic and remorseless. At present there seems to be a ground-swell of opposition to vagueness about facts. A senior said firmly, "I want to know Homer's dates." A girl who visited Radcliffe reported that she was "impressed with the attitude of studying for a good grade on finals." (But she was also "shocked at

the professors who often lectured with the pomp and circumstance of stage performance.")

A Sarah Lawrence graduate, now in the theater, reminisced about her college days.

"I received the degree of B.A.D.—bachelor of arts in dilettantism," she said sulkily. "And notice what the initials spell—b-a-d." Then, pondering a moment, she added: "No, the scheme of education wasn't really bad. It's that we weren't good enough for it. I could get a lot out of it now." She described herself as half-educated at best. I pointed out that most college graduates are only half-educated. "But I *know* I'm half-educated!" she snapped back. This would suggest at least one of Sarah Lawrence's virtues: it offers an ambitious concept of the educated person against which the student can measure herself.

#### THE BEAT WHOLE CHILD

AT LAST Commencement, a student, Julia Carroll Whedon, gave a talk which was a witty, bitter attack on the silly machinery of modern education. Though, in effect, she was criticizing Sarah Lawrence at its worst, the talk reflected the college at its best. Confronting a "breakdown in expectation" from young people, she explained it in terms of the "beat whole child," the hapless victim of too much under-standing.

"Our lives are one big family album," she said. "When we feed we're not hungry—we're oral. The ability to love is perceived as participation in some monstrous mythological event: the Oedipal Dilemma." Unlike her Harvard contemporaries who make a virtue of detachment, Miss Whedon called for commitment as an obligation in order "to rise above the limp predictions and the lame expectations."

There is authentic generosity of spirit among Sarah Lawrence students, compassion, and a flair for enthusiasm all too rare among college students in these fattening 'fifties. The girls dare to yearn. In the drab landscape of student uniformity and prudence, they provide a vivid slash of color. Sarah Lawrence has that *peculiar potency* in shaping values that a recent study found sadly lacking in most colleges. And it may be from such quarters that a resurgence of American student life may yet take shape.

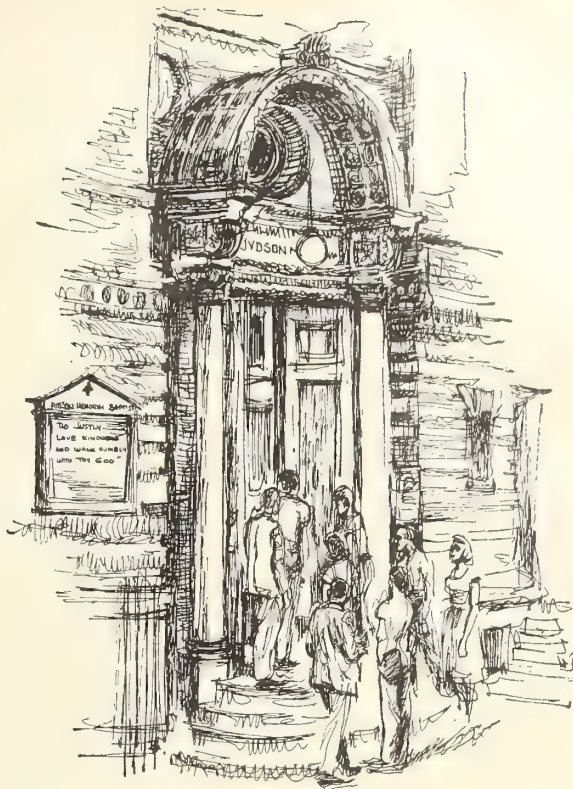
*Next month, Mr. Boroff will descend into the market place of public higher education with a close-up study of "Brooklyn College: Culture with the Hair On."*



By TRUMAN B. DOUGLASS

*Drawings by Joseph Papin*

Because they distrust the Big City  
—that Godless hotbed of sin—  
they are giving up and moving their  
churches away. (They have forgotten  
that Christ was crucified in a suburb.)



## The Job the Protestants Shirk

THE typical attitude of America's Protestant churches toward cities is neatly summarized in Ogden Nash's poem:

The Bronx?  
No thonx.

In almost direct proportion to the increasing importance of the city in American culture has been the withdrawal—both physical and spiritual—of the Protestant church.

Today one out of every eight people in the United States lives in a city of more than a million inhabitants; four out of every ten, in cities of at least 25,000; and another four within twenty-five miles of such cities. And from these cities spring the ideas, tastes, standards, folkways, and value judgments which—through radio, television, and the mass-circulation magazines—become those of the whole nation. If Protestantism gives up the city, it virtually gives up America. Yet that is precisely what it has been doing.

In Cleveland, from 1920 to 1950 the membership of five Protestant denominations (American Baptists, Congregational Christian, Methodist, Presbyterian U. S. A., and Protestant Episcopal)

declined by more than 13 per cent. In Detroit, fifty-three churches deserted the heart of the city within a fifteen-year period. The statistics of one denomination's history in New York City shows that during the past century in Manhattan and the Bronx it has dissolved fifty-four churches and merged forty-two with other congregations. The record of one of the oldest and most consistently middle-of-the-road Protestant bodies is probably typical: during the quarter century from 1930 to 1955, while the nation's population was increasing by 19 per cent and its own membership by 41 per cent, the number of churches affiliated with it in sixteen of the major cities of the United States declined by 20 per cent.

One of the documents published in preparation for the first Assembly of the World Council of Churches held in Amsterdam in 1948 declared: "There are three great areas of our world which the churches have not really penetrated. They are: Hinduism, Islam, and the culture of modern cities." In the ten years since this statement was made, no reasons for amending it have appeared. Not only has the church continued to give evidence of a radical inability to penetrate

the culture of modern cities, it has largely failed to take that culture seriously.

The underlying cause, I believe, is an anti-urban bias which has become almost a point of dogma in American Protestantism. Many leading Protestants genuinely feel that a permanent and deadly hostility exists between urban man and those who are loyal to the Christian faith and ethic; that village ways of life are somehow more acceptable to God than city ways.

Biblical scholars have long appreciated the difficulty of translating the pastoral language and symbolism of the Bible—the shepherd figure of the Twenty-third Psalm and the tenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, for example—into terms that are relevant for modern town and city dwellers. But difficult does not mean impossible. Yet although there are large and ecclesiastically influential congregations of almost all the major denominations in all our principal cities, Protestantism's viewpoint remains stubbornly that of the village. As such it has often become entangled in the suburbs' and exurbs' desperate attempts to reclaim synthetically the virtues of village and small-town life. The effort to modernize a pastoral religion by providing it with a split-level, ranch-house façade is one of the more depressing Protestant ventures of our time.

#### PROTESTANT PROVINCIALISM

FOR myself, I hope I have attended the last of a long succession of convocations of the "holy earth" cult, where I have listened to endless sermons on the incident of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem—all with the implication that it was the city and its ways that caused Him to weep. I trust I may be spared additional expositions of the text: "For the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city." (I am always tempted to point out that it reads "*nigh* to the city." This undoubtedly means a suburb, and I think there is a neglected parable here that is worth expounding.)

I don't want to hear any more addresses on the theme: "God made the country, man the city." The cold fact is that man has made many of the most conspicuous features of the country too. He has made them by chopping down forests, plowing earth which ought never to have been broken, exhausting soil, and bringing in migrant workers. For monuments of sheer avarice, the country can provide exhibits the city cannot hope to surpass.

The church is, of course, by nature a pilgrim community that can never be entirely at home

in any settled society—the community that has "no continuing city but seeks one to come." However it is not this which has caused the present tension between it and the metropolis. The tension has arisen because Protestantism has succumbed to a peculiar form of provincialism, which it seeks to equate in a general way with "a Christian society."

The society thus defined is the rural type in which American Protestantism won its most conspicuous success—and which it therefore regards as being peculiarly favorable to the preservation of "religious values." Will Herberg in his acute study of the sociology of religion in America, *Protestant—Catholic—Jew*, reminds us that in the nineteenth century, as a result of the revivalist movement, American Protestantism outside of the older settlements was essentially a church of the lower classes, especially on the frontier. With the subsequent economic development of the country it became "established, respectable, self-satisfied, preoccupied with itself as an institution of standing in middle-class America." As such, it tended to regard with suspicion and hostility the later immigrants who increasingly shaped the nation's urban life.

In more recent years its alienation from the life of the city has been accentuated by the rural origins and outlook of its ministry. Protestant ministers are disproportionately drawn from the smaller communities, disproportionately trained in the small colleges of the South and Midwest. A recent study of the sources of the Protestant ministry revealed that in a sampling of 1,709 ministerial students only 36 per cent came from cities of more than 25,000 population. Because of their rural and small-town origins, many ministers bring to their work in a city church a distaste for city ways—a distaste which is the more disabling because it is largely unconscious.

Facing the life of the city, the average Protestant minister's dominant emotion seems to be not the "love that casteth out fear," but the fear that excludes love. He is terrified by this vast agglomeration of human beings, by its monstrous vitality, myriad forms, restless energies, and by the impudent way in which the city, in its thrust into the future, deals with the proprieties which a polite, middle-class Protestantism identifies with a "Christian culture."

Even the ministers of outwardly successful metropolitan churches may lack any real understanding of the interior character of their community and be fundamentally hostile to its ways and values. I know eminent New York ministers who seldom touch the city in any of its most



sensitive areas, where the shape and promise of the future are taking form. Their associations are mainly with people who *use* the city, vocationally and economically, but whose vital concerns are for the most part outside its life. These people collect the financial rewards the metropolis offers, but detach themselves from its real life and problems. So do many ministers. They make their pastoral calls by chauffeur-driven car or taxi—never by subway, assuredly one of our most remarkable cultural institutions.

There is more serious reading on the subways of New York than in many colleges. In a twenty-minute journey one may see people reading the editorial page of the *New York Times* (a not inconsiderable curricular resource in itself); books on a wide variety of technical subjects; the classics of most of the great living literatures of the world; discussions of political and international affairs; and serious contemporary novels and plays. From the electric effect of this intellectual voltage, some of the most prominent Protestant ministers seem to be completely insulated.

#### MEECHING MORALISM

**I**N ITS dealings with the city Protestantism also suffers from its chronic moralism. This is derived not from the Christian ethic, but from its own rural past. For more than a thousand years the characteristic form of the church was the village church; the typical unit of church organization, the parish in the small rural community. American Protestantism's moral code still testifies more to its rural upbringing than to any profound understanding of the gospel of love and forgiveness.

This is evident in the relative gravity it assigns to particular lapses and sins. Drinking and carelessness in the observance of sexual conventions—moral divergences which, rightly or not, are considered characteristic of city life—are judged far more harshly than small-town snooping, gossip, philistinism, and cruelty toward the nonconformist.

The most serious consequence of this moralism is that it makes church people unable to see the real nature of city life clearly and to share in its triumphs. One would expect every Christian to rejoice in the transition of a one-class city neighborhood to a multi-racial, multi-cultural community. Instead city churches usually regard such a development as a serious setback to the Christian enterprise—by which they mean simply that it has made it harder to hew to old ways. They fail completely to appreciate the

stunning accomplishment the change represents. It is only in cities that man has begun to cast off the ages-old primitive superstition that the "different" is, of necessity, something to be hated and feared. To be able to walk along Fourteenth Street in New York City or lower Market Street in San Francisco and experience an exultation of spirit at the variety of human features and tongues—and the measure of mutual acceptance evident in the passing crowd—requires a degree of Christian insight and thankfulness not often cultivated in country parishes.

It is the same with the city's other accomplishments. Churchmen often speak disparagingly of the "anonymity" of city life. They do not recognize that this confers, when it is needed, the precious gift of privacy, without which creative work is seldom possible. There is a better chance at productive privacy in the city than in any of the well-advertised bucolic hideaways—and more genuine individuality among city-dwellers than among any of the carefully labeled, self-consciously picturesque "characters" in the country.

Church people also like to attack the city as a "monument to materialism." Actually it is a protest against it. The modern metropolis demands a special kind of asceticism. The city-dweller must prize some things of the spirit—art museums, music, lectures, theaters, first-hand encounters with people who are doing exciting intellectual and artistic work—enough to endure real physical hardships—crowding, dirt, noise, overburdened and inefficient transportation, scarcity of fresh air and sunlight.

Even the brash, vulgar, over-aggressive manifestations of city life have a kind of beauty, if one's perceptions have not been dulled by the moralizers. Often they are expressions of the vitality of people on the way up—celebrating release from grinding want and hopelessness; tasting the freedom of making choices, even bad choices; experiencing, perhaps for the first time, the insurgent joy of doing something wasteful. This may be offensive to Calvinist presuppositions, but I think it must be beautiful to God.

To the anti-urban man the metropolis is the supreme manifestation of human pride, and many churchmen still like to refer to it as such. But in the modern city, far more vividly than anywhere else, one can see the absurdity of the sin which St. Augustine called *superbia*—the claim of man to be ultimately autonomous and self-sufficient as against the virtue of *humilitas*, the recognition of man's "creatureliness" and the final precariousness of all existence. By a curious reversal of traditional roles, the rural community

now provides the only place where illusions of prideful self-sufficiency can survive.

For we know now that all cities are destructible. E. B. White concludes his prose love song, *Here is New York*, with this reminder:

All dwellers in cities must live with the stubborn fact of annihilation. . . . The city at last perfectly illustrates both the universal dilemma and the general solution, this riddle in steel and stone is at once the perfect target and the perfect demonstration of nonviolence, of racial brotherhood, this lofty target scraping the skies and meeting the destroying planes halfway, home of all people and all nations, capital of everything, housing the deliberations by which the planes are to be stayed and their errand forestalled.

And just as the city exemplifies "the universal dilemma and the general solution," so it also enunciates with greater clarity than any other social artifact that understanding of man's life which is set forth in the Christian faith. In its buildings which seem so mighty but are actually so vulnerable; in the decisiveness of the issues it deals with; in the thin line between blessing and curse it offers—between, for example, the benison of privacy and the despair of loneliness—we are permitted to see, more clearly than anywhere else, the mingled splendor and tragedy of man's existence.

The Bible tells the story of many cities. There are Sodom, Gomorrah, Babylon—symbols of dissolution and disaster. But there are also Jerusalem, Zion, the New Jerusalem—affirmations of the indefeasible hope that the City of Man may yet become the City of Our God.

#### LIVING CHURCHES

**P**ROOF of the fact that the church *can* penetrate the culture of modern cities are those few congregations which have already succeeded. Perhaps the best known of these is the East Harlem Protestant Parish in New York City, where a group of young ministers and lay people are carrying on an interdenominational program in the most densely populated area in the world.

Ten years ago two students at Union Theological Seminary discovered that there was a Darkest New York which was only a ten-minute bus ride from their school, but which, as far as the churches' awareness and missionary effort went, was more distant than Darkest Africa. They found a quarter of a million people living in an area thirty blocks long and seven blocks



wide. They found also that in this community—equivalent to the entire population of New Haven, Connecticut—not a single church of a major Protestant denomination was attempting any ministry.

The two students set out to acquaint the mission boards of the churches with this mission field at their door. Four denominations responded with very modest financial help. These were subsequently joined by three more communions. The two students located an empty store, rented it, and opened the first church in the parish. At the beginning there was money for only one full-time minister, but other theological students and several lay volunteers joined the enterprise. Today, in its tenth year, the Parish includes four member churches and a fifth that is affiliated with its work. There is a full-time staff of nine clergy, three educational directors, a youth club leader, and a lawyer, plus twenty-four seminary students and other volunteers. More than 2,000 people are involved in the program of the Parish. In addition to its four churches it maintains a clinic and also a camp and retreat center in the country.

An indispensable element in the church's strategy as it confronts the city is defined by one of the two pioneer ministers in East Harlem. He says, "We had to *earn* the right to serve the



people of this community. So 'participation' became the key word." The ministers found rooms in the tenement area and lived there—those who were married with their families. Every member of the Parish was pledged to be an active member of at least one social or political organization working for the improvement of the neighborhood. This involved the staff in such activities as the enforcement of tenement laws, an attack on rat infestation, improvement of ambulance service to slum neighborhoods, work with youthful drug addicts, establishing friendly relations with leaders of teen-age gangs, an understanding of the political structure of a metropolitan area, and the improvement of housing and health.

Perhaps the best proof of the vitality of the East Harlem Protestant Parish is its ability to propagate similar enterprises in other cities. Among its progeny are the West Side Christian Parish in Chicago and the Inner City Protestant Parish in Cleveland, both started by young ministers trained in East Harlem.

#### THE RIGHT QUESTIONS

THE most effective city churches today are those preparing for a penetration of the problems of the urban community by learning to ask the right questions. Judson Memorial Church (Baptist and Congregational Christian) in Greenwich Village, New York City, is a good example. It ministers to a distinctive and complex community which includes students attending New York University, the largest urban university in the world; serious workers—and some not so serious—in the arts; the variegated company of self-conscious intellectuals who congregate in "the Village"; and the residents of a disorganized slum area to the south.

Realizing that the alienation of many artists and intellectuals from the church was due to their earlier encounters with stodgy and carping expressions of church life, Judson began by eliminating all reminders of the ecclesiastical stereotype. It junked the conventional boards, committees, and officers and substituted three "commissions"—"Christian Faith and Heritage," "Student Life," and "Community Service." Every member of the congregation is assigned to one of these commissions, so that there is no one who is merely an observer or auditor.

In addressing itself to the community of artists and intellectuals, the church has sponsored forums, addresses by philosophers and theologians like Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr, readings by poets like W. H. Auden, an exhibit

of contemporary religious art, a concert by Mahalia Jackson, and discussion groups in neighborhood taverns and coffee houses on the writings of Soren Kierkegaard and St. Augustine.

"If people are to reject the Gospel in these days," says one of its ministers, "let it be for the right offenses, the 'foolishness of the cross,' and not the foolishness of the Ladies Aid."

In its approach to the New York University students the church has established a co-operative residence. Each academic year twenty-seven students from different backgrounds and cultures are chosen to live in this house. Most of them have no Protestant church ties. The church's activities and community services are open to them, but no pressure is exerted to persuade them to become participants. Most of them do, however, engage in some phase of the church's services.

In its ministry to the disorganized slum area, Judson Church has specialized in work with the most disturbed youths—boys who have police records or who are too turbulent to be acceptable to the conventional settlement houses and club programs. As one policeman put it, "You have the rejects from every social agency in Lower Manhattan." This work is, as one of the ministers says, "an embracing of violence and pain on the part of the church, out of love."

Other churches too, in their different communities, have met with some success the need of some of the urban groups represented in the Judson Church program. Several congregations—North Presbyterian Church, Cleveland; St. John's (Federated), East Boston; the Cathedral of St. John the Divine (Protestant Episcopal), New York; Church of the Master (Presbyterian), New York—are taking the lead in interpreting to one another various racial and cultural groups and in sponsoring neighborhood rehabilitation.

Churches like these do not show the most striking statistical successes. They do not attract large numbers of tourists. But they have identified themselves in some distinctive way with the decisive problems and possibilities of the American metropolis. They understand that it is the contemporary frontier.

St. Paul once said, "I have become all thing to all men that I might by all means save some." The most conspicuous defeat of American Protestantism has been its inability to "become" in any profound sense the metropolitan man. If the church is to serve the city, its leaders and members must first learn to love the city. Of all qualifications for its ministry "the greatest of these is love."



## "Dear Justice ..."

Before the law, otherwise sober citizens suddenly seem to become masters of the silly letter and the non-sequitur.

The following authentic communications received by lawyers and judges are taken from a forthcoming volume collected by . . .

### JULIET LOWELL

Mr. David Marshall Holtzmann  
36 W. 44th Street  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Holtzmann:

I am your client's valet, so would you be good enough to give me some advice?

Mother and I live together and don't get along and I see no way out. Can we get a legal separation?

Melville N----



Mr. Pierre Lepaulle  
16 Ave. D'Iéna  
Paris XVI, France

Dear Mr. Lepaulle:

In reply to your question regarding further information about me—I am a titled nobleman of an illustrious family and as to my profession, I am an "acknowledger of illegitimate children."

It works this way—I have several secretaries who travel around the country looking up records of births. Whenever they find the name

of an illegitimate child—father unknown, they make inquiries, and where the mother is of great wealth I offer my name to the baby. One or two of these a year is enough to keep me living well.

Henri de G----

June 6, 1957

Mr. Henry B. Rothblatt  
Hammer & Rothblatt  
507 E. 161st Street  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Rothblatt:

I want to see you about making out a new will. I'm marrying a fine man, Thomas Jones. He weighs 260 lbs. and every pound of him is nice.

Naomi L----

December 9, 1957

Mr. Henry B. Rothblatt  
Hammer & Rothblatt  
507 E. 161st Street  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Rothblatt:

I want to see you about changing my will. I'm leaving Thomas Jones. He weighs 260 lbs. and every pound of him is mean.

Naomi J----

Copyright © 1958 by Juliet Lowell





Sir Thomas Lund, Secretary of the Law Society  
Law Security Hall  
Chancery Lane, W.C. 2  
London, England

Dear Sir Thomas:

Can I force my husband to have a church wedding before our child is born? He is an explorer, I a photographer. We met in the African jungle and consummated our marriage in front of a cannibal chief.

Truly yours,  
Mabel V----

Judge Julius Isaacs  
100 Centre Street  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Judge Isaacs:

The clerk of your court told me that I could have a lawyer to represent me but I do not need one. Jesus Christ is my advocate.

Roger S----

Dear Mr. S----:

I still feel you should have some one locally.  
Judge Julius Isaacs



Supreme Court Justice William Brennan  
Supreme Court of the U. S.  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Justice Brennan:

Would you use your influence to help my boy to become a Judge. He dont like hard work and I figure that sitting on a bench would suit him just fine.

Mrs. Harry L----

Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst  
285 Madison Avenue  
New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Ernst:

I heard you on the air last night. You nev spoke so eloquently since you got my laundry back for me.

Alice H----

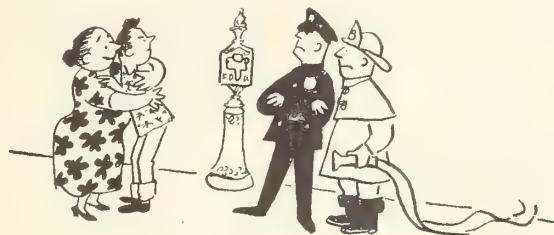
Chief Justice Earl Warren  
U. S. Supreme Court  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Chief Justice:

I have seen your picture in the paper and you look so kind and handsome that I would like to skip all the courts along the way and come right up to the Supreme Court.

Sincerely yours,  
May G----

*This letter is by courtesy of its writer.*



Judge Edward Tamm  
U. S. Circuit Court  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Judge Tamm:

The policeman arrested my boy a couple of different times for ringing fire alarms but please dont be hard on him, there are so few things he really enjoys doing.

Mrs. Josie V----

Mr. Sol Diener  
140 Tudor Oval  
Westfield, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Diener:

The collection agency and I have worked out a compromise satisfactory to both of us—it is to send my husband to jail.

Yours truly,  
Mrs. Malcolm V----

# The Men-taming Women of William Inge

A fast-rising young drama critic takes a hard look at the playwright who discovered the Midwest . . . and a formula for turning domestic romance into gold at the box office.

WILLIAM INGE'S star is now firmly fixed in the small but brilliant constellation of America's top dramatists. His fourth Broadway success, *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, was extravagantly praised by both critics and customers. His new film—due sometime next year—is being awaited with considerable eagerness, and a group of his one-act plays may be produced in New York during the current season.

Unlike the other members of Broadway's ruling triumvirate—Tennessee Williams and Arthur Miller—Inge has never had a critical or box-office failure, and the three movies made from his earlier dramas—*Come Back Little Sheba*, *Picnic*, and *Bus Stop*—have ranked high among the top grossers of all time. Considering the modesty—one is tempted to say the mediocrity—of his work, it is clear that the excitement over Inge has been inspired by something other than the intrinsic value of his plays.

One explanation may be that Inge is regarded as Broadway's first authentic Midwestern playwright. The theater up till now, regarding the Midwest as a large mass of unidentified land west of Sardi's and east of Schwab's drugstore, has been content to celebrate only the wholesomeness of the area, usually in song and dance. New England has denoted incestuous family life and the Puritan conscience; the South, tortured libidos and crumbling institutions; New York City, the glitter of witty high life and the social unrest of idiomatic low life. But the Midwest

has always, in its Broadway stylizations, remained free from the complexity and suffering of those areas. Rodgers and Hammerstein exalted it, in *Oklahoma!*, as a joyous zone of calico gowns, scrubbed blue jeans, and homogenized souls while Meredith Willson recently identified it, in *The Music Man*, with big brass bands, "Ioway stubbornness," and ingratiating con-men.

Inge, on the other hand, seems to have restored to Midwesterners their privilege to be as traumatized by life as any other Americans represented on Broadway. His characters, suffering in a purgatory of low-pressured "realism," adamantly refuse to twirl their skirts, burst into song, or ripple with good feeling. A closer look at his work, however, reveals that beneath the naturalistic dirt and cobwebs lies a view of man as blandly nerveless as that held by Rodgers and Hammerstein—and more sinister since it robs the individual of his aspiration, his heroism, and even his manhood.

Wandering aimlessly in a number of directions, *Dark at the Top of the Stairs* chronicles the fortunes of the Floods, a middle-class family living in an Oklahoma boom town in the early 'twenties. Concerned primarily with the crises of daily life, the play is conscientiously unheroic. The only climax it can boast hinges on an improbable turn of plot, the suicide of a Jewish boy who has been insulted at a country-club dance; the only plot concerns the breakup and reconciliation of the mother and father after a spat over the cost of a dress. There is practically no action; the crucial scenes all occur off stage (Inge uses the Messenger device as extensively as Euripides). The play moves, if at all, by a series of character revelations, and the dialogue—in keeping with the unheroic line of the play—is dry, repetitive, and monotonously folksy.

Over the placid lake of this play, Elia Kazan



hurled thunderbolts. His production was in a state of carefully controlled frenzy. Pat Hingle as the father shouted his lines so vigorously that one expected him to be answered from the house across the way; Eileen Heckart, though vastly amusing, was miscast as the aunt and bawled her part in the brash, busy accents of musical comedy; the daughter's flapper friend accented her hissing consonants, exposed her bloomers to her date, and lifted her leg into her skirt on gag lines as if she were playing the soubrette in *The Boy Friend*. Where Inge indicates a tight bond between mother and son, Kazan slammed home all the incestuous implications; where Inge indicates plainness in the daughter, Kazan cast a conventional stage adolescent with the face of Corliss Archer and the look-at-me-I'm-radiant speech of Julie Harris. Inge proposes calm and lassitude, Kazan imposed theatrical hi-jinks. What with all the nut-cracking, chicken-eating, behind-patting, jewelry-fingering, shoe-shining, sewing, crying, stuttering, and yawning that went on, his characters were rarely empty-handed or empty-mouthed—and in a play almost devoid of climaxes we were served a climax every five minutes. The period set and the period costumes seemed strangely alien elements amidst these tempestuous goings-on. Only Teresa Wright as the mother, quiet-voiced, tiredly pretty, lined with anxiety, seemed to belong among the faded daguerreotypes of this old house.

#### HONESTY, IN A SMALL WAY

**K**AZAN'S treatment of the play showed his understandable impatience and bafflement with it. *Dark* drones on like a Midwestern cricket, making no powerful statement, displaying no moving action, uttering no memorable dialogue. Although Inge had previously gestured toward Kazan's brand of high-pitched drama, with a naturalistic play about reality and illusion (*Come Back Little Sheba*), a satyr play glorifying the phallic male (*Picnic*), and a vulgar folk vaudeville with night-club acts and dirty jokes (*Bus Stop*), here he created a nostalgic tribute to his childhood in that most tenuous of Broadway forms, the mood-memory play.

The play is dedicated to Tennessee Williams but it is the first of Inge's works not to be largely dominated by Williams' personality. In fact, *Dark at the Top of the Stairs* yields little personality at all. Inge is becoming so detached from his works that he does not even contribute

a style to them. Here he carefully distills his facts and memories until they acquire a vagueness which robs them of anything personal or immediate except the author's sympathy.

The effect is that of affectionate reminiscence. We are meant to be shielded from the world's glare, not blinded by it, we are to be cradled in the bittersweet security of family life. Seen through the eyes of the ten-year-old protagonist, the world of trouble loses its threat—the most dire events have a happy resolution and even our most intense fears (our fear, for example, of darkness near the door of our room) are dispelled when we can ascend the stairs on Mama's arm. How could Kazan, the director of *Death of a Salesman* and *Streetcar Named Desire*, the anatomizer of psychological turbulence, see this work other than as something he must "keep going" and make recognizable to the audience which views it?

Despite the smoke screen sent up by the production, one can agree with the critics that this is Inge's best play. He has finally acknowledged that he is dealing with a quiet family theme (his genre is domestic romance) and thus can partly dispense with the souped-up vitalism, the melodramatics, the seedy naturalism and the ambiguous symbolism that marred his other more theatrical work. But if *Dark* is better than his other drama it is because it is more honest, not more original. The play reinforces the opinion that Inge is a dramatist of considerable limitations and has a very small gallery of characters, situations, and themes.

Inge follows Williams in writing she-dramas, in giving to women if not the leading then certainly the pivotal (and most insightfully created) role in his work. Inge, however, concentrates more on the pathos of the woman's suffering and—unlike Williams—permits this suffering to issue in triumph. Although the central conflict is a struggle between man and woman, the woman's victory does not necessarily mean the man's defeat. Rather he capitulates, giving himself up to the woman's power to comfort and provide his life with affirmative meaning. Thus Inge's plays end—like most romances—in marriage or reconciliation.

Specifically, Inge's basic plot line revolves around a heroine threatened either with violence or sexual aggression by a rambunctious male. Both terrified and attracted by him, she tries to escape his influence until she learns that, despite his apparent confidence, he is riddled with doubts, loneliness, and need. Once he has confessed this, he loses his ogre quality and the

woman is able to domesticate him without difficulty. In *Come Back Little Sheba*, the plaintive, good-natured frump, Lola, is threatened with a hatchet by her alcoholic husband. Though she tries to leave, she is reconciled to him when, returning from the hospital, he indicates his helpless need of her:

DOC: (Tears in his eyes, he all but lunges at her, drilling his head into her bosom). Honey, don't ever leave me. Please don't ever leave me. . . . Please forgive me. . . . And I'll try to make everything up.

LOLA: (There is surprise on her face and new contentment. She becomes almost angelic in demeanor. Tenderly she places a soft hand on his head). Daddy! Why, of course I'll never leave you. . . .

*Picnic*, *Bus Stop*, and *Dark at the Top of the Stairs* present the situation of the helpless child-man and the comforting mother-woman in progressively disguised form. In *Dark*, Rubin Flood and his wife Cora dispute over his reluctance to assume the responsibilities of married life. She accuses him of infidelity, drinking, and indifference toward the children, while he charges her with trying to inhibit his freedom. After slapping her and leaving the house in a fury, Rubin later returns to apologize and to confess his fears of the future. Heartened to learn that a self-possessed man like Rubin could fear, Cora encourages him to bring his problems to her and the play ends on a note of mutual compromise. The dark which has always enveloped the top of the stairs—a source of fear not only to their little son but a symbol of the family's fears—is dispelled by a shaft of light on the naked feet of Rubin Flood, waiting for his wife to ascend into his arms.

#### THE MUSCLE BOYS

FROM this it can be seen that Inge's purpose in writing drama is not political, moral, aesthetic, or social, but is psychological or, more accurately, preachy. The pervasive surface theme of his work is that people find salvation from fear, need, and insecurity only through the fulfillment of domestic love. For the men, however, this fulfillment is always accompanied by a sacrifice of a very curious order.

Some idea both of the men and their sacrifice is suggested by the following anecdote related in *Picnic*: "Last year . . . some of the [women] teachers made such a fuss about a statue in the library. It was a gladiator and all he had on was



Tony Walton

*Inge's basic plot line revolves around a heroine threatened by a rambunctious male.*

a shield on his arm. Those teachers kept hollering about that statue, they said it was an insult to them every time they walked into the library. Finally they made the principal—I don't know how to say it, but one of the janitors got busy with a chisel and then they weren't insulted any more." Most of Inge's heroes have the physical and cultural characteristics of this gladiator, and all of them have a hidden fear of sharing, through their contact with women, his emasculation.

Inge's hero, like Williams' after whom he is modeled, is a member of a new theatrical type which Herb Gold has aptly called the "male impersonator." A direct descendant of Stanley Kowalski in *Streetcar Named Desire*, he dresses in a conventional uniform consisting of blue jeans, cowboy boots, and tee-shirt (which the hero invariably has an opportunity to remove), and is equipped with bulging biceps and enormous sexual potency. He proclaims his manhood in much the same way that Jayne Mansfield proclaims her womanhood, not by evidence of maturity, intelligence, or control but by exaggerated physical characteristics.

Inge emphasizes this further by fitting his hero with some special prowess, usually athletic, which might attract from the American mass audience the same kind of admiration that gladiators enjoyed in Roman circuses. Sometimes, as in the case of the "sated Bacchus" Turk in *Come Back Little Sheba*, the male's athletic gifts and sexual power are combined in the same symbol. Turk is a champion javelin thrower but the javelin is



described in unmistakably phallic terms ("It's a big, long lance. You hold it like this, erect—then you let it go and . . . it sticks in the ground, quivering like an arrow.") For the man who stakes all his claims to masculinity on his muscles, castration fears can be, of course, very powerful. The castration motif is underlined when Doc, in Lola's final dream, takes over from Turk and makes the javelin and all it stands for disappear completely from their lives ("You picked the javelin up real careful, like



*She learns that he is riddled with doubts, loneliness, and need.*

it was awful heavy. But you threw it, Daddy, clear, clear up into the sky. And it never came down again").

After this threat has been removed, Lola, who has up till now been letting her husband fix the breakfast, starts about the business of making his eggs. Significantly enough, she reverts to the wifely role, not like Molly Bloom through her husband's assertiveness but through his declaration of dependence on her.

Hal of *Picnic*, Bo Decker of *Bus Stop*, and Rubin Flood of *Dark* all combine Turk's athletic and erotic prowess with Doc's dependent fate. Hal, a potential All-American back, is described in the familiar imagery of the phallic fraternity as a boy "stud" and "King Kong." Before the heroine can freely give herself to him, he must sacrifice his sexual and muscular bravado and

admit he is only a liar and a "bum." This sacrifice is symbolized by the loss of his boots, introduced earlier as a sign of his militant masculinity.

Bo Decker, a rodeo champion, after violently trying to abduct Cherie, cries, apologizes before the company, and indicates his tamed domesticity by solicitously putting his leather jacket around her shoulders. An older man than Inge's usual hero, Rubin Flood was in his youth an Oklahoma pioneer who fought Indians and buffalo. First seen by his wife "riding down the street on a shiny black horse like a picture of Sin," his appeal was such that he impregnated her before they were married. Like all of Inge's males, he hides his need for solace and comfort in a rambunctious masculinity. Rubin, however, is less reluctant than the others to admit why he has to suppress this need: "It's hard for a man t'admit his fears, even to hisself. . . . He's always afraid of endin' up like . . . your brother-in-law Morris." With Morris already characterized as a man henpecked by his wife into "wrecked virility," it becomes clear that Rubin is expressing his fears of symbolic castration. That his fears are groundless is indicated by the ending of the play. Rubin has surrendered his cowboy boots also (he leaves them outside the door for fear of muddying Cora's carpet) but awaits his wife in bare feet for the sweet fulfillment of conjugal love.

Thus underneath Inge's paean to domestic



*Once he has confessed, the woman is able to domesticate him without difficulty.*

love lies a psychological sub-statement to the effect that marriage demands, in return for its spiritual consolations, a sacrifice of the hero's image (which is the American folk image) of maleness. He must give up his aggressiveness, his promiscuity, his bravado, his contempt for soft virtues, and his narcissistic pride in his body and attainments, and admit that he is lost in the world and needs help. The woman's job is to convert these rebels into domestic animals. If this requires (as it always does in Inge) going to bed with the hero before marriage she will endure it; and although she may accuse her husband (as do Lola and Cora Flood) of marrying her because she was pregnant, she nevertheless has managed to establish the hero's dependence on her and thus insured that he will remain to provide for the family. The hero has been made to conform, not to his own image of maleness but to the maternal woman's. Each of Inge's plays reads a little like *The Taming of the Shrew* in reverse.

#### FIDDLE WITH ONE STRING

NOW it would be hard to quarrel with this if it were simply an objective and categorical description of relations between a certain kind of people. The man who hides fundamental insecurities behind an exaggerated show of maleness is a familiar figure in American culture (clearly Inge sees Stanley Kowalski with more psychological depth than Williams) and it is very likely that he will end up in a filial, dependent relationship with his wife. What is suspect is the ambiguity and the persistence with which Inge presents the same situation. Depicting this limited brand of healthiness as fanatically as Williams depicts his limited brand of sickness, Inge seems to ignore all other possibilities for happy family life.

A quick glance at his minor characters will show that almost everyone in his plays is characterized by their willingness or unwillingness to sacrifice their individual selves to love. The plain self-pitying daughter in *Dark* astonishingly turns out to be the indirect cause of the Jewish cadet's suicide because, feeling sorry for herself, she wasn't around to help him when he needed comfort ("The only time anyone *wanted* me, or *needed* me in my entire life. And I wasn't there"). The poetry-spouting professor in *Bus Stop* owes his unhappiness and his perversity (he molests young girls) to his inability to subordinate himself to love ("I never had the generosity to love, to give my own private self

to another, for I was *weak*. I thought the gift would somehow lessen *me*"). Inge has been accused of giving a sexual construction to every action but although he will exploit sex (and circuses) for theatrical effect he is certainly more interested in the redemptive power of conjugal or romantic love. Inge visualizes the world as a mass of outstretched arms, blindly groping for each other, with every problem resolved in the marriage bed.

Compare Inge's with even the most outlandish enactment of sexual relations (such as Shaw's: "I love you. The Life Force enchants me; I have the whole world in my arms when I clasp you. But I am fighting for my freedom, for my honor, for my self, one and indivisible") and you will see where his most serious limitations lie. John Tanner of *Man and Superman* fights to keep inviolable a self which Shaw has shown us in action, writing pamphlets, arguing socialism, speaking wittily and incisively about the lifeless conventionality of his time; the Inge hero, if he struggles at all, fights to maintain an *idea* of self which is wrong from the start. In marrying, Tanner gives up his individual freedom, not his genius; Inge's hero gives up his one distinguishing characteristic, phony though it may be: the sexual dynamism with which he has caught the attention of the spectator. Thus Shaw's vision opens out onto political and moral horizons; Inge's vision closes in on the family and holds us trapped there within the four walls of the home.

The limited boundaries of Inge's moral and social perspectives are dictated both by his subject matter and his characters. With evil equated with lovelessness, evil by some strange process disappears as soon as its character is explained. Inge needs villains but they never appear on his stage (the anti-Semitic woman of *Dark* is merely spoken about) while whoever on stage has the capacity to cause serious trouble grows harmless as soon as we learn that they too are sad, lonely, and frustrated.

Concentrating on motives and causes rather than actions and results, Inge avoids confronting any serious moral issues. Although Inge, by his use of the indirect method in *Dark*, tries to make us think of Chekhov, the differences between the two dramatists are instructive. Chekhov always emphasized that sympathetic people can cause evil too, that the harm they do is not palliated but rather all the more terrible for understanding it. Inge's characters labor to become as "well-adjusted" as the audience; Chekhov's characters *are* the audience and reflect its sins and faults



("Have a look at yourselves and see how bad and dreary your lives are"). Thus while Chekhov's impersonality reveals his moral passion, Inge's conceals his secret flattery of the spectator.

Inge lacks Chekhov's social passion as well. The social world for Inge is merely a dim image of outside, practically invisible to the family eye. *Dark at the Top of the Stairs* purports to say something about the Midwest's transition from a frontier to a money culture but all it really says is that some people (never shown) got bigoted (they weren't before?) and rode around ostentatiously in expensive cars. Inge eventually escapes the entire issue in the helpless incomprehension of Rubin Flood ("I dunno what to think of things now, Cora. I'm a stranger in the very land I was born in").\*

This is life without heroism, wit, intelligence, or even true energy, akin in its lack of hard virtues to life as visualized by the nihilists, Beckett and Ionesco. Inge's mood, however, remains steadfastly optimistic, for with serious problems (other than finding a proper adjustment to love) never threatening, optimism comes easy. It would be unfair to compare this world with the heroic universe of Shakespeare (can you imagine Hamlet, Lear or Macbeth each solving his dilemma by laying his head on a woman's breast?). Simply try to apply Inge's panacea to the domestic difficulties of Ibsen's Nora, O'Neill's Hickey, or even Miller's Willy Loman. No, Inge can maintain his affirmations only by a simplistic view of life and a careful selection of characters.

*Dark at the Top of the Stairs* is Inge's most acceptable play because, seen frankly through the eyes of a child, it makes less pretense at being adult; it is, after all, a child's world where social and moral issues assume no importance and where whatever is dark and evil can be expunged by the comfort of a woman. Although the play has depth, however, it has no width. By

\*Inge's handling of the Jewish cadet also reveals his tendency to evade social issues. Sammy Goldenbaum is too pathetically sweet to be believed. His impeccable manners, his great concern for people's feelings, and his soft stammering speech make everyone else in the play look boorish and, although he is unwanted by his mother (a *Gentile* movie star—obviously Jews are incapable of behaving badly), he thinks of her with great love and generosity. Inge describes him in exotic terms as a "darkly beautiful man of seventeen" with "something a little foreign about him. . . . He could be a Persian prince strayed from his native kingdom"—Sammy is certainly more Persian prince than Jew. Inge's treatment of anti-Semitism seems very unreal when his subject is neither human nor Jewish.

ALLEN KANFER

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

THE ugly duckling pleases you and me:  
Protest with her against all accident,  
Crawling into the hard, cold light of mirrors.

Oh, we know what it is to fear reflections:  
The eyes, the nose, the mouth that need  
assurance,  
"There is a place for everyone in life."

Oh, the exquisite joy to read, "For all  
Her ugliness, her charm was such, she was  
The idol of the famous men of France."

The ugly duckling is our advocate  
Before the cold indifference of fate:  
We will make gardens in the salt-washed sand.

---

Inge's own choice, it wallows in commonplaces. Its most significant statements are like a series of homilies out of the *Farmers' Almanac*: "The people we love aren't perfect. . . . But if we love them, we have to take them as they are"; "Bad people you don't hate. You're only sorry they have to be."

Thus Inge's Midwest, despite its occasional psychological intensity, is not far different from the Midwest of Rodgers and Hammerstein, a land where the gift of milky happiness is obtained when some obstacle ("pore Jud" or resistance to love) is removed. Despite its flirtation with the "dangerous" subjects of modern American drama (sex and violence), Inge's drama is in the end ameliorative, and this fact accounts for his present-day popularity.

As I have tried to show, Inge can hardly be called a "developing playwright" because he merely changes his forms rather than his content. But he does represent a new phenomenon on our stage—he is the first spokesman for a matriarchal America. Inge's family plays constitute a kind of aesthetic isolationism upon which the world of outside—the world of moral choice, decision, and social pressures—never impinges. Although he has endowed the commonplace with some depth, it is not enough to engage serious attention. William Inge is yet another example of Broadway's reluctance or inability to deal intelligently with the American world at large.



A Story by AUBREY GOODMAN

Drawings by Peggy Lloyd

## *Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart*

**M**Y WIFE hit me in the mouth with a satin shoe," Willy told me.

"What do you know," I said, looking at the small clock over the bar. Mary Elizabeth and Alan were twenty minutes late, but I didn't mind waiting for them.

"I know she hit me in the mouth with a shoe," Willy said, fishing an ice cube out of his glass. "Remember that time Tracy Whatzername came down to Yale for the Harvard game and whacked me across the shins with a lacrosse stick just because I . . ."

I wasn't listening to Willy, because I had heard the story a dozen times. I had several favorite bars in New York, but this was not one of them. It was almost a private club and had the air of a college fraternity. This was not accidental, because the small crowd of young people who came there several evenings a week had all known each other in the clubs of Princeton and Harvard and Yale. They had come separately to New York where they found jobs and places to live and places to drink. And many of them selected one of two or three bars like this one where they could surround themselves with old faces and old friends and sit around the dark-paneled room and tell old stories. The attempt to recreate the fun of their college years was, of course, a flop. It led these people in their middle twenties through too many drinks, too

many casual love affairs, and much too much bright talk.

"Remember the time . . ." and "Didn't you know . . ." started off most of the conversations between men named Lansing and Bo Bo and Winthrop and Judson and ladies referred to as Honeybear and Alison and Choo Choo and Valerie and Annabelle. They had outgrown the prep school crowd and Dixieland jazz of Eddie Condon's, grown tired of the smooth young men and bright young debbs who crowd the dance floor at the Stork Club, and found themselves outclassed, financially and socially, by the flashy ringside crew at El Morocco. And so this tiny bar, tucked away in the East Eighties, became their retreat and watering hole, where they could sit among the old faces and listen to the old Cole Porter prom songs on the juke box and tell old stories and drink old Scotch—trying desperately to forget that they, themselves, were growing older.

I LEFT Willy and walked to the back of the room to the juke box. A woman in red was sitting alone at a table near the large fireplace and she was telling the waiter, "But I'm not alone. I'm waiting for some friends."

I ignored "It Was Just One of Those Things" and "This Is It" and chose some records by Tony Perkins, Elvis Presley, and Johnnie Ray.

"Don't be croo-ool," Presley's voice boomed.



accompanied by some sort of violent instrumental thumping background, "to a heart that's true!"

A group of people at a nearby table gave me a funny look and one girl wrinkled up her nose as if she smelled something stinky in the air. I smiled and walked back to the bar where I found Mary Elizabeth and Alan.

"Happy birthday!" Mary Elizabeth said, hugging me. "How does it feel to be twenty-two?"

"Doesn't feel like twenty-one any more," I replied.

MARY ELIZABETH was a tall, lovely, and charming girl who worked as a model. You've probably seen her picture several times in fashion magazines. She was originally from Iowa, but seven years at a school in England had gifted her with a slight accent that didn't sound affected at all. As a matter of fact, it added to her charm.

Alan clapped me on the back, and we all sat down at a table near the fireplace. After Alan ordered the drinks, Mary Elizabeth stood up and asked for fifty cents.

"Have prices gone up in the ladies' room?" Alan asked, digging into his pockets.

"Two quarters please," Mary Elizabeth said. "I want to play some beautiful music for you."

She walked back to the juke box, and I told Alan that I had seen Jean the week before.

"She's going to Mexico to get the divorce," he said.

"That's what she told me."

Alan sighed and said, "I'll be glad when this is all cleared up."

I agreed with him. "I guess it's ridiculous to let it drag on any longer. You and Jean have been separated for two years."

A girl at the bar was kissing her date's ear.

"Cut it out," the man said crossly. "Cut it the hell out."

Mary Elizabeth came back and sat down just as the waiter finished putting our drinks on the table.

"The waiters here aren't really waiters," she said. "They're impoverished royalty. Impoverished American royalty. I found my favorite record on the machine and I played it ten times. I hope you like it."

Alan asked what it was.

"Tony Perkins singing 'How Long Has This Been Going On.' It's the most beautiful recording I've ever heard."

"But ten times?" Alan asked, making a face.

"There is absolutely no such thing as too much of a good thing," Mary Elizabeth said. "When this round is over, I'll play it ten more times."

"It's terrific," I said.

She put her hand over Alan's hand and smiled prettily at him and said, "You're a prince of a man. And I love you."

Alan smiled back at her and said, "You're mad."

"Stop that," I demanded. "You make me feel left out."

"Awwwww," Mary Elizabeth said, reaching across and stroking my cheek. "We have to find a girl for you, Art. A lovely girl. A regular sweetheart of a girl. Because it's your birthday and you're so nice."

"I had a lovely girl," I told her. "And she married somebody else."

"Why?" she wanted to know.

"Because he asked her," I said simply.

"Was she wonderful and lovely?" Mary Elizabeth asked.

"No," I replied, making rings on the table with my glass. "But I thought she was."

"That's all that matters," she remarked, picking up a cigarette and waiting for Alan to light it for her.

"First loves never work out," I said. "They always last, but they never work out."

Mary Elizabeth frowned. "Don't say that."

"That was a long time ago," Alan said to me. "Everyone has loved someone who married somebody else."

"I never did," Mary Elizabeth said, looking at Alan. "I was never in love with anyone ever before you."

She turned to me and said, "When I was living in Europe, these marvelously rich, handsome, brilliant young men kept falling in love with me. But I could never fall in love with any of them. I was beginning to think something was wrong with me. And then I met the handsome gentleman here who's playing footsie with me right now under the table."

"And the rest," Alan said.

"Is history," Mary Elizabeth finished.

"We're a mathematical sequence," I told them. "Mary Elizabeth, you're twenty-one. I'm twenty-two now. And Alan, you're twenty-three. Maybe we add up to something."

"People," Alan said, draining his drink. "never add up."

He looked around for the waiter and Mary Elizabeth giggled.

"I don't think Alan's mother likes me very much," she confessed to me. "She gave me an

uncomfortable pair of walking shoes and a crocodile suitcase. Do you think that's a hint to clear out of town?"

"Yes," Alan replied.

"You're sweet," Mary Elizabeth smiled. "But I adore you anyhow."

ALAN went down to the men's room, and we leaned back in our chairs and listened to her favorite record. She stretched one arm luxuriously in the air and began to sing along with Tony Perkins.

"What a break," she sang softly, a smile on her lips, "for heaven's sake."

"You seem very content," I said, interrupting her serenade.

She nodded slowly, her eyes closed, singing quietly again. Then she sat forward and talked directly to me.

"I am happy," she said. "Jean is going to Mexico to get the divorce. Finally. I've been waiting for over a year, and it was beginning to seem hopeless and gloomy and impossible. But it's all working out beautifully now. Alan gave me a present today. A scarf. Wasn't that sweet? It's a magnificent scarf. Silver."

"Good," I said, nodding once.

"Alan is the most marvelous man. The most splendid man," she told me. "There's only one phrase that describes him. He is a prince of a man. Other men are all those other adjectives, but Alan is the only man in the world who ever was, is, or will be a prince of a man."

Alan came back to the table.

"Hello, Prince," I said.

"What?"

"You're a prince of a man, sweetheart," Mary Elizabeth said. "Let's go to the Blue Angel later. I think that's such a lovely name. The Blue Angel. Isn't that pretty?"

"Pretty?" I asked. "It's stunning!"

"And then we'll go to the Stork Club," she said. "And we'll have to find you a lovely sweetheart."

"I had a lovely sweetheart once," I said seriously. "But she . . ."

"Oh, shut up," Alan said kindly.

I laughed and said, "Where can I find a new one, Mary Elizabeth? All I want is a lovely sweetheart. I don't want an emotional experience. I have already had one of those."

She sat back in her chair and said, "How do you know when you're going to find a lovely

girl? You could be somewhere—some room, or some party, some place. And this perfect person just appears and you see each other. And it's as if everything is illuminated inside you and you become aware of yourself and of the other person. It's one of those moments. And who knows when she'll come onto the scene?"

"Or when she'll make her exit," I added.

"True," she said, thinking it over. "Still, you don't know, do you?"

"I don't know anything," I replied, smiling.

A fat woman came into the bar alone and ordered a drink. She wore orange hair and a shiny black cocktail dress. Someone must have made a remark about her for I heard an outburst of laughter from another table. A girl stood up and put on her coat. "Call me tomorrow!" she told a man who was talking to some other men. "Don't forget to call me tomorrow!"

The man kept on talking to his friends, and the girl left.

"I don't want to go to the Stork Club," Alan said suddenly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"The balloons make me nervous," he said.

"You're terrible," Mary Elizabeth said. "Isn't he terrible?"

She looked at me for agreement, and I shrugged.

"Balloons pop," Alan explained.

"You're terrible," Mary Elizabeth told him.

"That's why I love you."

The woman in red at the table alone stood up and went downstairs. She was wearing a red sweater, red slacks, and gold shoes. She was small and had bright yellow hair cut in bangs.

Willy passed by our table and greeted Alan and Mary Elizabeth.

"What's new?" Alan asked.

"Had a fight with my wife."

"That's not new," Alan muttered, and Willy moved along.

"We fought all last week," Mary Elizabeth told me confidentially.

"I was on edge. I was getting nervous about the divorce and everything seemed to be taking

such a terribly long time that I became cross and decided to go away. I was going to California. Or to Paris. Or to South America. Or to Iowa."

Alan looked at her seriously and said, "You weren't really going away, were you?"

"Yes," she said. "I was. I was going away."

"What would you do," Alan asked, "if I went away?"





She sat completely still for a moment. Then she looked at him with a grave face and said, "I'd die. I'd lie down and die. I couldn't go on living without my prince of a man."

I rapped on the table with my knuckles and said, "Stop it. I feel left out again."

The fat lady with the orange hair walked unsteadily past us and started down the stairs. A minute later the woman in red came up the stairs and sat down alone again at the table next to ours.

"Did you see that woman?" she asked us. "Who is she? She nearly knocked me down the stairs!"

The three of us laughed, and the woman in red grinned.

"She nearly made a fallen woman of me!" she exclaimed.

We laughed louder.

The laughter died away as quickly as it had begun, and the lady kept looking at our faces. She was not young, but there was something ridiculously childlike about her red costume and gold shoes and yellow haircut. Her eyes were steady and glazed, and the perfume she wore was heavy, strong, and expensive. Her voice was low and husky and carried more than a hint of the South. She wore a lot of gold jewelry. For some reason, she reminded me of an ornament, something to hang on a Christmas tree.

She tucked one leg under her and stared at Mary Elizabeth.

"You're a pretty girl," she said. She wasn't smiling now, and her remark sounded more like an accusation than a compliment. "I'm waiting here for my friends. These people *love* me. Why? I don't know why they do, but they do. They're foolish people. Is my face all right? Can you tell I've been crying?"

"No," Mary Elizabeth replied, watching her carefully.

The bartender had left the bar and was lighting a fire in the fireplace.

"Well," the woman said, picking up her drink, "I have been crying. Since yesterday. You see, yesterday this man . . . this man told me . . . oh, well, you don't want to hear about it."

She took a long swallow from her glass.

"But these people," she continued, waving her glass toward us and back briefly to her lips, "*love* me. And they are coming to help me. You're a very pretty girl."

She looked sadly at Mary Elizabeth.

"It's girls like you," she said, "who have made my life a living hell."

Mary Elizabeth looked worried and said,



"Oh, I hope that's not so."

"It's true," she said. I noticed that she spoke slowly. None of her words were slurred out, but she paused between each word. Suddenly she smiled brightly and said, "I'm all right now though. I'm not very brave, but I'm fine now. You see, this man was my sweetheart for seven years. I thought we were going to be married eventually but . . ."

She broke off, and tears welled up in her eyes.

"I hope you don't think I'm terrible," she said, her voice trembling.

"No, no," Mary Elizabeth said, meaning it.

"But I used to be pretty," the woman said in a sudden gay voice. "When I was at Sweet Briar, I was like a little . . . a little pixie! And now I'm getting to be like an elf."

She smiled, and Mary Elizabeth smiled with her.

"And in a few years," the woman went on, "I'll be like a dwarf." The corners of her mouth turned down. "And then I'll be a little wrinkled-up gnome and nobody will want me."

Mary Elizabeth's smile faded away.

"Of course, I don't know what difference it makes," the woman said. "It looks to me like nobody wants me *now*. I don't know what else to think. I really don't."

She held her chin high in the air and a tear rolled down her cheek. She wiped it away and smiled bravely.

"Of course, I still have my memories. And that's *something*," she said. "It's not much, but where would we be without our memories?"

Mary Elizabeth opened her mouth to answer, but the woman made a reply to her own ques-

tion when she looked into her glass and said, "Where would we be without our memories? We'd be a lot better off. That's where we'd be."

Then she lifted her head and looked at each of us.

"I hope I'm not bothering you," she said. "But I don't know what to do. These friends of mine, these foolish, kind people, they . . . this man I've been involved with for seven years called me up yesterday . . . and told me . . . he was getting married . . . in twenty minutes!"

Each word was like a spoonful of bitter medicine to her.

"And he did!" she continued, shaking her head unbelievably. "Twenty minutes later . . . he was married! I mean, I knew this other woman existed. But married! In twenty minutes! Just . . . out of the blue like that? And after seven years?"

Mary Elizabeth looked truly astonished.

"Unbelievable!" the woman said.

There were tears in Mary Elizabeth's eyes and in the woman's eyes, and she leaned over and took Mary Elizabeth's hands in hers.

"What would you do?" she asked. "What would you do?"

"I'd die," Mary Elizabeth said quietly. "I'd just die."

The woman sat back in her chair and shook her head.

"I told him," she said. "I told him I wasn't so old. But I don't blame him. Yes, I do. No. No, I don't. I don't know. I blame him and I blame myself and I blame nobody and everybody. It's easier if you can blame someone, don't you think so?"

She wiped her eyes.

"I'm thirty," she said. "No, I'm not. I'm thirty-six. Why lie?"

"That's right," Mary Elizabeth said helpfully.

"Why lie?" the woman repeated. "Good heavens, you've got to lie! What else *can* you do?"

Mary Elizabeth nodded understandingly.

"Did you see what I just did?" the woman asked. "I answered my own question. That's a bad sign. Sometimes when I'm drinking I feel like I'm two people and sometimes I feel like I'm not even one person, no person at all. And sometimes I feel that way even when I'm not drinking."

She picked up her glass and drank, and Mary Elizabeth looked unhappily at Alan and me as if she expected us to do something.

"I don't know what it was," the woman told us. "A few years ago I thought it was money."

"Money?" Mary Elizabeth asked, not understanding.

"Honey, money's no problem to me. My Daddy *owns* Florida."

I blinked and said, "Oh."

"What do you think?" she asked. "What?"

None of us answered, and the woman sighed.

"Nothing," she said sadly. "I guess that is the answer."

I lit a cigarette and Mary Elizabeth took it from me and handed it to the woman.

"Thank you, sweetheart," she said, smiling her false bright smile. "You see? All I needed was to talk to someone and I knew this bad feeling would go away."

A WOMAN in a black dress and a short man with a pinched face came up to her table.

"Dolores!" the woman in red cried, bursting into tears.

Mary Elizabeth and Alan and I turned away from them.

"God," Alan said under his breath.

The people were comforting the woman, patting her hand and crooning to her.

"That girl at the next table," the woman sobbed. "She said . . . she said I should just die. She said I should *kill* myself!"

Dolores shot us an angry glance, and Mary Elizabeth sat up straight in her chair and looked horrified.

"I need another drink," the woman said. "My nerves are gone."

"Pull yourself together," Dolores told her in a hard voice. "We're due at a party and we're late now. We'll take you with us. Where is your coat?"

The man picked up a fur coat that had fallen to the floor, and Dolores practically lifted the woman to her feet.

"You'll have to change," Dolores said, putting the woman's arms into the sleeves of her coat. "You'll have to change, and then we can go on to the party."

"Whose party?" the woman asked, reaching under the table for her handbag. "Who will be there?"

"Some people you don't know," the man said impatiently.

"You'll like them," Dolores said. "But you can't go like that. You'll have to put on something else."

"All right," the woman said, wearily.

We had been sitting there silently, listening, and we watched them walk to the door. The



woman in red stopped, said something to the man and woman and then came back to our table.

"Oh God, what now," Alan sighed.

The woman stood by our table and said, "I just wanted to thank you all. You were very kind."

She looked straight at Mary Elizabeth.

"Sweetheart," she said, putting her hand on Mary Elizabeth's shoulder, "don't count on anyone. Don't depend on anybody in this world. Because we're all undependable."

She turned her head to me and said, "When you don't have someone, it's hell. And when you do have someone, it's hell. And that's the way it is."

The couple waiting at the door were becoming impatient.

"Come on!" Dolores called. "We have to move on!"

"I wish I was young and lovely again," the woman said wistfully.

Mary Elizabeth looked up at her and said, "I think you're a lovely girl."

"You're a lucky young man," the woman told Alan.

Alan nodded uncomfortably.

"Well," the woman said. She took a silver scarf from the pocket of her fur coat and tied it over her head. "I'm not going to be bitter. My sweetheart gave me this scarf. He was a

wonderful man." She smiled that brave, pathetic smile again.

"He was a prince of a man," the woman said, "and I'm sorry I lost him."

SHE wrapped her coat tight around her, turned and walked proudly out of the bar with Dolores and the short man at her side.

"What a character," Alan said. "Where's the waiter?"

I looked across at Mary Elizabeth. She was frowning and looking down at her hands.

"Let's go to the Blue Angel," I said enthusiastically.

Mary Elizabeth reached over and gripped Alan's arm.

"Hey," Alan said. "What's the matter?"

There was a frightened look on her face as she stared across the table into his eyes and said, "Jean is going to Mexico, isn't she? And everything is going to be beautiful, isn't it?"

Alan sighed and said, "For God's sake, Mary Elizabeth!"

I got up and went to the bar and stood by Willy, who began to tell me about the time some girl had whacked him across the shins with a lacrosse stick. And although I was trying to find a temporary peaceful place of relief, not in the present, not in the future, but in someone else's past, I could hear the voices of Mary Elizabeth and Alan—growing louder and louder.



By DR. IAN STEVENSON

*Drawings by Blake Hampton*



## Scientists with Half-closed Minds

A surprising number are scared to death of new ideas. They have attacked major discoveries without even glancing at the evidence. And their distrust of unconventional experiments may now be hampering scientific progress.

A DUTCHMAN living in the East Indies once tried to tell a native of Java that in his country the water sometimes becomes so hard you can walk on it. The Javan was immediately convulsed with laughter, and the Dutchman could make no progress with his explanation.

We find this an amusing story, but it would be even funnier if it did not really refer to us all. Ordinarily our reaction to new ideas does not harm us or others. But when we make the discovery of new facts and new concepts our business, then incredulity can prove costly. When humans become scientists they continue to experience some of the less rational qualities of being human. And with this part of them they can get in each other's way, and in the way of progress.

Pierre Gassendi, for example, made notable contributions to seventeenth-century physics. He devised the first atomic theory of matter since Democritus, and his works strongly influenced Newton. Yet when in 1627 someone reported the fall of a meteorite in Provence, Gassendi explained it as due to some unidentified volcanic eruption. This attitude toward meteorites was shared by nearly all astronomers and many other leading scientists for the next century and a half.

Some insisted that the stones had been picked up somewhere and carried by the wind; others accused those who claimed to have seen the stones fall of lying. In the late eighteenth century the great Antoine Lavoisier, himself a radical innovator in chemistry, rejected accounts of meteorites as the products of malobservation. Stones could not fall out of the sky, he declared, because none were there. Finally, in April 1803, a shower of small meteorites on L'Aigle, France, persuaded the astronomers to change their attitudes.

In the same way the first reports of hypnotism—or mesmerism, as it was called in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century—evoked many denials that the reported phenomena had ever occurred. In London, Dr. John Elliotson was driven from the chair of medicine at University College for endorsing and promoting the study of hypnotism. The early accounts of surgical operations conducted under hypnosis encountered extraordinarily irrational opposition. Dr. James Esdaile reported from India in the 1840s the successful completion of over a thousand operations (one-third of them major operations) with the patients hypnotized and a death rate of only 6 per cent during or after the operations. Although this occurred before asepsis when almost 30 per cent of other surgeons' patients died, Esdaile had great difficulty in getting his work even published, much less accepted. His scientific critics alleged that he had bribed his patients to sham insensibility. According to one account "it was because they were hardened impostors that they let their legs be cut off and large tumors be cut out without showing any sign even of discomfort." In their opposition to hypnotism many of the most creative scientists of the period





*Orient & Pacific Lines ships sail from San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.*

## Where will you be when you land — Australia? Fiji? Hawaii?

YOUR Orient & Pacific liner is at Suva in the Fiji Islands. Six sunlit days ago you were in Hawaii. In another six you'll be in Australia. The men on the pier belong to the Fiji Military Forces Band, which greets you with a rousing concert. (Captain Cook got a different reputation. He called these the Cannibal Islands.) Fiji is a fascinating place to explore. You can hunt for primitive art and rare sea shells. Have your suit made to measure by an Indian tailor in a few hours. Or turn back the clock at a native village and listen to old Polynesian songs.

Your trip is just as exciting between ports. Each Orient & Pacific liner has two swimming pools and thousands of feet of open deck for sun and games. At night there are brilliant parties and dances. Your meals are prepared by chefs trained on the Continent.

What does a vacation like this cost? As little as \$24 a day! Round trips to Australia start at \$604—to the Far East at \$640.

**Orient & Pacific Lines:** Suite B, 210 Post St., San Francisco. **Cunard Line:** General Passenger Agents in United States and Canada.







AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX, GEORGE STEVENS HAS COMPLETED

# the diary of anne frank

IN WHICH A GIRL WHO HAS NEVER APPEARED ON THE SCREEN  
IS ALREADY WORLD FAMOUS



forgot the rules of their own calling. Lord Kelvin announced that "one-half of hypnotism is imposture and the rest bad observation."

Similar prejudices met Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, Pasteur's work on microbes, and Semmelweis' discovery that physicians themselves spread the infection of puerperal or childbed fever from one mother to another. To the list of scientists who have suffered from the incredulity of their colleagues we can add Darwin, the several discoverers of anesthesia, and Freud.

Early in the nineteenth century a tragic example of resistance delayed the introduction of a life-saving medical treatment. An English physician, O'Shaughnessy, discovered evidence that patients with cholera died not of the infection directly, but of the depletion of salt and water carried off in the diarrhea. Another physician, Dr. Thomas Latta of Leith, boldly acted on these observations and snatched from the grave a number of patients desperately ill with cholera to whom he gave infusions of salt and water. He reported his almost miraculous success; a few other physicians tried and confirmed the value of his treatment; but still not enough interest could be aroused to promote the treatment further. Almost one hundred years later, twentieth-century physicians rediscovered it.

#### CONTEMPT PRIOR TO EXAMINATION

A COMMON and astonishing feature of the opposition to scientific advance is the certainty with which it is offered. For the moment, and sometimes for years, the doubter forgets that he could be wrong. At the first demonstration of Edison's phonograph before the Paris Academy of Sciences, all the scientists present declared that it was impossible to reproduce the human voice by means of a metal disc. One man proposed to throttle the demonstrator.

"Wretch!" said he. "Do you suppose that we are fools to be duped by a ventriloquist?"

Resistance to the new can reach into the highest places. We owe to Francis Bacon much of the foundation of scientific method. He said: "We have set it down as a law to ourselves that we have to examine things to the bottom; and not to receive upon credit or reject upon improbabilities, until these have passed a due examination." Yet Bacon could not believe that the Earth goes around the Sun. Galileo, who could not persuade fellow astronomers to look into his telescope, could not himself accept

Kepler's evidence that the planets move in ellipses. Nor could he believe that witches suffered from mental illness, a view beginning to gain acceptance in his day.

Professor P. G. Tait, a contemporary and colleague of Lord Kelvin, made contributions to physics hardly less important than those of Kelvin. But when the news of the discovery of the telephone reached him, he said, "It is all humbug, for such a discovery is impossible." Another interesting conversation occurred between Sir William Hamilton and Sir George Airy, justly celebrated mathematicians of the nineteenth century. Hamilton had just published his discovery of quaternions and was explaining it to Airy. Airy said, "I cannot see it at all." Hamilton replied, "I have been investigating the matter for many months and I am certain of its truth." "Oh," rejoined Airy, "I have been thinking it over for the last two or three minutes and there is nothing to it."

Many great ideas have, to be sure, won rather easy acceptance. Einstein had his difficulties, but they did not include stupid hostility from fellow scientists. Still such hostility should not occur at all among scientists. For it was science that once fought religion for freedom of inquiry and belief. In its original victories—and some of its more recent ones too—science defeated attempts to censor ideas. The principle of expanding knowledge replaced that of closed revelation. What had seemed to be a body of established facts was challenged and succeeded by a new body of facts based on observation rather than on reason and authority. But in the process a confusion arose between science and that body of newly discovered facts.

As science has progressed, more and more facts have become established with reasonable certainty—with enough certainty unfortunately to stimulate the illusion that science is chiefly a body of knowledge. The current body of scientific knowledge differs markedly from that of the seventeenth century, and the comparison shows the transience of our concepts. Yet we frequently overlook this and identify science with current knowledge. Those who forget that science is fundamentally a method and not a collection of facts will righteously challenge new concepts which seem to question old facts.

Organized scientific activity as we know it goes back less than five hundred years. And during this time it has occupied the interest and attention of only a few people. I am not referring to the millions it has affected, but to the few thinkers who have affected the millions.

These people had first to struggle with themselves to believe that things could be other than they appeared to be. When someone asked Einstein how he came to discover relativity, he replied: "By challenging an axiom."

To accomplish anything worthwhile in science (and in nearly everything else), one has first to persuade oneself that things may be different from what they seem. This is the most difficult step to take and we should not be surprised if those who have walked furthest have frequently slipped. A scientist is—perhaps fortunately—only capable of scientific thought for a small portion of his time. At other times he usually allows his wishes, fears, and habits to shape his convictions. The wish not to believe can influence as strongly as the wish to believe. Most of us most of the time practice Paley's recipe for obstruction: "There is a principle, proof against all argument, a bar against all progress . . . which if persisted in cannot but keep the mind in everlasting ignorance—and that is, contempt prior to examination."



*Galileo could not accept Kepler's ellipses . . .*

SCIENTISTS may also become seduced by their own attainments and acquire the conviction that success in one matter makes them authorities in all. James Clerk Maxwell's genius achieved an advance in the theory of electromagnetism from which came radio, television, and radar. His imagination shattered previously impenetrable theoretical barriers. Yet today he would surely blush crimson to read what he said to the British Association in 1879: "Atoms are the foundation stones of the material universe, unbroken and unworn. They continue to this day as they were created, perfect in number and measure and weight."

Pasteur struggled as much as any important scientist against the uninformed opposition of orthodoxy. After he attained recognition and at the height of his fame, he addressed a distinguished group of scientists and gratuitously included in his speech an announcement that scientific methods would never be used successfully in the study of the emotions. Yet already living at the time of his speech were the two persons who later established the scientific study of the emotions—Ivan Pavlov and Walter B. Cannon.

Like lesser human beings, scientists have a proprietary affection for their own contributions. Having given the best of their lives, as many have, to new observations and concepts, they may defend these as devotedly as those who give their lives to material possessions. And this kind of psychological investment can carry the investor into the most ridiculous positions. About fifty years ago, for instance, a curious exchange took place between the great anthropologist Malinowski and Dr. Ernest Jones, one of Freud's most devout followers and his biographer.

Jones subscribed wholeheartedly to Freud's statement about the universality of little boys' attachment to their mothers, which he called the Oedipus complex. This occurred often enough in nineteenth-century Vienna, and Freud declared it an invariable feature of human development. When Malinowski studied the Trobriand Islanders in the South Pacific he found that their children were reared by their mothers and uncles and had little or no contact with their biological fathers. The domestic relations and psychological development of the Trobrianders differed considerably from those reported by Freud for Viennese families. Malinowski published his observations, but they did not convince Jones. From his office in London he insisted that Freud was right and urbanely reprimanded Malinowski for faulty observations. To this Malinowski patiently replied that he was compelled to accept the evidence of his own senses rather than statements made by those who had never visited the Trobriand Islands.

The tendency to erect "systems"—which are then marketed as a whole—affects particularly the less mature sciences of medicine and psychology. In these subjects we have had a succession of intellectual edifices originally made available only in their entirety. It is as if one cannot rent a room or even a suite in a new building, but must lease the whole or not enter. Starting with a substantial contribution to medicine the authors of such systems expand their theories to



include ambitious explanations of matters far beyond the original validated observations. And after the first pioneer, later and usually lesser contributors to the system add further accretions of mingled fact and theory. Consequently systems of this kind—like homeopathy, phrenology, psychoanalysis, and conditioned reflexology (the last dominant for years in Russia)—eventually contain almost inextricable mixtures of sense and nonsense. They capture fervid adherents, and it may take a generation or several for those who preserve some objectivity to succeed in salvaging the best in them while discarding the dross.

Many such systems repeat the same story almost tediously. A few brilliant observations encounter fierce opposition from entrenched authorities. Despite this the new ideas slowly acquire adherents. Gradually opposition to much of the original propositions crumbles. But in the meantime the avant-garde of the enlightened have stiffened their doctrines into a sectarian orthodoxy. Instead of befriending further advances, they frequently attack and deride them. Certainly not all early adherents to a new discovery do this, but those who do not often find that loyalty to a group requires loyalty to a set of ideas which conflicts with dispassionate examination of later ideas and observations.

#### HARMFUL INCREDULITY

**R**IGID systems and their fanatical devotees have driven many scientists into the camp of the too incredulous. The querulous "schools" of psychiatry have by their own extravagance delayed the acceptance of the best in psychiatry by other physicians and laymen. However, physicians of all kinds are particularly guilty of failing to keep up with advances in their own specialty. This comes about because medicine is, to be frank, a trade as well as a science. Most medical students go into the practice of medicine, not research, and we all know worthy physicians who devotedly practice the medicine taught them twenty-five years ago, apparently uninfluenced by the events of intervening years. Yet these same men conscientiously trade in their old automobiles for new ones every two or three years.

Theoretically, physicians should have no more difficulty than, say, chemists or physicists in changing their habits to accommodate new advances. But to accomplish this, medical schools must change their principles in selecting students and try, first, to attract flexible minds into medicine, and, second, to avoid doing anything that

will harden these minds against new ideas. Happily, medical educators have already recognized the need for this. When medical science moved slowly a man could write the same prescriptions for thirty or more years and still not fall far behind the times. The increasing pace of medical discovery has made such physicians not only foolish, but positively harmful. Whitehead's comment that "knowledge keeps like fish" applies to medicine as much as any subject.

However, research scientists, too, are bound by harmful incredulity, although it is harder to determine to exactly what extent. In some ways scientists today have more protection against uninformed authoritarian opposition than their predecessors. For one thing there are more scientists and they are constantly testing each other's work so that confirmation, revision, or rejection of new observations and concepts can come rather rapidly. Communications between scientists have improved, and many journals now spread new data and new theories quickly across the world. Thus many scientists and not merely a handful judge the work of a fellow scientist.

On the other hand, the vastness of our scientific activity tells us nothing about the number of genuinely open minds occupied with it. A few years ago, Dr. Lucien Warner surveyed a number of psychologists on extrasensory perception. He asked what they thought about the existence of extrasensory perception and how they had reached their conclusions. All who replied had convictions, but less than 20 per cent said they had studied the original reports of the work on this subject. Seventeen per cent had reached their opinions on the basis of hearsay. Twenty per cent had made up their minds entirely on a priori grounds.

One can only respect the candor of persons who have registered themselves as scientists and yet make public declaration of the fact that they can decide on a matter of extraordinary importance without examining the relevant published work. Perhaps parapsychology provides a special case and scientists do not feel so free to make up their minds on other matters. Certainly the implacable opposition parapsychology encounters among some scientists illustrates again the relationship between the heat of antagonism and the possible threat to established convictions from the new data or ideas. For the data of parapsychology portend, I believe, a conceptual revolution which will make the Copernican revolution seem trivial in comparison.

We may tell ourselves that this incredulity has no effect on creative achievement, but I person-

ally do not believe it. I am convinced that deep conservatism strongly influences the approach of many scientists to new ideas. I have tested this frequently by throwing out into a group of them some new idea, especially one whose acceptance would fracture favorite concepts. Almost invariably they attack it like a school of piranhas. By the time it reaches the bottom of the discussion they have stripped off its flesh.

My friends are not ordinarily destructive people. They do not injure people, only ideas. And I think this behavior has to do with a mistaken concept of the role of scientist. Certainly the role includes skepticism and tough-mindedness, but these alone are not enough. The best part of science derives from the imagination and creativity which contribute to it no less than to the arts. A scientist should examine an idea as an artist might look at a delicately enameled vase—in many different lights and positions so as to bring out all its beauty and value.

Scientists frequently pride themselves on not being gullible. Sometimes they do not seem to realize that they cannot be incredulous about new ideas without at the same time being excessively credulous about old ones. Between the merits of accepting too much and not enough of what is new there is perhaps little to choose, but surely that little favors a receptivity to the new since we already know so little.



*Bacon could not believe that the Earth goes around the Sun . . .*

I BELIEVE our conservatism has infected the financial support of scientists. Although a lot of money flows toward scientific research we do not know how much runs in well-cut gorges and how much can irrigate new ground. But the system of project grants for research is

a symptom. Nearly all the funds poured into research by foundations and the federal government reach scientists *after* they have submitted a project to a committee. Since a scientist must gain the approval of the committee for his project, he may not resist the temptation to design his project along the lines most likely to harmonize with the convictions of the committee. The committee in turn must account to a board of trustees or to Congress or the public for the success of the research it has supported. Who can blame the members if they behave like bankers and venture their money more readily on "good risks" than on "wild ideas"?

Once he has his money, the scientist feels committed to the project he has outlined. If he makes some interesting but unexpected discovery or observation, he cannot easily abandon his main object to pursue a new line. Nearly every year he must submit an account of progress to the committee. I have heard a number of scientists tell, half laughing, half crying, how they adjusted their applications or reports, or, worse still, adjusted their scientific projects, to the real or apparent expectations of a granting committee.

It matters little that often the scientist's fears are unjustified or exaggerated. Certainly most scientific members of committees evaluating projects consciously wish to give the working scientists the greatest possible freedom. Still possession of the power to make decisions can eventually persuade anyone that he also has the proper knowledge to do so. The fault, I think, lies in the system, but wherever the fault, I believe that our scientists and the tellers of their money can easily become mutually involved in timid projects which always succeed but never advance.

It is difficult to pin down instances of the withering effect of incredulity on budding ideas. Prejudice can rationalize itself as caution or be easily disguised by other appearances. A surveying committee may conceal from the applicant, and even from itself, the real reasons for turning down a request for funds. Yet there are grounds for believing that research in psychiatry in this country has become excessively influenced by the theories of psychoanalysis. I know of two first-rate investigators who have had great difficulty in obtaining support for their projects because (so the available evidence strongly suggests) their ideas run counter to psychoanalytic concepts. One eminent psychiatrist, much experienced in such matters, told me in discussing one of these cases that it is now extremely difficult to obtain



support for psychiatric research projects which are not psychoanalytical in orientation. (He was referring to psychological and psychotherapeutic projects, not biochemical or neurophysiological ones.)

Another leading American psychiatrist recently published a vigorous protest in one of our professional journals against the centralization of psychiatric research and its control by committees which permit a few persons to swing enormous funds toward a few favorite or fashionable themes of research. The one-sidedness of our approach evokes both horror and amusement in our European colleagues who have managed to preserve a better balance in planning psychiatric research. This state of affairs does not reflect adversely on the merits of psychoanalysis, only on those who insist that its assumptions must be the point of departure for all psychiatric research.

#### FREEDOM TO ACT FOOLISH

**D**EFENDERS of grants for project research claim that they permit scientists to get funds long before they are sufficiently well known to receive support for themselves. This supposes that we can support scientists directly only when they have already become well known—certainly a most unsatisfactory criterion of worth and one more likely to lead to a search for publicity than for truth.

A second symptom of harmful conservatism is the figures published by the National Science Foundation on the distribution of funds for research. In the years between 1940 and 1954—a period in which sums allocated for research skyrocketed—the funds available for basic research (*i.e.*, research not bound to any immediate application) increased ten times. But in this same period the *percentage* of funds allocated for basic, as opposed to applied, research decreased by half.

Moreover, applied research has become increasingly important in the universities which have traditionally remained free to support new ideas and their testing. Recently, in order to maintain themselves against rising costs (or so they rationalize, perhaps), universities have accepted more and more contracts for applied research. According to a report prepared by Dr. Vannevar Bush in 1945, basic research received 70 per cent of all the funds devoted to research by universities before World War II. This contrasts sadly with a recent estimate derived from the report of the National Science Foundation

that basic research now accounts for only 35 per cent of universities' research funds.

One remedy would be to give more money directly to scientists for themselves, rather than for special projects. The federal government has already begun this on a small scale, although we apparently lag far behind the Russians. Such a system would have its weaknesses in this country, as it undoubtedly has in Russia. Its mistakes would be more obvious and perhaps more wasteful than those of the present system. But if we had more failures, we might also have more new knowledge. Certainly we will have no new knowledge at all unless we continue to foster ideas which shake present beliefs. Prophets have warned us. John Dewey told us "every great advance of science has issued from a new audacity of imagination." And Whitehead wrote that "every great idea sounds like nonsense when first propounded."

During the planning of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, someone asked Dr. Simon Flexner, who was one of the chief architects of modern medicine:

"Are you going to allow your men to make fools of themselves at your Institute?"

As it turned out the Rockefeller Institute made many more discoveries than fools, but the freedom to make a fool surely contributed to its extraordinary success. Scientists at the Rockefeller Institute were given full support to pursue their own work in their own ways. Unfortunately, this system had almost no imitators (except in Russia) and even the Rockefeller Institute departed in later years from its original principle. Today we badly need not only new institutes of the kind it was, but new freedom to pursue strange ideas. And scientists themselves must encourage each other to think brazenly and experiment boldly.

When I read about the now-primitive treatments practiced by our predecessors in medicine a hundred years ago, I cannot refrain from smiling at some of their fatuous remedies. My smile includes a little pity for them because they knew so little and some pleasure for us because we have come so far. Then I hope that a hundred years from now, some medical descendant will read our books with similar pleasure for similar reasons. If he does, this supposes that we in our time have remained humble about our knowledge and receptive to the new ideas which will furnish the justification for his pity. May it not be said of us: "No man having drunk old wine, straightway desireth new; for he saith 'The old is better'."



By LAURENCE LAFORE

Drawings by Frederick E. Banberry

## *Elephants have the right of way*

A middle-aged and light-hearted safari through country where motels are replacing Mau Maus . . . pygmies drive a hard bargain by the Coca-Cola stand . . . and native tom-toms call the hotel guests to dinner.

ONE of the pleasant consequences of the American tourist upon whom the sun never sets is a new form of American snobbery expressed in such remarks as, "I am so glad you like the coffee. I have it specially roasted by a little man I discovered in the Kärntnerstrasse." Or, "So you come from San Francisco? I once visited there. It rather reminded me of Lisbon—with a touch of Istanbul."

For practical purposes, one of the best subjects for travel snobbery today is the heart of Africa. Almost everybody is likely to be dazzled by a reference to something which happened to you when you were "on safari in Uganda." This is because very few people outside of Africa know what the word *safari* means. Americans generally associate it with big game, but in fact it is just the Swahili for *trip*. The last safari I was on (it was also the first) was in a Chevrolet station wagon. The only game we saw was in the zoo-like national parks of East Africa and the Belgian Congo, and we loaded our trusty 35-mm's with color film.

My party consisted of two middle-aged adults, an older aunt, and a fifteen-year-old boy, and the only discomfort any of us suffered was mild

dysentery due to a surfeit of boiled Brussels sprouts. To be sure, in the travel brochure which they sent us beforehand there was a photograph of a rhinoceros with the caption, "You, too, can take a picture like this, with little danger." The choice of adverb provided a gratifying sense of adventure, but it turned out that there was no danger at all. (There was also, I am sorry to say, no rhinoceros.)

A safari can be arranged as easily, though not as cheaply, as a conducted tour of Europe. For something over a thousand dollars four people can be provided with a station wagon, driver, gas, hotel rooms and meals, and seventeen days of comfortable travel over moderately good gravel roads. If you'd rather drive yourself, this can be arranged too, and the Royal East African Automobile Association in Nairobi (membership fee very modest for AAA members) will help you with maps and reservations. They'll also supply you with a plaque for your car saying EAK (East Africa Kenya), which will look a lot more dashing in the Connecticut suburbs than a plain old GB or F.

The formalities are nothing very formidable. When you arrive in Nairobi, twelve hours by air from Rome and a major center for safari departures, you have to fill out a fairly elaborate form guaranteeing that you have no firearms. You also have to make the choice (check one) of describing yourself as a European, an African, or an Asian. This is rather confusing for an American. I wrote "none," but this just made the officials angry. In Kenya, you have to be one of the three. I asked what would be the



proper thing to write if I were an American Negro, but no one would tell me.

The first things most tourists are concerned with are the currency (in East Africa, a hundred cents equals one shilling, strangely enough) and the weather. The weather in Kenya, Uganda, and the eastern Congo is generally excellent. There is a rainy season in April and May but at other times most of the places you visit on a safari out of Nairobi have a climate which is a cross between Havana in December and Denver in July. Most of this part of Africa is very high—four to ten thousand feet—so the weather is dry and bracing. Occasionally, at the lower altitude, it gets muggy. The only place where it seemed to me uncomfortable was in a town called Kisumu, which was like New York in August. I asked the hotel proprietress if you could swim in Lake Victoria Nyanza, which was alluringly visible from my hotel room. You can't, she told me, because of the hippopotamuses.

#### LIZARD NETS AND EARLY TEA

ANOTHER thing a tourist might worry about is snakes and insects. We never saw any snakes except stuffed, in the natural history museum in Nairobi. There were insects in Kisumu and a few other places, but nothing worse than you'd find at a south Jersey resort with a land breeze. Some of the hotels have mosquito netting over the beds, but they also have soothing notices to the effect that this is an added service for the guest and not really necessary to prevent malaria. In some of the other places, at higher altitudes, there were a good many lizards, mainly bright blue and yellow and about ten inches long. It is a little annoying to have lizards scampering over the bed at night, but there are usually lizard nets.

The accommodations on our safari varied a good deal, but on the whole they were remarkably civilized. In three weeks or more, with most nights passed in different hotels, we had private bathrooms every night. Some of the bathtubs were fuller of spiders than is usual in luxury hotels, but all of them had hot water, of a rich brown color, for at least an hour a day. The electricity usually went on promptly at 7:00 P. M. and stayed on sometimes as late as eleven. The guests rooms in most of the hotels are installed in motel-like buildings around lavish gardens, usually built of concrete (to keep the wild life out, presumably) and decorated along very Olde Englishe lines. The effect is of a row of suburban garages done up in chintz.

The service at all the hotels is copious. Large fleets of local citizens, known as Boys, attend the guest. They are always barefoot, a condition which seems to have some obscure social significance. I heard one of the local Europeans complain in one hotel that the natives were becoming insupportably uppity because the headwaiter had shoes on. The Boys invariably wear starched white togas reaching to the ankles, with fezzes and sashes of red or green. The effect is curiously stylized; and so is the service the Boys provide. They turn down every bed in every hotel in East Africa at precisely 6:00 P. M., and they turn it down even if a guest happens to be taking a nap in it at the time. At precisely seven-thirty in the morning they bring Early Tea. The tea is thrust through the mosquito netting, even though the Bwana or Mem sahib is asleep and protests violently that he wants to stay that way. At the same time, Boy asks for the guests' Shoesies to remove them for polishing.

One man whom I met in the Mweya Safari Lodge in Elizabeth National Park told me that he hated Early Tea and finally, after repeated failures to prevent it from being served, made a scene. Head Boys were summoned. Lists of Useful Phrases in Swahili were invoked. Gestures were made, and feet stamped. The next day he received no Early Tea but neither, he learned later, did anybody else in the hotel.

The food in British East Africa is, unhappily, English. At its best, which is rarely achieved, it tastes like something in the Railway Station Buffet of a small English town. One begins, typically, with the brown gravy soup, proceeds, via boiled whitefish dressed with something unjustifiable out of a bottle, to boiled pork garnished with boiled potatoes, mashed potatoes, and roast potatoes. In more sophisticated hostleries the main course may be a poor club steak described as an *entrecôte*, covered with a peculiar



green paste entitled *béarnaise*. A good many of the menus, even at the simplest hotels, are in French. I felt the full force of the dictum of a friend of mine who says that menus in French are the gastronomic equivalent of pancake make-up; whenever you find one outside a French-speaking country, you are almost certainly in for a bad meal.

The most striking thing about all the meals (and about all the drinks too) is that they show absolutely no trace of Africa. The Africans must have eaten something before the Europeans came, but no vestige of it appears on a "European" table or, so far as I could see, in a native market. Aside from excellent fresh pineapple and rather soapy papaw, all the food is of purely temperate origin, and even the pineapple and papaw are said to have been brought by the Europeans. Since the meals are prepared by Africans, one is led to the awesome conclusion that somebody must have sat down and *taught* the chef how to make the mutton taste like that. It is a remarkable sidelight on the expansion of Western civilization: English tastes in food prevail throughout much of the world because the English brought not only the Brussels sprouts but also the guns.

#### AN ORGY OF MODERNISM

**I**N MOST of the places where Western culture has struck, it has struck with the same thoroughness as in the hotel kitchens. There are, to be sure, ample quantities of brightly plumaged natives who seem exceptionally adept at outfitting themselves in vivid but harmonious colors. But the costumes they wear are fundamentally European. The men have shirts and shorts, the women skirts, scarves, and kerchiefs, worn in such unexpected and agreeable color combinations as blue and orange, or yellow and magenta. Most of the textiles come from Europe or sometimes the Far East—I looked at labels in the markets. Only the color sense is indigenous.

African villages, as everyone knows, consist of huts of mud and thatch built in conical shapes, and they look uncommonly handsome scattered about on distant hillsides, like colonies of gigantic mushrooms. But in some places the huts are now being prefabricated in sheet steel. And where there are trading posts, there are always Coca-Cola signs and gas pumps.

The towns in Kenya, Uganda, and the eastern Congo which we passed through all had a very similar appearance—and a character for which I was entirely unprepared. They looked like



Wyoming cow towns designed by an incompetent disciple of Mies van der Rohe. Almost every town we saw seemed to be brand-new and freezing modernistic. Girt by a suburban belt of thatched huts and villas which look as if they belonged in Florida, the centers of the towns are lined with second-hand car dealers and rows of plate glass, chromium plate, and cement block façades.

Nairobi, the capital of Kenya and the metropolis of East Africa, is the most grandiose exhibit in this orgy of modernism. Situated on a large and empty plateau lavishly adorned with flowering shrubs, its downtown area is improbably supplied with young skyscrapers scattered among empty lots, as if they had been transported from America and dropped haphazardly on the African landscape. Individually, the buildings are undistinguished. Taken together they give the impression of an enormous suburban shopping center abandoned half-finished.

In every way, Nairobi makes a peculiar impression on the visitor. For one thing, it is one of the youngest and the most opulent cities of its size in the world. In the 1890s it didn't exist; now its more than a hundred thousand inhabitants may find there anything a well-heeled vacationer in Miami might require—German cameras, Swedish crystal, Wedgwood ware, French perfume, Cadillacs, and Dior dresses. The shops are mostly presided over by exquisitely dressed and accented Englishwomen. Mingling with the African population in the streets is a small but conspicuous assortment (about 5 per cent, at a guess) of "Europeans," all tanned to a delicate European bisque and all beautifully dressed *pour le sport*. The palpable contrast between these people, who seem to be wealthy holiday-makers, and those who seem to be natives, combined with the splendid holiday weather and the holiday shops, evokes the atmosphere of a wealthy resort with an unsettling quality of impermanence. One feels that in a few months the season will end, the opulent shops will be boarded up, and the sportive vacationers will go back to their homes, leaving the city to its own people.



Here and there a few coils of rusty barbed wire left over from the recent unpleasantness with the Mau Mau remind one that this impression is not entirely fanciful.

#### MEETING THE MAU MAU

**M**AU MAU, along with snakes and insects, is something which might worry travelers. In the belief that the trouble was all over, I had not even considered it until I received, on the eve of my departure from Europe, a cable from my aunt who was already in Africa. "Do not," she wired, "worry about Mau Mau. Am assured present difficulties unlikely to affect tourists."

This comforting message naturally had a rather disturbing effect on the rest of us. When we reached Nairobi we agreed that it was preferable not to mention the awful words. But it was hard to avoid all reference to the matter, especially as we gathered that there had been in fact a recrudescence of the trouble. The first night in town, while we were strolling along the main street, a frantic dark shape emerged from an alley and brushed by us at a run.

"Mercy," my sister said, keeping a firm grasp on our taboo in the midst of her perturbation, "for a moment I thought it was the Dread Yum Yum."

The Dread Yum Yum remained in our private vocabularies, but it also remained invisible—until the first day of our safari. At our request, the driver had stopped in a village to permit us to photograph the highly photogenic children. Children and parents obligingly clustered around and on receiving the regular stipend of a shilling a photograph, smiled and waved with great enthusiasm as we drove off. Still waving back, we remarked to our driver on the extreme affability of the populace. "Yes, yes," he said, grinning, "everybody Mau Mau here."

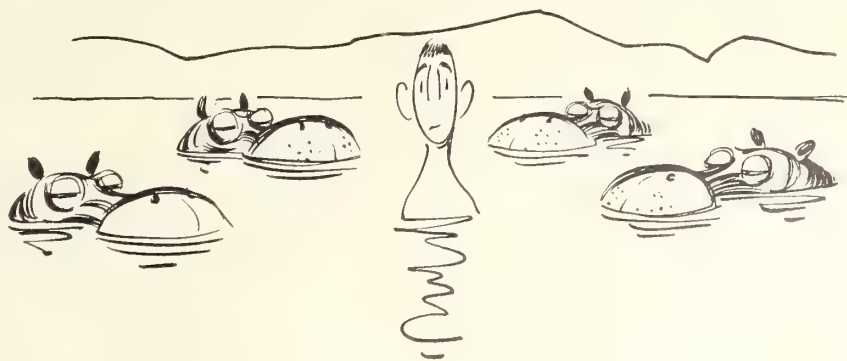
There may be a recrudescence of Mau Mau indeed, but it doesn't seem to affect tourists.

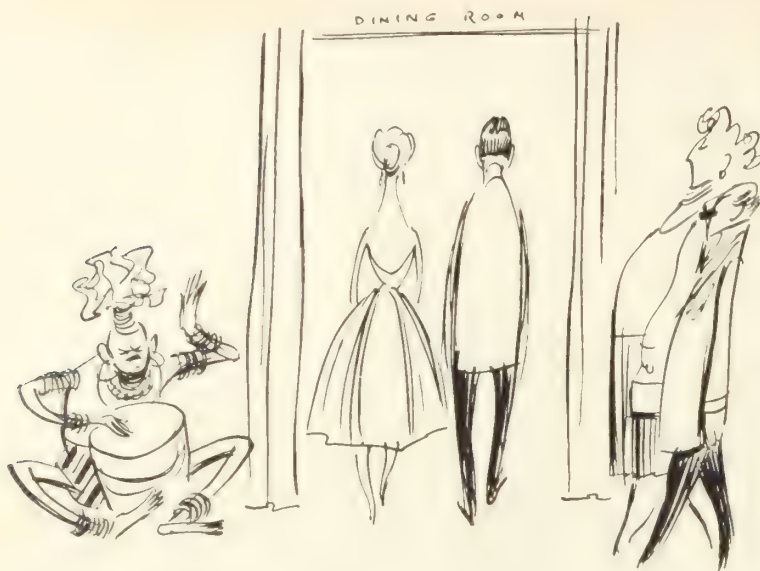
Far from Nairobi and the Yum Yum trouble is Kampala, the capital of Uganda. Kampala is no less relentlessly modern than Nairobi, but it has more charm and a less resort-like atmosphere. It is built amphitheatrically on the side of a valley, so that a green and pleasant hillside closes the prospect of almost all its streets. A spire or minaret decorates each hilltop. And since Uganda is an African country, with African landowners and an African government, one has the more relaxed feeling that it is not constructed for the edification of visitors. It is surprising to find this handsome concrete monument to the construction methods of the twentieth century in the center of Africa. Most people in America have never heard of it, and I recommend, as a good line for the travel snob, the conclusion I reached after spending two days there: "Of course, Kampala is the only place I would care to *live* in East Africa." One might also buy a Uganda telephone book (one shilling at any post office) and keep it by the phone along with the Manhattan and the Westchester County.

#### THE PYGMY DANCE

**T**HE serious tourist must be prepared to find in East Africa none of the things which he is accustomed to look for in Europe or Asia. Here are no layers of civilization, no processes of evolving taste and intellect memorialized in stone or on paper or canvas. In Safari-land there are two cultures, side by side, and both quite static. There is the West, with a strong American accent handily symbolized by the ubiquitous gas station, movie theater, and soft-drink advertisements. It is a West with no past, a West of sewage disposal plants, hospitals, automobiles, and the dreadful caricature of European cooking. And there is the tribal culture of Africa, now submerged, distorted, and obscured from the casual traveler.

If the tribal cultures retain any artistic or intellectual fecundities, they are matters for





lachrymose anthropologists. What is left, for the traveler, is an enormous variety of curios: animals, highly stylized and carved in ebony; ivory charms and—startlingly—crucifixes; ritual masks; waistcoats made of lion skin; and coffee tables made of elephants' legs; all of them obviously wrought on order from large curio-enterprisers. A good many of these fraudulent artifacts have charm (not including the elephant-leg coffee tables) but none of them show creative vigor.

Native tom-toms, one is told, are still used for purposes of communication. But the only one I heard was beaten (with considerable skill) as a sort of protracted dinner gong in a hotel. To the places where the old civilization still has any vigor it is neither convenient nor prudent for the traveler to penetrate, and the things that are put on for show are grotesquely and pathetically phony. One of the principal features of our safari was a Pygmy Dance, to view which we traveled something like a thousand miles across country. It will give some idea of the attractions of the Pygmy Dance, and also of the sort of thing one goes through to get to it, to quote from my journal part of the entry written on the evening after we saw it.

March 10. Ruwenzori Hotel, Mutwanga, Belgian Congo.

Yesterday, long, long trip starting with Famous Kabasha Escarpment Road, remarkable engineering achievement, undesirable for acrophobes. . . . Local population along roads (Africans must walk along roads more than anybody else) looked handsome. They saluted us, as they have ever since we entered the Congo, when they saw we were Europeans. Wish they wouldn't. Eventually reached a

place called Beni, put up at Ruwenzori Hotel (not to be confused with present Ruwenzori Hotel, which is utterly different). Town evoked far-off Western water-tank town. . . .

Departure gratefully taken at usual hour of 8:45 A. M. Drive to Ituri Forest, some miles off, to View Pygmies, in words of the itinerary. Car stopped in center of forest, attended by large numbers of normal-sized Africans. Pause to refresh ourselves at large and very modern Coca-Cola stand installed in jungle clearing. Normal-sized Africans then led us further into forest, via narrow path. Pygmy leader appeared. About four foot six (guide book says they are not really Pygmies, but pygmoid; wish

somebody had explained this in advance), half-nude, and very withered. Prolonged negotiations concerning fee for Pygmy Dance, with driver and normal-sized Africans acting as interpreters. Finally agreed on four hundred francs (\$8.00). Other Pygmies then appeared. About twenty. Small drum set up and beaten lackadaisically by youthful Pygmy. Other Pygmies trotted morosely around it in a rough circle for about twenty minutes. All half-nude, mostly elderly. Wizen. Epicene. Only interesting aspect was stoic behavior of normal-sized Africans, who seemed to feel that Pygmies and sight-seers were about equally grotesque and equally uninteresting.

#### BEASTS AT CLOSE RANGE

THE real attraction of a modern safari. I think, is for those who like zoos. And this attraction is quite great enough to make the trip worthwhile. The wild game is diminishing now, as Africa is tamed by agricultural improvements and automobiles, but in the great national parks there is enough of it to satisfy the most voracious zoo patron. For those who like this sort of thing at all there is an incomparable thrill in having to slow down to allow a herd of zebra to get off the road, or in seeing a big road sign in the Queen Elizabeth Park, in Uganda:

"Elephants have the Right of Way."

It is incalculably exciting to see one's first wild giraffe nibbling serenely at a tree top.

The unbelievable accessibility of these sights is due to the fact that the animals do not react to cars. As a consequence, the visitor is perfectly safe, so long as he doesn't get out of the car,





within twenty feet of a lion; and the lion, knowing that *he* is perfectly safe, will not bother to move away. Neither will a hippopotamus or a water buffalo. Most of the horned animals, topi and gnu and waterbuck and their innumerable relatives, are a little less approachable; they are likely to run if a car comes closer than fifty feet. And wart hogs are extraordinarily skittish; they caper off with their oddly graceful lope when you approach nearer than a hundred feet of them.

Giraffes are among the most satisfactory of all; they often crane their necks down to the car to get a good look at their admirers. And if you approach an elephant standing at the water's edge by motorboat—which you can do in the Queen Elizabeth National Park—you can sometimes come within fifteen feet of him without having him show the slightest awareness of the boat's presence. Except for the wart hogs, almost all the animals will merely lift their heads to stare as you drive by them. This has a curious effect on the visitor: one has an almost irresistible tendency to *wave* at the animals. It seems rude not to.

The animals are, naturally and properly, the principal sight around which safaris are organized. (It is also possible, but expensive and exhausting to go on a hunting safari.) The national parks, which allow no hunting but have guides especially trained to seek out the better animals, are managed with the interests of the sight-seer in mind. And they preserve something more than animals for the visitor; they also preserve the countryside as it was before the

Europeans came. In their enormous extent one has a clearer picture than anywhere else of what the word Africa used to mean.

Where Western civilization has touched it, the landscape is not only marked with cars and gas stations, it is also made modern and familiar by cultivation. East African scenery is enormously varied, but outside of the parks, much of it looks like some place else. For hundreds of miles the banana plantations are reminiscent of the West Indies. A sudden rise will bring you to wheat fields and man-made forests planted in rows which convey a mad impression of the Ile de France. In spots, around Lake Victoria, where there are tea fields on the hills, the country is said to look like Kashmir. But in the parks, where no forester or farmer has been at work, the landscape is specifically African; it could not be anywhere else.

For the most part the land is semi-arid uplands, vast and not quite flat expanses of Sudan grass, cut by wooded gulches and punctuated by thorn bushes and occasional trees of bizarre and lovely shape. These are, with the prairies, the pampas, the veldt, and the steppes, among the great natural grasslands of the world, but they resemble nothing but themselves. The change, for example, when one enters the Nairobi park, is very sudden. One leaves the willows and the cornfields and the suburban flower gardens, and one is in Africa. There are the giraffes and cheetahs and zebras, and there are also the brown grass and the odd, scattered trees, and the distant mountains.

There is Africa, what is left of it.



# BIX

## *and his lost music*

By RALPH BERTON

*Drawings by Michael Train*



LEON BISMARCK BEIDERBECKE, better known as Bix, was born in Davenport, Iowa, in 1903, and died in New York City in 1931, aged twenty-eight years. In that short lifetime, less than a third of what the actuarial tables allow the average man, Bix achieved a permanent place as one of the great jazz trumpet (or, to be pedantic, cornet) players of all time.

At the time of his death, real jazz, "righteous jazz," the kind Bix played, was still in the catacombs, listened to with understanding only by other musicians and a few faithful "alligators"—what we would call hipsters or "jazz buffs" today. The general public did not so much ignore jazz as swallow it without tasting, along with the rest of the "popular" mélange—"novelty" ditties and other Tin Pan Alley junk, syrupy ballroom waltzes, European-derived show tunes, commercial dance music, and so on—for during the so-called Jazz Age nearly all contemporary American "entertainment" music was indiscriminately called jazz.

So meaningless had the term become by the mid-'twenties that the players and lovers of real jazz had to find themselves a new word; we called it *hot* (adjective and noun), and, a little later, *swing*. Only within the past fifteen years or so, under the ceaseless hammering of the jazz critics, aficionados, and jazz-record entrepreneurs, has it begun to be generally recognized that there is a distinct musical entity called jazz, different from the musical chewing gum that is the staple merchandise of the mass-entertainment media; and even today many people are but

dimly conscious of what the differences are.

As awareness of jazz has spread, however, the names in its previously rather private Hall of Fame have naturally become better known, including those belonging to what is now thought of as its Golden Age—in particular, Bix. In the crucial eight years of his life, which were also his last, Bix had earned the admiration of most of the musicians and had begun to gather a coterie of others as well. His untimely death contributed to the growth of a legend; collecting his recordings became something of a cult. Still his fame was an esoteric one, and might have remained so but for one ironic circumstance—the publication, in 1938, of a melodramatic novel that had literally nothing to do with Bix.

The book was Dorothy Baker's *Young Man with a Horn*. In a foreword the author, with praiseworthy scruple, went out of her way to explain that it was NOT a *roman à clef*: "The inspiration for the writing of this book has been *the music, but not the life*, of . . . Bix Beiderbecke." (Italics mine.) The text fully confirms her statement. Neither factually nor psychologically does her hero resemble Bix. (In due course the inevitable Hollywood version appeared, with a hero who resembled neither.)

The reading public paid no attention to Miss Baker's disclaimer. In the book's heyday as a best seller, I often wondered whether anyone but me had bothered to read that foreword; at any rate it was clear that no one remembered it. (Even Leonard Feather's excellent *Encyclopedia of Jazz*, I find, actually misquotes Miss Baker on



this point, unwittingly perpetuating the popular error; and Barry Ulanov's *A Handbook of Jazz* falls face down into the trap, calling *Young Man with a Horn* "Dorothy Baker's portrait of Bix Beiderbecke.") Not only was it taken for granted that Bix had "lived" Miss Baker's story; what was really grotesque was that henceforth poor Bix would forever be known as "the young man with a horn."

Those of us who knew Bix during his lifetime can only shudder at what that profane and sardonic young man would have said about that posthumous title.\* The public, of course, would rather have an "interesting" myth than a bleak fact any day, but the curious thing is that Bix's real personality was far more interesting than the mythical one. That Bix, of all people, should be stuck with the sentimental, pseudo-tragic, Whitmanesque, cinema-palace poetics of that unfortunate phrase, *Young Man with a Horn*, is raising the irony to the second or third power: jazz, a notoriously unsentimental music, had perhaps its least sentimental exponent in Mr. Beiderbecke, and to point out this howling paradox is, I feel, the very least that a lifelong admirer of both can do. For, as it happens, Bix was a childhood hero of mine, whom I had the privilege of worshipping at point-blank range.

#### SHOOTING BULLETS AT A BELL

**S**ELDOM have I known an artist with a lower opinion of his own work than Bix Beiderbecke, or a more caustic contempt for anyone imprudent enough to admire it in his presence. When I was twelve years old I was all admiration and very little prudence—and I was constantly in his presence. I passed an entire summer with Bix and the band he then played with, the Wolverines. I lived with them at Miller Beach, Indiana—it was the summer of 1923 or '24—and at the end of the season drove to New York with them. For a number of weeks I had Bix as my roommate, and spent as much time as possible hanging about after him. It must have been a trying time for Bix.

There was not much he could do about it, as my big brother Vic was the manager of the band, and where Vic went I went. Students of early jazz will recognize the name Vic Berton; to other readers I had better explain that Vic was a celebrated musician in his own right, far more so at that era than the as-yet-unknown Bix.

\*It is only fair to point out that the title did not originate with Miss Baker; she had picked it up from an article by Otis Ferguson written in 1936.

An intimate memoir of the most brilliant of all jazz trumpeters . . . his troubles with women, marijuana, and soap . . . and his private, unrecorded passion for the piano.

Vic later gained further fame as the spectacular drummer in Red Nichols' Five Pennies; he played with Paul Whiteman and other big-time commercial dance orchestras, and ended his days in California alternating between the Hollywood studios and the Los Angeles Philharmonic and other respectable long-hair organizations. All this, of course, will explain how I came to know Bix in the first place.

I was a precocious nuisance of a familiar kind, the Child Performer, born into a family of musicians and vaudevillians, brought up on the road, living out of wardrobe trunks, innocent of conventional disciplines, and hopelessly beyond the reach of truant officers. I learned to play drums at the age of eight or so, and since I was gifted with a good ear and plenty of enthusiasm, it was assumed that I would follow in my famous brother's footsteps, a sort of Crown Prince of the percussion kingdom.

It was some time in the spring of 1923, I think, when brother Vic came home one afternoon (we were living in Chicago then) with a test recording whose blank white label said merely "Fidgety Feet. The Wolverines." He wound up the Victrola, and said with that smug air which announced great revelations, "Sid-down, guy—I want you to hear a cornet player."

Any reader with a musical ear who has never heard this recording should at this point, if possible, lay down this magazine and go and listen to it (Riverside 12-123 LP). He will then be in a better position to appreciate my emotions as I was assailed for the first time by that pure, ringing Beiderbecke tone ("like shooting bullets at a bell" was my first, felicitous phrase for it), that uniquely precise yet offhand, almost negligent accent, at once dry and unaccountably tender. In the two and a half minutes it took to play the record, the conquest was complete. To my excited questions, Vic happily replied, "I'm managing the band."

Bix in the flesh, as he appeared at the first rehearsal of the Wolverines under their new management, did nothing to weaken the impression made by Bix on record. On the contrary—like many jazz musicians, he never played his best on records.

The exigencies of recording—and they were

much more oppressive in those days—brought out one of Bix's fundamental difficulties, an irrational resentment of any form of discipline, however necessary, except the self-discipline of his own art. This resentment included the recording equipment and studio, the well-intentioned men who operated them, the three-minute limitation on performance, being told to play louder or softer or where to stand, and of course the ungodly hour of ten in the morning (then the standard recording time)—usually referred to by musicians as “the middle of the night.”

The impression remains with me that Bix seldom entered a recording studio without a chip on his shoulder—and that he detested the results as much as he did the session. Certainly he never succeeded in putting on shellac the sustained brilliance of his personal performance—and sustained it was, for Bix, like Bach, was nearly always at the peak of his own high creative standard.

The foregoing may come as something of a blow to the Beiderbecke admirers who only learned of his existence after he was dead, and have heard him only in his recordings—most of which, by the way, I believe, Bix would willingly have destroyed. To them I hasten to say that though Bix on wax cannot compare with Bix “live,” Bix on wax will still stand up to any jazz records in the world. Though his records are a long way from the superb poetry of what Bix played in person, they do suggest it to a discerning listener. And besides, they are all we have.

#### MUSIC, SAND, AND MOSQUITOES

AS I recollect, the first regular engagement my brother Vic secured for the Wolverines was for the summer of 1924 (or was it '23?) at the Gary Municipal Beach Pavilion (Miller Beach, Indiana). Vic, the band, and I lived there in cottages among the dunes; and I had little to do all summer long but follow Bix around. Day-times I was at every rehearsal; six nights a week, from seven in the evening to one in the morning, I was glued to a chair hard by the bandstand where I could watch his every expression while his music seared my receptive soul; the rest of the time I did the best I could.

No adult can hope to recapture the full intensity and purity of a childhood passion of this kind. Even in the “highest” adult love there is an inevitable ingredient of self-interest. But the uncompromising, uncalculating love of



childhood asks nothing but the permission to worship. Across the gulf of three and a half decades, I can recall only isolated details—the ecstatic thrill when my hero ripped off an especially ravishing chorus; the anxiety when he started on his Prohibition alcohol-and-orange juice too early in the day; my happiness when I could manage to do something for him (find a misplaced mouthpiece, remember the name or phone number of some fair admirer of the night before), or when he would awaken in a good humor and could be persuaded to go for a swim in the lake. But my proudest, my most agitating moments came when the Wolverines' regular drummer, Vic Moore, was too hung over to show up for rehearsal, or else too busy chasing some young thing to earth, and my brother Vic happened to be unavailable—and I would be allowed to sit in on drums, *faute de mieux*, behind my idol.

How Bix felt about my drumming I can't really say. He never to my recollection complained—but I am bound to add that the Wolverines were, in that respect, a singularly uncomplaining lot. The band could have stood a lot of improving, for it was, except for Bix, woefully uneven; but no matter how sloppily drummer Vic Moore rushed the tempo during breaks, no matter how many clinkers George Johnson, the tenor sax man, hit, it would no more have occurred to Dick Voynow (piano and nominal leader) to replace them on that account than it would occur to you to replace your little boy because he makes mistakes in spelling. They played together because they enjoyed it, and accepted each other's weaknesses as part of the game. And since Vic Berton was now part of the scene and I, so to speak, was part of Vic Berton, I presume they accepted me as one of the unavoidable features of the Miller Beach job, like sand and mosquitoes.

Even Bix, who treated me rather tartly as a rule, in the end accepted me in his own offhand way—by giving me my first drag of *muta*, as marijuana was then called by Chicago musicians.



That happened one afternoon as I clung recklessly to the running board of the "family" auto, a hopped-up open touring car (I think it was a Reo) while it careened madly around the dunes. The car was full of Wolverines, the Wolverines were full of alcohol and *muta*; Bix, passing the "weed" around, remarked morosely, "Hell, he's always with the band anyhow, he might as well get high," and held it up to my lips while I solemnly and self-consciously took a deep, professional-looking inhalation. I felt I had arrived.

#### BORN HOMELESS

**W**E DROVE to New York at the summer's end, a slightly demented cavalcade with scarcely enough between us for gas, oil, and hamburgers. To me it was a glorious odyssey, fitfully lit by the radiance of great jazz: on the road every joint with a piano became a wayside shrine as the boys, always ready to blow, would edify the startled bystanders with an impromptu jam session while (in one instance) a bewildered proprietor let the hamburgers burn.

It is legendary now that Bix virtually slept with his cornet. I can testify that it was never far from him, day or night. A grim, fanatic perfectionist in his craft, Bix seldom let even a pause for a tankful of gas go by without putting his horn together and running a few triplet exercises; and when the highway was smooth he would frequently sit in his corner of the back seat, practicing or blowing the blues. On one memorable all-night run through the Alleghenies, crawling down the eastern slopes in second gear, Bobby Gillette (banjo) and a couple of the other boys joined in a starlit serenade—one that continued on into the dawn, greatly to the astonishment of a string of black-visaged miners coming off their shift as we rolled through a little coal town at sunrise.

All stops included, our trip from Indiana to New York must have consumed some three weeks—most of them spent in bucolic bliss at the magnificent country house near Keuka Lake, New York, of a rich boy fanatically devoted to jazz and the Wolverines, who financed the rest of our journey into Manhattan.

While waiting for their first New York engagement (at the Cinderella Ballroom) to begin, the various members of the band holed up as they could—bunking with other musicians in crummy hotels and furnished rooms. Bix stayed with us and shared my bed. (As Alexander Woollcott observed, the child's room is always the guest room.)

Two things stand out in my memory from this glorious time, when for some weeks or months (I can no longer remember how long it really was) the immortal Bix lived in our home. One was Bix's piano-playing; the other was the silent struggle that took place between him and my mother—it was really *her* apartment—on the matter of hygiene.

My mother, the only member of my immediate family who was not a performer or musician, had spent most of her life backstage, watching over the rest of us. Temperamentally a lady of virtually unlimited tolerances, she had seen in her time a remarkable assortment of house guests, but she very nearly drew the line at Bix.

Not that Bix ever misbehaved; for though there is no doubt that he was an alcoholic, he was definitely not what you call a drunk. His capacity was phenomenal, but no matter how much he drank he always retained a kind of hard core of sobriety that no amount of alcohol could dissolve. The thing that bothered my mother was that Bix simply hated to wash.

Some human beings seem almost to have been born homeless. Many seamen are like that—seamen, cowboys, tramps—restless, rootless, never forming any strong attachments anywhere. Even when they happen to live in one place for a while, the place always has a kind of temporary air.

Bix seems to me to have been one of these unhappy creatures. I could never picture him with a wife and children. And for reasons obscurely connected with his rootlessness, he always exhibited a deep resistance to the social obligation to keep himself clean. It was as if he never had anyone to keep himself clean *for*. Very often, when he staggered in at six in the morning, he managed to look like a bedraggled alley cat whom only a professional humanitarian would befriend. He slept in his socks and his BVDs, avoided changing them as long as possible and, like many alcoholics, was profoundly suspicious of water in any form and for any purpose.

Now, it is a fact that I never even became aware of these shortcomings in my hero until my poor mother pointed them out—which was all the more extraordinary because, as it happened, I was at that age going through something like a hygienic neurosis, bathing four times a day, spending hours over every toenail, etc. This caused my mother to remark that obviously love not only was blind but also wore a clothespin on its nose. And she concluded that, since I was the one who was sleeping with him, I ought to be the one to inform him—as tactfully as possible—

that a daily bath was part of the house rules. Of course nothing in the world would have made me do it—not even when she replied that in that case she must do it herself.

I found the imagined scene too painful to contemplate, but the reality, when it arrived, was prosaic enough. My mother simply said to Bix, "Bix darling, you're terribly dirty. You must bathe and change your clothes at once."

The skies did not tumble. Bix behaved exactly like a sullen schoolboy, and my mother ended the matter by leading him firmly into the bathroom and refusing to let him out until he obeyed. Bix was not even embarrassed—only resentful. So much for imaginary terrors.

Another delicate scene was threatened when, one morning, I awoke to discover *two* guests in my bed—Bix, and a female fan snoring alcoholically into my face, an octave higher than my hero, and looking not much cleaner. Again my mother thundered that the Line must be Drawn, but nothing came of it, and shortly afterward Bix got his first salary and moved to a Times Square fleabag.

#### MAD PRINCE

**B**IX'S departure took from my life something far more important than the bouquet of unwashed linen. Nearly every day, while he lived with us, he sat for hours at the piano, improvising—and for me as a listener the experience was unique. Whenever I think of Bix, it is about his piano playing that I think first.

I wonder how many of his admirers in the world of jazz today realize that Bix's most astounding flights of musical imagination occurred not on trumpet but on piano, and that, by comparison, his trumpet-playing was restricted in scope and depth. There is no way now to demonstrate the truth of that statement; for if the cream of Bix's *horn* improvisations was never captured on wax, it may be said that of his *piano* improvisation, which was much more sublime, hardly a bubble remains. There *is* one record, well known to jazz fans—"In a Mist"—which preserves Bix's piano genius for us in about the same degree that an X-ray picture of Marilyn Monroe's chest gives us Marilyn Monroe. But there is nothing at all that even faintly renders the reality of Bix's unfettered improvisation at the keyboard; and this is one of the major losses of jazz history.

\**The Bix Beiderbecke Story*, Columbia CL844, -845, -846.

It would be idle to attempt to describe it. I can say only that it more than once moved this listener to baffled tears, that its subtlety and variety were seemingly infinite, that the way it modulated between Debussy-esque nuance and the dirtiest cathouse stomp had an impact I had never experienced before and have never since.

The reason why none of this was ever captured on records is simple enough. Bix was unhappy even about recording on trumpet; on piano, he found it impossible. On trumpet, though he was perpetually dissatisfied, he did at least consider himself a professional, justified in accepting wages for work done; on piano he regarded himself as such a wretched fumbler that it was only rarely that he would play at all except in private. As far as I know, the few piano recordings of Bix that exist he was more or less trapped into.

Inadequate as they are, the best of Bix's trumpet records\* do serve to illuminate for us an arresting personality, a personality we can study in slightly different forms in literature—in the characters of Hamlet and of Stephen Dedalus, to name two that suggest themselves. It is true that both Shakespeare's "mad" prince and Joyce's "unclean bard" differed from Bix in being articulate; but that was only a dramatic device, a convenience. Much more to the point was the thing all three had in common—a reckless, melancholy, sardonic wit directed as much against themselves as at the world.

It is probably no accident that both Joyce and Bix were hydrophobes; it was part of their rejection of a world that soaped and scrubbed its outward aspect and left the inward essence to putrefy in peace. Though Bix, unlike Joyce, had neither the need nor the ability to formulate in words his chilling contempt for the philistine world that was so briefly his prison, his artist eye saw through that world's banalities with pitiless clarity; and that vision, I contend, found eloquent expression in his jazz style. The clarity is in Bix's accent, his attack; the wit is in his dynamics, the startling contrasts of "soft-and-loud" within the single melodic sentence; and the melancholy, the all-too-accurate foreboding of early death, are in the bittersweet beauty of his melodic invention, the casual tenderness of his phrasing: "it had a dying fall."

But there was nothing really irrational in Bix's pessimism. Like Hamlet, he was "but mad north-northwest"; when the wind was from the south, he knew a hawk from a handsaw.

\*Riverside 12-123, Columbia CL844, -845, -846.



# WHY LATIN AMERICA DISTRUSTS US

Most of us feel astonished and hurt when our neighbors to the south blame us for their dictators—but often our efforts to protect democracy there have actually strangled it.

**W**HEN Rafael Leonidas Trujillo Molina told the United States government, a few months ago, what it could do with some \$650,000 in proffered military aid, he was very angry—but not at all rash.

The one-time butcher's apprentice, who has run the Dominican Republic as his private hacienda for the past twenty-eight years, could comfortably afford the gesture of spurning further arms shipments from this country. Since 1949, he had already received enough weapons—mostly obsolescent by Pentagon standards, but highly effective for Trujillo's purpose—to keep his 2,325,000 subjects in total subjection and to guard against any attempted invasion by Dominican exiles and their sympathizers.

The *generalísimo's* anger was, of course, occasioned by unkind Congressional comment about the open-handed gallantries of his eldest son, Ramfis. That sportive yachtsman—who heads his father's air force although he does not fly—was forthwith appointed chairman of the Dominican joint chiefs of staff, apparently as a consolation for failing to get a diploma at the U. S. Army's Staff and Command School in Leavenworth, Kansas.

The *opéra bouffe* overtones of such goings-on tend to obscure a deeper and more disturbing fact. Trujillo is not the only Latin-American dictator who has been able to keep the power he took by force, thanks almost exclusively to the military aid he has received from the United

States. He is merely the first and most durable of a long line.

This point, painfully clear to the citizenry of other Western Hemisphere republics, seems to be lost on most Americans—including Richard Nixon. The charge that our policies in Latin America promote dictatorships was heard during and after the Vice President's hectic tour last spring; but the majority of us either discounted it as Communist propaganda or were simply nonplused by such a shocking accusation from our good neighbors.

The State Department helped to distract attention from the real issue by solemnly pointing out that any discrimination against dictators would be tantamount to intervention in the internal affairs of other countries. Yet many Latin Americans argue—with substantial evidence—that our recent practice of signing "mutual defense" pacts with, and supplying military aid to, any regime which takes the anti-Communist pledge is, in practice, the grossest kind of meddling.

When the Pan-American "mutual security" plan was launched by Secretary of State George C. Marshall at the Rio Conference of 1947, only three nations in the Western Hemisphere—Argentina, Nicaragua, and the Dominican Republic—were ruled by dictatorships. Even Perón had gone through the motions of a political campaign and general elections. The following year the U. S. Defense Department began furnishing arms, equipment, and training to the armed forces of the countries which joined the plan. By 1953, military men had ousted the legal governments and seized power for themselves in seven other republics—all recipients of "mutual defense" aid.

They used American weapons to take over, then promptly demanded more to keep them-

selves in control. Such requests were nearly always granted. Cuba, which asked for and got less than \$150,000 worth of military aid in two years under the presidency of Dr. Carlos Prío Socarrás, received nearly twelve times as much in a like period after Fulgencio Batista grabbed the government. Colonel Marcos Pérez Jiménez, overthrown last January after almost a decade as Venezuela's dictator, was given warships, planes, tanks, and artillery valued at more than \$8 million. The 90,000-man Peruvian armed forces were completely re-equipped with quasi-modern armament between 1948 and 1955—the period when General Manuel Odría was ruling the country without benefit of civil mandate.

#### THE RED STRAWMAN

THE pretext for the whole military-aid program is that it strengthens continental defenses against a potential Communist attack. Leaving aside the unanswerable questions raised by ICBMs with nuclear warheads, it is still astounding that such an argument could ever have been put forward with a straight face. Is it conceivable, for instance, that if the Soviet Union undertook to capture South America's Pacific Coast ports, from Buenaventura to Valparaíso, the invasion could be blocked, even momentarily, by the collection of antique gunboats, outmoded submarines, obsolete aircraft, and surplus howitzers we have shipped to that area?

As for native Reds, their number and influence have been vastly overstated. Mr. Nixon informs us that he learned that some South American labor unions are now being infiltrated by Communists. I have, as they say, news for the Vice President: many big unions throughout Latin America have been bossed by Communists for the past quarter of a century or longer.

Yet, generally speaking, the proportion of card-carrying Party members among the rank-and-file of those same unions is lower today than it was, say, fifteen years ago—except perhaps in Venezuela, Peru, and Colombia, where dictatorships, by suppressing the traditional liberal parties for long periods, have nudged some of the disenfranchised into the Red underground.

But even in those countries the totals are negligible and not likely to grow. Union members were conspicuously present in the huge crowds that demonstrated passionately in most Latin-American capitals in 1956 against the Russian rape of Hungary. Communism, as an ideology, has never won a solid foothold in Latin

America—and in any case it can be fought effectively only with political propaganda and economic weapons, not with tanks.

What our blind insistence on carrying out the guns-for-generals program has actually done has been to create doubts about the United States in the minds of Latin-American public figures who were once our stanch allies. The degree to which this has gone varies, naturally, with the man, his personal experiences, and what his country has had to endure. Thus Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela is bitter on the subject, while Colombia's President Alberto Lleras Camargo merely views American policy with wary disapproval. Betancourt spent ten years marking time in exile while Jiménez was dictator; Lleras went home from Washington and spearheaded the movement that finally unhorsed Dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla.

Lleras, who held his first cabinet post at twenty-seven, served as interim chief executive of his country in 1945-46 and then took over the direction of the Pan American Union. With tireless energy, he pushed through reforms which converted that fusty, ornamental agency into the modern, functional Organization of American States.

As Colombia's president-elect, he was present at Bogotá's Techo airport to meet the Nixons on their arrival from Quito, Ecuador, one day last May. The bone-thin, fifty-one-year-old Colombian sat beside them as their car, creeping through the capital's narrow streets toward the Tequendama Hotel, was the target of boos, jeers, and contemptuously flung U. S. coins.

Lleras understood quite well what lay behind the demonstration—exceeded in hostility on that South American tour only by the rougher tactics of students at Lima's San Marcos University, three days earlier, and the explosive violence still to come in Caracas. A newspaperman by profession and an internationalist by long training, he knew just how much of his countrymen's antagonism was directed at Nixon, the political representative, and how much at the flag and fabric of the United States.

"You must remember that Colombians have been through a great deal in the past few years," he remarked, somewhat cryptically. The observation was double-edged—referring at once to the savage strife between Liberals and Conservatives which took upward of 200,000 lives in a decade, and to the hard fact that General Rojas Pinilla could never have kept himself in power for four years without the arms supplied by the United States.



Until that practice is radically modified, we cannot hope to enjoy the full trust of even such men as Lleras Camargo, a thorough-going democrat whose basic sentiments toward us are eminently cordial. We may already have lost permanently the good will of Betancourt, Venezuela's former provisional president, who returned to Caracas from New York a few days after the ouster of Pérez Jiménez.

#### TAKING FRIENDS FOR GRANTED

**A**CLEVER, cultivated politician, Betancourt organized Venezuela's major party—the left-of-center Acción Democrática—and conducted the one free election in the nation's history. That was in 1946. The Acción Democrática slate, running on a markedly New Deal platform, received 68 per cent of the ballots cast—and nine out of every ten eligible voters went to the polls. Betancourt handed the reins of government to an administration headed by Rómulo Gallegos, the country's best-known novelist.

Two years later, the government was overthrown by Pérez Jiménez and his military cohorts. A three-man army junta, acting under martial law, began a wholesale roundup of the legal regime's top executive and congressional leaders. As this got under way, the U.S. Department of State blandly announced "no interruption of normal relations" with Venezuela. And while the mass imprisonment of elected officials was still going on, U. S. oil interests operating in the republic signed a new contract with Pérez Jiménez & Co., incorporating the 50-50 profit split they had refused to grant the Gallegos administration.

In the years that followed, Venezuela's dictatorship used its \$2 million-a-day oil royalties to supplement arms shipments from the United States with the purchase of British military jet aircraft, and raised the pay scales and perquisites of the armed forces to seductive levels. Falangist experts were imported from Spain to organize and train a 15,000-man secret police force. Eventually the jails bulged with more than 18,000 political prisoners, an estimated 20 per cent of whom died behind bars.

Through all this—including the awarding of a medal by Dwight D. Eisenhower to Marcos Pérez Jiménez and public praise for his regime from other high U. S. officials—Betancourt held his peace. The greater part of his exile was spent in New York City, where he lectured at Columbia University and other colleges, wrote a variety of articles, essays, criticism, and poetry, and in-

defatigably directed resistance activities by the underground at home.

An intimate of Betancourt's during the final three years of his stay in this country credits him with originating the now-familiar assessment of our official postwar position toward Latin America: woo your enemies incessantly and take your friends for granted—a conclusion reached independently by other prominent Latin Americans, several of them through harsh personal experience.

Military aid is far from being the only sore point in those relations. Another crucial issue—better publicized, superficially, but still little understood here—is economic assistance. Take the case of Galo Plaza, ex-president of Ecuador and, more recently, chairman of the United Nations' fact-finding commission in Lebanon.

Plaza, born in New York City fifty-two years ago, is perhaps the most knowledgeable, and surely one of the firmest, of this country's friends. Elected Ecuador's chief executive in 1948, largely on the strength of the popular belief that his close ties with the United States would bring the nation greater prestige and more help from Washington, Plaza found his solidly democratic, middle-of-the-road administration so benevolently regarded there that it was written off as safe to ignore.

Even the massive Ecuadorian earthquake of August 1949—one of the twentieth century's major natural disasters in terms of human life and suffering—brought less financial aid from the U. S. government than from those of Chile, Uruguay, or Venezuela. In the same year, the Export-Import Bank granted Perón's regime \$125 million to repay forced deposits by American firms operating in Argentina, which had been misappropriated.

Bitterly disillusioned by such contrasts, Ecuador's voters turned the presidency over in 1952 to a sworn foe of Plaza—a nationalist demagogue who disavowed Communism but shrilly echoed its vilification of *el imperialismo yanqui*.

Nixon spent more time talking to Galo Plaza than to any other South American he met on his junket. He found the strapping former soccer star, bullfighter, and Grace Line deckhand as warmly disposed as always toward the land of his birth. (Plaza's father was Ecuadorian minister to the United States in 1906.) In part, this is because of his unique appreciation of what motivates peoples in both segments of the Americas; in part, because he understands and sympathizes with the United States' struggle to become a first-rank power in more than name.

But he also told the U. S. Vice President bluntly that the United States would have to take Latin America's aspirations for economic development into account—and help provide material support for their realization—if it looked for more than grudging lip service to Pan-American ideals.

#### “GO TALK TO WALL STREET”

**W**HAT he was referring to is easily illustrated. I was present at an informal news conference held by Albert J. Powers, a Commerce Department trade consultant (Chief, Caribbean Section, American Republics Division, Office of Economic Affairs, Bureau of Foreign Commerce), who headed a U. S. delegation to the 1955 International Industrial Exposition in Bogotá, Colombia. A Colombian reporter asked if there was any hope of getting money from Washington for development projects.

“It is the policy of my government,” Powers replied, “not to intervene in the financing of activities which should properly be promoted by private enterprise. It is up to you people to create business and industrial opportunities which will attract investment capital from the United States. Remember, too, that you must offer the possibility of greater profits than can be obtained at home. This is a time of exceptional inducements in my country for domestic financial ventures.”

Nixon came home saying his misadventures had shown, among other things, that we would have to reconsider many of our policies and practices in Latin America. Yet he gave an answer almost identical to Powers' when he was queried in Uruguay about prospects for economic assistance from this country.

This laissez-faire notion has crystallized during the past five years. In the same period, contributions to development programs sponsored by governments in Asia, Africa, and the Middle East have been stepped up—in large part because of eloquent recommendations by the Vice President, following visits to those regions. Anyone, who misses the connection between such incongruities and the hostile reception accorded Nixon in South America is as totally misled about the whole affair as those who sought to dismiss it all as a Communist plot.

A popular misconception among Americans is that any talk by foreigners about financial aid means that they are looking for “handouts.” This is simply not true in the case of responsible Latin Americans. Galo Plaza stressed in his

conversation with Nixon that a judiciously planned program of loans is needed, rather than outright grants. And events over the past decade and a half make his argument plausible.

During World War II, all Latin-American republics—except Argentina—co-operated more or less willingly in the production of strategic materials. If they made money doing so, they also had to postpone many development projects and let other activities lie fallow for those years. When, after hostilities ceased, they sought to spend their accumulated reserves on U. S. machinery, tools, and equipment, they found domestic priorities here holding up shipments interminably, and inflated prices forcing a sharp cutback in their calculations.

Then came the Korean War and another near-total hiatus in U. S. export trade. By then, European economies had recovered; Britain, France, West Germany, and Scandinavia showed interest in Latin-American markets and the means to cultivate them. Government banks floated loans for the construction of hydroelectric plants, steel mills, bridges—all built with materials bought in the countries financing the jobs. Interest rates on long-term credits averaged half of those charged by the U. S. Export-Import Bank on shorter ones. The total bill often came to less than 50 per cent of what comparable equipment and services from American firms would have cost. And where necessary or desired, the sponsoring nation generally furnished technician-instructors at very modest salaries.

Still, all this was only piecemeal assistance, and the Latins had other ideas. With the Eisenhower Administration in office, the Korean conflict ended, and U. S. industrial output burgeoning, they advanced their long-cherished, carefully thought-out plan for an Inter-American Development Bank.

At the Caracas Conference in March 1954, John Foster Dulles would not so much as read a draft of their proposals. A few months later, then-Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey attended a meeting of finance ministers in Buenos Aires, listened to an outline of the plan, and advised its backers coldly to stop dreaming. The Eximbank, he said, would always consider, within the limits of its funding authority, loans for specific, conservative, self-amortizing projects; for the rest, look to private capital.

Following Secretary Dulles' recent consultations with President Kubitschek of Brazil, and Milton Eisenhower's return from his Central American trip, it was announced that the United States would, at last, go along with the devel-





## "The time just flew!"

You've crossed the ocean — and it's hard to believe the trip is over so soon. But it's easy enough to understand once you've flown KLM. There's such solid comfort. And such a friendly climate aboard. What's more, the cuisine is superb. Why, even the simplest fare becomes a delicacy in the artful hands of a KLM master chef.

These are just a few reasons why people who travel often by air take the Royal Dutch route — to all points of the globe. Next time you plan a long air trip, why not shorten the miles? Let a KLM flight crew give you all the attention in the world. It makes such a royal difference. See your Travel Agent or call your nearest KLM office.

**KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 430 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.**

opment-bank scheme. This suggests that some valuable lessons were, indeed, learned from Nixon's troubled tour. (Incidentally, Milton Eisenhower urged, as long ago as 1953, after a quick look around South America, that we accept the bank proposal. However, that recommendation and several others—including a pointed reference to the need for improving the caliber of our diplomatic representation in Latin America—were quietly shelved. His whole report has now been dusted off for careful re-examination. The first results showed up at the September meeting of Latin-American foreign ministers in Washington, where a beginning step was taken toward setting up the bank.)

## TWO SKEPTICS

**I**F THIS apparent shift in United States outlook continues, it could lead to improved relations with at least two other influential South Americans who now view us with profound reserve.

Arturo Frondizi, the wily lawyer who took office as Argentina's president while Nixon struggled vainly through Buenos Aires traffic to reach the ceremony on time, was for years a participating witness of U. S. indecision and ineptitude.

After our 1946 interventionist fiasco in Argentina, master-minded by Spruille Braden, the State Department executed an artless U-turn and began courting the Perón dictatorship at every opportunity, apparent or invented. Frondizi, then a leader of the opposition Radical Civic Union party, publicly attacked these maneuvers and their motivation. And despite his canny wooing of *peronista* support in his campaign, and a broad amnesty decree signed within two weeks of inauguration day, the new Argentine chief executive has not modified his enmity toward the exiled despot—or his cool distrust of Washington.

Argentines have never considered themselves full members of the Pan-American family, and their relations with the United States have traditionally been distant and formal. Above all, they want no part of any economic aid on a co-operative basis. Argentina was the only Latin-American republic to reject the Point Four program, just as she had previously declined assistance in the fields of health, education, and agriculture from the old Institute of Inter-American Affairs.

Loans and credits, with no strings attached, are a different matter. The Frondizi administration must get outside financial help before

it can begin restoring the country's crippled economy. Indications now are that it might favor obtaining such funds through an inter-American agency, within which Argentina would seek to form an "austral bloc"—including Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay, Peru, and, perhaps, Uruguay—to counter U. S. influence on its policies.

However, Frondizi will probably prove easier to get along with than any Argentine president in the past twenty years. An extremely practical man, he is well aware that the present world situation offers choice opportunities for playing off the West against the Soviet sphere where aid and trade are concerned; but the same shrewd sense of values guards him against any illusions about which side is more apt to keep its commitments, once made.

Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, Peru's dominant political figure and probable next president, presents a different problem. Now fifty-seven, Haya has always been a mystic—high priest of a movement which combines Marxist agrarian-reform theories with age-old Indo-American aspirations in a somewhat amorphous ideology that has attracted several million devoted followers of Indian ancestry and mixed blood.

The APRA party, which he founded, delivered better than 60 per cent of the vote in the 1945 elections. Three years later, when General Odría took over in a military coup, it was outlawed. Haya was branded a common criminal and hunted throughout the land by men with no specific orders to take him alive.

One dark night, the fugitive slipped through the gates of the Colombian embassy in Lima and requested asylum. For almost six years thereafter, he never left the embassy grounds—which Peruvian security police watched day and night—and had no contact with party colleagues. Yet his organization maintained such solid discipline and loyalty that it was back in business within hours after the proscription against it was lifted, during the 1955 campaign.

Septuagenarian Manuel Prado, elected president chiefly with *aprista* votes, voided the trumped-up charges hanging over Haya. And Haya, freed the year before from his diplomatic "prison" through bi-lateral agreement, came home from Europe to a triumphal welcome.

Although he is a fervent admirer of Franklin Roosevelt's policies, Haya harbors no such sentiments toward those of the present Washington Administration. A number of the hostile students who met Nixon at the gates of San Marcos University were *apristas*; but they had not been encouraged by their mentor to attack the Vice





U. S. ARMY PHOTO

## STRAC-free world minutemen

— Strategic Army Corps — is the U. S. Army's new ready force designed to meet the initial requirements of war or to provide reinforcements to overseas troops in general war. Its mission is to be operationally ready on a moment's notice to move by air and sea to potential trouble spots anywhere in the world.

Some of the divisions of your modern Army form this highly organized team — the 1st and 4th Infantry Divisions and the 101st Airborne Divisions. Their capabilities are well known beside such names as Tunisia, Sicily, Salerno, Anzio, Normandy and Bastogne. Today, these men show their dedication to the preservation of world peace by their readiness to respond to aggressions — anywhere, any time.

Electronic systems — radar, communications, data processing and countermeasures — help STRAC forces get to their objectives swiftly and accomplish their missions efficiently. With the aid of electronics, STRAC is continually "Skilled, Tough, Ready Around the Clock."

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

HMA 582

HEAVY MILITARY ELECTRONICS DEPARTMENT  
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

President. In fact, Haya, who abhors violence, personally ordered expelled from the party two youths identified as rock-throwers.

Later, he is reported to have told an associate sorrowfully: "Even Gandhi could not persuade all his people to forswear aggression, as witness his own end."

The comment is characteristic. Although Haya does not pretend to be a spiritual leader, much of his program resembles the Mahatma's. He wants to promote self-contained village enterprises, not unlike Gandhi's "cottage industries." He feels, as the Hindu ascetic did about India, that Peru must help itself gain economic maturity and independence primarily by diversifying its production.

#### TIME RUNNING OUT

**H**AYA, however, also recognizes the need for foreign aid in developing his country's natural resources. And since he does not believe in capitalist management of such enterprises, he would welcome long-term loans to the government, with technical experts brought in under contract to supervise oil exploration, expansion of mining operations, and the build-up of light industry.

The next Peruvian elections are scheduled for 1960. If Haya runs and wins—as he seems fairly certain to do—his orientation to the United States is likely to depend on events between now and then. A changed Washington policy toward relations with dictatorships and a liberalized outlook on economic aid are both vital issues from his liberal point of view. Haya would be the most difficult Latin-American chief of state for us to deal with if he held the post today.

A very real danger exists that we are not going to do enough, soon enough, to bring about a firm improvement of our position in the Western Hemisphere. The flurry of anxiety and self-searching that immediately succeeded the Nixons' encounter with spittle, stones, and slurs has simmered down. Once more we are perilously involved and deeply committed in other areas of the world. There is a tendency for our latent, unconfessed feeling of contempt toward Latin America (*cf.* Stalin's cynical, "How many divisions has the Pope?") to reassert itself.

It may be worthwhile to ask how many of us believed, four or five years ago, in the possibility of a Middle Eastern crisis so grave as to prompt our military intervention. The parallel is not idly drawn. The very sort of aspiring, aggressive nationalism which we now recognize

among Arab, Asian, and African peoples has also become the most surging force in Latin America. Merely because these nations gained political independence from colonial rule, sixty to 135 years ago, does not mean that they have attained true freedom, as we understand the term.

Coffee and tin; copper, silver, iron, oil; textiles and agricultural products: these are the prime exports of the other American republics, sold on world markets where fluctuating prices are determined largely by the volume of U. S. purchases. "One-crop" countries, such as Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Bolivia, Cuba, find themselves caught in a network of recurring crises, which spur inflation, accentuate poverty, bring unrest and instability, and frighten off domestic investment capital. Unable to obtain foreign loans or credits of sufficient size, at any one time, to make a real start on industrial diversification, they are limited to stitching a flimsy patch on the raggedest spot of the economy—and then waiting helplessly for the next seam to split.

These are not, to be sure, the only things wrong with Latin America. A good many of its woes arise from an ossified caste system, particularly evident in the Andean lands. The Indian, the mestizo, and the citizen of pure European extraction are as inexorably segregated, one from the other, in Peru, Bolivia, Colombia, and Ecuador as are the Negro and Caucasian residents of Jackson, Mississippi—though perhaps less obviously, to the casual observer.

Mexico is, indeed, the one American republic that has achieved almost total integration. The cause-and-effect pattern surrounding that circumstance is noteworthy: Mexico brought about social democracy, in large part, by successfully diversifying its production, and the economic independence thus gained permitted Mexico, alone of major Latin-American nations, the luxury of refusing to sign a "mutual defense" agreement with the United States.

This is not to suggest that unwillingness to subscribe to such pacts should be an ideal. Precisely the contrary; it ought to be a fixed goal of the United States government to cement trustworthy alliances with countries as healthy and courageous as Mexico.

That is not going to happen as long as we provide tyrants—present or prospective—with the means to defy the popular will. Nor can a truly working partnership within the Pan-American system be expected to develop until the strongest, richest member state in the group is ready to take its responsibilities to its nearest neighbors more seriously.



## Where stamp use is greatest, food prices have risen the least

**INFLATIONARY TRENDS**, growing despite a business recession, continue to make rising food prices a cause for concern among consumers. Recent broadened studies continue to give assurance that the trading stamp plays no part in this trend.

FACT, these new studies strengthen the conclusions reached by university marketing reports a year ago. As in previous studies, no evidence was found that stamp stores, as a class, charge higher prices than non-stamp stores. Furthermore, from the U.S. Government Bureau of Labor Statistics Index, augmented by reports from the National Industrial Conference Board, it was found that food prices have risen least in cities where stamp use is greatest.

Between 1953 and 1957, food prices rose 2.1% for all U.S. cities; the same prices rose 0.75% in the cities where less than 50% of the supermarkets had adopted trading stamps. During the same period, in the cities where more than 50% of the supermarkets had adopted stamps, food prices rose only 0.75%.

These comparisons are additional, and the most recent, evidence that trading stamps, by increasing competitive pressures, have operated to hold food price levels down. It would seem, therefore, that families living in "stamp cities" can thank trading stamps for playing a part in the lower cost of living they enjoy.

\* \* \*

**REFERENCES:** "Who Profits from Trading Stamps?", Dr. Eugene R. Beem, *Harvard Business Review*, Nov.-Dec., 1957.

"Trading Stamp Practice and Pricing Policy." Dr. Albert Haring and Dr. Wallace O. Yoder, Marketing Department, School of Business, Indiana University.

*A copy of "Food Price Trends In Cities of Varying Trading Stamp Activity" will be sent upon request. Write The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, Department "E", 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.*

*This message is one of a series presented for your information by*  
**THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY** *which pioneered 62 years ago in the movement*  
*to give trading stamps to consumers as a discount for paying cash. S&H GREEN STAMPS*  
*are currently being saved by over 22 million families.*

# The American Genius for Hypocrisy

Why the current uproar about honesty in government misses the real point . . . how it hides the big moral issues . . . and what kind of ethics actually work in practical politics.

WASHINGTON—Nowhere, surely, is the superiority of American know-how more evident than in our use of hypocrisy. Here our skill is as keen as a hound's tooth and that, as everybody knows, is the final standard of cleanliness and honesty in government.

The qualifying phrase, ". . . in government," may sound a little odd, rather like a call for truth on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. This is not accidental. It reflects what most people mean when they speak of ethical standards.

Few say anything about honesty-in-business—except, of course, to deplore the practices attributed to some Teamsters Union officials. Fewer still come out for honesty-in-voting—except, of course, to deplore the crude ballot-box packing that is sometimes (and usually too melodramatically) charged to the few surviving political bosses.

The businessman seeking to bribe, or merely to "influence," a public official is rarely held up to public scorn. Usually, indeed, he is pictured as a tragic casualty in the war for American free enterprise; a victim, willy-nilly, of the corruption of "politics" and of the total unreliability of those fellows down in Washington. (It just shows how tough it is to run a business these days.)

In any rational view, of course, every transaction between influencer and influencee is a stick with two ends. But most of us look only at the public end. Who remembers even the names of those on the private end of the stick

in the alleged "influence" cases of T. Lamar Caudle and Matt Connelly during the Truman Administration? Who recalls a single person among those wealthy Californians who were so solicitous about the career of Richard M. Nixon that he had, in 1952, to go on television (along with his dog Checkers) to explain? Who remembers the man (or his oil company connections) who so horrified Senator Francis Case of South Dakota—and President Eisenhower—by offering a cash campaign contribution while the natural gas bill was before Congress?

## CHICKEN COOP MORALITY

IT IS true that Bernard Goldfine in his palship with Sherman Adams has left a temporary dent in the public memory. Still, it is doubtful that he will be remembered one-tenth as well two years from now as Adams—or suffer a tenth as much. Anyhow, Goldfine is atypical; in his travail he positively lunged for the bright, transfixing light of public notice. Moreover, he is memorable because he violated all the unwritten rules by which we have come to operate these small—and puerile—spectacles. He rewrote the usual script.

If his friendship had been with a Tammany Congressman—or even an urban federal judge with a non-Anglo name—he would have fulfilled the routine expectations and would have been promptly forgotten. His mistake—if indeed it was a mistake in a man who seemed to suffer in public rather gladly—was this: What the hell was *he* doing claiming an association with a New England Yankee, a granite pillar, like Sherman Adams?

But do any of these matters really involve "honesty in government" in its real (and largely unpracticed) sense? I don't believe so. For if



# A COLLEGE EDUCATION DOES NOT MAKE AN EDUCATED MAN

**A message from Mortimer J. Adler, Ph.D.**  
Director for the Institute of Philosophical Research

"The greatest mistake anyone can make about liberal education is to suppose that it can be acquired, once and for all, in the course of one's youth and by passing through school and college.

is what schoolboys do not know and, perhaps, cannot be expected to understand while they are still in school. They can be pardoned the illusion that, as they approach the moment of graduation, they are finishing their education. But no intelligent adult is subject to this illusion for long, once his formal schooling is completed.

He soon learns how little he knows and knows how much he has to learn. He soon comes to understand that if his education were finished with school, he, too, would be finished, so far as mental growth or maturity of understanding and judgment are concerned.

"With the years he realizes how very slowly any human being grows in wisdom. With this realization he recognizes that the reason why formal schooling cannot make young people wise is also the reason why it cannot complete their education. The fullness of time is required for both."

ESSENTIAL IN THE  
LIBRARY OF EVERY THINKING PERSON

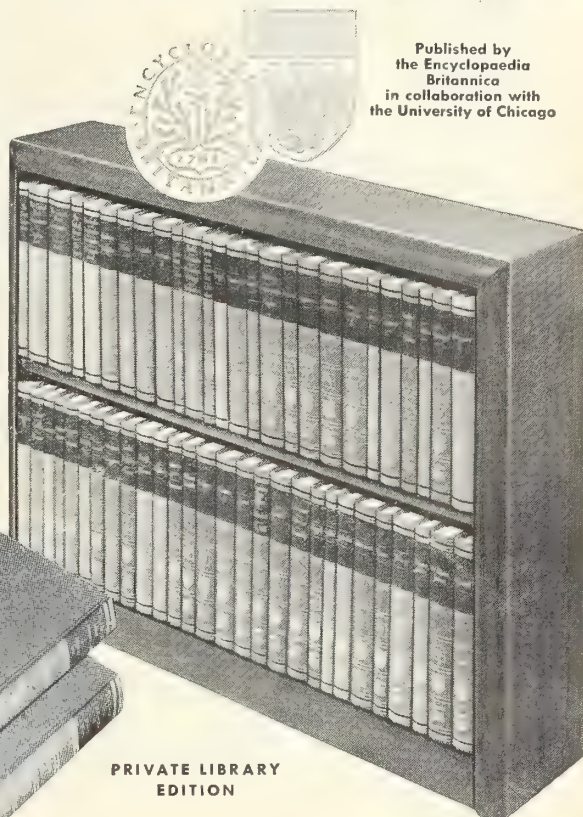
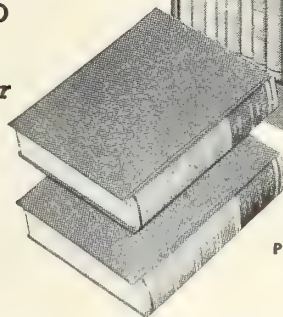
## GREAT BOOKS

OF THE WESTERN WORLD

Now available direct from the publisher  
with great new

## SYNTOPICON

fascinating "idea-interpreter"



PRIVATE LIBRARY  
EDITION

Published by  
the Encyclopaedia  
Britannica  
in collaboration with  
the University of Chicago

The publication of this Private Library Edition of the GREAT BOOKS is regarded as an outstanding achievement in the fields of literature, philosophy and science. It is not just a collection of books already in your library. The 54 volumes which comprise the GREAT BOOKS were published after 8 years of research by 75 scholars at a cost of over two million dollars. Many of the books have been especially translated into English. Many of them are out of print and unobtainable through normal channels. Together they include all the accumulated wisdom of 3,000 years of civilization.

The list of authors is impressive—Aristotle, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Augustine, Milton, Machiavelli, Bacon, Kepler and St. Thomas Aquinas—to name just a few of the authors and scholars whose works are represented in this special edition of the GREAT BOOKS. The area of knowledge is limitless. Every great idea that has shaped the lives of thinking

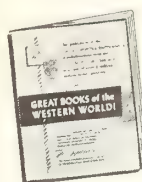
men is explored—astronomy, ethics, philosophy, war, peace, religion, death, love, mathematics, medicine, science, theology—102 ideas that have occupied great minds since man could think.

But the magnitude of the GREAT BOOKS is not in its authors and subject matter alone. Published with them is a great new SYNTOPICON designed to make your reading more meaningful. The SYNTOPICON is quite literally a great teacher "living" in your home... always at your disposal to guide your reading... interpret the great ideas... make clear to you the most abstract thought. With the SYNTOPICON you will find new excitement in new ideas... new absorbing interests... new understanding of yourself and other people.

We urge you not to miss this opportunity to en-

rich your mind with this Private Library Edition of the GREAT BOOKS. Send now for the free booklet which describes this handsome edition in detail. Look it over... think it over. But don't wait to mail in the coupon below. The supply of these booklets is necessarily limited. Avoid the chance of disappointment by mailing your coupon now!

### MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET



GREAT BOOKS OF THE WESTERN WORLD,  
DEPT. 29-C  
425 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois

Please send me, free and without obligation, your handsome booklet which pictures and describes the revolutionary SYNTOPICON and the GREAT BOOKS in full detail. Also, include complete information on how I may obtain this magnificent set, direct from the publisher, on your special budget plan.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

honesty in government is defined merely as the absence of graft and cronyism, then our national sense of morality is too far gone to be worth discussing.

If President Truman had dismissed Caudle or Connelly on the evidence originally at hand, this would have been in my book an act of real immorality. Of course, they had no Constitutional right to keep their jobs, or even to object to being sacrificed out of hand for the good of the Truman Administration. But if the President had fired them when they were first accused, he would have been submitting to a howling national evangelism—a shrill self-righteousness—which was then assailing both orderly government and elementary fair play. Mr. Truman would thus have co-operated in a total obscuring, if not a perversion, of the *real* moral issues raised by his Administration.

His opposition was trying at that time to break him—not for the big things, good or bad, that he had been doing, but for the almost irrelevant and comparatively trifling acts of his minor subordinates. This crusade was eagerly assisted by thousands of self-appointed moral censors. Some were panting to bring HST down simply because much earlier he had been, at least to a degree, associated with the notorious Kansas City machine of Old Tom Pendergast.

Now, all this was certainly not un-American activity—regrettably, it was all too American. In many cases it expressed the honest convictions of worthy people. It was merely silly. It reminded me of an example cited by one of my grammar school teachers of the way *not* to write a sentence—or, actually, how *not* to see and weigh a set of facts.

“The enemy has crossed our frontiers,” he quoted, “burned our cities, ravished our women, killed our children—and raided our chicken coops.”

It was the chicken coops of the Truman Administration that were being raided. In the resultant clack of relative nonsense the true strengths and the weaknesses of his Administration were all but obscured from public consciousness.

The strength was his enormously courageous and effective stand, across the world, against imperialist Communism. It was not moral for his enemies to hide from the public the great question which he tried to pose: How could this nation best survive with honor? And it was even less moral for them to accuse his Administration at one and the same time of being “too soft on Communism” and also of unduly persist-

ing in killing Communist aggressors in Korea.

Neither was it moral to whip up a public furor over the chicken coops which hid from the public view the really vital shortcoming of the Truman Administration. This was simply the failure of its domestic programs, along with its lack of effective action to calm the national bitterness of those years. Perhaps this bitterness could not then have been eased. Even so, the Truman Administration was still vulnerable on a real issue: The President's famous “twenty-one points” for domestic reform got almost nowhere. His whole domestic record was, in blunt fact, a poor one.

This the people had a right to consider, for in the deepest way it affected their lives and hopes. And in some matters—for illustration in Mr. Truman's stubborn resistance to all needed labor union reforms—the people's simple, human, basic rights were at issue.

#### IN DEFENSE OF SHERMAN ADAMS

**W**HY do I argue that this tricking up, this twisting about, of the real record was more immoral than any number of deep freezes? Because I believe honesty—not only money honesty, but the incomparably more important intellectual honesty—lies at the root of real morality. The final test is not simply to refrain from snitching stamps from the Post Office Department. It is honestly to serve and safeguard those for whom one is responsible—his family, if he is a father; his state if he is a public man. To falsify national issues in *major and basic* ways is to commit an act of high immorality against the people, against history, and, indeed, against the philosophy of free government.

Thus it seems to me that the fire directed at the Eisenhower Administration because of the Adams-Goldfine affair was similarly disingenuous and without any moral claim whatever. Adams—before Goldfine and after—was really subject to two capital charges: (1) of acting as an unelected President, and (2) of sometimes acting arrogantly and to the peril of the public's interests. Those who put up a holler and hallelujah against him because of Goldfine were adopting in substance the shabby tactics used against the Democrats in 1952.

For the genuine issues concerning Adams involve President Eisenhower as well. The vicuña coat episode is about as trivial, in its relationship to the present Administration, as General Harry Vaughan's icebox was to Truman's. The au-





the best looking offices start with  
**ARISTOCRAT**

MODULAR  
 FURNITURE

there's more than meets the eye. Here is a  
 for a working man . . . with everything at his  
 r tips . . . yet out of sight and out of the way.  
 d to the busy executive's exact work needs, it  
 e of hundreds of superb custom combinations  
 ble with the components of ARISTOCRAT



*See the exciting use of ARISTOCRAT  
 Modular by Michael Greer, N.S.I.D.,  
 at the Design Center for Interiors in  
 New York City. Mr. Greer is President,  
 National Society of Interior Designers.*

**Remington Rand**  
 DIVISION OF SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

*Modular.* This new collection of handsome steel  
 furniture, available in several soft, subtle shades,  
 offers the ultimate in comfort, luxury and effi-  
 ciency at all levels, *from executive to secretarial*  
*to general office.* Plus all the solid value and de-  
 pendability you can expect from Remington Rand.



Remington Rand,  
 Division of Sperry Rand Corporation  
 Room 2106, 315 Fourth Avenue,  
 New York 10.

Please send a free copy of your  
 ARISTOCRAT Modular folder (FF236)  
 to: \*

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Company \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

thentic measure of the Truman Administration should have been taken in terms of the Marshall Plan, NATO, his farm and labor policy—not in terms of cronyism. And by the same token, the really important question about Adams is not whether he made a phone call on behalf of Goldfine to some dim regulatory agency, but whether he and his boss have let the country drift into extreme peril.

The parallel could be extended. The obscured weakness of the Eisenhower Administration corresponds to the obscured strength of the Truman Administration. And vice versa. For the Eisenhower Administration actually has been fairly strong in its domestic policies—though not necessarily “good” or “right.” It has run a domestic show of considerable coherence—specifically in its resistance to panic remedies in those recent months when the recession looked worse than it really was—however weak and incoherent its foreign policy has become. With the Truman Administration it was exactly the other way round. But a good deal of the talk in the Congressional campaign now drawing to a close has been about Adams and Goldfine, as a good deal of it long ago was about Harry Vaughan. If this has served any truly moral cause, it escapes me.

Honesty in government, as I have observed it, is no more tidily measurable than it is in private life. Men in law offices, in advertising offices, in industrial plants, continually make small compromises with their notions of absolute right and wrong. So does *everybody* in public life that I have ever known.

#### PRACTICAL MORALS FOR PRACTICAL POLITICIANS

HAVING put in a claim for intellectual honesty as infinitely more important than mere money honesty, I should now like to present a personal theory for a practical code of political conduct. This code requires the acceptance of certain postulates:

- (1) That there is permissible and impermissible political falsehood.
- (2) That there are permissible and impermissible exertions of “influence”—and “permissible” does not always mean what would be allowable in textbook politics.
- (3) That there is permissible and impermissible demagoguery.

To take falsehood: It is not really dishonest, in my view, for a politician to protect the overriding interests of mankind or his country by telling his people, *in extremis*, some things that

may not be so. For an illustration, it has always seemed to me that in assuring the American public in 1940 that its men were not going to be sent to fight in foreign wars, Franklin D. Roosevelt scarcely told the whole truth and nothing but the truth. All the same, I, for one, have never held it against him. Not a thousand years of the most elaborate truth-telling could have bought us forgiveness if we had let the world go down under Hitler.

On the other hand, an impermissible political falsehood was FDR's implied promise of international brotherhood in our postwar relations with the Soviet Union. So, too, were the incantations that “Ike will end it all and bother nobody any more” which the Republicans uttered in 1952 about the Korean War.

But if, as one suspects, John Foster Dulles rather overstressed this summer the degree of direct Kremlin intervention in the Middle East, I would still find it hard to quarrel with his moral conceptions in this case. A certain oversimplification is sometimes essential for men of grave responsibilities—and it must also be remembered that they occupy *representative* positions—in their dealing with peace or war.

Now, as to “influence.” It goes without saying that no politician, administrative or elective, should corruptly take money to see to it that Jones gets the television license in Omaha for which Smith is contending with equal virtue. Let us assume, however, that Senator Blenkinsop has a good friend Jenkinsop who wants a television station. In the Senator's opinion Jenkinsop would run a better station for the people of his state than would his rival, Grudgepenny. But, to thicken the plot, Jenkinsop contributed to the Senator's last campaign. Grudgepenny did not; indeed, he supported another candidate.

The Senator at length has a little talk with the Federal Communications Commission—and the Commission then, and only then, grants the license to Jenkinsop. For my part I not only would acquit the Senator of immorality; I should have thought him a complete fool to act otherwise. This, in a word, is an instance of permissible “influence.” It is permissible even though the Senator's judgment between the rivals undoubtedly was somewhat subjective. An elected official is entitled to his own judgment—within reasonable limits, even his arbitrary and subjective judgment—in the absence of corrupt motive or act. This is one of the privileges that ought to go with the numerous pains of public office.

Finally, there is demagoguery. This is the hardest area of all in which to draw firm lines.





## "NOW AT LAST WE **KNOW**"

In a century ago a scratchy song came out of that  
of, and with delight men cried, "Now at last we  
a record with fidelity."

And half a century ago an airplane went up, and  
the ground men exulted, "Now at last we know  
to fly."

How wrong they were! Yet also how right. Always,  
always, the first break into KNOWING is an event  
of elation and joy.

It is with knowing the news. The first time a news  
story fascinates and holds us—that, too, is a moment  
of elation. For it's the birthday of a new longing, to  
know what's going on in the world we live in so  
colorfully, so fearfully.

Through life we may keep this longing for the

news, reading about it, listening, talking, arguing  
about it.

And doing one thing more—following the news in  
the weekly newsmagazine with the red border.

It was precisely for people like us that TIME jour-  
nalism was invented—to give us the news of crisis  
and of calm, of business and science and the arts;  
give us the big and little news, the good news and  
the maddening news.

Was TIME's invention successful? All over the  
free world, millions of families turn week after week  
to TIME.

READ **TIME**—THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



# HIGH COLLEGE EXPENSES

within the  
Next Few Years ?

*Plan Ahead to Budget  
and Insure the Complete\*  
Cost of your Child's Education*

The Insured Tuition Payment Plan relieves you of the hardship of meeting high college bills each semester by spreading the cost over pre-college as well as college years. It also ends your worry about the effect of your death or disability on your child's education because the amount of the insurance is always equal to the balance of the cost of your entire educational program. You plan your child's complete educational program and pay at minimum cost over 12 months each year out of earnings. When your son or daughter is admitted to college the Insured Tuition Payment Plan pays the college each year the amount you have selected for the number of years you have provided. This unique plan is now operating in many of America's leading schools and colleges. The earlier you start a plan, the smaller your monthly payments and the longer the term of the low-cost insurance protection.

— Write Today for Full Details —

**Richard C. Knight**  
**INSURED TUITION PAYMENT PLAN**  
**112 Water Street, Boston 9, Mass.**

Please send me full details on the following educational program:

1. Number of years Plan is to pay educational expenses: .....
2. Annual amount of educational expenses\*:  
\$ .....
3. First payment to college is to be made in the  
Fall of: 19.....
4. Date of birth of the parent to be insured: .....

PARENT'S NAME AND ADDRESS (Please Print)  
.....  
.....

\*Tuition, Board, Room, Fees and Other Expenses (or any part thereof) for as many years as you plan. *Trustee of the Funds:* Second Bank-State Street Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

H11

For one thing, some people regard any appeal for votes as despicably fraudulent if it departs from such incontestable verities as are found in the multiplication table. A candidate, however—even the most high-minded one ever to spring from a reformers' caucus—cannot be elected simply by sincere comments on the rate of the annual rainfall.

He is entitled to a deal of license, to dress up his arguments in cloth not all of which is all wool or a yard wide. He can even make a certain small bow to traditional prejudices, religious and otherwise. I know this is sticky ground. Nevertheless it is a fact that successful candidates from New York usually run on what the trade calls "racially balanced" tickets, representing various so-called minorities. Senator Jacob K. Javits of New York is no exception. This does not mean that his clamor for harder civil-rights legislation is in any way improper. But if he came from Alabama and his name were Lister Hill he would have a different slant. Hill's necessary appeal to a somewhat anti-minority prejudice in his state is no more demagogic than Javits' exactly contrary appeal in New York.

## HOW TO TELL A DEMAGOGUE

I CAN think readily, however, of cases where a thin and wavy line has been crossed. Senator Strom Thurmond's theatrical one-man "filibuster" last year against the civil-rights bill had no hope whatever of altering it. Its only effect was to make South Carolina headlines of a kind that more fastidious Southerners deplore.

Equally, the violent opposition to the same bill by an outstanding liberal, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon—on the ground that it was no good at all—was not an agreeable sight in a man of many courageous public acts in the past. It was the less agreeable in that it suggested that Morse's younger liberal colleague from Oregon, Senator Richard L. Neuberger, was one of those voting for a phony bill. And it implied that, of all

liberals, Morse alone was true to cause. This was a little hard on old-time civil-rights leaders as Senators Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Thomas C. Hennings, Jr. of Missouri.

Neuberger, by the way, came as a personal embodiment of what would call extreme morality in politics. He once told me he thought gravely dishonest of a Senator to allow his name to be signed by office help on any communication—however innocuous—which he did not in fact write himself. In cynicism as an old political writer and in the regrettable moral standards in general betrayed by this decade—this shook me a bit.

But Neuberger has made it many times over. In the last Congress his responsibilities as a committee chairman obliged him to lead the fight for the rise in poll taxes. This was an unhappy assignment for any politician, but he carried it all the way without looking back. And he and a distinguished Kentucky Republican, Senator John Sherman Cooper, declined the opportunity to be super-patriots (at no cost) when the Senate by 80-2 passed a solemn interdict against the spending of any public money for planning ways in which we might surrender to Russians—in case any such expenditures had ever been made.

The other 88? It is painful to it, for the Senate is my favorite political place. But there is that line between the permissible and the permissible in demagoguery.

Should there be codes of ethics honesty in government? Must public men declare themselves in writing to be honest men just as some professors have been required to swear solemnly that they do not really intend to overthrow the Government of the United States? Personally, I have faith in such oaths. A gentleman was much influenced by my early life of told me:

"Son, by God, when I invite a man to dinner I do not propose to cut the silver—before or after he leaves the table!"



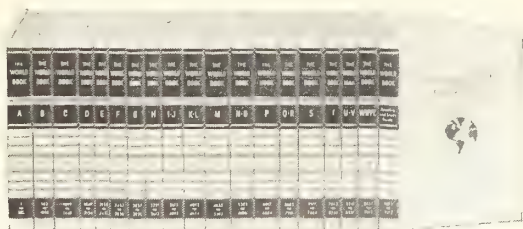


## The sign of **DEATH** led to **LIFE INSURANCE**

Thank the threat of the "Jolly Roger" for the protection of the policy that provides security for your family. The danger of death at the hands of pirates led sea captains to insure their lives and started a far-reaching field.

Because World Book Encyclopedia is interesting to read as well as accurate and informative, the "Insurance" article, for instance, is spiced with memorable facts. The nine pages devoted to a thorough explanation of this important subject represent the work of authoritative contributors, critical reviewers, and a staff of World Book editors and artists.

The World Book treatment of insurance is but one example out of thousands. Because this modern, *all-family* reference provides so much more than just "facts" or "answers," more people buy World Book Encyclopedia, year after year, than any other.



## **WORLD BOOK**

### **ENCYCLOPEDIA**

**1st in sales!** More people buy  
World Book Encyclopedia than any other!

Field Enterprises Educational Corporation  
Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

MR. HARPER'S

## After Hours



A comment by Alec Waugh on ten popular fallacies about wine, and an exposé by Bernard Asbell of the mysterious fellow who chooses the prizes that seduce a million Americans a day to buy Cracker Jack.

### WINE-BIBBING

THE consumption of wine in America, I am told, is not only increasing but in some quarters is becoming far more sophisticated than it has been. There is probably no gustatory subject so filled with clichés as wine-bibbing, so replete with snobbisms, half-digested truths, and cherished fallacies.

Alec Waugh, the novelist, has written an extended love letter to the grape called *The Cult of Wine* which will be published next year. In it he discusses ten common fallacies about wine that are accepted as truth by many who consider themselves, if not connoisseurs, at least well informed. They are: (1) All wines improve with age, (2) Alcoholic strength increases with age, (3) Good red wines should be served from a basket, (4) Hot water brings out the bouquet of wine, (5) White wine should be iced, (6) Only red wine can be served with red meat, (7) There is such a thing as Napoleon brandy, (8) Cut and colored glasses improve the pleasures of wine-drinking, (9) Spirits spoil the palate, and (10) Smoking ruins the palate. Of these fallacies Mr. Waugh has the following to say:

AS REGARDS No. 1: All wines improve up to a point when they are

in cask. But only a few improve after they have been bottled. No white wines do, not even champagne. It takes a long time to make, but once the final cork has been inserted, the account is closed. No little wines improve. Sherry does not, nor does tawny port. Ruby port, on the other hand, does. Otherwise only the great clarets, the great Burgundies, and vintage port improve in bottle. A bourgeois claret improves very little.

2. Age brings no increase of alcoholic strength.

3. The idea that red wine should be served in a basket derives from the very proper principle that the wine that has lain on its side in a cellar should not be shaken like an Indian club on its way to the table. But the basket does not fulfill this function. Watch an average waiter—French waiters provide no exception—pour wine from a basket. He will pour the wine into your glass, then jerk it back into a vertical position, at best an angle of 45 degrees, and proceed to the next guest. Such sediment as there was in the bottle must have been well distributed before the bottle is quartered way round the table. A basket is only useful for one purpose, to convey in it from the bin to the decanting table the bottle that you propose to drink at the next meal.

4. There is much confusion about the temperature at which red wine should be served. The word *chambre* is deceiving. It means that the wine should have taken on the temperature of the room, but the word *chambre* to an Englishman suggests conflagration, it suggests exposure to heat; putting a bottle of wine before a fire, or plunging it into a bath of hot water. Thirty years ago—no, not think you would now, so not more widespread is the knowledge about wine—you would hear an Englishman say in a Soho restaurant, "A little *chambre*, please." This means absolutely nothing. A bottle is *chambre* or it is not. What he meant was, "Warm it up a little."

We tend to laugh at him, but in one way he was completely right. In private houses most red wines are served too cold. Big red wines must be "off the chill." But at the same time it is untrue that hot water brings out the bouquet of wine.

5. White wine should be cool, but it should not be frozen—unless it is very poor champagne, and then extreme icing takes away its taste. The flavor of a Montrachet or a big Chablis is destroyed if it is served very cold. Sauterne should be served very cold, otherwise it is too sickly. Rosé wine should be served cold. So should sherry. Half-an-hour in a refrigerator



# Low Cost Travel in Britain

## ...with Railway Thrift Coupons



### London to Glamis (466 miles) \$10.02

See panoramic views of Britain from comfortable and swift, modern British Railways trains. See how far your dollars go with Thrift Coupons . . . 1,000 miles of go-as-you-please rail travel for \$21 (2nd class) . . . \$31.50 (1st class). Also good on Irish cross-channel and MacBrayne's steamers. Additional miles at commensurate savings. Valid for six months. **Buy Thrift Coupons from your travel agent before you leave. Not sold overseas.**

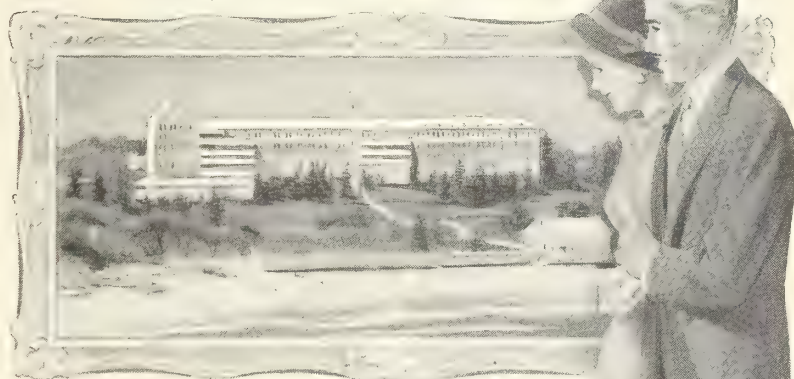
## BRITISH RAILWAYS

OFFICES IN NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO



Want "planning literature"? Write British Railways, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., Dept. F8-11

## WINTER SEA & SUN



Winter in Bermuda is simply delightful with day after day of ideal weather for golf, sailing, tennis and sightseeing about this picturesque isle.

### SPECIAL MONTHLY "WINTER LEASE" PLAN

(effective Nov. 1st  
to March 15th)

**\$375**

PER PERSON\*

\*Includes spacious twin-bedded room with bath; complete breakfast and sumptuous dinner; ALL TIPS; entertainment; beautiful, uncrowded pink sand beach.

Resident doctor and nurse. Superlative shopping in nearby Hamilton. For weekly stays, only \$100.00 per person.

Rates based on double occupancy

## ELBOW BEACH SURF CLUB

BERMUDA'S ONLY OCEANSIDE HOTEL

E. R. Hetland, General Manager

See Your Travel Agent or ROBERT F. WARNER, Inc.

New York, Boston, Chicago, Washington, Toronto, London, England

AFTER HOURS  
es all the difference. In the south Spain they serve Tio Pépé and it is not pleasant. There are those who consider that Beaujolais should be chilled. I do agree with them, but every man is entitled to his own opinion. Certainly it should not be iced.

Only red wine should be served with red meat. This is the obverse of the statement that white wine only be made from white grapes, red from red. You can make white wine from red grapes, but you cannot make red from white; since the coloring of the skin that gives the color, and if you remove the grape skins you have white wine. White wine should not be served with red but a big hock or white Burgundy or champagne is an excellent accompaniment of grouse or steak. White wines goes with everything, Beaujolais and so does Tavel. Rich food demands rich wine. If you are going to serve white wine with a saddle of mutton or wild duck, it should be a Meursault or Chablis, Champagne or a big Burgundy wine.

*Napoleon brandy.* There is nothing, or if there were, it would be valueless. Cognac does not mature in bottle, and a cognac that had been poured into a cask in 1815 would have been by now so replenished with newer wines that little residue would remain.

*Cut and colored glasses.* The drinking of German wines in green-tinted glasses has nothing to recommend it and much to discourage it. Colored wine glasses were first introduced in the Victorian Age to conceal the cloudiness of certain immature white wines. They destroy the charm of appreciating a finely made red hock, Moselle, or white Burgundy. They are fine for very dry wines as they conceal a lack of bouquet. There is nothing to be gained in favor of cut glass either. Anything that detracts from a complete appreciation of the color of wine is to be deplored. On the other hand, it heightens the attractiveness of water.

*Spirits spoil the palate.* The experts never cease to inveigh against the cocktail habit, and it cannot be denied that no one who has been drinking dry martinis for ninety minutes is in a temper to appreciate

good wine. Nor do I feel that it is wise to drink a couple of Scotch and sodas immediately before dinner. There should be a pause. The arguments against cocktails are familiar. They deaden the palate, over-excite the gastric juices. But there is a great deal of difference between one or two martinis and five or six. Moreover, we have to take into account the mental peace that is induced by the sharp shock of frozen spirits. The cocktail has banished *le mauvais quart d'heure*. There are those who contend that sherry is the perfect *apéritif*. I have not found it so. Dry sherry is an excellent wine with soup, and a rich sweet sherry comes well at the end of a meal with fruit, instead of port or a sauterne. Any good sherry is welcome at eleven o'clock in the morning with a dry biscuit, but as a prelude to dinner, no.

I am prepared to believe that a dry martini slightly impairs the palate, but think what it does to the soul. Our ancestors may have been able to manage without cocktails, and I will willingly concede that the best preparation for a meal is a glass of dry champagne. I am also ready to argue that champagne is not an expensive wine because you drink less of it than you do of a table wine. But apart from champagne I consider that the best preludes to a good dinner are a Bourbon old-fashioned or a very dry five-to-one martini.

10. *Cigarettes spoil the palate.* I do not smoke and it is very difficult to be tolerant of the indulgences that one does not permit oneself. I find the manners of cigarette-smokers intolerable. They will light a cigarette, then turn in another direction and allow its odor to drift acridly across a table. They will throw the stubs into urinals. They will get up to dance and leave cigarettes smoking on the table. They will half-stub them out when they have finished them, so that the smoke still rises. I have been assured that the late Victorian custom of drinking claret at the end of a meal was abandoned because of cigarette smoking, the smoking of cigarettes destroying the fine flavor of claret. I detest the manners of cigarette smokers, but at the same time I do not believe that cigarette smoking ruins the palate. Some of the best judges of wine I know are cigarette smokers.



#### A MILLION SURPRISES A DAY

FOR years now, every time I have landed at Midway Airport, Chicago, writes **Bernard Asbell**, I have seen alongside it on Cicero Avenue the factory with the huge Cracker Jack box gyrating on top of it. I have resolved once more to go see that man.

The man I have in mind, of course, is the unsung hero who selects the little toys that are cached in boxes of Cracker Jack. I learned from the switchboard operator at the Cracker Jack factory that his name is P. H. Howey and I made an appointment with him.

The first thing I saw on being shown into Mr. Howey's office was a huge glass case on his desk. Hundreds of gay plastic objects were arranged neatly in sets on glass shelves. Against the wall on a table, hundreds more were heaped, not so neatly, and several boxes filled with more.

One of the least noticeable objects in the whole room was Mr. Howey himself. His desk was bare of papers. As he peered down at it through gold-rimmed glasses, he seemed to be on the verge of making a major decision.

He began to pick little toys out of boxes, then opened his desk and poured them out of envelopes. There were patience puzzles and wiggle pictures, animals, birds, magnifying glasses, finger rings, and all the cars of a train. He picked up one gadget that he said was a whistle, though it didn't look at all like one. He blew into it; it whistled.

"This," he announced, after he had set up twelve pieces in a row, "is our new prehistoric set." There were nine dinosaurs and three cave men, all in red plastic, nicely formed.

Does he find, I asked, that kids

are becoming interested in prehistoric times?

"Oh, yes," he said with quick emphasis, as though everybody knew. "But of course, we keep up with the future, too. Our next series is to be a set of missile whistle space tops. The space tops will be named after the various planets. The missile whistles, shaped like rockets, will be called Jupiter stone, Thor—names like that."

The missile whistles have been ordered in a quantity of five million, as a feeler and he hopes, he said with a guarded smile, that they will go over with a bang.

Is five million always his "feeler" quantity?

"Why don't you just put down the word 'millions.' We always order millions."

How high do some runs go?

"Some as high as twelve or fifteen million. But why don't you just say 'millions'?"

How much can you spend on them? This question was such a intrusion that Mr. Howey pretended he didn't even hear it, so I have to learn from my own sources that his budget allows an average expenditure of one-half cent, sometimes going as low as three-tenths of a cent, sometimes as high as seven-tenths.

This is a fairly restricted market to work in, especially when you consider that Mr. Howey's choices must have a minimum of sex appeal, that is, they must not appeal to boys more strongly than to girls, or vice versa. They must have as wide an appeal as possible. Also, they mustn't be too big or too small.

Mr. Howey, moreover, has been victimized by world events. World War II, for example, gave him a hard time. Before the war, toys in Cracker Jack boxes were made of wood, of metal, sometimes of both. They were imported from Japan, Germany, Poland, and other places.

Parents of today's Cracker Jack enthusiasts remember these facts all too well, and when their kids spring open a Cracker Jack box one day to find a simple plastic figure inside, the parent invariably upsets the company's public relations by reminiscing, "Boy, I remember the time when..."

I asked Mr. Howey if he



...ples of bygone premiums, and he  
k me, with obvious reluctance, to  
lace called The Morgue, an office  
vn the hall, with a large gray  
inet of sliding trays.  
And there they were. The boats  
l dolls and tops, whistles that  
w not one tone but four, strings  
beads, multi-part puzzles, lovely  
ental paper fans. Imagine what  
. Howey *wasn't* showing me in  
other twenty or thirty drawers.  
We got into the subject of letters  
m the Cracker Jack eating public,  
d I began to see additional reasons  
Howey's reticence. The public  
n unpredictable animal, especially  
e public of parents. Recently Mr.  
Howey put out a cute set of comic  
aracters in plastic, each represent-  
g an occupation, such as a musi-  
n, a baker, a ball-player, and so  
th. One was a roly-poly sea cap-  
n, with a peaked officer's hat, a  
r-handled mustache, and a leer.  
tters came in demanding how  
ne Cracker Jack was supplying  
ocent children with statues of Joe  
lin.

But letters—which are Howey's  
ly way of measuring the public  
ception to his favors—are not al-  
ys complaints. When Howey put  
t plastic miniatures of workshop  
ols, a man wrote in to ask for a  
uplicate of the tiny pair of pliers  
s son had found in a Cracker Jack  
x. It was the only suitable instrum-  
ent he had ever come upon for in-  
ting a wick in his cigarette lighter.  
Half a century of packing toys into  
xes of popcorn—the practice began  
1908, after the confection itself  
d been marketed for twelve years  
as taught the Cracker Jack Com-  
pany that the magic of its success is  
ntained more in the toy than in  
e popcorn. Certain states used to  
rbid the inclusion of premiums in  
ackages of edibles. Cracker Jack  
les in those states were dismal.

In fact, the magic is not even in  
e toy, Mr. Howey admits. It is in  
hat he calls the "What is it?" with  
e emphasis on the question mark.  
s long as children keep asking  
What is it?" the company will keep  
ucking plastic pigs-in-the-poke  
ightly more than a million times  
day, and America will continue to  
e something like what it used to  
e. Well, *something* like what it  
ed to be.



## THE JEEP THAT WOULDN'T STOP!

Christos and Theodore, two little boys in the village of Stephani, were watching. They saw the Save the Children Federation jeep go right through their village without stopping. They ran to tell the mayor.

The next day an irate mayor stormed into the SCF office in Athens. He demanded to know why, in all that particular war-ravaged area in Greece, only Stephani had not been visited by SCF. In neighboring villages SCF had inspired and assisted in the building of new schoolhouses, roads and the planting of fruit trees. The people of Stephani were poor, desperate and unhappy. Life was miserable for *their* children. Couldn't SCF help *them*?

An SCF Representative explained to the mayor that the people of Stephani had done nothing to help themselves and was known as "the village that wouldn't work"! The people were unemployed and penniless, but it followed that they at least had time to make the village road passable in winter. Their showing some initiative might induce SCF to help Stephani.

### New spirit of working together

A month later the SCF jeep found the approach to Stephani crowded with

the villagers busily clearing the road!

Soon after, several town meetings were held. When SCF approved a small grant to replace their single fountain, the people of Stephani promised to contribute 100 hours' work. But once the project was underway they put in 1000 hours and dug 5 wells. SCF counsel and help was the catalyst which moved the people to help one another as we do in America at barn-raising and harvest time. Today, because SCF pointed the way, Christos, Theodore and all the children of Stephani look to a healthier, happier future.

### How you can befriend a village

An SCF Village Self-Help grant is small in relation to the stimulus it gives a village to help itself. *Your* contribution in any amount to expand this most vital work is an investment that pays dividends by making a better world for children.

The SCF grant in the Stephani Project of \$500 was matched by the villagers in addition to their labor. Won't you help initiate a similar SCF project? SCF National Sponsors include: Mrs. D. D. Eisenhower, Herbert Hoover, Henry Luce, Rabbi E. Magnin, Norman Rockwell, Dr. R. W. Sockman.

Registered with the U. S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid  
"SERVING CHILDREN FOR 27 YEARS"

HR11-58

## SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION

345 East 46th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed is my contribution of \$..... to help initiate an SCF Village Self-Help Project in one of the free underprivileged countries of the world.

Please send me information of SCF activities in helping children throughout the free world.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Contributions are Deductible from Income Tax



# An Invitation to Knowledge

to join with the University of Michigan and a distinguished group of men and women in a unique educational program...

Become a **FOUNDING MEMBER** and effect substantial savings now—greater savings later on!

The University of Michigan extends this invitation specifically to you because it is clear that you and your family, as readers of this magazine, pursue ideas, make a habit of being informed, and are concerned with a broader understanding of the world around you.

The University of Michigan *History of the Modern World* publishing program, the only one of this magnitude attempted in recent times and supported by so many leading world figures, is designed to help you interpret the present turbulent, changing, trouble-ridden world. An impressive list of the best historians from Cambridge, Oxford, Columbia, Chicago, and other leading seats of learning have agreed to write the books. The program is under the editorial supervision of twice Pulitzer Prize winner Allan Nevins and Howard M. Ehrmann, Chairman of the Department of History of the University of Michigan.

The first four volumes, *The Countries of Decision*, are ready now. The University believes that if as few as 25,000 American families participate from the beginning, the program will be a success. Therefore, it has decided to give this select number, to be known as **FOUNDING MEMBERS**, the privilege of participating at a greatly reduced price. The entire series will eventually be available in 15 monumental volumes.

**FOUNDING MEMBERS** will immediately receive the first four volumes —“The Countries of Decision”—at a \$10.05 saving!

The first four volumes in the series, printed on fine paper with bindings superbly embossed in silver and gold and handsomely boxed, contain over 1,000,000 words in more than 2,000 pages. Here are the great power areas outside of this country—RUSSIA AND THE SOVIET UNION, THE FAR EAST, THE NEAR EAST, and LATIN AMERICA—their supreme importance to us, their strengths and weaknesses, the hopes and ideals of their peoples, and the history that is influencing them at the present moment.

## “The Countries of Decision”

**RUSSIA AND THE SOVIET UNION**—from barbarism to the present totalitarian state...the peoples, places, and events that made the empire of the Czars, the Red Revolution, and Khrushchev's Russia. Warren B. Walsh, who serves the government as an expert on Russia, bares all its secrets.

**THE FAR EAST** in a series of violent convulsions rushing headlong to catch up with the West. Nathaniel Peffer, Professor of International Relations at Columbia University, has gathered firsthand knowledge of the Far East in many capacities, including an appointment by the State Department.

**THE NEAR EAST** from trouble spot to trouble spot—Iraq, Israel, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Saudi Arabia, Turkey, and Nasser's Egypt, core of the Arab bloc, completely described by William Yale, consultant to both the United States and the United Nations.

**LATIN AMERICA**, where recent demonstration have shown that there is a lot for us to learn about the revolutionary modern continent that is emerging. By J. Fred Rippy, Professor of History at the University of Chicago.

The world's scholars and journalists praise this **HISTORY OF THE MODERN WORLD** enthusiastically



**DORIS FLEESON**, *Vashington correspondent, United Features Syndicate.* "Short of a noble character and all the virtues, I cannot imagine anything that an American needs more."



**GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY**, *United States Army.* "a massive contribution that will lead to a broadened and clearer understanding of worldwide human relations."



**ANDRE MAUROIS**, *French author.* "Under present circumstances Americans should know better the countries they deal with...this enterprise answers that very urgent need."



**ALISTAIR COOKE**, *Host, "Omnibus," NBC Television.* "Nothing could be more timely and more essential for the space-age generation..."



**EDWARD R. MURROW**, *news commentator, Columbia Broadcasting System.* "This series is one of the most exciting ventures in publishing and scholarship that I know of."



**CRANE BRINTON**, *Chairman, Department of History, Harvard University.* "I am particularly impressed by the fact that each author is an expert in his field and has proved his ability as a writer."



**MALCOLM LEY**, *author, ident, Nat Institute of Letters.* "think of a better calculus help us under the background of our problem over the world."



EDITED BY ALLAN NEVINS AND HOWARD M. EHRMANN

# THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN HISTORY OF THE MODERN WORLD

Written by the world's foremost historians from Oxford,  
Cambridge, Columbia, Chicago and other leading seats of learning.

**AVAILABLE NOW** "The Countries of Decision," the first four volumes, deluxe bound and beautifully boxed

**SPECIAL PRICE TO FOUNDING MEMBERS \$24.95**

Total list price \$35,  
if purchased individually

ORDER THESE FIRST 4 VOLUMES NOW AND RECEIVE WITHOUT OBLIGATION FREE FOUNDING MEMBERSHIP  
ENROLLMENT, ENTITLING YOU TO 25% OR MORE REDUCTION ON ALL FUTURE VOLUMES OF THE SERIES!



**MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY—Send No Money**

**THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS, DEPT. WH**  
University Station, Box 2248, Ann Arbor, Michigan

Without obligation, please enroll me as a **FOUNDING MEMBER** of The University of Michigan **HISTORY OF THE MODERN WORLD** educational publishing program and send me for 10 day free examination the first four volumes, *The Countries of Decision*, beautifully boxed. At the end of this time, if I don't agree that this is the most worthwhile history reference I have seen, I may return the books and owe absolutely nothing. Otherwise, I will send you \$24.95 plus \$1 in postage and handling which I may remit in one payment or, in four installments of \$6.50 each. I am entitled with Founding Membership to a full 25% savings on forthcoming volumes about which I shall be notified in advance. I am not obligated to purchase forthcoming volumes.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY.....ZONE...STATE.....

- ☐ Please bill me in *four* installments of \$6.50 each (includes postage and handling)
- ☐ I enclose \$6.50 for the first installment
- ☐ Please bill me in *one* payment of \$24.95 (plus \$1 for postage and handling)
- ☐ **CHECK HERE TO SAVE.** I enclose \$24.95 with this form in full payment and you pay all shipping and handling costs. (Same return privilege and full refund, of course)
- ☐ *You may enroll me for the entire series now. I will receive the books in advance of general distribution. I will receive the two or three volumes in each six months period.*

## COMING VOLUMES

ALY by D. Mack Smith; FRANCE by Albert Guerard;  
THE UNITED STATES TO 1865 by Michael Kraus; THE  
UNITED STATES SINCE 1865 by Foster Rhea Dulles;  
CANADA by John Bartlet Brebner; AUSTRALIA AND  
THE SOUTHWEST PACIFIC by C. Hartley Grattan;  
GREAT BRITAIN by Maurice Ashley; SPAIN AND  
PORTUGAL by Charles E. Nowell; INDIA by T. G.  
Arivisal Spear; AFRICA by Ronald F. Robinson; and



# the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## The City and Some Wicked Citizens

IN ONE of Elizabeth Taylor's short stories there is an old man whose view of the country is purely negative—he regards it simply as a place that no one has so far rendered worthy of notice by building a city there. Anyone who agrees with his not unreasonable opinion will enjoy the new collection of essays by the Editors of *Fortune*, **The Exploding Metropolis** (Doubleday, \$3.95), because, disparate as the subjects of the essays are, all the writers share an enthusiasm for cities.

All of them also share the assumption that cities should be citified. They are opposed to the idea that a city should be a collection of abstract towers spaced over a flawlessly kept greensward, an aseptic ersatz countryside punctuated by vast masonry exclamation points, or a neat cemetery with people living and working in oversized monuments; they believe that a city should capitalize on variety, color, crowds, lights, and local differences in tradition and terrain—it should be a place in which a tourist can walk for miles without boredom and the old resident can see something every day that he has not noticed before.

In other words, these writers are in reaction to the "international style" in architecture and city planning. They believe that a good deal of the urban redevelopment now either projected or under way in this country will leave our cities characterless, inconvenient, and dull; the human scale and human interest will be lost by plans that substitute the sterile rationalism of the drawing board and the bird's-eye view for the actual ebb and flow of the city street.

This is not to say that the contributors to *The Exploding Metropolis* think that our cities can or should be left as they are. They are perfectly aware that the cities are in desperate shape, surrounded by sprawling parasitic suburbs, jammed with cars, blighted by slums, with their tax bases declining and their expenses soaring. But they believe that there is still a place for small plans in urban renewal. Neighborhoods, squares, single buildings can be renovated to preserve local flavor and variety and the accumulated experience of people living together.

The problem seems to be, as the problem so often is, money. Federal money exerts pressure on the city in three main ways: it creates the massive public-housing projects for people with small incomes; it underwrites the vast urban redevelopment schemes; through the lending policies of the FHA it relocates the middle class in the suburbs. This leaves the financing of small-scale urban renewal in private hands. *The Exploding Metropolis* pays too little attention to the part played by private capital and private initiative in urban renewal; a chapter on the lending policies of banks and private mortgage companies might have been very enlightening.

AT bottom *The Exploding Metropolis* is a part of—and a symptom of—the redefinition of man that is now a central issue of our intellectual life. In what still seems to me the most boldly imaginative book on city planning ever produced in this country (*Communitas*), Paul and Percival Goodman showed that how we plan a city depends on what potentialities we want to release in its citizens—or, to put it another way, on what we think man is. If, for instance, we define man as pre-eminently a consuming animal, then the city should be planned as one great department store, glorifying and facilitating the consumption of goods above all other human activities. The "international style" in architecture and city planning seems to have looked upon man as a tool-making animal; since he is the only creature who makes machines, his cities should have the rationality and impersonality of the machines he makes.

*The Exploding Metropolis* returns to a more traditional, more mixed, and less doctrinaire view of man. It accepts man as a creature of many contradictory impulses, sometimes noble and aspiring but often simply curious and in need of diversion, soon tired of even the best his imagination can contrive but endlessly resourceful in contrivance when his imagination runs free; and it argues that the city must reflect and stimulate a broad spectrum of man's potentialities in order to be a satisfying place to live.

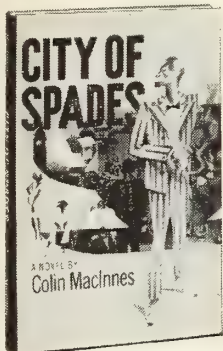
For instance, Jane Jacobs, in a fine essay called "Downtown Is for People," maintains that



# EARTHSHAKER

By Robert W. Krepps

his rousing novel of high adventure in South Africa tells of a desperate search for a huge cache of diamonds in a country torn by a war between the Matabele and the English in 1893. A fitting successor to Robert Krepps' popular *Tell on the Drums*. \$3.95



# CITY OF SPADES

By Colin MacInnes

A timely novel about a new and vital world—London's mushrooming population of West Indian and African Negroes.

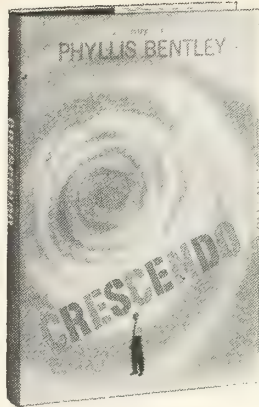
... sparkling seriocomic novel ... MacInnes's entertainment is not all froth, and when he applies his wit to such matters as British hypocrisy about race prejudice ... it has a sharp cutting edge."—*Newsweek* \$3.75

# BRIDE OF KING SOLOMON

By Florence McGehee

Author of *Please Excuse Johnny, and Sailors Kiss Everybody*

No more appealing heroine will grace the pages of fiction this Fall than young Aymah McClay whose story unfolds in this beautifully written novel set in the Ozarks almost a hundred years ago. \$3.75



# CRESCENDO

By Phyllis Bentley

Master craftsman Phyllis Bentley starts her latest novel with a young man shirking a small duty. This moral lapse, apparently insignificant and unobserved, sets off a sequence of cause and effect which ripples through the whole community till it surges with tragic force against the young man's own doorstep.

"... ingeniously contrived, containing several surprises ... Miss Bentley is a very solid and convincing presenter of characters and background ... excellent reading ..." — J. B. Priestley \$3.75

# BIRD OF FIRE

A Tale of  
St. Francis of Assisi

By Helen C. White

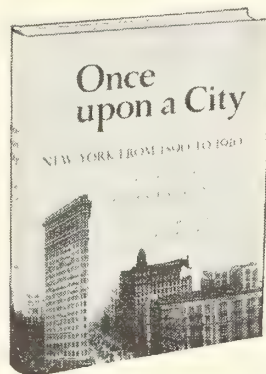
A powerfully written novel of the high-spirited youth who became a humble man and a great saint. Against the chaotic background of medieval Europe, Miss White recreates St. Francis' dramatic struggle to preserve the simple way of life, and the gradual spread of his Franciscan Order. By the author of *A Watch in the Night*, *Dust on the King's Highway* and *The Four Rivers of Paradise*. \$3.95

# Once upon a City

NEW YORK  
FROM 1890 TO 1910

By Grace M. Mayer

Curator of the Museum of  
the City of New York  
Photographs by Byron  
Foreword by Edward Steichen



A magnificent volume recreating turn-of-the-century life in New York with a richly detailed text and over 200 photographs, the cream of the Museum of the City of New York's Byron collection.

"... an extraordinary book ... should be a standard reference from now on for the lusty twenty-year period 1890-1910. 'Once Upon a City' will probably never be surpassed as a document covering those two decades.

"the book is a guided tour through a vanished glory ... helmeted cops ... gay blades whipping their coaches and four up Fifth Avenue ... crowds packing Madison Square Garden ... men and women in long drawers dipping in the tide at Coney Island ... horse cars, balloon ascensions ... the theatre of Lillian Russell ... Sarah Bernhardt, Ethel Barrymore ...

"The wistful middle-aged reader, the graying oldster, the researchers assigned to do a piece on the Flash Age owe a great debt to Grace Mayer ... The work is a bargain even at fifteen dollars."

— Meyer Berger, *Saturday Review*

Over 500 pages 8 3/4 x 11 1/4 \$15.00

NATIONAL BESTSELLER!

THE NEW TESTAMENT  
MODERN ENGLISH

Translated by  
J. B. PHILLIPS  
\$6.00

*The Macmillan Company* 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.



In a more mature, more exciting novel, the author of On the Road writes the flamboyant story of two Americans fleeing the frenzies of the Beat Generation to find new truth in the solitary mountains of the west. \$3.95

## THE DHARMA BUMS by Jack Kerouac

Three wonderfully appealing novels by the man who later answered the famous question "Where did you go?." Each of them (So It Doesn't Whistle, The Journey, and The Time and the Place) has been long out of print; each recreates the bittersweet hours of youth's maturing. \$3.95

## Where He Went by Robert Paul Smith

"The best novel of 1958 I have read."—WIRT WILLIAMS, Chicago Tribune.



"So filled with richness that I think of it in terms of H. L. Davis' Honey in the Horn and Walter Van Tilburg Clark's The Ox-Bow Incident."

—PAUL I. WELLMAN, N. Y. Herald Tribune \$4.95

## WARLOCK by Oakley Hall

Human foibles flourish at hothouse temperatures in this brilliantly funny, yet intensely moving, story by the author of Under the Net and The Sandcastle. Packed with surprising incidents and characters, it is a spirited tale for readers who like their melodrama spiced with wit. \$3.95

## THE BELL by Iris Murdoch



GRAHAM GREENE'S first full-length "entertainment" seventeen years! It's a suspense story about the

world's unlikely Secret Service agent, a middle-aged vacuum cleaner salesman whose unorthodox activities have resulted in both hilarious and explosive! \$3.50

## OUR MAN IN HAVANA by Graham Greene

*...more fine  
fiction from*

A novel of men on a wartime destroyer—where girls were a tender, oft-repeated dream, where life was confined where one twisted character could threaten a whole ship with disaster where human beings could be pebrave, ridiculous, and heroic.

\$3.95



## THE STEEL COCOON by Bentz Plageman





Some of the most sensitive  
and illuminating writings

of World War II were John Steinbeck's  
memorable dispatches. Now they have been  
drawn from newspaper files and turned into a  
volume of warm, vivid, and ever-human stories.

\$3.95

## ONCE THERE WAS A WAR

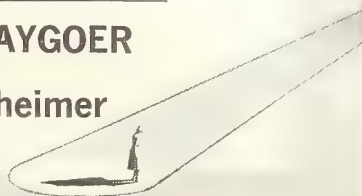
by John Steinbeck

A half-century of the best writing about the American theatre—  
by (and about) playwrights, critics, actors, directors—  
the profound and the witty. And all of it for less than  
the price of an orchestra seat! Many photographs \$5.95

## THE PASSIONATE PLAYGOER

A Personal Scrapbook

Edited by George Oppenheimer



Spies, saboteurs, secret codes, and double-dealing  
diplomacy play their melodramatic roles in this  
little-known true story of the fantastic events that  
triggered America's entry into World War I. \$3.95

## THE ZIMMERMANN TELEGRAM

by Barbara W. Tuchman

All the emotional appeal of Spin a Silver Dollar  
and an even deeper poignancy pervade  
this story of the Navaho artist,  
Beatie Yazz, grown now, and an  
ex-Marine. With deep sympathy, Mrs. Hannum  
describes his homecoming and his love.  
8 pages in full color by Beatie Yazz. \$4.50



**PAINT THE WIND**  
by Alberta Hannum

# KING

...and more fine  
non-fiction

is indispensable guide to the pleasures of modern art  
has been vastly revised and brought up to date, with  
completely new sections on abstract art and modern sculpture.  
15 new black and white illustrations and 8 in color. \$7.95

## THE STORY OF MODERN ART

Revised and Enlarged Mid-Century Edition

by Sheldon Cheney

"A masterly re-telling of a climactic year  
...both brilliant and salutary.

From first page to last it gripped my  
interest and chilled my imagination."

—JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate

Many photos and maps \$5.00



## IN FLANDERS FIELDS:

The 1917 Campaign

by Leon Wolff

Introduction by Major-General J. F. C. Fuller

VIKING PRESS • 625 Madison Ave., New York 22  
At all booksellers

downtown areas should satisfy a wide variety of needs and interests though not all of them are dignified; and Seymour Freedgood, in an excellent essay on city government, shows that big cities are getting good government not by replacing politicians by nonpolitical leaders but by getting good politicians—that is, by accepting the perhaps unsavory fact that man is a political animal and going on from there. The contributors (to paraphrase Berdyaev) do not think that the utopian city of the city-planners is impossible to achieve but that we must see that it doesn't happen, because it denies too much of the humanity of human life and too much of the urbanity of city life.

#### THE CITY-SEEKERS

MUCH as it is criticized, and often justly, the city remains man's most impressive creation, the material expression of both his magnificence and depravity, the cradle of civilization and its monument. The very words *city* and *civilization* have a common root. Few things can compete with the city in its hold upon our imaginations—"Eternal Rome," "Rose-red" Petra, "half as old as Time," "The New Jerusalem," "The City of God," even the city of the bees: "The singing masons building roofs of gold." In *The Bull of Minos* (Rinehart, \$4.50) Leonard Cottrell tells the story of two men who were fascinated by legendary cities and achieved fame finding their physical remains. One was Heinrich Schliemann, who unearthed Homer's Troy; the other, Sir Arthur Evans, rediscovered Knossos, the ancient capital of Crete where according to myth Theseus slew the Minotaur. (Readers who have enjoyed Mary Renault's fine reconstruction of the Theseus story in *The King Must Die* will be particularly interested in Sir Arthur Evans' work.)

Schliemann and Evans had certain traits in common: both were very rich men, and their wealth enabled them to carry on their archaeological enterprises with a boldness and single-mindedness and confidence in their own hunches that the more timid fellowship-holder can hardly imitate. Both too were men whose major archaeological achievements came after the age of fifty; they had already had successful careers in other fields. And both, strangely enough, were fascinated by modern machinery; in his old age Evans

took to flying in and out of Crete at a time when air travel was far from common.

Yet the two men were very different. Schliemann, the German, was self-made (his primary fortune was made as an indigo-merchant, though he picked up another fortune, almost by accident, in the California gold fields in 1851). He was also self-taught as a scholar and archaeologist. His methods of excavation were sometimes crude and he did not always know what he had found when he found it; but he was a brilliant pioneer, with a superb gift for arousing interest.

Sir Arthur Evans, the Englishman, was born to wealth, but he was hardly less formidable a personality than Schliemann. Although they knew each other, Evans belonged to a later and more sophisticated epoch in archaeology; his technique in uncovering Knossos was more refined than Schliemann's impassioned digging at Troy and Mycenae. His discoveries are of greatest importance; he had an opportunity no other one man has had the opportunity to add two thousand years to the known history of Europe. He did not live to see the decipherment of the language of ancient Knossos, which, in keeping with the tradition of Schliemann and Evans, was the work of another brilliant amateur, Michael Ventris, since tragically killed.

Schliemann and Evans both left elaborate accounts of their work (Evans, at least, was a fine writer; I have never read any of Schliemann's writing), and both have been treated in fine biographies that Cottrell frankly uses. He sets his account within the narrative of his own travels in the places where his subjects worked, and the result is a highly entertaining introduction to the archaeology of ancient cities.

#### A WOMAN OF PARIS

*Mistress to an Age* by J. Christopher Herold (Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.95) is a much more ambitious and scholarly piece of biographical writing than *The Bull of Minos*, but it is equally absorbing. Herold's subject is Mme. de Staël, an extraordinary woman now chiefly remembered for the number and distinction of her lovers. But, while he does it justice, Herold does not exploit the amatory aspect of her career. In calling Mme.

### Free List of Recommended CHILDREN'S BOOKS

#### Best Buys for Ages 3 to 16

Approximately 1,500 new books for children have been published this year. The editors of *Harper's* 1958 Holiday Book List for Children, Barbara A. Thacher and Jane V. Wylie in consultation with Gertrude B. Herman, librarian of a large New York school, have weeded and winnowed this crop to present for *Harper's* readers a list of some 100 books, briefly reviewed to help with individual Christmas problems. All three editors of the list are veteran book reviewers and are parents of young, middle-aged, and grown-up children. The list emphasizes books to please and interest boys and girls from three to sixteen years.

If you would like a free copy, write to Katherine Gauss Jackson, *Harper's Magazine*, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16, N. Y.



# The Swivel Chair



Actors, as their biographers and their ghostwriters assure us, rebel against type-casting. Just as valiantly do writers resist the narrow category and bedevil their publishers by changing hats.

**C. Northcote Parkinson**, that latter-day Lewis Carroll, (cf. *Parkinson's Law*) puts on a sage's skull cap before writing **The Evolution of Political Thought** (\$5.00). On publication day *Orville Prescott* gave it the full treatment in the *New York Times*: "A challenging and intellectually exciting book. Coldly objective, without emotional commitment to any political creed or shibboleth, belligerently skeptical, Professor Parkinson has written a fascinating work which I believe is also an important study of 'political institutions and the ideas to which they give rise.'"

**Stuart Cloete**, a man of many hats (cf. *The African Giant*, *The Turning Wheels*) writes a dramatic-to-melo novel full of harsh action and mellow conversation — "**Gazella**" (\$3.50). *John Barkham* says: "... fascinating African hunting lore ... surprisingly sage dialogue ... Mr. Cloete has apparently been doing some deep thinking about the inroads civilization is making into the African wilds and regrets the passing of the old Africa he knew ... talks with refreshing sagacity and insight on a variety of unhackneyed subjects ..." and the *Boston Herald* drum beats even harder: "No man in the world knows the country better than this author and few can write about the people who live or visit there with greater conviction ... enough drama, suspense and sheer excitement to provide you with an excellent evening's reading."

**Mary Mian** moves from the French provinces (*My Country-in-Law*, *The Merry Miracle*) to a superficially quiet New England town in *Young Men See Visions* (\$3.50). *Dan Wickenden* in the *New York Herald Tribune* says: "A narrative that has begun quietly increases in dramatic and emotional force, and in depth of characterization, from one chapter to the next: the charm, the irony, the grace remain constant, but *Young Men See Visions* becomes, long before it is over, an unexpectedly strong and moving book ... Novels so accomplished and satisfying do not appear often."



**Agnes Sligh Turnbull**, whose eloquent and inspiring novels (*The Bishop's Mantle*, *The Gown of Glory*) of a familiar world, now writes more directly to her readers of the events in her own life that have been the fundamental experience from which she has written her novels. Her readers will see, beyond Mrs. Turnbull's words, the testament of a woman of pervasive charm,

ready to do valiant war against a numbing grief, in her new book **Out of My Heart** (\$3.00). *Virginia Kirkus* remarks: "... more than a spiritual autobiography ... Here is a self-help book on a high level of conception and realization."

**Erwin D. Canham**, editor, news commentator, turns biographer in **Commitment to Freedom** (\$4.85). *Roscoe Drummond* of the *New York Herald Tribune* says: "Erwin D. Canham, a newspaperman of the highest repute in the United States and abroad, has helped to commemorate the occasion (of the founding of *The Christian Science Monitor* fifty years ago in 1908) by writing a live and lively history of the paper ... It deals informatively and explicitly with a wide range of 'The Monitor's' 'trade secrets' ... I think that you will enjoy reading this inside-'The Monitor' account of a newspaper which to many, as Mr. Canham himself says, 'is a kind of daily astonishment.'"



And now the exceptions to prove the point. **Louis Auchincloss** writes a new novel of the literary territory that he has made his own—**Venus in Sparta** (\$3.50). *Arthur Mizener* of the *New York Times* states: "... obviously high time someone pointed out that he is one of our very best young novelists ... these people he represents with such complete and quiet understanding that it is easy to overlook their horror, and their ultimate pathos ... What moves Mr. Auchincloss is the miracle of the developed heart flourishing incongruously in the great world ... The ultimate reason for Mr. Auchincloss' brilliant image of the well-to-do world of Chelton School, New York, and Eastern Bay is that its standards are the most difficult to get free of ... *Venus in Sparta* has the most important subject Mr. Auchincloss has yet tackled and is a big step forward for a writer who commands his experience as very few of our younger writers can."



**John Kenneth Galbraith**, rebel critic of conventional wisdom, goes from strength to strength in a vigorous program for enlivening — to a point of sharpest controversy — the "dismal science" of economics — "American Capitalism," "The Great Crash," and now **The Affluent Society** (\$5.00). "In his stimulating, violently paradoxical way Galbraith gives the reader plenty on which to chew" — *John Chamberlain*, *The Wall Street Journal*. "Rare talent for the unfettered view ... it ranks as a work which, whether Utopian or not, ought to contribute in the long run to the reshaping of some of our most basic social ideas." — *David M. Potter*, *The Saturday Review*.



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers



**Books young  
readers will  
love—for their  
stories...  
illustrations...  
ideas...and  
fun.**

### THE MAGIC MEADOW

Written and illustrated in color by *Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire*. Glowing pictures illustrate this charming story rich in the history, legend and life of Switzerland. Ages 6-10. \$3.00

### THE RACHEL FIELD STORY BOOK

*Rachel Field*; color illustrations by *Adrienne Adams*. Now back in print in one volume, three beloved stories: *Polly Patchwork*, *Pocket Handkerchief Park* and *The Yellow Shop*. Ages up to 10. \$2.50

### HOLIDAY FOR EDITH AND THE BEARS

*Dare Wright*; illustrated with photographs by the author. A new camera-story of Edith, "The Lonely Doll." Ages 2-6. \$2.50

### FLIVVER, THE HEROIC HORSE

*Lee Kingman*; illustrated by *Erik Blegvad*. How a talking horse put Snuggler's Cove back on the map in one inspired stratagem. Ages 6-10. \$2.50

### MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

*Ann Durell*. An American college girl finds the special charm of Scotland when she spends her junior year at St. Andrews — and learns about love. Ages 12-16. \$2.95

### ONCE UPON A SATURDAY

*Edward Fenton*; illustrated by *Rita Fava*. Fun, magic and mystery, in a New England salt box. Ages 8-12. \$2.95

### GEORGIE'S HALLOWEEN

Written and illustrated in color by *Robert Bright*. The newest book about this shy little ghost features a Halloween party on the village green. Ages 3-8. \$2.00

At all booksellers

**DOUBLEDAY Jr. BOOKS**  
Garden City, N. Y.

## THE NEW BOOKS

de Staël "mistress to an age" he has in mind the drawing-room quite as much as the bedroom, and his point is that Mme. de Staël's drawing-room, because of the splendor of her conversation, the contagiousness of her enthusiasms, her numerous writings, and her ability to entrance men of genius, was also a schoolroom.

In a curious way Mme. de Staël's life was dominated by a city, the city of Paris, although she was Swiss rather than French by descent, and her husband (a largely nominal post) was the Swedish ambassador to France (a post also at times fairly nominal). Her father was Necker, a poor Swiss boy who became a great financier and a very important figure in French politics on the eve of the Revolution; her mother, another Swiss Calvinist, kept a glittering salon. She was a woman of almost professional virtue who in her youth engaged the chaste passions of Edward Gibbon and in later years made elaborate plans for her remains to be pickled after death. (They were and are.)

Mme. de Staël grew up in Paris when it was the intellectual capital of the world; she met in her parents' house the greatest men of the time; she absorbed the ideas of the Enlightenment and formed a kind of center for their later defense and promulgation in the stormy years of the French Revolution and Napoleon. She was an enthusiast by nature and conviction; her behavior and appearance were customarily at least flamboyant and frequently downright bizarre, but her political ideals were reasonable and moderate.

Napoleon hated Mme. de Staël because she formed a rallying point for the old Paris against his tyranny; he called her a "bitch," a "whore, and an ugly one at that," and he tried to keep her out of the country or at least out of Paris for most of his time in power. Away from her beloved city Mme. de Staël languished in Swiss luxury (she was very rich) or traveled; she surrounded herself with some of the most brilliant company any woman ever assembled in one place. Late in life she even found a man who could give her the utter devotion she had always wanted; he was years younger than she was, handsome and brave but so stupid that her friends called him Caliban.



## Anecdotes of Destiny

By **ISAK DINESEN**. Five new stories, unique, imaginative, exquisitely wrought, by the author of *Seven Gothic Tales*. \$3.7

## Breakfast at Tiffany's

By **TRUMAN CAPOTE**. The extraordinary, highly controversial title novelette, and the accompanying three short stories, comprise the author's first major work of fiction in 7 years. \$3.50

## THE Enemy Camp

By **JEROME WEIDMAN**. "One of the most trenchant and brilliant novels of the year."

—SATURDAY REVIEW SYNDICATE \$4.9

## The Americans

### THE COLONIAL EXPERIENCE

By **DANIEL J. BOORSTIN**. The first major reinterpretation of American history since Turner, Parrington and Beard. "Provocative and illuminating."

—HENRY STEELE COMMAGER \$6.0

## Land in Search of God

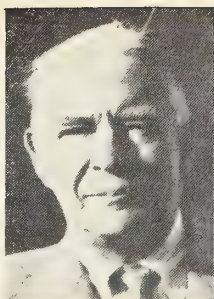
By **STANLEY J. ROWLAND, JR.** A lively, penetrating analysis of America's awakening interest in religion. \$3.95

NOW AT YOUR BOOKSTORE • RANDOM HOUSE



John P. Marquand's best novel since *LATE GEORGE APLEY*." — *Chicago Tribune*. "A novel to remember. May prove to be the best of Marquand's works." — *Saturday Review*. "The story comes more and more engrossing, its people more and more alive." — *The Reader*. "Full of Marquand's skill in recapping the details of daily life." — *Harper's*. "Marquand's best story. An admirable work." — CLIFTON FADIMAN. \$4.75

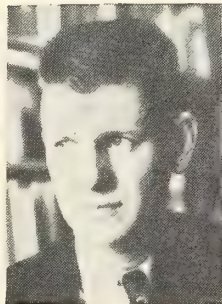
By **JOHN P. MARQUAND**



## WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW

Eyewitness accounts and the naked eye of the camera, on-the-spot drawings by famous reporter artists and text by eminent historian Frank Freidel bring the almost forgotten Spanish-American War into sharp focus in this big, exciting, picture-filled book. "Enter-taining narrative supported by the authority of scholarship." — *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. More than 300 photographs and drawings. \$8.50

By **FRANK FREIDEL**



## THE SPLENDID LITTLE WAR

No one can write about dancing and dancers as Agnes de Mille does. She is a tomboy woman, of the theater yet not wholly of the theater. Miss de Mille writes about herself and her marriage with an angry honesty — the talented woman, helplessly dedicated to her art, caught in the trap of love and marriage, longing for it, fighting it away, accepting it." — CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN. \$5.00

By **AGNES DE MILLE**



## \*AND PROMENADE HOME

"I read H. Allen Smith's book avidly and gleefully. How I laughed — and how I warmed to Mr. Smith's affection for Mexico and its gentle people." — HELEN HAYES. "A hilarious book. I chuckled, snorted and roared joyously through every word of it. There's a deep, long, satisfying draught under the brilliant spume of this brew." — CARLETON BEALS. \$3.95

By **H. ALLEN SMITH**



## THE PIG IN THE BARBER SHOP

"S. Forester is one of the first-class storytellers of our time," says the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. In his new book, adventure, intrigue, and piracy in the West Indies "provide Horatio Hornblower with ample opportunities to display every one of those qualities that have won him his best of readers . . . with his customary combination of dash and reflectiveness." — *N. Y. Times*. \$4.00

By **C. S. FORESTER**



## ADMIRAL HORNBLOWER IN THE WEST INDIES



# The Aftermath of Revolution

...as it was weighed  
in exile

## TROTSKY'S DIARY IN EXILE • 1935

Both the personal and political reflections of Leon Trotsky during his French and Norwegian sojourns are the substance of this fascinating record. It intimately reveals the anguish and loneliness of his exile, often lays bare his underlying fanaticism and selfishness, and offers pointed, historically important commentary on both local and international politics. Translated by Elena Ivanovna Zarudnaya. Illustrated. \$4.00

...as it was lived at home

## SMOLENSK UNDER SOVIET RULE

By MERLE FAINSOD, author of *How Russia is Ruled*. The only documentary records of a Soviet administration ever to reach the West are those of the Smolensk Archive, seized by Germany in 1941 and subsequently transferred to America. From the official Party, government and police reports of this Archive, Mr. Fainsod has constructed a unique, dramatic account of day-to-day life in a typical Russian city during the critical first two decades of Communism's new order. \$8.50

Through your bookseller, or from



**HARVARD**  
UNIVERSITY PRESS  
79 Garden Street,  
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

## THE NEW BOOKS

Their tardily legitimized child was subnormal, and Mme. de Staël used her second husband's name only to sign her will.

At times Mme. de Staël had direct and considerable political influence—she tried to stop the American War of 1812. She had even more influence through her writing and friendships. She produced a couple of autobiographical novels; in one of them she portrayed her first lover, Talleyrand, in a female character, and he wickedly remarked that he understood that Mme. de Staël in her novel had disguised both him and herself as women.

Herold's biography is entertaining reading but it is not cheap or off-hand. It is a work of extensive scholarship, written with personal conviction. Herold essentially sees Mme. de Staël as a sturdy, unyielding liberal in a time when that was not an easy thing to be. He believes that in general her political and social ideas were right, and he admires her persistence in a good cause. (A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.)

### DARK CITY

THE scene of Richard Wright's new novel, *The Long Dream* (Doubleday, \$3.95), is the Negro section of a city called Clintonville, Mississippi, and the book is not a reassuring picture of American urban life.

The main characters are a Negro boy, known as Fish, and his father, Tyree Tucker. The father has risen to eminence and prosperity in the black ghetto through a variety of ventures; he runs a reputable undertaking establishment but he is also a silent partner in brothels and other illegal enterprises. He has achieved his standing through what seems to be complete subservience to the white community; he has split his profits on the brothels with the chief of police and cunningly played the white man's game in every way that shows. But secretly he has hung onto some canceled checks that the chief of police was foolish enough to endorse, and when he gets in trouble he tries to use the checks to blackmail his way out, and fails.

Fish, the son, grows up somewhat protected from the facts of Negro life in Clintonville by his father's power and position. But when his

father gets in trouble the son rapidly drawn into a whirlpool of violence, and the moral crisis of life comes with his father's fall. He is torn between his conviction that he should stay in Clintonville and his growing certainty that only chance to make something of life is to leave. In the end he is a plane to Paris, but the canceled checks (which he has managed to hang onto through everything that has happened) he mails back to one white man in Clintonville who has tried to deal with him and his father justly.

*The Long Dream* is pretty crude fiction in several ways. It begins too early in the story, when Fish is a little boy. Here and there appear long italicized accounts of dreams that are really not very good or relevant. The ending of the book is not dramatically satisfactory, though it may be sociologically necessary, and the final paragraph is a patch of purple prose that some friendly hands should have excised. Yet the central episodes of the story are strong and firmly written, and Tyree Tucker with his mixture of pride, intelligence, and cringing subservience, a character who carries conviction.

### FARTHER SOUTH

GRAHAM GREENE calls his new book—*Our Man in Havana* (Viking, \$3.50)—“an entertainment” thereby indicating that it is to be considered with his early suspense stories rather than with his more recent and more serious work. But in fact it is a good deal better than his last novel, *The Quiet American*, not only as entertainment but also as social criticism.

*Our Man in Havana* is a very funny (and at times gruesome) book brilliantly plotted and written with unflagging high spirits. “Our man”—one Mr. Wormold—is a harmless middle-aged Britisher, a kind of Walter Mitty who runs a sewing-machine agency in Havana. His wife has left him for more exciting companionship, and he has an adolescent daughter to provide for.

Of a sudden, a suspiciously smooth Englishman appears in Havana and shows a marked interest in Mr. Wormold. He is looking for an agent to work for the British Secret

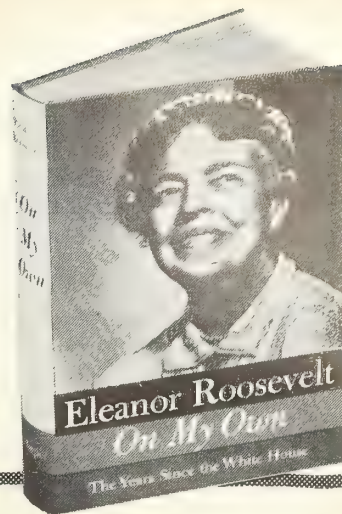


# Eleanor Roosevelt

## ON MY OWN

A great woman shares her experiences, public and private, during the thirteen years since the death of F. D. R. "With Mrs. Roosevelt old age has indeed proved to be a 'Golden Age' . . . Her zest for life crackles from every page, and she shares her joy in living with the reader."

—MARGARET L. COIT, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. Illustrated. \$4.00



DITTA SHERMAN

# Raymond B. Fosdick

## CHRONICLE OF A GENERATION

Interweaving history and autobiography, a great public servant recalls his career with Lillian Wald in the Henry Street Settlement, his years as president of the Rockefeller Foundation — and the notable personalities and issues of the century. "An absorbing account of a life that has been well and happily spent."—*Saturday Review*. \$4.50

# Edward Streeter

## MR. ROBBINS RIDES AGAIN

Mr. Horace Robbins, suburban New Yorker, is Mr. Streeter's latest windmill joust. Like his predecessors in *Father of the Bride* and *Merry Christmas*, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Robbins, a grandfather bravely confronting the perils of life on a dude ranch, instantly wins our affections. Illustrated by Marc Simont. \$3.00



# Anne Parrish

## THE LUCKY ONE

Anne Parrish's last novel is the story of two men bound from childhood in a curious web of fate. Which of the two is really the lucky one will depend on your own view of life. However you decide, you will find this the most readable, appealing and masterly novel the author of *The Perennial Bachelor* ever wrote. \$3.00

At all bookstores

**HARPER & BROTHERS**

A New Book by

**HENRY MOORE**



**HEADS, FIGURES AND IDEAS**, by Henry Moore . . . a new kind of book. Reproduces the creative process of a great sculptor. Moore himself has conceived and executed these spontaneous ideas, notes and sketches, to be transformed into masterpieces of sculpture.

Book size 13½ x 19 inches . . . with 64 pages of superb photo-offset lithography. Facsimile reproductions of drawings in as many as 7 different color impressions. Includes original lithography by Henry Moore especially drawn for this volume. Introductory comment in blank verse by Geoffrey Grigson. An ideal gift. Write for free color catalog of New York Graphic Society's magnificent art books.

Mail to your favorite bookstore or

**NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY • GREENWICH, CONN.**

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ copies of **HEADS, FIGURES AND IDEAS**

☐ I enclose \$30.00 per copy.

☐ Bill me on my regular account

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



**NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY**  
Greenwich, Connecticut

Publishers of the UNESCO World Art Series

## THE NEW BOOKS

Service in the area and hits upon Mr. Wormold because he is in every way so unlikely for the job. At first Wormold is shocked at the idea of being a spy, but when he sees that he can use the position to assure his daughter's economic future he accepts. Merrily he sets about milking the expense account for all that it is worth; he hires imaginary subordinates and pockets their pay; he invents nonexistent military installations in the jungle and hires nonexistent aviators to take photographs of them. In London secret-service circles he acquires a reputation for intrepidity, and naturally his superiors there who have been responsible for hiring him congratulate themselves on the brilliance of their appointment.

But unfortunately Mr. Wormold's imaginary world meshes at some points with reality; to his horror people begin to act as if his lies were true, and he is no longer able to cover his tracks or the consequences of his own invention. It would be unfair to reveal what happens when his superiors discover what Wormold has really been up to, but since they are far more concerned for the security of their jobs than the security of their country, they have an intricate job of face-saving to do, and what happens to Mr. Wormold becomes pretty incidental in the process. *Our Man in Havana* is not only a wonderfully skillful story of espionage; it is also a satire on the cloak-and-dagger approach to international relations.

MANY miles southeast of Havana, forming the eastern edge of the Caribbean Sea, are the Lesser Antilles. and *Someone Will Die Tonight in the Caribbean* (Knopf, \$3.50) is an account by a French journalist, René Puisseuseau, of his travels in those hurricane-ridden islands.

Originally Puisseuseau was chiefly interested in the French "poor whites" of the islands, a pitiable collection of more or less feeble-minded fishermen descended from the freebooters who went out in search of treasure in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and of the unwanted girls (often prostitutes or orphans) who were shipped out to be their wives. But he became fasci-

At 9:30 a.m. a young girl wheeled into an operating room. 5 hours later her life had been saved by two doctors who had performed a medical miracle.



While telling this minute-by-minute documentary story of a miraculous heart operation, Leonard Engel (who is well-known to Harper's readers as an outstanding writer on medical subjects) also gives a fascinating dramatic history of the entire development of modern surgery and medicine. **THE OPERATION** is the most exciting story on medicine since *The Microbe Hunter*.

## THE OPERATION

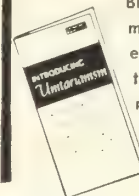
By **LEONARD ENGEL**

\$4.95, now at your bookstore

McGRAW-HILL

## Who are these UNITARIANS?

The booklet, *Introducing Unitarianism*, will be sent to those interested in liberal religion. Thousands who previously have thought they had "to think alone and like it" have read this book and found for themselves a happy church home within the Unitarian Fellowship, in company with Emerson, Jefferson, Holmes, Priestley, Steinmetz, Darwin, Morse, Bret Harte, Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Lowell, and other great thinkers, past and present.



MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10¢ TO  
**UNITARIAN LAYMEN'S LEAGUE**

Dept. HX3, 25 Beacon St., Boston 8, Mass.

Please send me booklets on Unitarianism.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

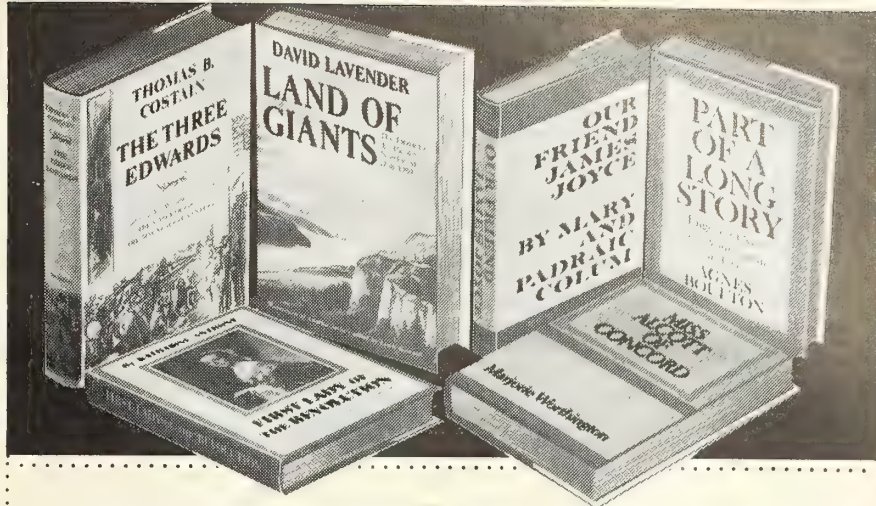
Address \_\_\_\_\_



by the more recent social re- who have settled in the region— veterans of the second world who couldn't or wouldn't go and now make their living by ngling. The book ends with a g description of a hurricane. Pessesseau draws a striking pic- of a corner of this hemisphere als largely unknown.

COMMUNITY OF LOVE

setting of Iris Murdoch's new **The Bell** (Viking, \$4.50), is a vigious community located in a nglish country house next door a Anglican Benedictine convent. wner of the house and the head community is a man who has wanted to be a priest but whose dation has been postponed be- of his tendency to become emo- ly involved with younger men. od him are grouped a variety akers after the good life—a mus- Christian with a background lement house work, a girl who to become a nun, and her ic brother who as a prep- boy had an ambiguous rela- ip with the head of the com- y; an artsy-craftsy couple who that it is somehow easier to ve sanctity if you weave the for your own clothes, and an orted couple from London, the nd a difficult art historian and ife a rather stupid but sweet- ed girl; an idealistic boy full of scent religiosity, and so on. e action of the novel chiefly ns the installation of a new n the chapel of the convent. t turns out that there are two not one. According to legend d bell lies at the bottom of the on the property; with the aid dern skin-diving equipment he discovers that it is in fact still and a fantastic scheme is ed to raise the drowned bell substitute it for the new one the day of installation arrives. e two bells in some way sym- , I suppose, the two levels on a the life of the community orward; the new bell represents icial piety, its publicized objec- while the submerged bell rep- ts the unacknowledged motives have led the members to em- their kind of life. The plot is



*"There is properly no history... only biography."*

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Two of these books are outstanding, new biographies; two are revealing memoirs of famous men; two are brilliant histories written in terms of the individuals who made the events. All are certain to please readers who enjoy looking into the lives of people whose accomplishments made history.

Thomas B. Costain

**THE THREE EDWARDS**

History that reads like the most exciting fictional drama! Here is the new book in the author's distinguished *Pageant of England* series, a brilliant successor to *The Conquerors* and *The Magnificent Century*. Spanning the years 1272-1337, this is the story of the great Plantagenet family—their tragic and glorious wars, their tournaments and pageantry, their wives and mistresses. 16 pages of illustrations, plus maps and index. \$4.75

David Lavender

**LAND OF GIANTS**

The Drive to the Pacific Northwest, 1750-1950—a magnificent new book in the *Mainstream of America* series. "A dynamic account of the building of our Pacific Northwest... There are tales of conflict and clashes, of heroism and sacrifice. We see vividly the development of this great area and the characters who walked the stage... This book, beautifully written, brings history to life."—Justice William O. Douglas. \$5.95

Mary and Padraic Colum

**OUR FRIEND JAMES JOYCE**

An informal and engaging account of Joyce's early years that "succeeds in giving us what practically nobody else has given us—the feeling that Joyce was a human being, as lovable and fallible as other human beings..." —Frank O'Connor, *New York Times Book Review*. Here is Joyce the writer, Joyce the businessman, and Joyce the man. \$4.00

Agnes Boulton

**PART OF A LONG STORY**

The glorious, fiery years of Eugene O'Neill's poverty and obscurity during which some of his greatest plays were completed—told by the woman he loved, married, and later left. "Fascinating and illuminating... has the ring of truth."—Brooks Atkinson, *New York Times Book Review*. "Vivid close-up of a deeply felt relationship." —Charles Rolo, *The Atlantic*. \$4.50

Katharine Anthony

**FIRST LADY OF THE REVOLUTION**

The dramatic story of Mercy Otis Warren, long-forgotten American heroine. A Massachusetts housewife of poise and breeding, Mercy Warren, through her lively (often bawdy) plays attacking British rule, perhaps did as much as anyone to fan the flame of the American Revolution. This is another distinguished biography by the author of *Catherine the Great* and *Marie Antoinette*. \$3.95

Marjorie Worthington

**MISS ALCOTT OF CONCORD**

This truly fascinating biography of Louisa May Alcott is also a portrait of Boston and Concord in their greatest period—a time of great names, great movements and great events. The personal story of the author of *Little Women* is lively and heroic; the glimpses of Emerson, Thoreau, Henry James, Hawthorne and Miss Alcott's other friends are vivid and revealing. \$4.50

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS • DOUBLEDAY

# Do you think?



Suppose you like to think—and talk—about current politics, international affairs, books, the arts and entertainments, finance, sport, and all the other topics that concern the lively mind. Suppose that you are interested in what is going on in the world;

not just the world of politics and industry and revolutions in other countries, but also the world with its lighter side turned towards you. Suppose you like to read the British point of view.

Now suppose there was a weekly journal that was full of precisely these things, written by men and women with lively minds and busy eyes and ears; men and women who can think and write and smile—and even do all three at the same time. The result would be above all a paper that made people think; a paper that provoked them, amused them, informed them, interested them, sometimes enraged them, but always made them think for themselves.

Well, there is such a journal—London's *Spectator*. The *Spectator* begins each week with leading articles and editorial comment on the important events of the week (not forgetting that the most important events are not necessarily the ones that get the most space in other papers). Its team of foreign correspondents are next to report, describing as they analyse and analysing as they describe. Features on every possible topic—nothing to do with the news sometimes—follow. Then the arts are given their share of attention by the liveliest and most outspoken—yet always balanced and informed—team of critics in British journalism today. The new books—good ones and bad—are weighed in the *Spectator*'s balances and the results announced by our reviewers. Then the City is put under the microscope, a crossword puzzle and literary competition tease the mind, and that, for one week, is that.

But, of course, that isn't all. You cannot sum up a paper as varied and exciting as the *Spectator* by summarising its contents.



In its pages you will find Taper, whose weekly political commentary is more widely read than any other; you will find Alan Brien blowing through the stale air of the London theatre like a sea breeze; you will find the lively eye of *Roundabout* looking on at every imaginable aspect of the current British scene; you will find Leslie Adrian discussing everything from restaurants to refrigerators, and Miles Howard

dealing with the problems of health and sickness.

You will find a paper that is adult, balanced, tolerant, independent and free—and which likes to think it is read by the same sort of people. In short, you will find the *Spectator*. And we think you will find it right for you.

## An Offer to New Readers

Why not try the *Spectator*? It isn't difficult to get. Just fill in and post the coupon below, with \$4.00. This will bring you a year's subscription at approximately half the normal cost.

To: The *Spectator*,  
99 Gower Street,  
London, W.C.1, England.

Please send me the *Spectator* for a year (52 issues). I enclose \$4.00.

Name .....  
(Please use block letters throughout)

Address .....

S.119

## THE NEW BOOK

very skillfully contrived so that the raising of the sunken le whole hidden side of life in the munity breaks out, and the munity itself is destroyed.

Miss Murdoch has wisely refrained from writing a satirical novel. Though not (apparently) relying on herself, she does not make fun of religious life, and her portrait of the old abbess of the convent is distinctly respectful. Her theme is simple: the community fails because its members deceive themselves by thinking that they are leading a life of brotherly love when they are absorbed in themselves. It is not brotherly love is a false ideal, but that it is an ideal very difficult to embrace without self-deception.

But if Miss Murdoch's theme is simple, her development of it is complex and subtle. She brings her subject a cultivated mind, a remarkable breadth of sympathy, a refined moral sense, a lively and unadorned prose style, and a gift for the mentalism, but she remains a distinctive writer and one of the novelists in English to emerge after the second world war.

JACK KEROUAC'S new book, *The Dharma Bums* (Viking), is another hunk of the mild, rationalized autobiography he has been publishing. It is a crazy mixture of the Rover Boys on a camping trip and home-made mysticism, and like it fine.

For all his naïveté, his fumbling, his pretentiousness, Kerouac is trying to get at something. He reports in a religious vision he was powered to remind people that they are utterly free," and his books have the effect of reminding the reader of disregarded possibilities of existence.

Kerouac writes of himself and his friends as they hitchhike around the country, live inexpensively in California, go on trips into the mountains, and discover for themselves that "the circumstances of existence are pretty glorious." *The Dharma Bums* is less frantic than *On the Road*; there is less interest in sex and drugs and more in religion.

OCCASIONALLY even if you should read a book about nature



and himself that the world contains more than people, and **The** by Oskar and Katharina Heinroth (\$5) is a fine book to choose for purpose. It is one of an excellent series of brief, non-technical volumes on scientific subjects written by German scholars that are being translated into English and published in this country by the University of Michigan Press.

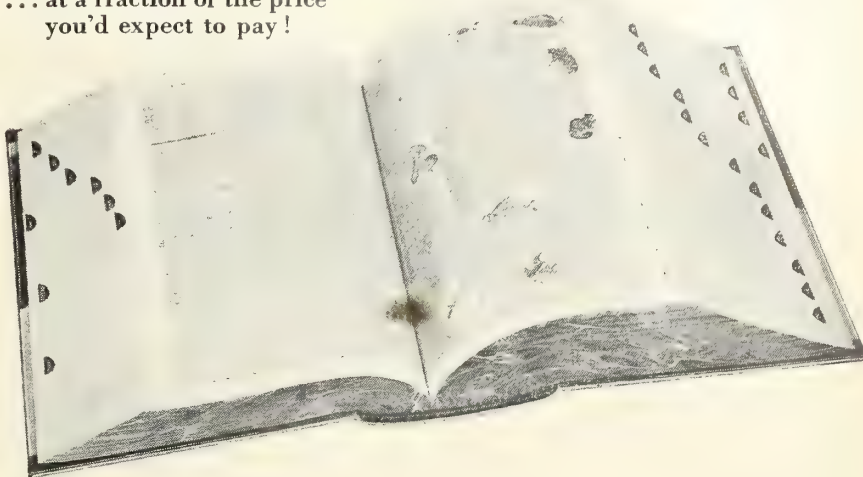
Obviously the book is a labor of love, but the general approach is sentimental. The Heinroths, for example, quickly erase any romantic notions the reader may have about the bird's nest—apparently birds have no home except during the breeding season, and even then it is not necessarily a bower of flowers. Often it is vermin-ridden, and birds will go far afield in search of insects and not consume those that are home-life unbearable nobody

25. *The Birds* is full of fascinating details (the hummingbird is the only bird that can fly backward; birds stay on their perches when they fly because they have a notched mandible that locks into a notched perch; contrary to popular belief, birds cannot tell when their eggs have been handled, and some kinds of birds, not especially distinguished by intellectual prowess, will try to eat out potatoes put under them). Even more interesting than such details are the generalizations the Heinroths are able to make from their long experience with birds. For example, whether the father or the mother brings up the young seems to depend on which has the duller plumage—a drab parent calls less attention to itself and is therefore a better chaperone.

But the best sections of the book are those in which the Heinroths attempt to enter the mind of the bird. Birds are not very intelligent and most of their most complex behavior is entirely instinctive—i.e., unlearned. Often they have remarkable abilities that make intelligence irrelevant, and, oddly enough, they are only creatures other than man who can learn to imitate sounds not their own. Birds relate themselves to the environment largely through sight; some have eyes several times as good as ours. A bird's-eye view is more than a figure of speech.

# Answers more questions than any other reference work

... at a fraction of the price you'd expect to pay!



Brings into your home accurate information on every subject known to man... with thousands of illustrations... heartily recommended by leaders in every field of knowledge

Here is the most helpful basic reference work that you can have in your home!

**It is the most complete dictionary** ever published — containing thousands of words and definitions not included in any other dictionary.

**It is the world's greatest "information center"** — equivalent in printed material to an 18-volume encyclopedia... containing so much encyclopedic matter that it has become famous as the great "question answerer."

**It covers the entire range of man's knowledge** — vocabulary, geography, biography, the arts, the sciences, the professions — opening up for you all the cultural and practical knowledge of this eventful era.

Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, is one of the most inspiring purchases you will ever make for yourself and your family. It is an invaluable aid to students and to leaders in business and every profession... an unequaled "partner" in word games and puzzles... a "question answerer" so informative and intriguing that someone in your family will turn to it nearly every day.

As your family develops the "look it up" habit, their questions will be answered with complete accuracy, for this New International is the same unabridged Merriam-Webster relied on by schools and libraries as "the Supreme Authority" of the English-speaking world.

**Don't let the years roll by** without giving yourself and your family the benefit of this wonderful, low-cost reference work. See Webster's New International at department, book, or stationery stores.

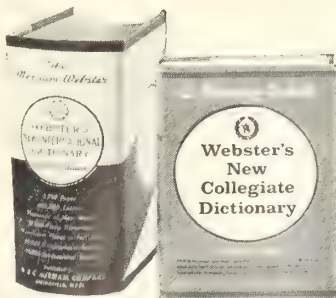
...

**WARNING:** Don't confuse this genuine Webster's New International Dictionary with "big" dictionaries offered as supermarket premiums or in "free" offers. Always look for the Merriam-Webster trademark to protect yourself from inferior substitutes.

INSIST ON

## MERRIAM-WEBSTER

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary (\$5 and up) is the only desk dictionary based on the New International. It is the dictionary required or recommended by nearly all schools and colleges. There should be an up-to-date copy in every home.



Adapted. Copyright by G. & C. Merriam Co.

**FREE—Illustrated Booklet of Word Origins**

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 471, Springfield 2, Mass.

Please mail me your free illustrated booklet, "Interesting Origins of English Words." Also send me more information about Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Name.....

Address.....

City & State.....

# Give



"It's just what its title says!"—JESSE STUART

## This Exciting New Magazine \*

Complete  
Text

Bests from the journals and quarterlies, as nominated by their editors; supplemented by staff selections from periodicals not commonly seen on the newsstands — "a cross section of what thinking writers write."

### Gift Subscription Coupon

**BEST ARTICLES & STORIES**, 1757 Devon Lane, Bloomington, Indiana: Please enter one-year subscriptions, for which remittance is enclosed, for myself and those listed herewith. By subscription only, 10 issues annually — \$5.

Name of Donor .....

Street Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Gift Subscription:

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

**GIFT CARD TIMED FOR CHRISTMAS**

\* Selections from *Virginia Quarterly*, *Yale Review*, *Poetry*, 51 other leaders

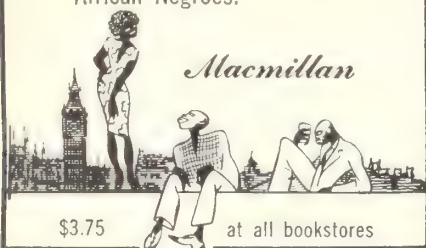
"Should one ask more of a work of fiction than that it be well written, profoundly serious as well as hilariously funny? 'City Of Spades' is all that."—N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW

## CITY OF SPADES

by Colin MacInnes

the novel about a new and tremendously vital world—London's mushrooming population of West Indian and African Negroes.

Macmillan



\$3.75

at all bookstores

## What kind of Southerner is

most resistant to  
most prepared for

## school integration?

- How many years of schooling has he had?
- What is his occupational status and income?
- How much national news does he read and hear?

## Desegregation:

READINESS AND RESISTANCE  
by Melvin M. Tumin

A book which shows how prejudice *actually* affects desegregation... why some anti-Negroes are pro-integration... how a man's personal life shapes his attitudes.

\$5.00 at your bookstore



Princeton  
University Press  
Princeton, New Jersey

# BOOKS in brief

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

FICTIO

Mr. Robbins Rides Again, by Wendell Streeter.

All who have ever made automobile trips with friends, or have gone from the East coast to the West for a summer vacation will want a book—for themselves and to give to friends, particularly the friends they went with. It is wry and kindly commentary on individual and personal foibles as seen under the pressure of group travel and group living at a dude ranch. Mr. Robbins is a likable character and what plot there is threaded through these charming essays together involves him and his grandson. The story may be a little predictable, but it is delightful, and very satisfactorily resolved.

Harper

I Wish He Would Not Die, by Jan Aldridge.

Mr. Aldridge has always been notably successful in his quiet, understated writing about men under the stress of special danger, especially at war. In the two stories in this book he weaves some of the magic; the tragic courage of men asked to die for causes that they do not understand; their devotion and loyalty to each other which gives meaning to life in the face of senseless politics or blundering generalship. His women are less successful. The first story here is about an Egyptian and an Englishman, good friends who after World War II and Korea become flying instructors together in Egypt. They are both fanatically devoted to flying; their conversations about their planes are wonderful. They are political innocents who get tragically caught in the Suez fiasco which neither of them understands. The other story is also about desert warfare, about military mistakes, and about personal loves and hates among men involved. If these stories lack the clarity and direct impact of Mr. Aldridge's World-War-II novel *Signed With Their Honour*, for instance, perhaps it is because the issues now seem so much more complex.



ated. But his stories still mov-  
y reflect the loyalty and courage  
men dedicated to something be-  
l themselves. Doubleday, \$3.50

his is a novel of burglary, betrayal, and revenge, with the added interest of being written by a man who was himself once a burglar by trade. The excitement of planning and carrying out the robbery is heightened by this stamp of authority, but in these situations, the people, the places, the chase goes from London to Gibraltar, to Tangier, and to Spain), and the story is entirely convincing and bears the stamp of another authority, that of the born narrator. By the author of *Whitewash* and *The Juryman*.

## NON-FICTION

While reading this biography of the author of *Little Women* I was suddenly reminded of Cecil Wood-Smith's *Florence Nightingale*. The heroines of both books were only dedicated to a discipline and cause; both were driven by a relentless purpose to spinsterhood, illness, and an agonized need for solace. And all this in spite of the supposedly satisfying fame which came early to them both. Miss Alcott helped her scholarly but impecunious father, Bronson Alcott, support the family from the time she was in her teens, first hiring out as household help, then with her sewing, later with her writing, which in the end supported and brought comfort to them all. This dedication to family which would never let her rest is, of course, what has given the *Little Women* series their homely, quaint, sunshine-and-shadow flavor that has enchanted succeeding generations for over half a century.

fiss Worthington is not the distinguished writer and scholar that is. Woodham-Smith is, nor is her subject so monumental, but she has a real and understanding love for Alcott and her nineteenth-century world and for what every girl who ever read *Little Women* will want to know about the invincible Laurie. Who was Laurie (a real surprise)?

## A composite image featuring a man in a trench coat and hat on the left, and a large, detailed eye on the right, set against a dark, textured background.

*DALI, a Study of his Life and Work*, the first book ever published that deals *understandably* and fully with the most controversial artist of our times . . . here at last is a layman's guide to the art of Dali!

No attempt is made to straighten out the famed limp watches . . . but rather the misconceptions surrounding the incomparable Salvador Dali and his flaccid timepieces. In this volume—his haunting, even shocking, images take on their true meaning—as we see *our* world for the first time through the eyes of the master.

96 pages, 14 x 14 inches . . . almost 100 black and white illustrations . . . 17 color plates, each with an interpretation by Dali himself. Text by Michel Tapié and A. Reynolds Morse. Price \$15 at better bookstores everywhere.

*Give an heirloom for Christmas! Write for free color catalogue of New York Graphic Society's magnificent art publications. Ancient and modern masters... the native art of 12 nations, sponsored by UNESCO... and many others. Send your name and address plus the name and address of your favorite bookstore to—*

To: Your favorite bookstore, or  
**NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY • GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT**  
 Please send \_\_\_\_ copies of DALI

☐ I enclose \$15.00 per copy; you will refund my money if I return book(s) in seven days.

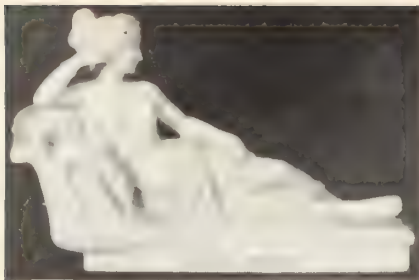
☐ Bill me on my regular account if I have not returned book(s) in seven days.

[illegible]

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY	STATE	ZONE	STATE
ALBANY	NY	1	NY
ALBANY	NY	2	NY
ALBANY	NY	3	NY
ALBANY	NY	4	NY
ALBANY	NY	5	NY
ALBANY	NY	6	NY
ALBANY	NY	7	NY
ALBANY	NY	8	NY
ALBANY	NY	9	NY
ALBANY	NY	10	NY
ALBANY	NY	11	NY
ALBANY	NY	12	NY
ALBANY	NY	13	NY
ALBANY	NY	14	NY
ALBANY	NY	15	NY
ALBANY	NY	16	NY
ALBANY	NY	17	NY
ALBANY	NY	18	NY
ALBANY	NY	19	NY
ALBANY	NY	20	NY
ALBANY	NY	21	NY
ALBANY	NY	22	NY
ALBANY	NY	23	NY
ALBANY	NY	24	NY
ALBANY	NY	25	NY
ALBANY	NY	26	NY
ALBANY	NY	27	NY
ALBANY	NY	28	NY
ALBANY	NY	29	NY
ALBANY	NY	30	NY
ALBANY	NY	31	NY
ALBANY	NY	32	NY
ALBANY	NY	33	NY
ALBANY	NY	34	NY
ALBANY	NY	35	NY
ALBANY	NY	36	NY
ALBANY	NY	37	NY
ALBANY	NY	38	NY
ALBANY	NY	39	NY
ALBANY	NY	40	NY
ALBANY	NY	41	NY
ALBANY	NY	42	NY
ALBANY	NY	43	NY
ALBANY	NY	44	NY
ALBANY	NY	45	NY
ALBANY	NY	46	NY
ALBANY	NY	47	NY
ALBANY	NY	48	NY
ALBANY	NY	49	NY
ALBANY	NY	50	NY
ALBANY	NY	51	NY
ALBANY	NY	52	NY
ALBANY	NY	53	NY
ALBANY	NY	54	NY
ALBANY	NY	55	NY
ALBANY	NY	56	NY
ALBANY	NY	57	NY
ALBANY	NY	58	NY
ALBANY	NY	59	NY
ALBANY	NY	60	NY
ALBANY	NY	61	NY
ALBANY	NY	62	NY
ALBANY	NY	63	NY
ALBANY	NY	64	NY
ALBANY	NY	65	NY
ALBANY	NY	66	NY
ALBANY	NY	67	NY
ALBANY	NY	68	NY
ALBANY	NY	69	NY
ALBANY	NY	70	NY
ALBANY	NY	71	NY
ALBANY	NY	72	NY
ALBANY	NY	73	NY
ALBANY	NY	74	NY
ALBANY	NY	75	NY
ALBANY	NY	76	NY
ALBANY	NY	77	NY
ALBANY	NY	78	NY
ALBANY	NY	79	NY
ALBANY	NY	80	NY
ALBANY	NY	81	NY
ALBANY	NY	82	NY
ALBANY	NY	83	NY
ALBANY	NY	84	NY
ALBANY	NY	85	NY
ALBANY	NY	86	NY
ALBANY	NY	87	NY
ALBANY	NY	88	NY
ALBANY	NY	89	NY
ALBANY	NY	90	NY
ALBANY	NY	91	NY
ALBANY	NY	92	NY
ALBANY	NY	93	NY
ALBANY	NY	94	NY
ALBANY	NY	95	NY
ALBANY	NY	96	NY
ALBANY	NY	97	NY
ALBANY	NY	98	NY
ALBANY	NY	99	NY
ALBANY	NY	100	NY

☐ Please send me complete illustrated color catalogue of New York Graphic Society art books.



### FIGURE OF HISTORY

Pauline Bonaparte, Napoleon's favorite sister, married into the famous Royal Borghese family of Rome. She commissioned Canova to sculpt her in marble as a gift to her renowned husband. This sculpture occupies the center of a room in the Borghese Galleries in Rome and its detail still inspires awe. Our detailed reproduction in white Alabaster is 7 1/2" long. \$6.95 includes postage.



### VENUS DE MILO

One of the most famous pieces of Art in the world. An ancient Roman goddess of love, bloom and beauty. Original was in marble, undraped above the thighs and without arms, found on Melos. We show the entire statue exactly as it is today in the Louvre in smooth white Italian Alabaster. 10" high. \$5.95 includes postage.

No C.O.D.'s, please. Interesting catalogue enclosed with each order.

**EDITH CHAPMAN**

Dept. 50  
Nyack, New York

The most important thing in the world.  
Find its supreme value to you in

## ONE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE

The story of what might have happened to the rich young ruler after he turned away from Jesus: lovers you can respect, who, before the climax of the book during the destruction of Jerusalem by the Roman legions, discover, in the (now almost forgotten) religion of the first Christians, the secret of conjugal love and the answer to the mystery of life.

• A NOVEL BY W. F. LUDER •

A beautiful book of 1100 pages you will treasure forever, it makes an ideal gift for any occasion. Only \$4.84, at your bookseller, or postpaid from FARNSWORTH BOOKS

112 Wetherbee, BOSTON 54, MASS.

Send for our giant Bargains in Books Catalog today!

Lists and describes thousands of new books and old favorites—best sellers, history, religious, classics, juveniles, etc. Profusely illustrated. Bring a well-stocked bookstore into your home! Send only 25¢ in coin or stamps to cover handling and shipping for your copy. (This 25¢ may be deducted from your first order.)

Order any book advertised or reviewed in this magazine from us. We will make immediate shipment of most books from our huge stock.

SERVING THE BOOK BUYERS OF AMERICA SINCE 1895

**THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY**

Dept. 10, 564 West Monroe Street, Chicago 6, Ill.

**BARGAINS  
in BOOKS!**

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

Did Amy really marry him? Was there really a Beth and did she really die? The extraordinary part is how very autobiographical *Little Women* is, and reading this book, so full of Louisa's journals and letters and the Jo-like despair over her shortcomings, and delight in her touching triumphs, is like reading the story of Jo, Meg, Beth, and Amy all over again. One knows where to look for the favorite parts, both sad and sweet. The informal pictures of "Marmee," of her father, of Emerson and the Transcendentalists, and of the life at Fruitlands make the unusual background credible, but it is hard to read of her last days. Bereaved, lonely, and very ill, she sounds like—and thought of herself as—an old, old woman. And yet she was only 56 when she died. A book full of information and nostalgia.

Doubleday, \$4.50

**The Rainbow Comes and Goes**, by Diana Cooper.

Victorian English childhoods with their large houses, their nannies, their nurseries, their remote parents, and often a castle in the background have become familiar to us all, thanks to the general literacy and nostalgia of so many who grew up at the turn of the century, lived through two world wars, and now see the way of life they knew disappearing forever. Lady Diana Manners, youngest daughter of the eighth duke of Rutland, known as the most beautiful and talented of her contemporaries, writes of her childhood, of her gay and pleasure-mad girlhood destined to end so tragically with the death of so many of the carefree and brilliant young men in 1917 and afterward. She writes of her romance with Duff Cooper and includes many of their war letters (some of which were in his own book, *Old Men Forget*). She tells of his leaving the foreign office for politics and of her going to America with Max Reinhardt to do "The Miracle." A glamorous, romantic recreation of a lost world, with many photographs.

Houghton Mifflin, \$5

**The Child Across the River**, by Giuletta d'Alessandro.

This is a diary (reconstructed?) by an Italian mother, telling of her attempt to go through the lines in

"A masterly work."—Van Wyck Brooc

**THE REDISCOVERY OF MAN**  
by  
**WALDO FRANK**  
author of  
**BRIDGEHEAD**

Drawing on all phases of existence, the intellectual memoir, an analysis and summation of our world, offers a practical program for Western man's survival and salvation. \$6

**GEORGE BRAZILLER**, New York

For All Your  
**Cat-Owning Friends**  
The Perfect Gift is  
**CATS MAGAZINE**

Helpful Articles, Pictures, Poems, News Every Month  
All About All Kinds of Cats  
Send only \$3.50 for each full year subscription.  
(Samples 35¢)

**CATS—328 House Bldg.**  
Pittsburgh 22, Pa.



## OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies, Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We reply quickly at lowest prices.  
(We also supply all current books at retail prices—Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of *Harper's Magazine*.)

**AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE**  
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N.Y.  
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.

## McGUFFEY'S READER

After a long and costly search, reprints of the original 1870 revised editions of the famous McGuffey's Readers have been completed and you can now purchase copies at the following low prices. POSTPAID:

1st Reader .....	\$2.25	4th Reader .....	\$1.50
2nd Reader .....	\$2.50	5th Reader .....	\$1.50
3rd Reader .....	\$2.75	6th Reader .....	\$1.50

**OLD AUTHORS**, Dept. HA-11, Rowan, Ill.

## WILL YOU SMOKE MY MILD PIPE 30 DAYS AT MY RISK? MILD PIPE

Just send name—get eye-opening facts about my guaranteed new kind of mild pipe. Complete details FREE. Write to E. A. CAREY 1920 Sunnyside, Dept. 131-M, Chicago 4, Ill.

## ATHEIST BOOKS

32-page catalogue free.

TRUTH SEEKER CO. 38 Park Row, New York 8, N.Y.

## OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

—AT LOWEST PRICES—  
You name it we find it! Fast service. No obligation. Send us your wants!

**INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS**  
Box 3003-H, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will want to receive every issue of *Harper's* promptly. When advising us of a change of address please indicate both the old and new address. It will allow six weeks for effecting this change.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE**  
49 East 33d St. New York 16, N.Y.



—through the Italian country—being fought over by the German on one side and the Allies on the other—to find her young daughter whom she had become separated by the war. In its descriptions of the hill-town people and what went through, caught between two armies, it is excellent. It is good as a sympathetic journal, the “signora” never really makes the reader feel the urgency of her story; the story does not include a picture of her relationship with the child, or any portrait of the child. And her choice of the incidents to be stressed seems rather highly personal. The generosity and kindness of the people who take her in seem real and moving but all the times she seeks to make seem anti-climactic, including her long-postponed meeting with her daughter. She feels all through an overtone of “for me” that is not endearing. The house in Ventosa where she is a refugee for many months, during days at a time in bed while the life of the village went on around her charming and beautiful aunt benefactress tells her what her own is saying about her:

A young, elegant lady (alas all my portraits to look like one of them) comes here, so close to the front. “She’s going to her child,” I say to them. But they say it’s more likely some plot. They tell me a blonde like you could easily be a spy. . . . And do you know what I said to that? “What do you mean, spy? The Madonna has sent me to me. This lady understands everything and I love her.” She does indeed love me, the dear thing. I watch her applying herself to her household tasks, and it enters me: it is indeed my only passion. I have no book nor work to occupy my hands and when I reflect that the liberation is a long way off I become deeply depressed.

McDowell, Obolensky, \$3.50

hair travelers are in for the quietest kind of winter. From serious to nostalgic, to gay; from Sicily to Normandy, to Mexico, England, France, Lebanon, Egypt, Brazil:

*Islands Are Stones*, by Carlo Levi. Translated by Angus Davidson. The author of *Christ Stopped at Austerlitz* writes brilliantly and percep-

# an unhurried view of EROTICA

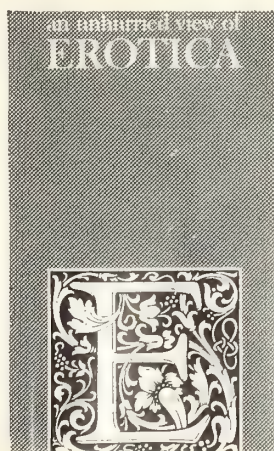
book written by Ralph Ginzburg  
introduction by Dr. Theodor Reik  
preface by George Jean Nathan

This is one of the few books ever published with the basic facts about erotic literature.

It includes lengthy excerpts from leading works of classical erotic literature in library Rare Book Rooms and on Restricted Shelves. It tells about the collections of the late J. P. Morgan, the British Museum, the Vatican Library, the Bibliotheque Nationale, the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, the late Dr. Kinsey and the Ivy League college libraries.

Dr. Theodor Reik, one of the world’s renowned psychoanalysts, says of *AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA*: “The material here presented will be of great interest to the psychologist and the psychiatrist, to the sociologist and historian of civilization, and last, but not least, to the connoisseur of literature. Also, the bibliophile will find many data unknown to all, about publications and collections of erotica. We welcome this courageous book that presents a valuable piece of conscientious research.” George Jean Nathan, the eminent critic, wrote the Preface to this book just before his recent death.

Beautifully designed, handsomely printed, elegantly bound and boxed in a permanent slip case, *AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA* in Limited Edition will retail for \$6.50 following the book’s general publication date. Instead, it is offered for immediate delivery at the special pre-publication price of \$4.95, postage paid.



To: THE HELMSMAN PRESS  
Suite 700, 510 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

102

Enclosed please find \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ copies of *AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA* in elegant Limited Edition, for immediate delivery, at the special pre-publication price of \$4.95, postage paid.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_


STREET & NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Sorry, no CODs.

**WAREHOUSE SALE**  
 SAVE UP TO 53%  
 ON MUSEUM & CONTEMPORARY  
**REPLICAS**  
 Never Before At These Low Prices  
 (Illustrated) AP-45 "FALLING LEAVES,"  
 by Auguste Rodin, Height 12",  
 \$24.97  
 R-844 "THE KISS," by Auguste Rodin,  
 Height 10",  
 \$22.00  
 R-844 "THE KISS," by Auguste Rodin,  
 Height 10",  
 \$22.00  
 (Shipping & insurance \$2.00)  
 P-111 GREEK HEAD, by Auguste Rodin,  
 Height 10",  
 \$22.00  
 U. of Pa. Goddess of Health, Antiquated  
 marble finish, Height 11",  
 \$22.00  
 (Shipping & insurance \$1.50)  
 M-806 "THE THINKER," by Auguste  
 Rodin, Height 10",  
 \$22.00  
 (Shipping & insurance \$1.75)  
 F-807 "DAVID," by Michelangelo, 1504, Original in  
 Florence, Italy. Green bronze finish, Height 14",  
 \$20 value Only 8.49  
 (Shipping & insurance \$1.75)  
 R-111 "MOSES," by Michelangelo, 1514, Original in  
 The Louvre, Marble finish, Height 15",  
 \$30 value Only 15.95  
 (Shipping express collect)  
 M-206 "BODHISATTVA," 1662-1722, Metropolitan  
 Museum of Art, Original in separate House of  
 Wax, Marble finish,  
 \$20 value Only 10.95  
 (Shipping & insurance \$1.75)  
 With Interesting Story of Piece & Sculptor  
 Send 10¢ in coin for catalog.  
 Order direct Send Check or M.O. to:  
**WYNN'S WAREHOUSE, DEPT. HP-11,**  
**239 Great Neck Road, Great Neck, N.Y.**

**MAKE MONEY WRITING  
 SHORT PARAGRAPHS**



**FREE!** Send name—no  
 money—for names and ad-  
 dresses of editors now buy-  
 ing from beginners, also  
 descriptions of short para-  
 graphs for which they pay  
 \$2.00 to \$25.00 each.

YOU don't have to be a trained author to make  
 money writing. Hundreds now getting checks  
 every week for short paragraphs. I tell you what  
 to write, where and how to sell. Easy coaching, no  
 tedious study. Lots of small checks add up quickly.  
 Send name for information and list. I'll mail every-  
 thing right away—Free! **BENSON BARRETT,**  
**Dept. 77-Y, 7464 N. Clark St., Chicago 26, Ill.**

*Suddenly... you're in the real*  
**PUERTO RICO**  
*In San Juan.*  
**Condado Beach Hotel**  
 Swimming pool, tennis, casino.  
*el Barranquitas*  
 Modern resort  
 in the hills.  
 All sports.  
 A taste of  
 old Spain  
 in the U.S.A.  
 Consult your  
 travel agent.  
**CONDADO-CARIBBEAN HOTELS CORPORATION**

**ALWAYS USE YOUR  
 ZONE NUMBER**

The Post Office has requested that you use  
 zone numbers—wherever necessary—to effect  
 prompt handling and delivery of magazines.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

tively in a series of essays about trips to Sicily (1951, '52, '55). He writes of the visit of New York's Mayor Impelleri to his native village, Isello. He writes of the poverty and ignorance of the peasants and the sulphur miners and of their economic exploiters, of their lovely country, their warmth and gaiety, their historic past, their hope and future. Mr. Levi is a reporter whose dedicated mission is happily crossed with a poetic gift. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.75

### Normandy Revisited: A Sentimental Journey, by A. J. Liebling.

Mr. Liebling knew Normandy as a very young man; he knew it when he was there with the U. S. Army in 1944 so that when he went back eleven years after D-Day his memories were well charged with emotion from two different climates. He tells about it here. The war memories were naturally the more poignant of the two, but Mr. Liebling does a very neat onion-peeling job of taking off layer after layer of recollection to get to the center of the experience whether it's eating, sight-seeing, re-visiting. And as his *New Yorker* readers know, even when the subject matter is of the most serious nature, the cosmic joke, the humor inherent in the tragic, never escapes him. He has written a thoroughly delightful book of contemporary nostalgia.

Simon & Schuster, \$3.95

**Cornflakes and Beaujolais**, by Paul Roberts. Drawings by Vasiliu.

This book describes "the rollicking adventures through England, Europe, and Egypt" of a Fulbright professor (to Egypt), his wife, and their three children over two winters and three summers of Fulbrighting and grand-tourism. It was quite a trip, including Suez, and the tale is told with a fine, flat, ironic tone of voice that rarely gets tiresome and for the most part is very funny indeed. Nice people, nice writing, and quite a lot of painless information.

Holt, \$3.75

**But I Wouldn't Want to Live There: The Adventures of an American Girl Who Traveled Without Being Broadened**, by Heather Jiménez.

This book is as full of the unexpected as the juxtaposition of Heather and Jiménez.

Let her introduce herself:

My natural habitat is the Market and the longest trip I planned to take was a stroll down Main Street to the Rexall sales. you can't escape Fate—and I, a stay-at-home, bad packer, and ferent linguist, have found I launched on a career as an American housewife, dazed mother, aliens, and explorer in the world of irregular verbs, expired passport, foreign weights and measures.

This all came about, she thinks, because she is tone-deaf. Her father, though a lawyer, is director of Philadelphia Orchestra Association and a composer; her stepmother a concert harpist; so of course she took to painting which took her to Mexico which brought about her marriage to a Spaniard from Oaxaca. The rest follows in the maddest, pleasantly hilarious fashion.

Dutton,

FOREC

### Novel Headlines for 1959

Scribner will publish in January a short novel by James Jones (pages or so), *The Pistol*. The story is Pearl Harbor just after the Japanese attack. . . . Harper announces that Robin White's novel *Elephant Hill* has won the Harper Prize Contest for 1958. It will be published on January 7. . . . James Michener plans to deliver to Random House the manuscript of his 600-page novel *Hawaii*, in time for publication in the fall of 1959.

### Non-Fiction in the New Year

Biography stands out on the new publishing calendar. Lyle Brown is bringing out a biography of Evelyn Waugh by Frederick St. Doubleday has scheduled Robert John's biography of David Gurion; and McGraw-Hill has published *Joseph Conrad: A Biography* by Jocelyn Baines.

### Not to be Confused

In October McGraw-Hill published the memoirs of the Treasurer of the United States, Ivy Baker Priest, under the title of *Green Grows the Ivy*. Now Crowell is scheduling for a study of the Ivy League man, *Green Grows the Ivy*, by Frederick A. Birmingham.



# The new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## NEW STEREO DISCS

Stereo discs are now being released by the hundreds even though you may not have seen many yet. In no time at all, most new recordings will appear in alternative stereo and "monophonic" (standard) versions—until the two types are, as predicted in the August issue, indistinguishable. Most stereo discs carry the same title and identifying cover picture as the corresponding standard LP disc—in fact they are easy to confuse the two. A few are in the stereo form; quite a good number are rearranged (often shortened) versions of the content. That's sometimes necessary since the stereo groove isn't yet ready to cut. But the bulk of the stereo discs offer the same music as the standard version and much the same overall sound. To a casual listener the two versions might well seem identical for all purposes of background music, though they assuredly are. Identical except for the subtle advantage captured in the vertical groove waves of stereo, absent in standard's lateral-only waves.

It isn't going to be possible to review all the types here, and so you may take the following stereo reviews as applying in addition to the standard versions as well. The music is the same, the sound came from the same recording session though different microphones.

**A Journey into Stereo Sound.** London PS 100.

This is a quietly narrated cross section of London's "ffss" stereo sound, ranging from auto and train noises (British) to various kinds of popular music and enticing samples of Wagner; of Kirsten Flagstad, Ansermet rehearsing "Rite of Spring," Backhaus in a Mozart piano concerto. The last sequence, the Ceremony of the Keys at the Tower of London during the changing of the guard, is a bold bit of stereo drama that suggests much which could be done on similar lines to fine effect. Kids will be crazy about this. The disc's sound was the finest to date when it appeared during the summer. It still ranks high.

**Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherezade.** (a) Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. Angel S 35505. (b) Vienna State Opera Orch., Rossi. Vanguard SRV 103 SD (low-price demonstration special).

Two excellent versions of the inevitable Scheherezade. Beecham excels in precise, dramatic playing with first-quality conservative stereo sound. The Vanguard version under Rossi features an enterprising use of stereo perspective—the Young Prince (cello solo) close-up on one side and the Young Princess (violin) on the other, with the large



"Why, no. I thought it was your turn to bring the flask."

facts on

# STEREO

## STEREO

can be added to existing phonos easily

## STEREO

single cabinet high fidelity units are available

## STEREO

high fidelity packaged units begin at under \$100

## STEREO

high fidelity packaged units come in beautiful, compact decorator styles

## STEREO

equipment plays all standard long playing records

## STEREO

makes all recorded music sound better

## STEREO

sounds well in any size room

## STEREO

adds to your listening pleasure from anywhere in the room

## STEREO

high fidelity records are available by the hundreds

## STEREO

high fidelity records are not premium priced

Over 150 London ffss Recordings are now available at \$4.98 and \$5.98  
WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

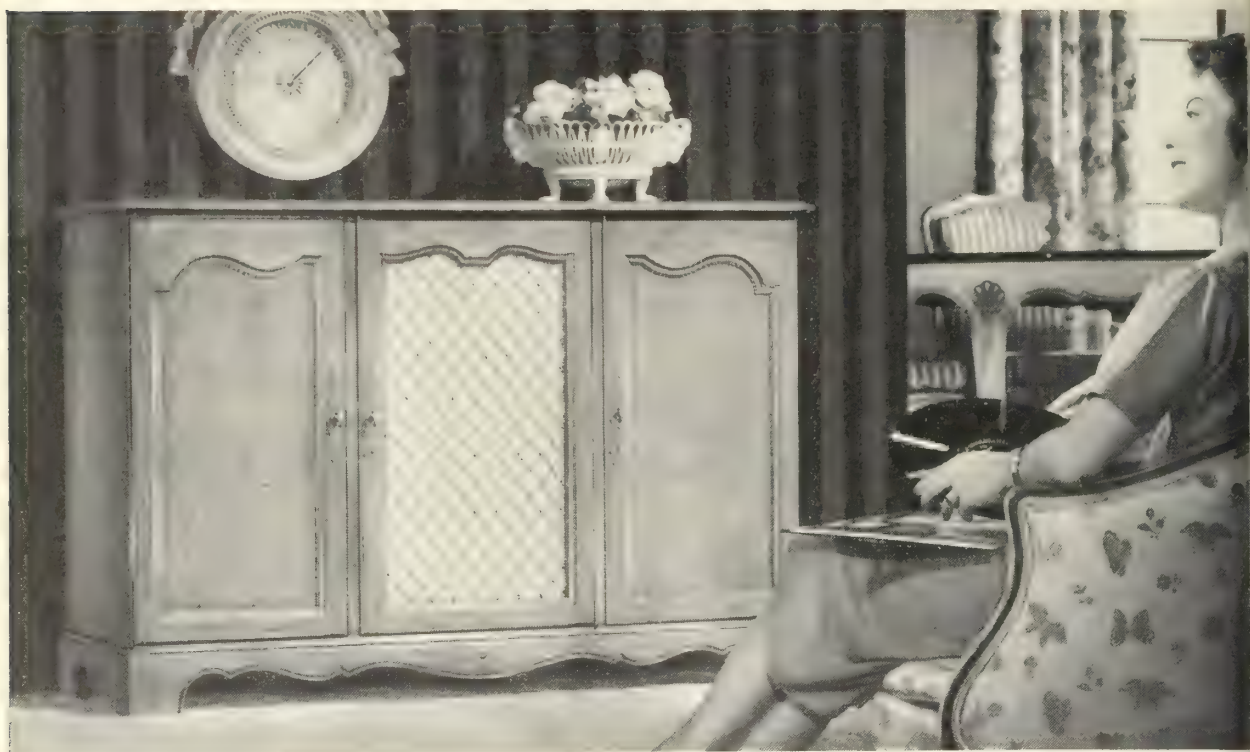


DEPT CK 539 W. 25TH ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.



Be there in person!

The new Zenith — world's finest high fidelity — creates living sound from stereophonic records.



Plays all your present records with a depth of sound you never realized was there

A new and complete line of high fidelity instruments has been created by Zenith. They are unlike anything you have ever heard before.

You'll hear a new depth of sound in all your present records. You'll hear music as live as the minute it was recorded—music with dimension, direction and movement—from the new stereophonic records. You seem to hear the performers in person—not

the speakers, not the records.

The complete line of Zenith High Fidelity Instruments includes deluxe, full stereophonic instruments, self-contained in magnificent classic, traditional or modern fine-furniture cabinets. Also stereophonic equipped high fidelity instruments with companion Zenith remote speaker systems which may be added now or later for full stereophonic sound. See

—and hear—the new Zenith, world's finest high fidelity, at your Zenith Dealer's.

Above is the Zenith Classic—Full Stereophonic High Fidelity, self-contained in a single cabinet, with FM-AM radio. In cherry veneers and cherry hardwood solids, elegant Provincial styling, Model SF2580, \$800.\* Stereophonic-equipped models are priced from \$199.95.\*

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION OF STEREOPHONIC SOUND AT YOUR ZENITH DEALER'S

**ZENITH**

*The quality goes in  
before the name goes on*



ZENITH  
CORPORATION  
CHICAGO,  
ILLINOIS

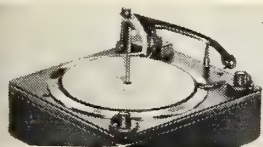
Royalty of television, stereo high fidelity instruments, graphics, radios and heat 40 years of leadership in electronics.

\*Manufacturer's suggested price. Slightly higher in the west and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

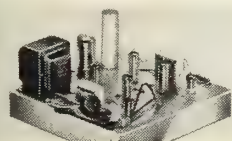


Specialty designed  
 With quality  
 components—for  
 the world's finest sound

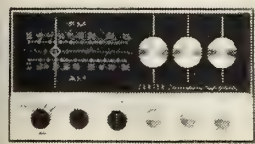
...ive Zenith features, to please even the knowledgeable high fidelity enthusiasts incorporated in these remarkable Zenith instruments.



...ive **Cobra-Matic® Record Changer** has speeds. Zenith's all-new **Cobra® Tone**—with its dual-needle cartridge for phonic sound—preserves records with her-light touch, yet picks up every red sound with incredible fidelity.



...ts of undistorted power output—up to its peak—from dual channel amplifiers ally designed by Zenith for the finest phonic sound reproduction.



...Studio **Sound Control Panel**, another exclusive, gives you precision control al response—virtually the same cons that of a recording studio sound en... Has Zenith's exclusive **Presence Con-** stereo **Balance Control**.



...ful speaker systems employ at least high-rated Zenith quality speakers—roofs with heavy Alnico 5 magnets, high frequency exponential treble horn ers. Crossover networks separate and el frequencies into their proper speaker ns.

**ZENITH**

## THE NEW RECORDINGS

orchestra spread out well behind them. Not quite musically defensible, but decidedly interesting as an experiment.

**Dvorak: Serenade in D Minor, Op.44.** Boston Woodwind Ensemble, Simon. Boston BST-1004.

This is a good illustration of one of stereo's main accomplishments, the heightening of the sense of space in which music is being played. The hall where these dozen-odd wind instruments (with cello and double bass) perform sounds positively enormous, the close-range music itself is almost overshadowed by its very surroundings. An exaggeration, but the effect is pleasing and not unmusical.

The music (I'm beginning to feel, after hearing three recordings of it) is one of Dvorak's finest Romantic works, graceful, serious, the slow movement particularly moving; only its unusual instrumentation kept it out of notice, until our increasing interest in wind music brought it back.

**Tchaikowsky: Symphony #2 ("Little Russian").** Vienna Philharmonica, Swarowsky. Urania USD 1006.

The most effective sounds in stereo are not the loud ones but, oddly, the shortest and quickest, which get out of the way instantly in time for their reverberation to have maximum ear-effect. Thus this energetic symphony, pleasant enough as a change from the later works, happens to make top stereo material thanks to an unusual complement of *pizzicati* and other quick, brief sounds. Highly effective and well recorded here, too. The performance, after a so-so start, ends up with enthusiasm and a lot of good playing.

## WORTH HEARING:

### Stereo Hits Stravinsky

**Stravinsky: Firebird Suite; Le Chant du Rossignol.** Berlin Radio Symphony, Maazel. Decca DL 79978.

**Stravinsky: Petrushka (complete ballet).** L'Orch. de la Suisse Romande, Ansermet. London CS 6009.

**Stravinsky: Le Sacre du Printemps.** N. Y. Philharmonic, Bernstein. Columbia MS 6010.

**Stravinsky: Apollon Musagète; Renard.** Senechal, Cuenod, Rehuss, Depraz, L'Orch. de la Suisse Rom., Ansermet. London CS 6034.

**The Blue Danube (Four Waltzes and a Polka).** Vienna Philharmonic, Krips. London CS 6007.

Remember that the Strauss Waltzes were originally meant for huge public ballrooms with resonant acoustics much like those in favor for large-scale recording today. Strauss in this stereo-style sound is not only quite lovely but authentic as well. The effect here, what with the utterly graceful and sympathetic playing of the Vienna Philharmonic, is surely tops in Strauss.

These are the whole waltzes, complete with the quite long opening introductions. You are listening from a dancer's viewpoint, fairly close to the orchestra; this is not a distant, "concert audience" sound.

**Grofé: Grand Canyon Suite.** Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy. Columbia MS 6003.

I was surprised to find myself altogether absorbed by this somewhat dated concert war horse but the reason was simple.

This is above all a brilliant piece of orchestration, on a level of near genius; musically it is derivative. One of stereo's special values is its ability to sort out and clarify a complex orchestral texture. It is the Grofé orchestra, thus, that demands our attention here, in ways that no one has heard before on records.

The range of instrumental nuance is astonishing—details that in a standard recording blend in the mind into a textured background for the trite foreground tunes. The stereo separation brings them forward and gives proper display to the best in Grofé.

**Offenbach: Gaité Parisienne.** Boston Pops, Fiedler. RCA Victor LSC 1817.

This is an outstanding example of RCA's earlier stereo sound, made with two tracks, rather than the present three. The original is already three or four years old—ancient in stereo terms—and the standard disc (LM 1817) is long familiar. But this rollicking Fiedlerian performance is a stereo natural even in an older technique no longer used by the company.

The mike pickup is "hi-f"—close to the orchestra, with the triangles, brass, etc., well emphasized. The auditorium sound is huge and is able to hold the spread of the orchestra together, though in comparison to newer RCA records made in the same hall there is a lack of definition at the center, a predominance of the sides—which is precisely what the three-track system is intended to overcome and does.

There never was better Offenbach

# "Yes, I was Afraid of Father Drake!"

It was not physical fear, of course, that had kept Dave Smith from calling on the Catholic priest. Just timidity.

"I would have come sooner, Father," he said, "but I know so little about the Catholic Faith...and I hated to show my ignorance."

People like Dave Smith are beginning to call on Catholic priests more and more. Some of them know little or nothing about Catholicism. A few are quite well informed. Unfortunately, some others are possessed of a good deal of information concerning the Church...but it isn't correct.

Dave Smith, for example, thought the important things he had to learn had to do with prayer beads, medals, statues and what he called "fancy" ceremonies. He was surprised to hear that these are what the Church calls externals, and that they are significant only because of the profound truths behind them which are found in the Catholic Creed.

"All people," Father Drake told Dave, "need to understand the moral principles which Catholics are instructed to observe. These are the moral principles of the Ten Commandments which, when rightly applied, reach into everyone's conscience as standards of right or wrong in everyday life."

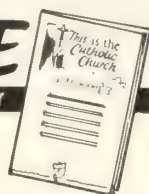
As Father Drake talked on, Dave began to understand Christ's seven Sacraments as an aid to Christian living and a preparation for eternal salvation. He began to realize that the Mass, in Catholic eyes, is not merely a religious ceremony but a true and holy sacrifice. If he had felt the need of Catholic instruction before he had entered the parish



house, Dave felt the need to be greater and more urgent now.

There are lots of people in the same predicament as Dave Smith was. They want to learn more about the Catholic Faith, but hesitate to visit a priest. And some live in areas that are not convenient to a Catholic Church. If you are one of these, just fill in the coupon below and mail it in today. We will send you... without charge, and in a plain wrapper... an interesting pamphlet explaining the essentials of the Catholic Faith. It covers such important things as the Creed, the Commandments, the Sacraments, the Mass, the history of the Church and its world-wide organization. Don't hesitate to write... nobody will call on you. Just fill in the coupon—now! Ask for Pamphlet D-50.

**FREE**  
MAIL COUPON TODAY



SUPREME COUNCIL  
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS  
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU  
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.

Please send me Free Pamphlet entitled: "This Is The Catholic Church" D-50

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

SUPREME COUNCIL  
**KNIGHTS of COLUMBUS**  
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI



## THE NEW RECORDING

than Fiedler's though, to be sure, it somewhat boisterous. No harm done.

**Mendelssohn: Italian and Reformations Symphonies.** Boston Symphony, Munch RCA Victor LSC 2221.

Simultaneous with a release in mono form (LM 2221), this is the newest RCA stereo, triple-track recorded. Much special miking was done to capture the string quality of the Mendelssohn music, in the result I hear mainly the beauties of the Boston Symphony strings and of Mendelssohn's scoring, which, I suppose, was the intention.

This stereo is quite unlike the Boston pops "Gaité" in part because of the very different nature of the music. The sound is less "hi-fi" in style, at a somewhat greater distance, with a more conservative concert-hall effect. But the new three-track technique has allowed for a more uniform spread in the orchestral sound from side to side—there's not a trace of "hole in the middle" here nor any sense at all that the sides (near the speakers) are more prominent than the center. Excellent.

Somehow, Munch's "Italian" does hit the mark. It seems tired (as it often does, today), even rather shrill; its pristine buoyancy of spirit is lacking. "Reformation," on the other side, is a much more successful performance, indeed an inspired one.

Could it be that stereo does more to lighten heavy music like the "Reformation" than already-buoyant music like the "Italian"?

**Moussorgsky-Ravel: Pictures at an Exhibition.** Chicago Symphony, Reiner. RCA Victor LSC 2201.

Reiner did a superb series of early (two-track) stereos for RCA, most of them now out on expensive stereo tape. This is a newer, three-track recording. Sonically it is stunning. The hall-sound is enormous (far bigger than any natural concert-hall effect) but the orchestra is lined up at close hand, perfectly balanced between right, middle, and left. There is not the slightest ensemble disparity—none of the instruments suddenly seem to leap into your lap, even in the more extreme examples of stereo confusion. The clarity of detail in Ravel's wondrous score is electrifying; students of orchestration should go out and get this, along with the Grand Canyon Suite on Columbia.

Reiner's "Pictures" are ultra-modern and not very Romantic in the old, expansive way. He is best in the brisk, quick numbers; the massive sections—the most characteristic ones—are not impressive. They need to be hammered up a bit and Reiner won't do



# A Z Z notes

Larrabee

## ORIGINS

From time to time it is worth remembering the world of deprivation and how that the music came from. Now Big Bill Broonzy is gone (he died August, in Chicago) Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee are among the few left to speak for that world, with its harsh and raw edges.

But the sources are still there. If I had to pick only one record to show you, it would be the Negro Prison Songs from the Mississippi State Penitentiary; and Alan Lomax recorded these in 1947.

Big Bill Broonzy spoke with the true voice of these disinherited men who left no inheritance of song:

*They said if you white, you all right  
if you brown, stick around  
if you black—Mmm brother  
get back, get back, get back.*

Copyright © 1952 by Robert Mellin Inc.

Prison Songs, Mississippi State Penitentiary. Recorded by Alan Lomax. Edition TLP 1020.

Blues. Big Bill Broonzy. EmArcy 36137.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. EmArcy 3254. Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry Sing. Folkways FW 2327.

## SINGLE TAKE

HAMPTON HAWES is a West Coast pianist with a modernist's subtlety and crispness. Contemporary Records has released three albums of his with a note, commenting on the difficulties Alan Hawes had getting Jelly Roll Morton to play on wax and the ease with which Hampton Hawes records are all from a single session. The company argues that Hampton Hawes' sustained performance is extraordinary, and that as a representation of "live" music it is uniquely authentic. They have a point. Hawes is also an exceptional pianist in that he can make music like background music but can invest them with substance. These records that you can put on for the aged atmosphere of a relaxed evening, but if—by any chance—you should want to listen to them, there is something there to hear.

Night Session! Hampton Hawes. Contemporary C 3545-7.



## NOW HORNS AND FIDDLES AND DRUMS SOUND LIKE HORNS AND FIDDLES AND DRUMS!

Hear this inspiring Webcor stereo music with all its *natural* values, overtones, dimensions and direction. For the first time, hear music reproduced the way it really sounds! See the many distinguished modern and period cabinets. Webcor Contemporary Radio-Fonograf (above), about \$450.00. Matching Stereo-Mate III external amplifier-speaker system, about \$125.00.

## STEREO MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR!

### FOR MORE VACATION FUN

## Get The GIMLET

### 30 YRS. TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELERS GUIDE

Where and How to Go. What to see. The Costs. CANADA thru FLORIDA, and Enroute. Nassau, Cuba, West Indies. Includes N.Y.C. 220 PAGES illus. Price \$1.00 postpaid. Address The Gimlet, Dept. 23-H, 745-5th Ave., N.Y.C. 22.

### Typical Hotels Recommended & Described

Miami, Florida  
**McALLISTER HOTEL, FABULOUS MIAMI'S LARGEST AND FINEST HOTEL.** Overlooking beautiful Biscayne Park and Biscayne Boulevard and Flagler Street . . . In the very heart of business and shopping area . . . within steps of sightseeing, race tracks, deep-sea fishing, theaters, restaurants and all transportation. A wide variety of beautiful accommodations, ranging from modest priced single guest rooms to luxurious penthouse suites with private rooftop terraces. Free Television in every room. **COMPLETELY AIR-CONDITIONED.** You're closer to Everything in Miami at the McALLISTER . . . that's why it is the most economical place to stay. A Schine Hotel. C. DeWitt Coffman, General Manager. **Attractive Early Fall Rates.**

Nassau, Bahamas  
**BALMORAL CLUB NOW OPEN ALL YEAR.** With three private ocean beaches, its unsurpassed restaurant, "Ocean Patio" on the beach and its delightful accommodations to meet everyone's taste, this fashionable Colony of Balmoral Club offers a perfect setting for gracious and luxurious living. Fishing, sailing, water skiing and unparalleled swimming and other sports (at your door). You may have a bedroom - bathroom sitting-room suite, or private bedroom-bathroom (European or Modified American plan) or an entire house to accommodate five or six persons on the house-keeping basis, if you prefer. **Attractive low rates still in effect.** See your Travel Agent or write or cable direct to Balmoral Club, Nassau, Bahamas.

## A MAN WHO FOUND GOD

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

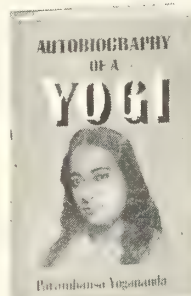
of a

## YOGI

by

PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA

A Spiritual Classic



"These pages reveal, with incomparable strength and clarity, a fascinating life, a personality of unheard-of greatness. The author undertakes the unique task of instructing the Western reader in the practical application of yoga, setting the example in his own life . . . in these pages is undeniable proof that only the mental and spiritual striving of man has lasting value, and that he can conquer all material obstacles by inward strength . . . We must credit this important *Autobiography* with the power to bring about a spiritual revolution." SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEINISCHE TAGESPOST, daily newspaper of Germany.

**SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP**  
(Dept. AH-11) Los Angeles 65, California

At All Bookstores \$4.00



A Big Christmas Gift...at a Remarkably Low Price



Six issues per year.  
Each is case bound with full  
color picture on lacquered  
white board covers.  
ACTUAL SIZE 8 3/4" x 11 1/4"

# AMERICAN HERITAGE

...THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY IN BOOK FORM

*Now you can give the excitement, the fun of history...  
expertly told and richly illustrated...with a present  
that's perfect for Christmas and good for years to come.*

THERE IS NO GIFT in the world quite like AMERICAN HERITAGE. First of all, it is a periodical bound like a book, with gleaming hard covers—a big, exciting volume, equal in beauty and quality to limited edition “art” books which usually sell for \$8 to \$15. But, as a magazine, a new issue arrives every other month, with beautiful color illustrations and a variety of rewarding articles.

Its contents never go out of date. In each issue, America's leading authors and historians, under the editorship of Bruce Catton, take you adventuring through the yesterdays of our land, its customs and its people. Every issue is a fine present for a whole family—even the smaller children will enjoy its illustrations, and it's a much-used high school and college reference, a permanent addition to any home library.

Best of all, AMERICAN HERITAGE is a gift that provides six brand new, fun-to-open

presents throughout the year, at a most reasonable price. Individual copies sell in bookshops for \$2.95 each; or \$17.70 for a year's 6 issues. But the first gift subscription you order can be had for \$12.50, with additional gifts only \$10.95 each.

**Reserve Your Gift Subscriptions Now—  
Pay After the New Year**

If you mail the coupon now—without money—the special December AMERICAN HERITAGE, boxed and accompanied by a signed gift card, will arrive at your friends' homes in time for Christmas day opening. With the package will be an extra gift, at no extra charge to you: A full color, authentic print of a famous old illuminated map, “The New Netherlands and New England, 1635.” To guarantee on-time delivery, send coupon today to: AMERICAN HERITAGE, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.



**Given Free  
With Each  
Gift Subscription**  
A striking map, “The New Netherlands and New England, 1635,” by the Dutch cartographer, Willem J. Blaeu. Large (11" by 21"), fine gravure color, well worth framing.

**AMERICAN HERITAGE,  
551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.**

Please send 1-year AMERICAN HERITAGE subscriptions in my name, starting with the special Christmas issue, to the people whose names and addresses I have listed on a separate sheet of paper which I am enclosing. Send Gift Card (in my name) and Free Map to each. I understand the following rates apply: \$12.50 for the first one-year subscription (6 issues), \$10.95 for each additional subscription: (1 subscription—\$12.50; 2 subscriptions—\$23.45; 3 subscriptions—\$34.40, etc.)

- ☐ I enclose check or money order  
☐ Please bill me after January 1st

MY NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

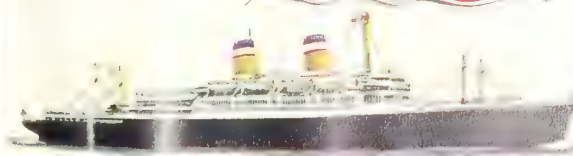




Where will you be this winter? Now's the time to decide. Will you drag through the wet, chilly days at home? Or will you have the vacation of your life on a voyage to Europe or on a Sunlane Cruise to the warm Mediterranean. See your travel agent this week. Choose your Sunlane Cruise now for December or January.

# Constitution Independence

flagships of American Export Lines



# DEWAR'S

## "White Label"

and ANCESTOR

### SCOTCH WHISKIES

Famed are the clans of Scotland  
...their colorful tartans worn in glory  
through the centuries. Famous, too,  
is Dewar's White Label and  
Ancestor, forever and always a  
wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!



*Dewar's  
never varies!*



Piper at parade res  
Clan Wallace Tartan



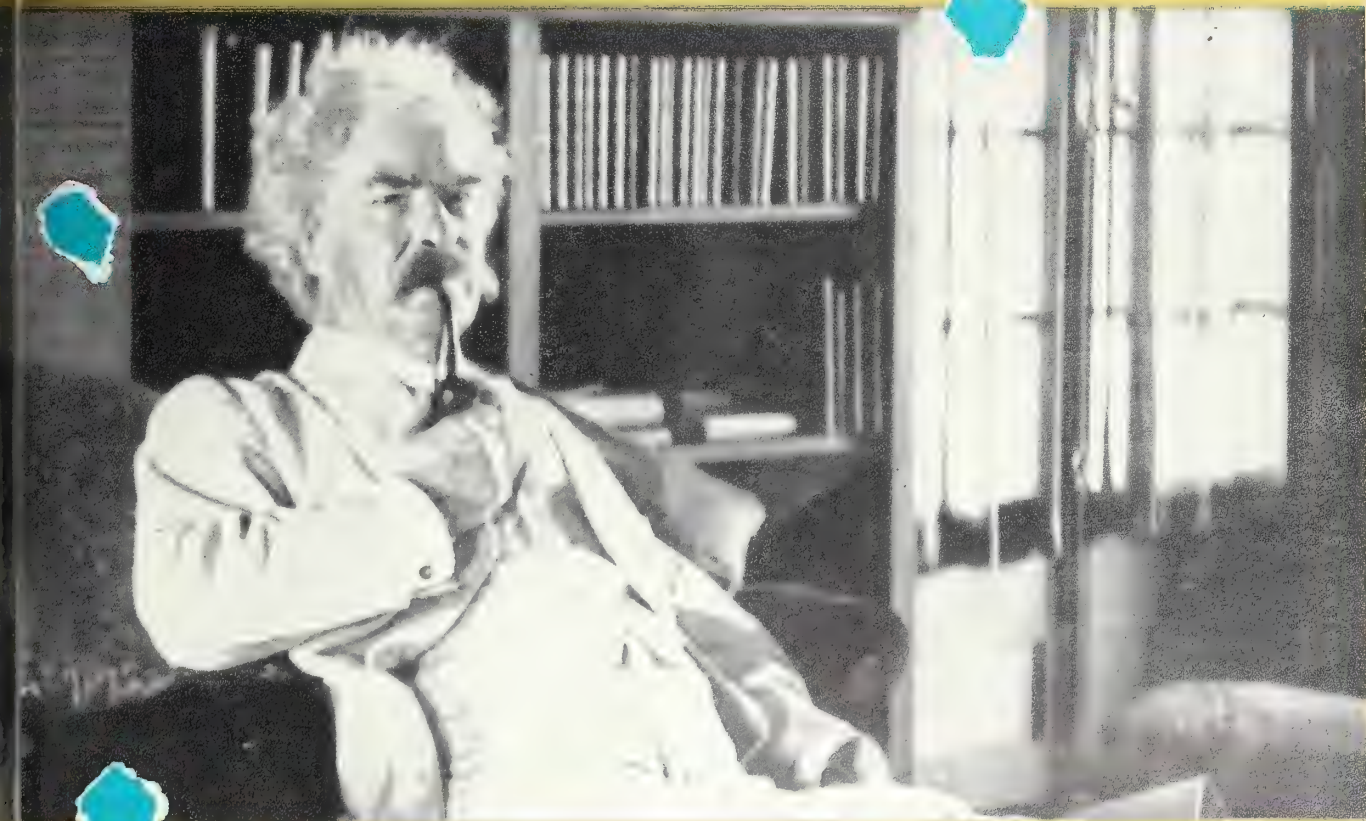
DECEMBER 1958  
SIXTY CENTS

# Harper's

*magazine*

## Mark Twain Speaks Out

**FOUR UNPUBLISHED PIECES**



MUTINY OF THE BOUNTIFUL

BROOKLYN COLLEGE: CULTURE IN FLATBUSH

SOUTH DAKOTA'S CHRISTIAN MARTYRS





Aluminum wall panels in a wide variety of colors resist weather . . . never need painting

## How aluminum can help solve America's classroom shortage in a hurry

" . . . shortage of instruction rooms in the fall of 1958 could be approximately 132,800," says U.S. Dept. of Health, Education, and Welfare.

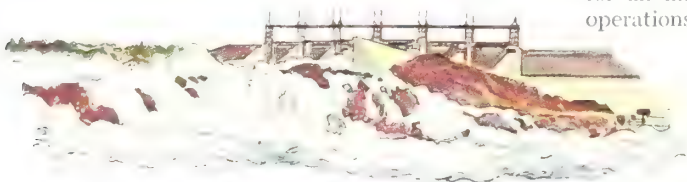
With modern aluminum panels, two men can set up the walls for an average school in three days. Window and door frames, bulletin boards, chalkboards, ducts for heating and cooling, electrical raceways or outlet boxes, as specified, are set in the panel frame at the factory.

By using this technique, one manufacturer estimates construction time of a 24-room school can be cut by months. What's more—corrosion-resistant aluminum can't rust or rot, can be permanently colored . . . and

will continue to save maintenance money for the life of the building.

Result—more and more architects and builders are turning to light, strong, aluminum wall panels—not only for schools—but for office buildings, homes, factories and farms. A new alloy recently introduced by Aluminium Limited makes possible even stronger structural applications of aluminum at less cost. Experts predict U.S. use of aluminum for building will increase by 50% in the next ten years.

Many of the businessmen who make aluminum building products depend on Aluminium Limited in Canada for an important part of the ingot essential to their operations now and in the years to come.



### Aluminium Limited

In the U.S.: Aluminium Limited Sales, Inc.,  
630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.



# Progress Works Here

ne of the most important and basic reasons for good telephone service is research. The many advances in speed, clarity, distance and convenience would not have been possible without it.

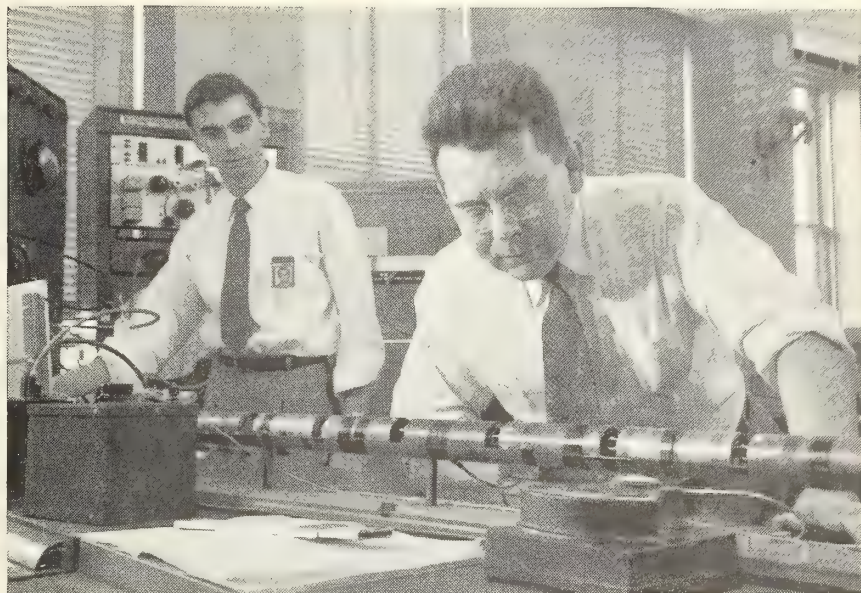
They would not have been possible either, in the same degree or as economically, without one central research organization such as the Bell Telephone Laboratories.

This is the research division of the Bell System. It has grown as the needs of the nation have grown.

The work of its hundreds of scientists and engineers covers many fields and goes exploring and developing in many directions. But it is aimed primarily at the betterment of communications services and the finding ways to provide this better service at the lowest cost to the customer.

Not just recently, but long ago—the Bell System recognized the business and national need for basic research and it has devoted a considerable part of its laboratories program to this field.

The “search for new knowledge—the effort to increase our understanding of nature—the probing into the unknown”—has brought substantial



**RELAYS VOICES UNDER THE SEAS.** This is one of the repeater units in the new underseas telephone cables. These voice boosters make it possible for you to telephone Great Britain and Hawaii as clearly as you call across town. Developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories after many years of research. Made to entirely new precision limits by Western Electric.

benefits beyond their particular application to communications.

An outstanding example was the invention of the Transistor, one of the real breakthroughs in science that come only at rare intervals.

These amazing amplifiers, though little larger than a pea, can amplify electric signals up to 100,000 times. They can do many of the things a vacuum tube can do—and more besides! They have opened the way to new products and improved others.

There is no doubt that the Transistor has been one of the leading

factors in an electronic boom and has helped to create business and jobs in many industries. More than 50,000,000 transistors will be made this year.

The research and manufacturing skills of the Bell System, already organized and at hand, are placed fully at the service of the U. S. Government whenever we are called upon for projects for which we are specially qualified.

Among many present defense assignments is the development of guidance systems for intercontinental missiles.

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**



HARPER & BROTHERS  
PUBLISHERS

*Chairman of the Executive  
Committee:* CASS CANFIELD

*Chairman of the Board:*  
FRANK S. MACGREGOR

*President:*  
RAYMOND C. HARWOOD

*Vice-Presidents:*  
EDWARD J. TYLER, JR.,  
EUGENE EXMAN, ORDWAY TEAD,  
DANIEL F. BRADLEY,  
JOHN FISCHER, EVAN W. THOMAS

*Treasurer:* LOUIS F. HAYNIE

*Assistant to the Publisher  
and Circulation Director:*  
JOHN JAY HUGHES

EDITORIAL STAFF

*Editor in Chief:* JOHN FISCHER  
*Managing Editor:* RUSSELL LYNES

*Editors:*  
KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON  
CATHARINE MEYER  
ROBERT B. SILVERS  
LUCY DONALDSON

*Washington Correspondent:*  
WILLIAM S. WHITE

*Editorial Secretary:* ROSE DALY  
*Editorial Assistant:*  
VIRGINIA HUGHES

ADVERTISING DATA: consult  
HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.  
49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, N. Y.  
Telephone MUrray Hill 3-5225.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE issues for  
Dec. 1958. Vol. 217. Serial No. 1303.  
Copyright© 1958 by Harper & Brothers  
in the United States and Great Britain.

All rights, including translation into  
other languages, reserved by the  
Publisher in the United States, Great  
Britain, Mexico and all countries  
participating in the International  
Copyright Convention and the  
Pan-American Copyright Convention.

Published monthly by Harper &  
Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16,  
N. Y. Composed and printed in the U.S.A.  
by union labor by the Williams Press,  
99-129 North Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter at  
the post office at Albany, N. Y.,  
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 60¢ per copy;  
\$6.00 one year; \$11.00 two years;  
\$15.00 three years. Foreign postage—  
except Canada and Pan America—  
\$1.50 per year additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Six weeks'  
advance notice, and old address as  
well as new, are necessary.  
Address all correspondence relating  
to subscriptions to: Subscription Dept.,  
49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

# Harper's MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1958



VOL. 217, NO. 1303

## ARTICLES

- 23 **Mutiny of the Bountiful**, *Marion K. Sanders*
- 32 **The Man Who Invented Modern Cooking**,  
*Cecil Woodham-Smith*
- 36 **Mark Twain Speaks Out: Four Unpublished Pieces**,  
*edited by Charles Neider*
- 42 **Brooklyn College: Culture in Flatbush**, *David Boroff*
- 56 **The Outraged Okinawans**, *Barton M. Biggs*
- 61 **Extinction by Thruway**, *Polly Praeger*
- 72 **South Dakota's Christian Martyrs**,  
*Richard S. Meryman Jr.*
- 75 **Heavenly Bodies**, *Tomi Ungerer*
- 80 **Eisenhower Opens the Last Act**, *William S. White*

## FICTION

- 51 **The Extern**, *Theodore Jacobs*

## VERSE

- 30 **A Student, Departing for Christmas Vacation, to Himself**  
*Thomas Whitbread*
- 71 **The Innkeeper's Story**, *Jane Cooper*

## DEPARTMENTS

- 4 **Letters**
- 12 **The Editor's Easy Chair**—THE YULETIDE WILL GET YOU  
IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT, *John Fischer*
- 19 **Personal & Otherwise:** AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS
- 84 **After Hours**, *Russell Lynes and Pyke Johnson, Jr.*
- 88 **The New Books**, *Paul Pickrel*
- 102 **Books in Brief**, *Katherine Gauss Jackson*
- 106 **The New Recordings**, *Edward Tatnall Canby*
- 108 **Jazz Notes**, *Eric Larrabee*

COVER BY GEORGE SAMERJAN, PHOTOGRAPH  
COURTESY OF CHARLES NEIDER



TO DEMONSTRATE—by a short trial subscription to the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB—  
how much you can save continuously on books you are anxious to own

# BOTH SETS FOR YOUR LIBRARY

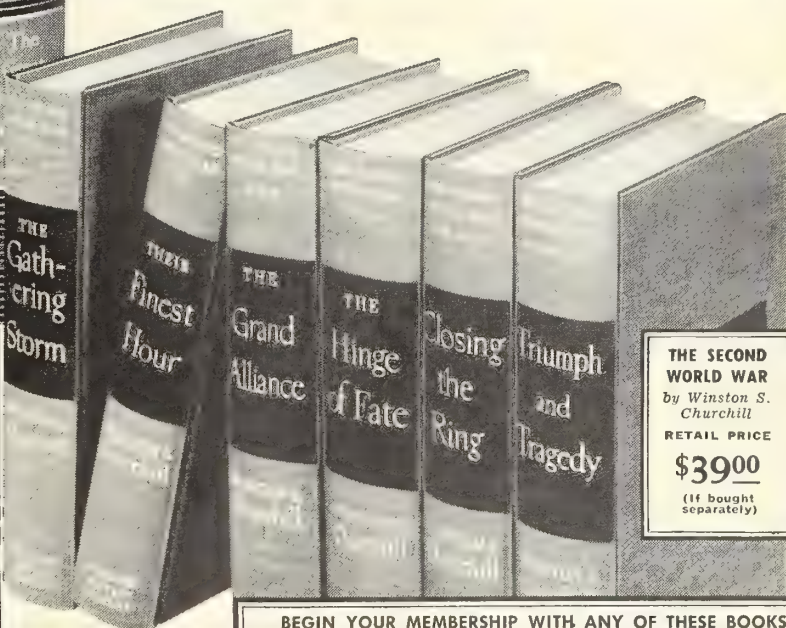
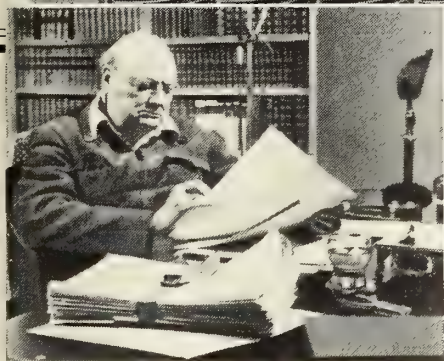
(COMBINED RETAIL PRICES TOTAL \$63)

## ALL TEN VOLUMES ONLY \$6

IF YOU JOIN NOW AND AGREE TO BUY **SIX BOOKS** FROM THE CLUB  
DURING THE NEXT YEAR FROM OVER 200 THAT WILL BE AVAILABLE

IDEAL FOR USE AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS IF YOU ALREADY OWN EITHER ONE OR BOTH

**A HISTORY OF  
THE ENGLISH-  
SPEAKING  
PEOPLES**  
by Winston S.  
Churchill  
RETAIL PRICE  
**\$24.00**  
(If bought  
separately)



**THE SECOND  
WORLD WAR**  
by Winston S.  
Churchill  
RETAIL PRICE  
**\$39.00**  
(If bought  
separately)

### GOOD SENSE: A TRIAL MEMBER-

**SHIP** • The purpose of this extraordinary offer is to demonstrate a dramatic way the Club's unique Book-Dividend system, through which members regularly receive valuable library volumes—either completely without charge or at a small fraction of their price—simply by buying the books they would buy anyway. The two Churchill sets offered here are excellent examples of the kind of books members regularly receive from the Club. Each of these ten volumes was a Club Selection at the time it was published.

Both the Churchill sets will be sent with the first book you purchase under the simple conditions set forth above.

★ You have a wide choice always; you can take only the books you would buy anyway, yet you will pay—on the average—20% less for them than otherwise.

★ If you continue after fulfilling the conditions of membership (set forth above), with every second Club choice you buy you will receive, without charge, a valuable Book-Dividend averaging around \$6 in retail value. Last year more than \$13,000,000 worth of free books (retail value) were earned and received as Book-Dividends by members.

★ More important than the saving, this sensible system will keep you from missing the books you intended to read.

### BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THESE BOOKS

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>AKU-AKU</b> by Thor Heverdahl<br>Price (to members only) \$4.95  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>DOCTOR ZHIVAGO</b> by Boris Pasternak<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE KING MUST DIE</b> by Mary Renault<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY</b> by John Gunther<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>ONLY IN AMERICA</b> by Harry Golden \$4.00   | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>MASTERS OF DECEIT</b> by J. Edgar Hoover<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>ANATOMY OF A MURDER</b> by Robert Traver<br>Price (to members only) \$3.95   | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION</b> by Alan Moorehead<br>Price (to members only) \$4.25   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE ENEMY CAMP</b> by Jerome Weidman<br>Price (to members only) \$4.25   | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE WINTHROP WOMAN</b> by Anya Seton<br>Price (to members only) \$4.50   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE LAW</b> by Roger Vailland<br>and <b>THE UGLY AMERICAN</b> by William J. Lederer<br>and Eugene Burdick<br>Combined price (to members only) \$7.90 | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>THE MOUNTAIN ROAD</b> by Theodore H. White<br>and <b>SEIDMAN AND SON</b> by Erik Moll<br>Combined price (to members only) \$7.95 |
|  | <input type="checkbox"/> <b>PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES</b> by Jean Kerr \$4.00   |

**BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.**  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

A312

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send Winston S. Churchill's *The Second World War* (in six volumes) and *A History of the English-Speaking Peoples* (in four volumes), billing me \$6.00 (plus a small charge for mailing), with the purchase of my first selection, checked above. I agree to purchase at least five additional monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year. I am a member. I have after I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six Club choices. After my sixth purchase, I may, if I choose, I am to receive a Book-Dividend with every subsequent Selection or Alternate—I buy. (A small charge is added to cover postage and handling expenses.)

**PLEASE NOTE:** A Double Selection—or a set of books—bought at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in reckoning Book-Dividend credit, and in fulfilling the conditions of membership.

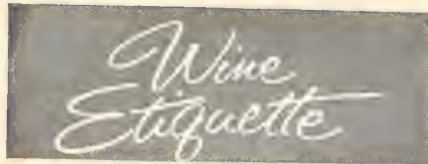
Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print name)

Address.....

City.....

Books for Canadian readers are priced  
Toronto duty free, and must be paid for





by AMY VANDERBILT

Author of *Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette* and United Features Syndicate column on etiquette.



Now that America is growing up in its drinking habits, Sherry is coming into increasing favor as a pre-lunch or pre-dinner beverage in place of the cocktail—and a very sensible trend it is, too. Another old-world custom that is gaining favor is the serving of Port with dessert.

It is important to select Sherries and Ports of unquestioned excellence. Very fine choices are Sandeman wines, which are world-renowned for their superb flavour, bouquet and body. Sandeman is one of those fine old British houses whose quality traditions date back to 1790.



Particularly popular Sandeman wines:

**SANDEMAN PORTS:** *Three Star Tawny*, medium body and dryness, suitable for all occasions. *One Star Ruby Port*, full and fruity.

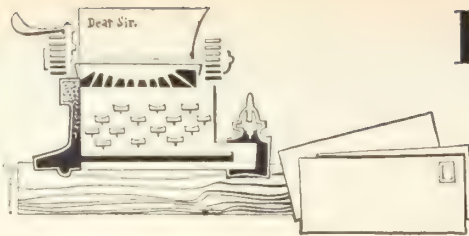
**SANDEMAN SHERRIES:** *Three Star Amontillado*, round, medium dry. *Dry Don*, pleasantly dry, suitable for all occasions.

Imported by

W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, N. Y., N. Y.  
Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.

SHERRIES from Spain  
PORTS from Portugal

**SANDEMAN**<sup>®</sup>  
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1790



# LETTERS

## Harvard's Mystique

TO THE EDITORS:

I opened the current issue to the lead article ["Imperial Harvard" by David Boroff, October] with some anticipation—as one who has seen Harvard from a number of different perspectives (as a boy growing up, quite literally, in the shadow of Widener library; as a reporter on the staff of a Boston daily newspaper; and as an alumnus of a quite different but equally admirable institution of higher learning, the University of Michigan).

I was not disappointed. Mr. Boroff's article was the kind of brilliant reporting in depth, well-seasoned with wit, which distinguishes *Harper's* at its best. I think he has outlined the nature of "the Harvard mystique"—to use his apt phrase—just about as well as any writer could within the limits of a brief magazine article.

JAMES R. CONANT  
Montreal, Canada

Here is one Columbia alumnus who is tired of hearing that Harvard's General Education Program was born in Cambridge. The fact is that shortly after World War I Columbia's curriculum embraced this principle, and neither Harvard nor any other college has approached Columbia's application of it.

No one will dispute Harvard's eminence among American universities. But it should be noted that it is more often Columbia or Chicago that leads the way with ideas which Harvard, with its impeccable New England background, later gives respectability. . . .

In the end it must be bewildering to the Columbia administration who watch its undergraduates make their way in the world and eventually send their sons to Harvard.

WILLIAM BARNHART  
New York, N. Y.

Both as a Harvard alumnus and as an educational administrator, I should like to commend *Harper's* for publishing this informative and provocative article. If America's institutions of higher education are going to measure up to the challenge facing them . . . the American public's abysmal ignorance concerning our colleges is going to have to be dissi-

pated. Articles such as Mr. Boroff's . . . contribute greatly to this end.

I should like to express my disappointment, however, that Mr. Boroff's series is not to include a representative article about one of our state universities. . . . No description of American higher education can be complete that ignores the tremendous influence of institutions such as the Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, California, Oklahoma—and yes, even of Penn State. Public institutions now enroll close to 60 per cent of all college and university students in the United States and grant well over 50 per cent of all graduate and undergraduate degrees. In research the percentage is even higher, and all these percentages will be increased in years to come. . . .

ERIC A. WALKER, President  
Pennsylvania State University  
University Park, Pa.

[In this] article there appears the quotation [from the *Harvard Crimson's Confidential Guide to Freshman Courses*], "Rochow had the amusing habit of revealing the bleached hair of Annexites [Radcliffe] by darkening the lecture room and shining a powerful fluorescent light toward them."

. . . I had no such intention, nor is it ever my custom or intention to try to embarrass people. What is more to the point, anyone who has had a brief education in science would know that one cannot distinguish bleached hair by the use of ultra-violet light. The writer of the remark himself had regretfully so far missed the point that he not only was mistaken about this, but confused fluorescent light with ultra-violet light. The whole thing is an accumulation of error and misstatements. . . .

EUGENE G. ROCHOW  
Department of Chemistry  
Harvard University  
Cambridge, Mass.

## Israel's Victory

TO THE EDITORS:

Reading Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall's article, "Why the Israeli Army Wins" [October], I get the impression he thinks it is due to Israeli General Staff doctrine. . . .

However, I wonder whether the Brigadier, in awarding all the tricks to the Israeli force because of doctrine has not



# The RCA Victor Society of Great Music

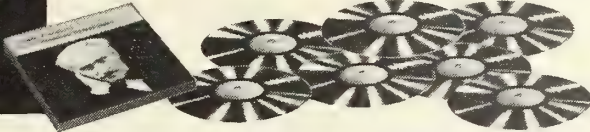
UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE Book-of-the-Month Club

OFFERS BEGINNING MEMBERS ANY ALBUM BELOW FOR ONLY \$3<sup>98</sup>

IF THEY AGREE TO BUY SIX SELECTIONS FROM THE SOCIETY WITHIN THE NEXT YEAR FROM AT LEAST 50 THAT WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE



## Arturo Toscanini CONDUCTS BEETHOVEN'S Nine Symphonies



WITH THE NBC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
IN AN ALBUM OF SEVEN 12-INCH

33 $\frac{1}{3}$  R.P.M. RECORDS

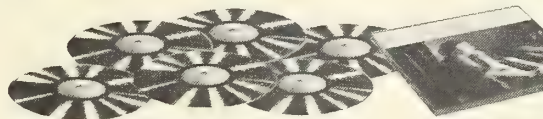
(NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICE \$34.98)

OR

## Wanda Landowska PLAYS ON THE HARPSICHORD BACH'S The Well-Tempered Clavier

"THE MIGHTY FORTY-EIGHT"  
IN AN ALBUM OF SIX 12-INCH  
33 $\frac{1}{3}$  R.P.M. RECORDS

(NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICE \$29.98)



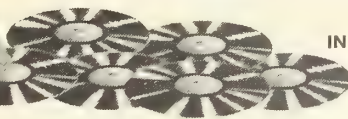
OR



## Artur Rubinstein PLAYS CHOPIN

69 Works Complete — Polonaises, Waltzes,  
Nocturnes, Impromptus, Preludes

IN AN ALBUM OF SIX 12-INCH 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  R.P.M. RECORDS  
(NATIONALLY ADVERTISED PRICE \$29.98)



**INTRODUCTORY OFFER** • The common purpose of this Society is to help serious lovers of music build up a fine record library systematically instead of haphazardly and at an immense saving. Most music-lovers certainly intend to build up for themselves a representative record library of the world's Great Music. Unfortunately, almost always they are haphazard in carrying out this aspiration. Because of more systematic action, operating costs can be greatly reduced. The Introductory Offer above is a dramatic demonstration. It can represent a saving of as much as 40% the first year. After their sixth purchase, members who continue can build their record libraries at a **ONE-THIRD SAVING**. For every two records purchased (from a group of at least fifty records available annually by the Society) members will receive a third RCA Victor Red Seal Record free.

A cardinal feature of the plan is **GUIDANCE**. The Society has a Selection Panel whose sole mission is to recommend "must-have" works to members. Members of the panel are: **DEEMS**

**TAYLOR**, composer and commentator, Chairman; **SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF**, General Music Director, NBC; **JACQUES BARZUN**, author and music critic; **JOHN M. CONLY**, editor of *High Fidelity*; **AARON COPLAND**, composer; **ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN**, music editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*; **DOUGLAS MOORE**, composer and Professor of Music, Columbia University; **WILLIAM SCHUMAN**, composer and president of Juilliard School of Music; **CARLETON SPRAGUE SMITH**, chief of Music Division, N. Y. Public Library; **G. WALLACE WOODWORTH**, Professor of Music, Harvard University.

### HOW THE SOCIETY OPERATES

**E**ACH month, three or more 12-inch 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  R.P.M. RCA Victor Red Seal Records are announced to members. One is singled out as the *record-of-the-month* and, unless the Society is otherwise instructed (on a simple form always provided), this record is sent to the member. If the member does not want the work he may specify an alternate, or instruct the Society to send him nothing. For every record purchased, members pay only \$4.98, the nationally advertised price. (For every shipment a small charge for postage and handling is added.)

RCA VICTOR Society of Great Music V3-12  
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of *The RCA Victor Society of Great Music* and send me immediately the RCA VICTOR album checked below, billing me \$4.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. I agree to buy six additional records within twelve months from those made available by the Society, for each of which I will be billed \$4.98, the price nationally advertised (plus a small charge for postage and handling). Thereafter, I need buy only four such records in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying six records from the Society. After my sixth purchase, for every two records I buy from the Society I will receive a third RCA VICTOR Red Seal Record free.

- ☐ THE NINE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES  
☐ THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER  
☐ RUBINSTEIN PLAYS CHOPIN

MR. \_\_\_\_\_  
MRS. \_\_\_\_\_  
MISS \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print plainly)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized  
RCA VICTOR dealer, please specify name and address.

DEALER'S NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE NOTE: Records shipped from the U. S. and its territories, and Canada, shipped duty free from Ontario.



## A 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ODYSSEY

takes you back beyond the Golden Age of Pericles to all the glories of the past...to the Parthenon, Caryatids, Tower of the Winds, the temples of Nike and of Hephaestus, lovely islands in the blue Aegean and Ionian Seas, the Palace of Knossos in Crete. Plan your 20th Century Odyssey to Greece now through your Travel Agent or

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVEL SERVICE  
Main Office: 65 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.  
Offices and Correspondents World-Wide  
in cooperation with  
THE GREEK NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION  
6 Venizelou Avenue, Athens

## LETTERS

inadvertently reneged. There were actually four concurrent games being played during the brief Anglo-French-Israeli war against Egypt and each of the other three contributed trumps to the Sinai play. I refer to:

(1) the Egyptian order of battle which had placed two-thirds—and the best two thirds—of its army facing Alexandria, not Sinai,

(2) the British air interdiction of Egyptian air and armor in Egypt proper and

(3) the massive French air and sea support, one phase of which was the parachuting of water, oil, munitions, and transport to the advancing Israeli force; another the destruction by air of Egyptian armor advancing eastward from the canal, and another the destruction of the fortified advance Egyptian coastal base at Rafa, back of Gaza, by the French cruiser *Georges-Leygue*.

One extra trump is always good to have; but three such as these could literally be manna from heaven. It is curious that General Marshall—a wartime historical officer—did not even mention [them].

HORACE K. VASE  
Asbury Park, N. J.

## Courage, North and South

TO THE EDITORS:

Thank you for James Baldwin's article "The Hard Kind of Courage" [October]. It is difficult if not impossible to find a writer with Mr. Baldwin's sensitivity, understanding, and ability to express the many complexities existing in the racial situation in our country.

As a Northern white mother who for the first time sending a six-year-old to a public school integrated for many years I found myself intrigued intellectually but frightened and horrified emotionally at the child's returning home after his second day of school, parroting the usual clichés of caste-consciousness and arrogance. Certainly all of us Northerners and Southerners alike are faced with the same problem . . .

MARIAN STRAUSS  
Paoli, Ind.

## Self-Portrait

TO THE EDITORS:

I read your September "Easy Chair" ["Self-Portrait of the Harper Reader"]. Your scientific sampling did not include my self-portrait. Did your research stack the cards so that all readers came out sleek, fat cats?

No one asked me.

I am fairly intelligent, well-trained, and don't make a great deal of money at my teaching school. The only way I could afford your magazine is to subscribe.



Have  
you  
read...

...these  
outstanding  
**BOOK FIND CLUB**  
Selections?



Here are some of the outstanding selections offered to members of **THE BOOK FIND CLUB** during the recent months. These are books people are talking about, provocative reading in every area of interest. And these are representative of the books which have earned **THE BOOK FIND CLUB** the reputation for "The Best In Fiction and Non-fiction."

Now, you can have any 3 of these important books for only \$3.95. As a member of the club, you will have the opportunity to purchase monthly selections at prices up to 50% below retail. And with each fourth purchase, you will receive an outstanding Bonus Book FREE.

**Choose any 3 for only 3.95**

with membership in **THE BOOK FIND CLUB**

**Critical Acclaim**

"Mr. Galbraith's underlying thesis is something new under the sun . . . so daring and so convincingly argued that it deserves front rank in any debate in economics . . . A compelling challenge to conventional thought."  
**THE NEW YORK TIMES**

"The most significant commentary on matters of general public concern to have been published in many a year."  
**THE WASHINGTON POST**

"Galbraith takes the dismal slant out into the sunlight . . ."  
**THE REPORTER**

"He has a gift for charming irony, picturesque analogy, and witty aphorisms . . ."  
**WALL STREET JOURNAL**

"As disturbing as it is brilliant . . ."  
**NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE**

"A more refreshing examination of the stereotype of both liberal and conservative economic thought has not appeared in many years . . ."  
**THE NATION**

Each Month, Book Find Club members receive the interesting and informative *Book Find News*, containing an authoritative review of the forthcoming selection and other information about the many selections offered to members . . . each at a special low membership price. If you choose to receive the selection, you need do nothing: it will be sent to you automatically. If you would like to reject the selection or substitute another of the many volumes offered, you simply return the conveniently provided form. *Begin your membership now by accepting any 3 of these outstanding books for only \$3.95.*

**Mail this coupon today! ➡**

**THE BOOK FIND CLUB**  
215 Fourth Avenue  
New York 3, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member and send me for only \$3.95 plus postage and handling, the 3 books I have indicated. I am to receive free the monthly Book Find News. I agree to purchase at least 5 additional books during my first year of membership and I am to receive a Free Bonus Book for each four purchases. I may cancel my membership at any time after accepting five selections. Note: Save the cost of postage and handling of your introductory offer by enclosing check or money order.

	Pub. at
<input type="checkbox"/> THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY	\$ 5.00
<input type="checkbox"/> AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION	10.00
<input type="checkbox"/> LOOM OF HISTORY	7.50
<input type="checkbox"/> ATTORNEY FOR THE DAMNED	6.50
<input type="checkbox"/> DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER	7.50
<input type="checkbox"/> JAPANESE LITERATURE	7.25
<input type="checkbox"/> NEW BOTTLES FOR NEW WINE	5.00
<input type="checkbox"/> THE POWER ELITE	6.00
<input type="checkbox"/> THE SAROYAN READER	3.95

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Same Price in Canada: Address 105 Bond Street, Toronto 2, Canada)

H-12-68

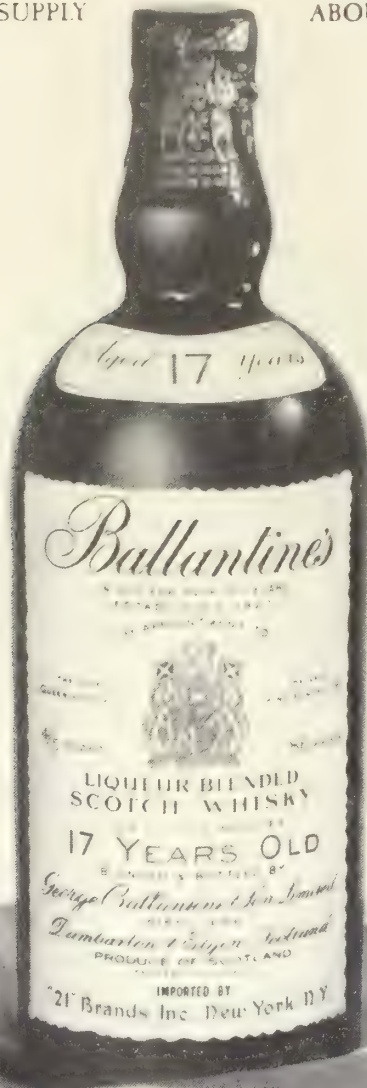


# When the occasion demands it—Ballantine's 17 Year Old Scotch

*A right royal Whisky*

IN LIMITED SUPPLY

ABOUT \$12 THE FIFTH



## LETTERS

through a publisher's clearing house. . . . I do not invest my money shrewdly. I put it in government bonds or a small savings account. I do not spend my money in curious ways—just food, clothing, shelter, insurance, pension, transportation, and an occasional paperback. I do spend most of my waking hours explaining, persuading, issuing instructions, and analyzing the reports of my students. I exert a great deal of influence on adolescents, my students, when they listen. I do not drink and am not gregarious. Evidently all your gregarious readers find time to read *Harper's* and nothing else. Otherwise, how could they find time to be gregarious and drink so much?

There is no average student—no average reader and Harry Truman proved that scientific samplings are unreliable. Does Harry Truman read *Harper's*?

MARTHA J. KUNKEL  
Export, Pa.

## *The Liberal Labels*

TO THE EDITORS:

William S. White's article on "The Misunderstood Conservative" [September] poses an interesting problem in semantics. . . . He refers to a brand of "liberals" whom he describes as "that kind of Democrat who thinks the word 'liberal' is precisely equivalent to the word 'good'."

In his article he seems to define two kinds of "liberals"—those who are internationalists in foreign affairs and those whose concern is largely with domestic affairs.

It would be interesting to have Mr. White define what is a "liberal" in today's terms—without reference to party labels.

Is Senator Fulbright a liberal, except when matters affecting segregation are concerned? Is Dean Acheson a liberal, except in domestic affairs and except when Mr. X is discussed? Is there any longer a definable liberal cause . . . ?

JEROME SHIL  
Margate City, N. J.

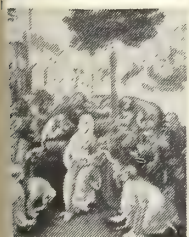
## *Rubles and Peace*

TO THE EDITORS:

In "Why We Are Losing the Ruble War" [September], Waldemar Nielsen falls into the very common, yet grievous, error of thinking of the coming rivalry [between Russia and America] as economic war. Russia may so look on it . . . [but] Russia's foreign aid should be welcomed. For it can actually be turned to good account for America as well as for the nations to whom it will be offered.

If there is anything on which Communism thrives it is the poverty of people





FROM *The Metropolitan Museum of Art*

## 24 FULL-COLOR MINIATURES

OF FAMOUS PAINTINGS BY *Leonardo da Vinci*

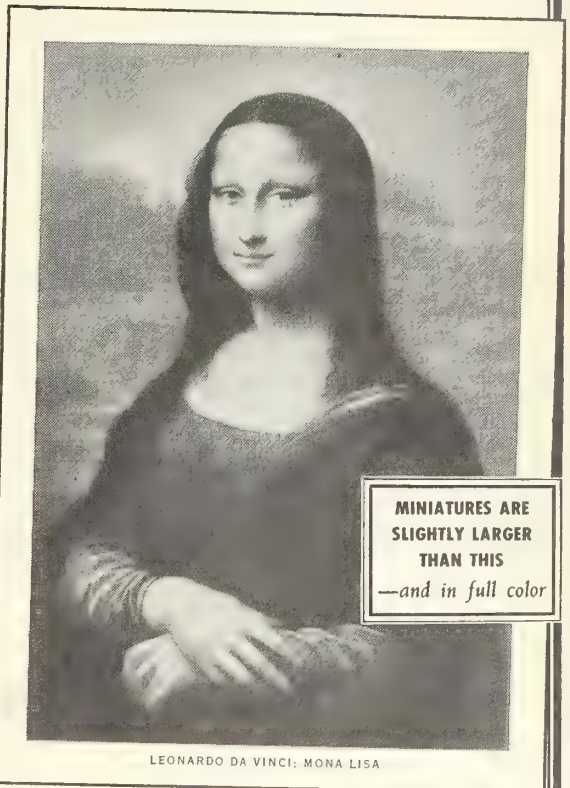
### A DEMONSTRATION WITHOUT CHARGE

of a simple and sensible way—particularly  
for families with children—to obtain  
a well-rounded education in the history and  
appreciation of art

**THE METROPOLITAN MINIATURES PLAN** • Once a month the Museum reproduces a selection of paintings in full color. Each set deals with a different artist or school and contains 24 fine color prints (slightly larger than shown at right) and a 32-page album, in which the artist and his work are discussed, and in which the prints can be affixed in given spaces. In effect the project is an informal but comprehensive course, in both the history and appreciation of art, for persons of all ages.

**ONE-MONTH FREE TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION, WITH NO OBLIGATION**—to acquaint you with the project. At no expense you can examine the 24 miniature reproductions of paintings by LEONARDO DA VINCI, read the album—then decide, within the month, whether or not you wish to continue. If not, simply let us know and we shall immediately cancel this provisional subscription. No matter what your decision, the introductory set you choose is free. The price for each set (if you continue) is \$1.25, including the album. With the first set purchased, and with every sixth set thereafter, you will receive free a handsome portfolio which holds six albums.

**PLEASE NOTE:** Since the Metropolitan Museum is unequipped to handle the details involved in this project, it has arranged to have the Book-of-the-Month Club act as its national distributor. The selection of subjects and the preparation of the color prints remain wholly under the supervision of the Museum.



MINIATURES ARE  
SLIGHTLY LARGER  
THAN THIS  
—and in full color

LEONARDO DA VINCI: MONA LISA

**BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.** 39-12  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please send me at once 24 full-color Miniatures by Leonardo da Vinci, with album, without charge. This may be considered a trial subscription. I reserve the right to cancel, according to your offer, within one month or any time thereafter. If I continue after this free set, I will be billed \$1.25 for each set of Miniatures with album (plus 10 cents for postage). To facilitate handling and billing, two sets will be sent every second month. With my first purchase I will receive free a handsome portfolio in which to keep six albums. Additional portfolios will be sent, also without charge, as they are needed. Whether I continue or not the free set is mine to keep.

Mr. }  
Mrs. }  
Miss }

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

M39



# CHOICE OF ALL EUROPE

8 exciting lands, 3 popular ships



## ★ NORTH ATLANTIC

15 new public rooms on the "NEW YORK" . . . same fine tourist service on the "ARKADIA", latest addition to the Greek Line fleet. From New York, Boston, Canada to

IRELAND • ENGLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY



## ★ MEDITERRANEAN

Cruise liner "OLYMPIA", 16 public rooms, many 2 berth staterooms with private shower and toilet at low Tourist rates, from New York and Boston to

PORTUGAL • ITALY • SICILY • GREECE

See Your Travel Agent



Go One Route . . . Return the Other by

# GREEK LINE

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CLEVELAND  
CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO  
TORONTO • MONTREAL

## LETTERS

in underdeveloped nations. Raising their standards of living and giving them hope for the future will provide the greatest deterrent to the spread of Communism.

The rampant nationalism among such nations is directed toward independence both politically and economically. Foreign aid they will readily accept, but they will resist attempts to impose either Communism or American capitalistic methods upon them.

Instead of trying to outbid Russia for the favor of backward nations, American policy should supplement her efforts. It is of course true that Russia will try as in Yugoslavia to make those accepting her aid dependent on her and will threaten to pull the rug from under them.

But it is in just such cases that American aid can be most effective. In offering aid without strings attached—in so far as possible through the UN or World Bank—America can counter attempted subversive measures. In fact through skillful propaganda, the pressure of world opinion might force Russia to co-operative action rather than to aggressive economic warfare.

Although America can with a sound and progressive domestic policy outstrip Russia in production and industrial potential, outbidding Russia in the proffer of foreign aid will not only confirm the suspicion among uncommitted nations of our imperialistic designs, but will exhaust our resources in an endless and fruitless uphill struggle. . . . An offer of co-operation and supplemental aid will clip the wings of Soviet propaganda and put her on the defensive.

J. MURRAY CARROLL  
Lewiston, Maine.

## Healthy, Sunny Norway

TO THE EDITORS:

It is interesting to note that if . . . Norway were to be substituted for Finland, Chad Walsh's article ["Such Nice Finns," July] would be almost as valid.

The steam bath is just as common here, although birch twigs are not used. Many Norwegians take advantage of the public steam-bath facilities on the average of once a week, considering the bath a necessity of health and pleasure.

Here also there are sun-worshippers. By March, when the sun begins to reappear for longer hours each day, it is not unusual to see the people waiting at the local train stations, eyes closed, faces up, getting full benefit of the sun's rays.

I have seen truck-drivers stop along a highway; instead of catching forty winks, they roll down the windows and stick their heads out—facing the sun!

NORMA L. SMAYDA  
Oslo, Norway

see . . . enjoy  
**FASCINATING**

Japan is the perfect  
year-round vacation  
land . . . never too  
hot, never too cold  
. . . with something  
exciting to see and do  
in every season.

J  
A  
P  
A  
N



PARADE AT NIKKO  
DURING GRAND FESTIVAL

You'll enjoy the  
combination of ancient  
manners and customs  
. . . of modern  
accommodations,  
transportation and  
shops. You'll thrill  
to the beauty of  
the country . . .  
the gaiety of the  
festivals . . .  
the charm  
and courtesy  
of the people.

See your  
Travel Agent or

**JAPAN TOURIST ASSOCIATION**

45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.  
651 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.  
48 Front Street W., Toronto, Canada  
109 Kailani Avenue, Honolulu 15, T. H.

Advanced Programs  
at Lockheed require  
Engineers and Scientists  
to work on

## THE FRONTIERS OF SPACE TECHNOLOGY

Lockheed holds such important programs as the Polaris IRBM for the Navy; the Kingfisher target missile for the Army; the X-7 ramjet test vehicle for the Air Force and other important projects.

Experienced engineers and scientists are needed for responsible positions in our research and development laboratories and in our project organizations. Please write to our Professional Placement Staff, Dept. 2312, Sunnyvale, California.

**Lockheed**  
MISSILE SYSTEMS  
DIVISION

SUNNYVALE, PALO ALTO, VAN NUYS,  
SANTA CRUZ, VANDENBERG AFB, CALIFORNIA  
CAPE CANAVERAL, FLA.  
ALAMOGORDO, N. M.



New members of THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB can obtain

# ANY ONE OF THESE FIVE-ALBUM SETS for only \$3.98

RETAIL VALUE AS  
HIGH AS \$24.90

## SET NO. 1 SHOW-TIME FAVORITES



**SOUTH PACIFIC.** America's all-time biggest musical now in hi fi. Original sound-track recording from the new film.

**CAROUSEL.** Rodgers-Hammerstein melodies sung by Patrice Munsel, Robert Merrill, Florence Henderson, Gloria Lane.

**DAMN YANKEES.** The new original film sound track recording starring Tab Hunter, Gwen Verdon and Ray Walston.

**PORGY AND BESS.** Gershwin's *Summertime*; *Bess, You Is My Woman Now*; etc., sung by Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill.

**LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA** On-the-spot recording of her supper-club show. Special material and standards.

## SET NO. 2 CLASSICS OF SWING



**TOMMY DORSEY.** Yes Indeed! All the big ones, 1935-44. *Marie*, *Star Dust*, *Opus No. 1*, etc. Sinatra, Stafford, The Pied Pipers.

**GLENN MILLER.** Original Miller hit recordings of *In the Mood*, *Tuxedo Junction*, *String of Pearls*, *Little Brown Jug*, etc.

**BENNY GOODMAN.** The best of the King of Swing, 1935-39. *Sing Sing Sing*, *And the Angels Sing*, *Avalon*, etc.

**ARTIE SHAW.** Moonglow. Big hits from 1938-41. *Begin the Beguine*, *Frenesi*, *Star Dust*, *Indian Love Call*, etc.

**DUKE ELLINGTON.** In a Mellotone. The Duke's greatest period, 1940-42. *Take the "A" Train*, *I Got It Bad*, *Perdido*, etc.

ORIGINAL RECORDINGS NOW REPROCESSED TO ENHANCE THEIR SOUND

## SET NO. 3 TOPS OF BOSTON POPS



**BOSTON POPS PICNIC.** Arthur Fiedler conducting. *Jalousie*, *In a Persian Market*, *Malagueña*, *Danube Waves*, etc.

**OPERA WITHOUT SINGING.** 15 favorite melodies arranged for orchestra: *Barcarolle*, *Evening Star*, *Habanera*, etc.

**THE FAMILY ALL TOGETHER.** Popular light classics and novelties: *Warsaw Concerto*, *Clair de Lune*, *Ravel's Bolero*, others.

**MR. STRAUSS COMES TO BOSTON** Waltzes and polkas. *On the Beautiful Blue Danube*, *Pizzicato Polka*, and others.

**NUTCRACKER SUITE.** Tchaikovsky's ballet, including *Waltz of the Flowers*, *Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy*, other selections.

... if you agree to buy five albums from the Club during the next twelve months from at least 100 albums to be made available

THIS exciting new plan, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music . . . and, once and for all, takes bewildering out of building such a well-balanced collection. **You pay far less for albums this way** than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the extraordinary introductory offer described above can represent as much as a 40% saving in your first year of membership. **Thereafter you save almost 33 1/3%.** After buying the five albums called for in this offer, you will receive a **free** 12-inch 33 1/3 R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least \$3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. **A wide choice of RCA VICTOR albums** will be described each month. One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or nothing at all—you can make your wishes known on a simple form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small charge for postage and handling).

ALL ALBUMS ARE 12-INCH 33 1/3 R.P.M. LONG-PLAYING

THE RCA VICTOR POPULAR ALBUM CLUB P3-12  
c/o Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please register me as a member of The RCA Victor Popular Album Club and send me the five-album set I have checked below, for which I will pay \$3.98, plus a small postage and handling charge. I agree to buy five other albums offered by the Club within the next twelve months, for each of which I will be billed at the nationally advertised price: usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge). Thereafter, I need buy only four such albums in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. I may cancel my membership any time after buying five albums from the Club (in addition to those included in this introductory offer). After my fifth purchase, if I continue, for every two albums I buy I may choose a third album free. Check one:

☐ Show-Time Favorites ☐ Classics of Swing ☐ Tops of Boston Pops

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE: If you wish to enroll through an authorized RCA VICTOR dealer, fill in below:

Dealers Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE NOTE: Send no money. A bill will be sent. Albums can be shipped only to residents of the U. S., its territories and Canada. Albums for Canadian members are made in Canada and shipped duty free from Ontario.

## *the editor's* EASY CHAIR

### The Yuletide Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out

WITH the dread Yuletide already lapping around our ankles, every sensible man is now groping for whatever comfort he can find to sustain him through the most grinding month of the year.

Our Wall Street correspondent reports that a group of brokers is organizing a Society of Rebellious Scrooges, which plans to charter a plane to some quiet Moslem resort—probably Marrakech—where it will go underground until January 2. Those of us who can't afford to seek safety in flight, however, must dig in as best we can to endure the horrors of the season—the eggnogs and Tom & Jerries, two varieties of alcoholic custard which offer the soundest argument yet discovered for prohibition . . . the blizzard of affectionate greetings from the plumbers, auto dealers, pants pressers, real-estate agents, and TV repairmen who have been robbing us with un-Christian zeal for the last eleven months . . . the commercials urging us in the name of Saint Nicholas and the Holy Child to stock up NOW with depilatories, laxatives, deodorants, and hangover cures . . . malevolent sales-ladies, Trappist monks touting bargains in Christmas cheeses, the annual shakedown by elevator men and apartment superintendents . . . "Silent Night" blaring over the drunken babble in every cocktail lounge . . .

To keep a solid grip on your goodwill toward men amid such blasphemies, it may help to remember that the world is still full of—well, all right, sprinkled with—well-meaning people. Special greetings then, to the following characters (mostly unpublicized) who have added something during the past year to the happiness, or at least the gaiety, of mankind:

★ Assistant Attorney General George Cochran Doub and his colleagues in the Civil Division of the Justice Department, for their quiet but earnest efforts to make up for one of the most shameful acts of injustice ever committed by the American government.

During the early months of World War II about 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry were rounded up on the Pacific Coast and thrown into concentration camps. They were charged with no crime; no law authorized their imprisonment; no act of spying or sabotage was ever blamed on them. Nor was there even any sound reason to doubt their loyalty; 65 per cent had been born here, and those who eventually were permitted to join the Army established an unsurpassed record for valor. The only explanation for what Mr. Doub has called "this tragic and unprecedented episode" is that the War Department panicked after its disgrace at Pearl Harbor, and then saw a potential enemy in every man, woman, and child with a Japanese name.

Because they were herded off virtually overnight, many of the "evacuees" lost their homes, farms, and businesses, and nearly 6,000 of them were stamped into renouncing their American citizenship.

For the last four years, however, Mr. Doub and his associates have been working hard to make whatever restitution is possible. They have helped more than 3,000 Japanese-Americans to regain their citizenship, and have arranged generous settlements—totaling more than \$35 million—for some 26,000 damage claims arising out of the forced evacuation.

★ The late John McPartland, a sex reformer whose research got out of hand. Back in 1946 he wrote for *Harper's* a light-hearted article, "Footnote on Sex." Then he buckled down to serious work, turning out a book—*Sex in Our Changing World*—in which he deplored the shakiness of modern moral standards. It was followed by articles in a similar vein for many magazines and then, last year, by a novel described on its jacket as an explosive exposé of "the intimate relationships between young couples in a typical suburban development."

When McPartland died a few weeks ago (from a heart attack, naturally) it turned out that he





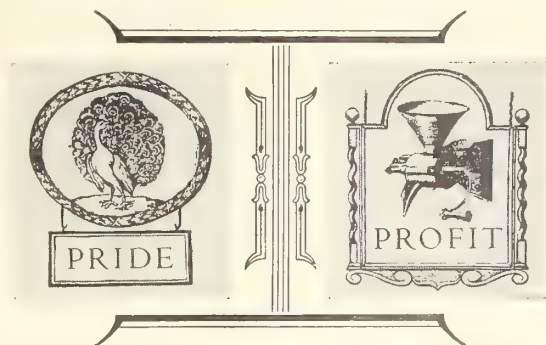
# STAND UP & BE COUNTED! ARE YOU PRIDE OR PROFIT?

[ NUMBER III ] (Continued from *The New Yorker* of 20 September 1958)

sides you'll probably be terribly anxious to receive your Pride Badge or your Profit Badge, one. For the benefit of you latecomers we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are referring to the very nice badges we are sending out from Dublin to all who write us here.

We unfortunately ran off the page last week and had to continue over. No harm done, we suppose. ☞ The badges, then, are as illustrated. "Profit" to be worn by those who glory in Irish Coffee and the money it sends flowing to Ireland. And a pretty thing it is, too, watching the dear sales curve course upwards thanks to the Profit Party's interesting taste. If bizarre. Not that we condemn, no, no, no. ☞ It's just that there are the others: the Prides; proud of the taste, proud of the altogether distinctive, burnished, but emphatic flavor of Irish Whiskey. They claim the subtlety is *quite drowned out* in Irish Coffee. Strong words! Strong feelings! Before we run out of space again perhaps we'd better get our coupon in. We are given to un-

Now this isn't to say that you must already be an all-outer for Irish Coffee or a practicing Irish Whiskey drinker to qualify as a Profit or Pride respectively. All we require is a willing heart and an open mind. Choose the side that appeals to you; state your allegiance and then justify it by deeds. If you change your mind



P.O. Box 186, Dublin, Ireland [COUPON]  
Air Mail 15c, Surface 8c, Postcard 5c

Pride [ ] Profit [ ] (indicate one)

Please send me a badge so that all may say

"There goes a (PRIDE), (PROFIT) man."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

derstand by those who know that a coupon [rather than just saying to write in] boosts the response tremendously. We hope this is true; so much advice nowadays is simply terrible.

later write in and we'll send you the badge of whichever side you defected to. No recriminations, no sidelong glances, just understanding smiles is what you'll get from us. ☞ If you're a novice, though, this great, brilliant world of Irish Whiskey is likely to set you quite agog with its variousness. There are nine grand brands. It'll do no harm to list them [if you'll excuse us for a moment while we draw lots to see whose name shall go first]: Murphy's, John Power, Old Bushmills, Tullamore Dew, Paddy, John Jameson, Gilbey's Crock O' Gold, John Locke, and Dunphy's Original Irish. Now...

had been a trigamist. He had been doing field work on his subject with a wife and five children in Monterey, California; with another who had a ten-year-old son in Mill Valley; and with a third who had a grown daughter in Salinas. Unfortunately he left no posthumous work to explain the logistics of this operation.

★ *The Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, who has remembered me for the last three years with an engraved Christmas card, expensively embossed with a four-star flag in blue and gold. I appreciate his kindliness to a complete stranger—but as a saddle-galled taxpayer I sometimes wonder how many other names are on his public-relations list, what the mailing costs, where it is concealed in the Defense budget, and what this cheery gesture has to do with the protection of the United States.*

★ *The Hospital Board and the politicians of New York City, for their tact and wisdom in compromising a birth-control controversy which seemed all too likely to stir up religious bitterness throughout the city and state—and even to affect the 1960 Presidential election.*

The trouble started last July when the city's Hospital Commissioner, Dr. Morris A. Jacobs, forbade a doctor to fit a contraceptive device for one of his patients—a Protestant—in a city hospital. She was diabetic, and her doctor had decided that pregnancy might endanger her life.

Dr. Jacobs' order made public for the first time what had long been an unwritten rule against birth-control procedures in city hospitals. Although Dr. Jacobs is Jewish, many of the hospital doctors, nurses, and other employees are Catholic. So is his boss, Mayor Robert Wagner, and Carmine DeSapio, Tammany leader and the state's most powerful politician. So too are about one-third of the voters of New York City—and a far higher proportion of the Democratic professional politicians in both the city and state. (Sixty of the party's 62 county chairmen, for example, are Catholic. They and DeSapio were able to force Governor Averell Harriman, much against his will, to accept a Catholic as the party's candidate for the Senate, instead of a Protestant whose experience—in the opinion of many political observers—made him better qualified for the office. This in spite of the fact that the Democratic ticket already was overbalanced with Catholic names.)

Dr. Jacobs' order raised a hurricane of protest from both Jewish and Protestant groups. They argued that the Catholics were trying to use their political power to impose their religious views on people of other faiths—and preventing Protestants and Jews from getting needed medical treatment in hospitals supported by their own tax money.

The Catholics retorted that all artificial birth

control is immoral; that *their* taxes should not be used to finance immoral practices; and that it would be intolerable for Catholic hospital employees to be required to take part in carrying them out.

For two months Dr. Jacobs stood firm, while statements and counterstatements erupted from a growing number of religious and medical groups. Many people began to ask: If this kind of thing can happen under a Catholic administration in New York, what might happen if a Catholic were in the White House?

Then that instinct for accommodation—which is the essential genius of American society—began to assert itself over the clamor. The city's newspapers cautiously began to explore possible compromises in their editorial columns. One of the most influential lay Catholic magazines, the *Commonweal*, reminded its readers that we are all living in a pluralistic society, made up of many minorities which hold conflicting views on almost every conceivable question. It described as "a hazardous undertaking" the attempt of any group to enforce its moral standards by law on other members of the community—pointing to Protestant efforts to legislate against bingo (a favorite Catholic fund-raising device) and alcoholic beverages. On the same principle, the *Commonweal* concluded, Catholics "should not expect non-Catholics to accept restrictions on conduct which these non-Catholics regard as legitimate."

Finally Mayor Wagner—who had long avoided any public statement—announced that he would not try to impose his personal convictions on the city hospital system. "As a Catholic I would be opposed to the use of contraceptives in city hospitals," he said, but added that this was "a medical matter" and that he would leave it entirely in the hands of Dr. Jacobs and the Hospital Board which advises him. Significantly, the Mayor suggested that Dr. Jacobs ought to meet with the Protestant Council—which for weeks had found his door closed.

The upshot was a compromise ruling by the Board, which wholly satisfied neither side but which both now seem willing to go along with. The ban against prescribing birth-control measures is lifted—but only in cases where the medical staff determines that pregnancy would endanger health, and when the patient asks for such services. Moreover, "hospital personnel who have religious or moral objections" are excused from taking part in any contraceptive procedures. As a consequence, Catholic hospital workers have stopped talking about mass resignations, and Protestants and Jews have largely stopped muttering about Catholic political dominance.

Such small victories for tolerance and fair play attract far less notice than the occasional defeats, as in Little Rock. But they outnumber the defeats; and each one demonstrates



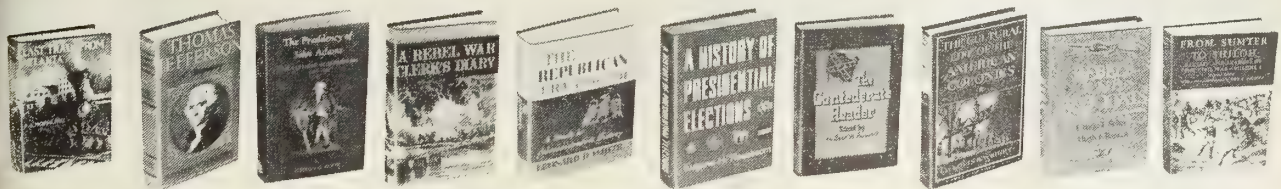
# A rare opportunity to explore living American History. Choose any 3 of these vital books for only \$4.89 ...when you join the American History Publication Society

Embark on a unique adventure in *living* American history. Join the famous American History Publication Society at this most opportune time. Our new invitation includes the unprecedented offer of *any three* of the superb volumes shown for only \$4.89. You send no money. Simply mark your choices on the coupon below and mail it now. We will bill you later.

**Build a Library of Americana—at Savings of 40% and More.** If you feel a special bond with America's past, you'll feel a very personal interest in the American History Publication Society. The Society's prime purpose is to help members build a fine library of *Americana*—at substantial savings. Each book illuminates an era, exploit or event in the

building of America; each book is a definitive work in its field. Many are certain to be just the books you will want for your own library.

**Valuable Bonus Books—FREE.** Each month you will receive free a copy of *Americana*, the Society's publication. This describes the current selection together with news of other books interesting to you. You may reject any book you do not wish—a convenient form is always provided for this. You may cancel your membership after accepting as few as four selections during your first year. *For every four additional selections you accept—you receive a valuable Bonus Book FREE.* So fill in and mail the coupon below. Take advantage of this unusual offer today.



## TAKE ANY THREE OF THESE IMPORTANT AND VITAL BOOKS FOR ONLY \$4.89

### LAST TRAIN FROM ATLANTA

by A. A. Hoehling

The epic true story of the only American city ever to see the hell of total war. Told in the words of the people who lived it. This story of the siege of Atlanta destined to become a classic in Americana.

Retail Price \$6.95

### THOMAS JEFFERSON

by Nathan Satchner

The most comprehensive study of this extraordinary, multi-faceted man and the first derived from every available source. "The best Jefferson biography I have seen."

Retail Price \$8.95

### THE PRESIDENCY OF JOHN ADAMS

by Stephen G. Kurtz

Live all the drama and turmoil of a young nation's first steps to political maturity in this illuminating, provocative study of the roles played by Adams, Hamilton and Jefferson during the early years.

Retail Price \$8.50

### A REBEL WAR CLERK'S DIARY

by John B. Jones, edited by Earl S. Miers

A vivid and dramatic diary of life behind the Confederate lines. A vital day-to-day record of what the war looked like to those on the losing side.

Retail Price \$7.50

### THE REPUBLICAN ERA

by Leonard D. White

The definitive history of the changes, expansion and progress of the great government departments and the personalities of their leaders in the critical years of 18-1961.

Retail Price \$6.00

### A HISTORY OF PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

by Eugene H. Roseboom

From Washington to Eisenhower—a colorful record of America's growth. Crammed with a wealth of fact not to be found in any other single work.

Retail Price \$8.50

### THE CONFEDERATE READER

edited by Richard B. Harwell

A panorama of Confederate writing on every aspect of Confederate life. Includes many valuable photographs and cartoons. A brilliant re-creation of a vital historic era.

Retail Price \$7.50

### THE CULTURAL LIFE OF THE AMERICAN COLONIES

by Louis B. Wright

Forceful and provocative study of how the early colonists lived, worked and enriched their lives. A truly moving and intensely human book.

Retail Price \$5.00

### REBELS AND REDCOATS

by George F. Scheer and Hugh F. Rankin

The story of the Revolution leaps to life in the words of the men who were there. This is living history, an intimate on-the-spot picture of the first great war of principle.

Retail Price \$7.50

### FROM SUMTER TO SHILOH

Battles & Leaders of the Civil War, Volume I

Magnificent "curtain raiser" to the greatest Civil War history ever compiled. A thrilling book; an unsurpassed record of two vast American armies in action at Shiloh, First Bull Run, and many other battles.

Retail Price \$4.95

UP TO  
\$25.95  
WORTH  
OF BOOKS  
FOR  
ONLY  
\$4.89

### American History Publication Society, Inc.,

Dept. 12-G-YH

11 East 36th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Please enroll me as a member, and send me the three books I have checked at the special introductory price of \$4.89, plus a nominal charge for postage. I am to receive, free, the Society's monthly publication, *Americana*. For every additional 4 selections I accept, I am to receive a valuable bonus book free. I may accept as few as four selections during the first year and I may cancel my membership at any time thereafter. (Note: Send no money now. Merely check and mail this coupon.)

Check three books of your choice

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Last Train From Atlanta (1309)                    | <input type="checkbox"/> The Presidency of John Adams (1216)        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A Rebel War Clerk's Diary (1303)                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Thomas Jefferson (1212)                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Republican Era (1250)                         | <input type="checkbox"/> A History of Presidential Elections (1235) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Confederate Reader (1235)                     | <input type="checkbox"/> A History of the American Colonies (1148)  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Cultural Life of the American Colonies (1148) | <input type="checkbox"/> Rebels and Redcoats (1154)                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> From Sumter to Shiloh (1319)                      |   |

PLEASE NOTE: A "Double Selection"—or a set of books offered to members at a special combined price—is counted as a single book in reckoning Bonus Book credit, and in fulfilling the membership obligation.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



# *The dignity of age . . .*



*The dignity of age . . . the wisdom of experience . . . the pleasures of reflection—these are but a few of the blessings that come with the passing of the years. And how wonderful it is to reflect on the number of those years that have now been added to the span of life—and on the health and happiness with which they have been filled. The achievements that have made this possible are the achievements of science and of medicine—antibiotics and hormones to fight disease and ease pain . . . tranquilizing agents to bring peace of mind . . . vitamins and minerals to add*

*strength and vigor. And written hard in the history of so many of these triumphs, you will find the name Pfizer. With an ever-accelerated pace, Pfizer research has devoted itself to creating newer, better medicines and better methods for their production. Today, with nearly a thousand scientists and with a world-wide network of manufacturing facilities, Pfizer is a recognized leader in virtually every phase of biochemical engineering. This, then, is Pfizer. Its taskmaster, disease. Its watchword, progress. Its inspiration, the dignity of the human life.*

Science for the World's Well-Being

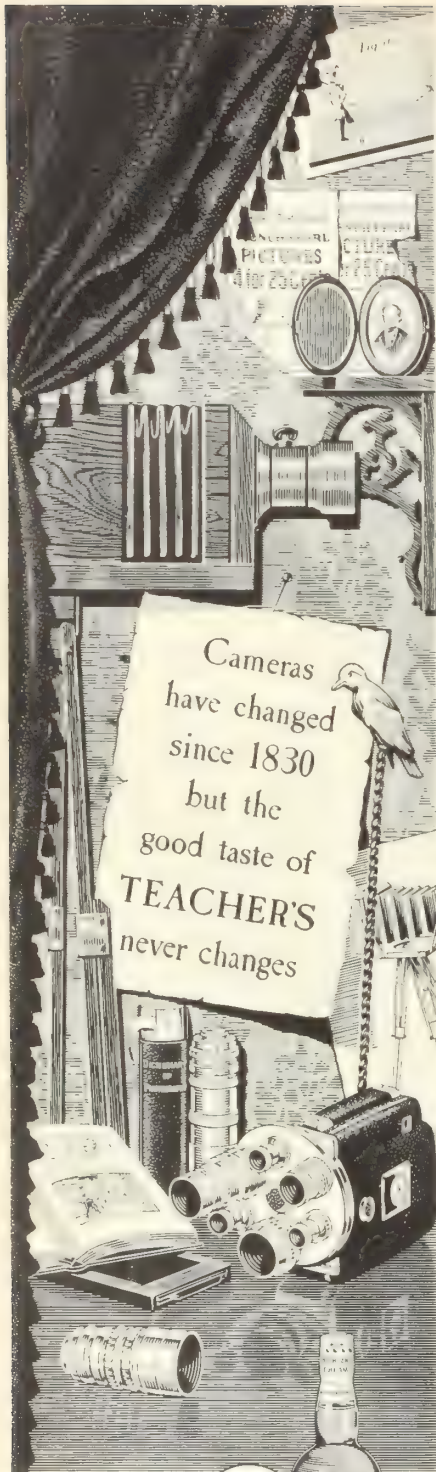


Pharmaceutical,  
Agricultural and  
Chemical Products

Since 1849







In a class  
by itself  
since 1830

**TEACHER'S**  
HIGHLAND CREAM  
Scotch Whisky

86 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky  
Schieffelin & Co., New York

## THE EASY CHAIR

are loving it. Retail sales in the shops lining Temple Place and West Street have risen sharply, and some of the merchants already are predicting that they have found a way to stop the drift of business and population to the suburbs.

This experiment may foreshadow the time when large areas of every big city are closed to wheeled traffic, and pedestrians can go about their business (and pleasure) in safe, quiet, and attractive surroundings. But it will come only when city dwellers realize that the auto is the enemy of the city—and that salvation lies, not in building more parking areas and urban super-highways, but in keeping as many cars as possible out of business and residential areas.

★ *The British publisher who recently discovered in his warehouse two hundred unsold copies of a theological work his firm had published, in a fit of bad judgment, about fifty years ago. It is entitled: *An Annotated History of Pastoral Homiletics in the Nineteenth Century*, and its six hundred pages consist largely of quotations from ancient sermons of stupefying dullness.*

The publisher has now compiled a list of the most offensive authors, agents, and literary critics of his acquaintance. To each of them he is sending a copy of the book, with this note:

"With my joyful Yuletide wishes. I trust that you will find this rare volume of particular interest, because of its reference to your family."

Since the book has no index—and since all the people on his list suffer from inflamed vanity—he expects that practically every one of them will spend his holiday poring through it page by page, to the great benefit of their souls.

★ *The British naval lieutenant who commanded his first ship—a frigate—during recent NATO maneuvers. He bumped into another vessel, causing only slight damage but considerable confusion in the deployment of the fleet. The admiral commanding the operation signaled:*

"What do you propose to do now?"  
The lieutenant's answering signal—seen by the whole fleet, and now on its way to becoming a naval legend—was: "Buy a small farm, sir."

## COMING IN

# Harper's

magazine

## NEXT MONTH

### ELECTRONIC PROP FOR DAMAGED HEARTS

A distinguished medical reporter describes amazing new device which can be plugged into the chests of cardiac patients—and which may some day save thousands of lives.

By Leonard Engel

### THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

*Who's Been Tracking Snow Across My Closed Continuum?*

In a hilarious piece of scholarly detective work, an ex-Indian Army officer and novelist tell what the mysterious Yeti of the Himalayas really is.

By John Master

### A PLAN TO SAVE TREES, LAND, AND BOYS

How a new version of the CCC—one New Deal idea everybody like—can be used to fight delinquency and salvage resources worth billions.

By Senator Hubert H. Humphrey

### GOVERNMENTS IN CRISIS

Why the U. S. and U.S.S.R. governments find themselves unable to control the real instruments of power in modern society. . . .

By Peter F. Drucker



# PERSONAL and otherwise

## Among Our Contributors

### FEEDING AND FUND-RAISING

HERE is a curious tie between Cecil Woodham-Smith's profile of Alexis Soyer (p. 32) and Marion K. Sanders' study of the volunteer money-raisers (p. 23). Soyer, "The Man Who Invented Modern Cooking," has had many successors in our time—from professors of dietetics to Army mess sergeants. Nearly all of their activities would have seemed reasonable to the ebullient and practical chef of the Reform Club. But the familiar American use of mass-cooking would certainly have puzzled him. This is the practice of public feeding for fund-raising. The rites vary, but all involve corralling good-hearted people to dine, hear speeches, and write checks.

There were, for example, 500 at a recent dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to kick off a million-dollar campaign for the YMCA of Greater New York. It was a typical well-organized fund-raising production. The guests ate through five courses, including prime ribs of beef and frozen Soufflé Alaska, with a time schedule as precise as the menu:

Invitations & Reception	6:30 P.M.
Open Doors	7:00 P.M.
Dinner	7:15 P.M.
Speeches	8:35 P.M.
Guests Will Leave By	10:00 P.M.

To Alexis Soyer this routinization of benevolence and banquets might have seemed a perversion of culinary genius and human charity. Yet he is an inveterate do-gooder and organizer himself. Phillippe of the Waldorf (who undoubtedly puts on more fund-raising banquets than any other man alive) is one of Soyer's legion of professional descendants.

Despite their groans, "do-gooder" diners-out have not yet organized any effective rebellion. There must be fun in the ritual still. But, Marion K. Sanders points out in "Ratony of the Bountiful," serious

revolt is brewing among volunteer workers for many health drives.

She began exploring the subject, Mrs. Sanders says, by exposing herself to a bombardment of propaganda from the national offices of the health agencies, "all located in New York, all ably staffed by personable gentlemen." At the end of July, she headed west by car, stopping off in Cleveland, Detroit, Minneapolis, and intermediate points, to talk with professional and amateur fund-raisers.

Mrs. Sanders was formerly the editor of *Amerika*, the United States propaganda magazine for distribution in Russia. After running for Congress in Rockland County, New York, she wrote a book about women in politics, *The Lady and the Vote*. Her article, "Social Work: A Profession Chasing Its Tail" (*Harpers*, March 1957), set off a spirited controversy in the profession. Mrs. Sanders recently joined the editorial staff of this magazine. She is married to a doctor and has three grandchildren.

... Cecil Woodham-Smith has made nineteenth-century England, Ireland, and the Crimea part of her own world. She is the author of *Florence Nightingale*, a biography, and of *The Reason Why*, about the Charge of the Light Brigade, two stellar books of historic imagination. She belongs to an old Irish family, the Fitzgeralds of Kildare, is married to a London solicitor, and has two children. She is now working on *The Great Hunger*, a book about the famine in Ireland in the 1840s and the Irish immigration to the United States and Canada.

### WELLSPRING OF TEN PER CENT TRUTH

... Four pieces from the forthcoming new edition of the autobiography of Mark Twain, which Charles Neider introduces (p. 36), appear here for the first time in print. They are characteristic Mark Twain, fearless and funny, bitter, brooding, exuberant. The one on humor describes

# ENOW?

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread  
—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise  
enow!"

Enow? Well, hardly. We're willing to allow Omar and Fitzgerald the poetic license of saying it's enow. But most of us want more nourishment than bread and wine, more shelter than a bough, and more entertainment than a book of verses and some singing.

Don't you?

In fact, wouldn't you rather have the money to pay for your own idea of "enow" instead of settling for Omar's?

Well, you might try working eighty hours a week instead of forty. But then you'd hardly have time to enjoy your extra income. So why don't you put your surplus funds to work instead of putting yourself to work harder than ever? Why not consider buying sound common stocks—stocks that seem likely to pay regular dividends or to increase in value over the years ahead. Of course, no stock is guaranteed to behave in either of these ways. But generally speaking, over the long term many investors have made money in the market. So isn't it worth a try?

Investing is the best way we know to

"Grasp this sorry Scheme of  
Things entire, and then  
Remould it nearer to the Heart's  
Desire!"

**MERRILL LYNCH,  
PIERCE,  
FENNER & SMITH**

Members New York Stock Exchange  
and all other Principal Exchanges

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 112 Cities



Plan now for your winter vacation in La Province de Québec — where the snow is deep and white, the air dry and clear, the sun strong and bright. You will enjoy warm French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

To help plan your trip, write today for a free copy of "SKI IN LA PROVINCE DE QUÉBEC". Address: Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

LA PROVINCE DE  
**Québec**

EITHER PROSPECTUS  
FREE ON REQUEST

## Incorporated Investors

A mutual fund investing in a list of securities selected for possible long-term growth of capital and income.

\* \* \*

## Incorporated Income Fund

A mutual fund investing in a list of securities for current income.

THE PARKER CORPORATION  
200 Berkeley St.,  
Boston, Mass.

H-44

Please send Prospectus on

- ☐ Incorporated Investors  
☐ Incorporated Income Fund

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

## PERSONAL & OTHERWISE



Alexis Soyer's

*Christmas Dinner in Ham Yard  
to 22,000 of the Poor, 1852*

- 9,000 lbs. of roast and baked meat:
- 178 beef pies (10 to 30 lbs. each)
- 50 hare pies
- 60 rabbit pies
- 50 pork and mutton pies
- 1 monster pie of 60 lbs.
- 20 roast geese
- 5,000 pints of porter
- 3,300 lbs. of potatoes
- 5,000 lbs. of plum pudding
- 50 cakes
- 6,000 half-quartern loaves
- 1 cask of biscuits
- 18 bushels of Spanish nuts
- 18 bushels of chestnuts
- 6 boxes of oranges
- 3,000 packages of tea
- 3,000 packages of coffee
- 5,000 half-pounds of sugar
- One whole ox roasted by gas

Twain's perilous brinkmanship on the lecture platform as no other reporter could do.

In writing, too, Twain often pushed his credibility to the verge, but he knew how far he could trust his reader for understanding. His mother had him taped—as we say in the electronic age. A neighbor said to her when he was seven or eight or ten or twelve years old—along there—

"Do you ever believe anything that boy says?"

"My mother said, 'He is the well-spring of truth, but you can't bring up the whole well with one bucket'—and she added, 'I know his average, therefore he never deceives me. I discount him 90 per cent for embroidery, and what is left is perfect and priceless truth, without a flaw in it anywhere'."

Mr. Neider's edition of the autobiography, which will be published next spring by Harper & Brothers, will be chronological in order and will contain substantial additions from the big disorganized manuscript in the Mark Twain collection at the University of California Library in Berkeley, and from material which had been forgotten in back volumes of the *North American Review*. It will challenge the judgment of both earlier editors of the autobiography—Albert Bigelow Paine, who first issued it in 1924 as a friend and confidant of the author, and Bernard DeVoto, whose *Mark Twain in Eruption* brought to light in 1940 much that had been omitted by Paine.

Mr. Neider has collected *Mark Twain's Short Stories*, brought out by Hanover last year, and this fall Coward-McCann published his documentary collection, *The Great West*.

He has also published *Our Samoan Adventure* by Fanny and Robert Louis Stevenson; anthologies such as *Great Shipwrecks and Castaways* and *Man Against Woman*; a critical volume on Thomas Mann; and two novels.

... David Boroff is on home ground in picturing "Brooklyn College: Culture in Flatbush" (p. 42), for he attended that institution as an undergraduate and has been a lecturer there in English for eleven years. He is faculty adviser for the magazine of the evening classes, *Noc-turne*.

... "The Extern" (p. 51) is **Theodore Jacobs'** first published story. Dr. Jacobs is a resident in psychiatry at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. Born on Long Island and raised in New York City, he attended Yale, where he majored in English. He studied medicine at the University of Chicago School and interned at Kings County Hospital.

Dr. Jacobs is the third young writer recently published in *Harper's* who had training in writing under Robert Penn Warren: the others are Barto M. Biggs, who wrote the article on Okinawa (p. 56), and Aubrey Goodman, who contributed two stories earlier this year, "Sweetheart, Sweetheart, Sweetheart" and "Waldo."

... Men in United States uniform can sometimes betray our interest abroad by merely being there. In "The Outraged Okinawans" (p. 56) **Barton M. Biggs**, a Marines veteran, gives the factual background of the dangerous unpopularity of Americans quartered on the important island base which holds our readiest ground forces in the Far East.

Mr. Biggs went into the Marine directly after graduation from Yale in 1955. He served on Okinawa and elsewhere in the Far East till Decem-



ber 1957 and has reviewed the situation since then with homecoming comrades. He was executive officer of a company-sized unit and a first lieutenant. He is now teaching at the Landon School outside of Washington.

... Polly Praeger's "Extinction by Thruway" (p. 61) is a report on one rare but useful kind of community service that does not primarily involve fund-raising or banqueting. Mrs. Praeger formerly taught English in Hawaii and has a Master's Degree from Radcliffe. She is now married, has a daughter ready for college, and lives in Binghamton, New York. She is active in the American Association of University Women, is chairman of a church circle and president of the Hillcrest Free Library.

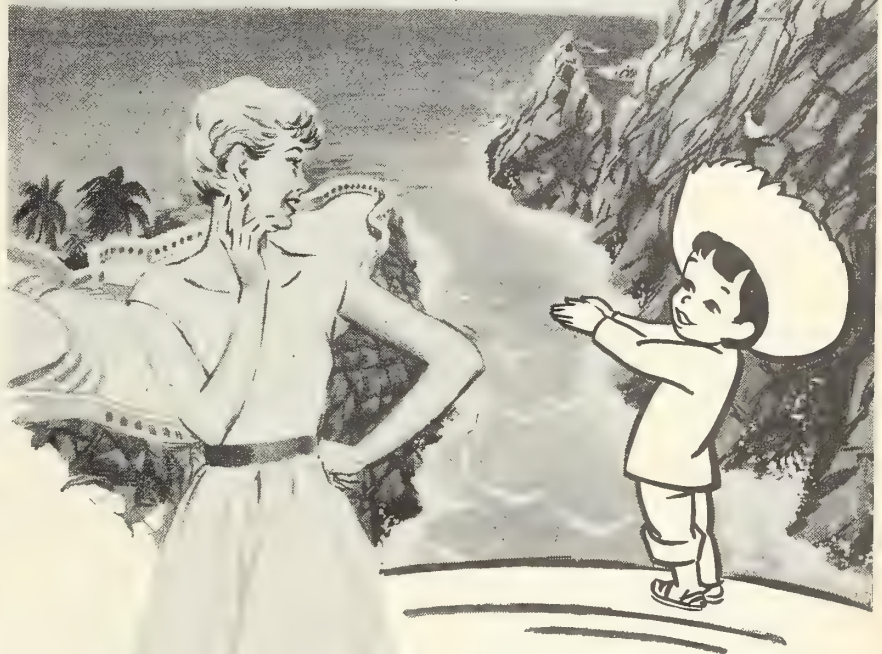
She says she prefers study and research to the kind of activity she got involved in in the Penn-Can fight, but thinks of that action "as a kind of reaffirmation of principles that were better known to our pioneer ancestors than to most of us who take so much for granted."

... Richard S. Meryman Jr. came across the Hutterite sect in the course of doing research for a *Life* picture story when he was in the Chicago bureau of that magazine. He has followed the facts since, and the result is "South Dakota's Christian martyrs" (p. 72). He is now *Life's* Religion Editor in the New York office. He had a year of sea duty as an ensign with the Atlantic Amphibious fleet during World War II. His college course was scrambled by the war among Amherst, Tufts, and Williams, where he took his degree, and added a year of writing courses at Harvard.

... Two poems dramatize the old ever-changing Christmas story. "A Student, Departing" (p. 30) is Thomas Whitbread's second in this magazine. He is a teaching fellow at Harvard, working on a Ph.D. dissertation on Wallace Stevens. "The Innkeeper's Story" (p. 71) is Jane Cooper's first in *Harper's*, though her poems have appeared elsewhere. She lives in New York and teaches courses in poetry and short-story writing at Sarah Lawrence College.

# Mexico

*lifetime enjoyment*



"La Quebrada" Acapulco Mexico.

## ACAPULCO

the world famous seashore resort of enthralling, unforgettable and mysterious beauty, where nature stands forth in singular magnificence. Rugged cliffs, snow-white beaches surrounded by exotic tropical vegetation. Here you can enjoy unexcelled surf-bathing, boating and exciting deepsea fishing. Splendid hotels, incomparable sunsets and dancing under starry skies.

You'll be really happy vacationing in México.

*MEXICO awaits you. Your travel agent will tell you.*

### MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
HOUSTON, TEXAS  
MIAMI, FLORIDA  
NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

3106 Wilshire Blvd.  
27-E. Monroe Street Suite No. 304  
809 Walker Ave.  
45 Columbus Avenue  
203 St. Charles Street

NEW YORK, N. Y. 630 Fifth Ave. No. 801 Rockefeller Center  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS 209 E. Travis Street  
MONTREAL, CANADA 1255 Phillips Square, Suite No. 206  
TORONTO, CANADA 20 Carlton Street  
LA HABANA, CUBA Calle 23, No. 72 - La Rampa, Vedado.

# MERCURY

## LIVING PRESENCE

### STEREO AND MONAURAL RECORDS

...truly the Sound of Perfection!



#### Mercury Living Presence STEREO Records:

CHERUBINI Medea (complete opera). Callas, Serafin, La Scala. SR3-9000

GERSHWIN Concerto in F; Rhapsody in Blue. Eugene List, piano. Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Hanson. SR90002

BARTOK Violin Concerto. Yehudi Menuhin, violin. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90003

RAVEL Boléro; Ma Mère l'Oye; CHABRIER Bourrée Fantasque. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90005

PROKOFIEV Love for Three Oranges Suite; Scythian Suite. London Symphony, Dorati. SR90006

BIZET Carmen Suite; L'Arlésienne Suites 1 & 2. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90001

STRAUSS Voices of Spring; Vienna Bon-bons; Champagne Polka; Artist's Life; Roses from the South. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90008

MUSIC OF LEROY ANDERSON Vol. 1. Sandpaper Ballet; Forgotten Dreams; Serenade; Trumpeter's Lullaby; Penny-Whistle Song; Sleigh Ride; Bugler's Holiday; Irish Suite. Eastman-Rochester "Pops" Orchestra, Fennell. SR90009

SAINT-SAËNS Symphony No. 3 in C minor. Marcel Dupré, organ. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90012

CHAUSSON Symphony in B flat. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90017

ALBÉNIZ Iberia; FALLA Interlude and Dance from "La Vida Breve". Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90007

DEBUSSY La Mer; Iberia. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90010

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("EROICA"). Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90011

OFFENBACH Gaieté Parisienne; STRAUSS Graduation Ball. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. SR90016

CHADWICK Symphonic Sketches. Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Hanson. SR90018

RACHMANINOFF Symphony No. 2 in E minor. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR90019

#### Recent Mercury Living Presence MONAURAL Releases:

KODÁLY Marosszek and Galanta Dances; BARTOK-WEINER Two Rumanian Dances. Philharmonia Hungarica, Dorati. MG50179

MOZART Symphony No. 41 in C major ("Jupiter"); Symphony No. 39 in E flat major. London Symphony, Schmidt-Isserstedt. MG50184

DVORÁK Slavonic Dances; SMETANA Bartered Bride Excerpts. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. OL2-107

DELIBES Sylvia (complete). London Symphony, Fittouli. OL2-106

MOZART Serenade No. 10 for Winds. Eastman Wind Ensemble, Fennell. MG50176

SCHMITT La Tragédie de Salomé; LALO Namouna; STRAUSS Danse of the Seven Veils. Detroit Symphony, Paray. MG50177

STRAUSS FAMILY ALBUM. A Night in Venice; Bahn Frei Polka; Music of the Spheres; Lorelei-Rheinklänge, and others. Minneapolis Symphony, Dorati. MG50178





## MUTINY OF THE BOUNTIFUL

*Why the volunteer health money-raisers are rebelling*

MARION K. SANDERS

Practically every disease has its private host of crusaders, ringing doorbells from coast to coast. But a lot of them are beginning to wonder whether this kind of charity really makes sense—and if the money all flows into the right hands.

A TRULY appealing picture of a child with a runny nose has yet to be produced. As a result we are denied the privilege of joining in an annual Sniffle Crusade, and the Common Cold Foundation wheezes along on a mere fifty thousand a year, collected mainly from a few industries. This is a puny war chest to fight a public health menace which is said to cost the nation around five billion dollars a year in lost production, wages, and medical bills. But the sniffles, alas, do not tug at the heart strings; and though murderous ills may follow, no one ever died of sneezing. Crusades are built on pity and terror, not statistics.

We contribute, for example, about the same sum in behalf of 150,000 victims of muscular dystrophy as for the nine million who are mentally ill. Arthritis and rheumatism—of which there are said to be more than ten million cases—get less.

No one knows just how many different groups are soliciting funds across the country for how many different diseases. Last spring in a spot check of Chatham County, Georgia, the *Savannah Morning Herald* tallied up nineteen organizations passing the hat for the blind; seven for disabled veterans; six for the crippled; four for mental illness; five for cancer; two each for muscular dystrophy, polio, leprosy, brain injury, and alcoholism; and one apiece for heart disease, retarded children, cerebral palsy, deafness, tuberculosis, multiple sclerosis, arthritis, myasthenia gravis; nephrosis, facial disfigurement, tropical diseases, diabetes, epilepsy, allergic diseases, hemophilia, and paraplegia.

Most American communities of any size are equally lavishly endowed. John A. Lincoln, President of the Stamford, Connecticut, Chamber of Commerce spoke with the voice of many when he remarked recently,

"We are punch drunk trying to keep up with all these appeals."

To be sure, not all of these outfits blanket the nation or conduct house-to-house campaigns. Those that do, have tried to carve up the calendar into non-overlapping segments. It is not, in fact, considered cricket among fund-raisers to muscle in on someone else's day, week, or month. But with some fifty nationwide campaigns competing with thousands of lesser causes and local appeals it is often impossible to clear the tracks even between major drives. Thus, for instance, a Shellsburg, Iowa, farmer, Glenn McClintock, who was dunning his neighbors for the cancer crusade had the awkward but not unusual experience of being forced to lurk in his car waiting for Mrs. Jim Peacock to finish her pitch for the heart drive. Both of them turned in their campaign kits shortly thereafter.

There are signs of resistance too among the kind-hearted givers. This summer, for instance, I talked with a young matron in Grosse Ile, Michigan, who announced to me firmly that she would no longer part with a dollar for a disease drive even if the solicitor was a personal friend.

"This morning," she said dramatically, "I actually turned down the mother of a retarded child!"

Such protests are, at present, about money and ways of raising it. They are being followed, however, with lively interest by experts in public health and philanthropy who have long held that splintering up the human body into competing sovereignties is a poor way to fight disease or to promote habits of health. For years, no one but other experts paid much attention to them. But of late a number of people have begun to listen and to wonder how such a noble idea as a citizens' war against disease managed to get so far out of hand.

#### BACILLI AND BANKROLLS

THE disease—or health—agencies are an expression of compassion and of our American belief that the way to do something about a problem is to organize a committee. The movement started around the 1890s as an effort to close the gap between expanding medical knowledge and its application. Tuberculosis, for instance, was still killing 200 out of every thousand Americans even though Robert Koch had proved that it was caused by a bacillus which could be controlled. In 1892, Dr. Lawrence F. Flick formed a Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis in Philadelphia and the idea was picked up a few years later in

New York and other cities. The objectives were clear-cut. Basic habits of sanitation had to be taught to consumptives and their families. Sanitariums had to be built. Doctors and hospitals had to be persuaded or compelled to report cases. Above all, health departments had to be talked into starting control programs and the taxpayers induced to foot the bill.

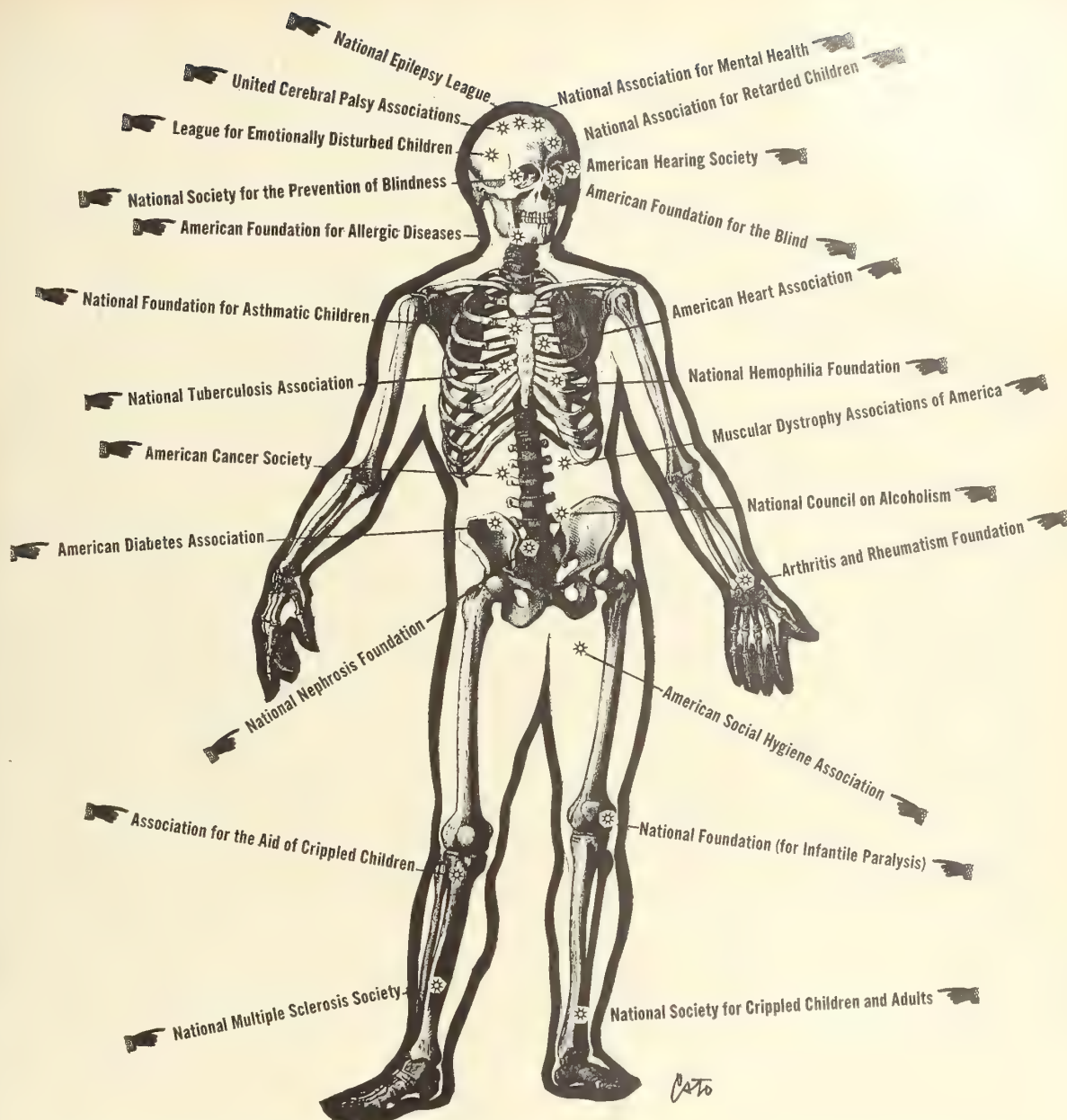
The societies did more than talk about TB. Often they paid the cost of new demonstration programs, such as fresh air schools in Indianapolis or—more recently—mass chest X-ray programs in Washington, D. C. The needed funds were raised through the annual Christmas seal sale.

Over the next two decades similar groups were organized to push for action on other neglected public health problems such as venereal disease, and the high maternal and infant death rate. In 1908, William James and Dr. Adolph Meyer helped start a Mental Hygiene Committee after Clifford Beers' popular book, *The Mind that Found Itself*, had stirred public sympathy. Similarly in 1913, the *Ladies' Home Journal* shattered a long-standing taboo by publishing a frank article about cancer by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Shortly thereafter Dr. Thomas D. Cullen founded the American Cancer Society as a means of acquainting doctors and the general public with the known scientific facts. For the same purpose, Dr. Lewis Connor and Dr. Haven Emerson formed a Society for the Prevention and Relief of Heart Disease.

These were all modest undertakings geared to the rather stodgy ways of the dignified doctors and philanthropists who headed them. One disease that was totally overlooked by the pressure groups was polio. Although there were, after the 1916 epidemic, scattered attempts to raise funds for treatment of the paralyzed, it had not occurred to anyone that laymen could do much about a disease the cause and cure of which were still unknown.

The President's Birthday Balls were launched in 1934 simply to raise funds for the Warm Springs Foundation in Georgia which had won fame through Franklin D. Roosevelt's heroic fight against his handicap. The response exceeded all expectations and when the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis was formed in 1938 its March of Dimes soon snowballed into a kind of national mardi gras and revival meeting. With an adored President as its patron saint, the polio drive became a patriotic cause. Fund-raising chapters were set up in more than





*Splintering the human body into competing sovereignties is a poor way to fight disease.*

3,000 counties, many headed by local postmasters. From \$2 million in 1941, the Foundation's annual take zoomed to \$65 million in 1954, much of it collected in a door-to-door drive known as the "Mothers' March."

"It was the greatest fund-raising gimmick ever invented," I was told by the late Warren Coss, who supervised this gigantic mobilization of woman-power. With the nostalgia of an old football star recalling a ninety-yard run, he described one of the first marches in Phoenix, Arizona—the advance publicity via press and radio, the lights shining, as directed, on the

porches of willing donors, the fanfare of fire and police sirens as the triumphant mothers reaped an unprecedented harvest of \$47,000 in a single hour.

As money gushed in over the years, the National Foundation showered research grants on scientists, established fellowships in virology and other specialties and poured funds into rehabilitation experiments and treatment. Huge revenues and the low incidence of polio (47 cases per 100,000 as compared, for instance, to 5,848 cases of cardiovascular disease) made it possible also to pay for medical and hospital

care and costly equipment for polio patients.

This kind of service no other agency could hope to match. But there was much to be learned from the March of Dimes. While other organizations lacked a President as founder, there proved to be a boundless supply of lesser celebrities happy to be photographed as they pleaded for the afflicted. Walter Winchell set the example by making a kind of auxiliary career out of the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. Before long there was scarcely a starlet in Hollywood whose name was not linked with some ailment. Indeed there were those who said that the right disease was almost as important to success as the right agent. Glamor and ballyhoo helped recruit campaign fund collectors who were proud to find themselves described in their agency's literature as "our dedicated volunteers." The demands on them were slight—usually just one march or promenade every twelve months. For numbers, on the infantry level, are the key to mass fund-raising. The amount of money you can raise is limited only by the quantity of doorbell ringers you can enlist.

#### THE PRINCESS VOLUNTEERS

**B**EFORE long a host of new agencies began to crowd the field. Some were concerned with ills which are neither prevalent nor contagious and hence could scarcely be considered public health problems. In the hands of the latter-day fund-raisers this was no obstacle—providing they could find at least one object of pity for display on posters or telethons.

In 1945, for example, a young woman named Sylvia Lawry placed a two-line ad in the *New York Times* asking whether anyone had ever recovered from multiple sclerosis, the rare crippling disease from which her brother suffered. Today the Multiple Sclerosis Society, of which Miss Lawry is executive director, has more than 150 chapters across the country. Grace Kelly is its star, and its take has increased from \$46,000 to \$2 million.

The Society's rapid climb toward the big time began in 1954 when it acquired as public-relations director, Floyd Boyer, one of several National Foundation alumni who sought new pastures in the wake of the Salk vaccine. With true March of Dimes *élan*, Mr. Boyer flew to Monaco a week before the Princess produced her first-born and persuaded her to appear in a short fund-raising film. He is also credited with a new twist in the fund-raising calendar

—MS Hope Month runs from Mother's Day to Father's Day.

In due course the carnival spirit engulfed the old, staid health agencies as well as the upstarts. The Heart Association, then a mere \$100,000 operation, shed its inhibitions around 1946, hired some new talent, and today garners around \$20 million a year. By similar means, the Cancer Society, which collected only \$800,000 in 1944, received \$30 million in 1957.

As each organization mushroomed so, of course, did its payroll and its printing and promotion bills. Net receipts have, none the less, been substantial and it is generally agreed that, within their chosen fields, the money has been wisely spent. The real question is whether the scope of research into muscular dystrophy or alcoholism should be determined by the relative prowess of their fund-raisers. The same objection applies to funds for patient care.

Although percentages vary, virtually all the agencies split their revenues with their state and county chapters. Research is usually financed out of the national office share while the chapters contribute to clinics and rehabilitation, or other services in their communities. These funds are earmarked for the agency's pet disease—which may or may not be a major local problem. Presbyterian Hospital in New York, for instance, found last year that out of some 65,000 diagnoses of bed patients, 52,000 were *not* in any of the much-publicized disease categories.

The creation of preferred classes of patients highlights the fact that the disease agencies need not worry about the budget of any particular institution nor the overall health and welfare problems of any community. To those who carry these responsibilities, the \$170 million a year siphoned off by the big health drives—on the basis of zeal rather than need—seems a dangerous form of fiscal anarchy.

The result is a growing tug of war between local and national interests. Even more sharply in conflict are two opposing philanthropic concepts: the one aims at balancing services with human needs, the other at developing whatever programs the public can be persuaded to support. Both sides have ardent and forceful supporters, who are currently locked in combat. The issues have been obscured by a blinding public-relations barrage from both sides. In essence, however, this is the same struggle which gave birth to the Community Chest movement of the 1920s.

The businessmen in Cleveland, Rochester,



and other cities who introduced federated fund-raising to the health and welfare scene after World War I did not have clear sailing. There were anguished wails from orphanage boards, scout leaders, hospital superintendents, and other free-wheeling philanthropic types, particularly at the prospect of a budget committee peering over their shoulders. There was trouble too with parochial-minded natives who objected to sharing the local charity pot with national outfits like the Y's and the Salvation Army. These differences were eventually ironed out, and all concerned found it a great relief to devote one strenuous week a year to the Red Feather-Community Chest campaign and the other fifty-one to their own affairs.

### DIVIDED THEY STAND

**I**N THE 1930s and 1940s the health appeals began moving into town. As they multiplied, the Red Feather campaign became just another drive, competing with many others for time, newspaper space, and man- and woman-power. When the fund-raisers swarmed not only into homes but into offices and factories their managers began to reckon the cost. The Ford company, for example, calculated that every plant solicitation meant, apart from contributions, a \$40,000 loss in executive time and production. Union men, for once, were in hearty agreement with management.

"The results just didn't justify the amount of effort we were putting into all those appeals," said Andy Brown of the United Auto Workers in Detroit. "We had to find a more efficient way to get the job done."

The plan pioneered in Detroit in 1949 was an all-encompassing campaign known as the Torch Drive, which would raise funds for the Community Chest and the national health agencies in a single annual appeal. The auto magnates spearheaded a massive push for substantial gifts from corporations and their executives. The union backed a payroll deduction plan for employee contributions. The Torch Drive was a spectacular financial success and has steadily grown in subsequent years. Variations of the same plan known as United Funds or United Community Chests have since been set up in more than a thousand cities. They have been particularly successful in industrial centers where union members and management, dunned once a year, have become the chief supporters of voluntary philanthropy.

Inside the factories, multiple health drives

are vanishing, for industry has shut the door on them. The federal government has also clamped down and now permits (in addition to the Red Cross roll call) just two solicitations a year of its employees on the job—one for community chests, the other for a combined health drive.

Though temporarily routed on these fronts, the health campaigners are regrouping their forces. They assail payroll deductions and plant quotas for charity as "stark unbridled materialism in action." They attribute sinister imperialist aims to the United Funders who are, in truth, all autonomous groups.

"Divided we stand, united we fall!" was the rather odd battle cry sounded last May by Dr. Robert W. Wilkins of the Heart Association. Under such banners the health agencies are currently presenting themselves to the nation as champions of the American Way, freedom of choice, and true charity. In the privacy of their New York offices, however, more practical questions are discussed. Many doubt, with good reason, that people who give a dollar apiece to six drives will kick in six dollars for one campaign however well sold. What will happen to The Organization if it loses its constituents—the door-to-door brigades? For a money-raising outfit without an annual drive is like a political party without an annual election. It has lost its main reason for existence.

From the outset, the TB Association turned thumbs down on joint drives. This caused relatively little fuss since it is generally felt that the Christmas Seals don't compete with anyone but Santa Claus. March of Dimes also declined with great firmness—which surprised no one since its generalissimo, Basil O'Connor, is a celebrated lone wolf who successfully kept the Red Cross out of Community Chests during his tenure as President from 1944 to 1949. In the current controversy, however, the Red Cross has taken a neutral position, leaving the matter up to its local chapters; more than 900 have now joined United Funds.

It has taken the other agencies some time to rally for defense. A number of them were stuck with state and local chapters headed by men who were members of the same bridge games and foursomes as the chiefs of the new United Fund. As a result, it was natural for many local chapters to join up with the united drives despite the dismay of their national offices. Within the past two years resistance has stiffened. The Heart Association will not permit any more chapters to join United Funds. Last June the

Cancer Society went a step further by ordering all those now in to get out by 1960.

This edict precipitated a minor civil war. Outraged protests were made in New Orleans and San Francisco. Chapters in Danville, Virginia, Detroit, and Rochester, New York, voted to secede from the parent body. The sounds of this internecine strife reverberated noisily in the local press.

"If the Cancer Society can do it, the Bald-headed League can do it and we'll have a different drive every day of the year," said Msgr. Thomas J. Tobin, one of the founders of the United Fund in Portland, Oregon.

Faced with this prospect, some of the United Funders have resorted to strong counter-measures. In Pittsburgh, for example, when the Heart and Cancer Societies declined to join, the united drive directors none the less included "heart and cancer research, education, and services" in their fund-raising package and in effect incited a boycott of the independent drives. This stratagem was denounced by the Pittsburgh Heart Association as "sheer trickery which shows an amazing lack of integrity by our leading citizens." Even more irate was Dr. John W. Cline, a former AMA President who charged that money raised in this way is "tainted with the spurious claims under which it was raised, the broken promises of professional promoters . . . and the certainty that freedom in research will disappear. . . ."

Despite this dire forecast, the tainted dollars have been happily accepted by local research foundations in more than a dozen cities and states. In the future, contributions for research may go to a new foundation for the support of basic research set up within the past year by the National Fund for Medical Education, with the blessing of the United Community Funds and Councils of America.

#### CUYAHOGA COUNTY UPRISING

**M**EANWHILE, the Heart and Cancer Societies along with the March of Dimes have spurned funds collected for their disease rather than their organizations. The million dollars or more that has thus been kept out of their collective treasuries has not, in their view, been too high a price to pay in the defense of autonomy. More costly in the long run may be the loss in popular esteem, for the fury of a contributor scorned can pack quite a wallop. This was lately demonstrated by some 10,000 Ohio housewives.

Two years ago the women of Gates Mills,

a prosperous Cleveland suburb, decided to save time by staging a one-shot combined drive for all the health agencies. Their modest experiment became a *cause célèbre* when the National Foundation ordered its Cleveland chapter to give back \$1,322 which the ladies had collected for polio. This was not only a snub to woman-kind; it was an affront to a native hero, for the local March of Dimes is headed by baseball star Bob Feller. The press was aroused.

"Arrogant blindness," wrote Sidney Andorn in a sizzling column in the *Cleveland News*. "The women who went from house to house collecting gifts are not slaves to the bidding of emperors perched on a national throne in New York. . . . The Health Drives have done and are doing a service for humanity. They couldn't do it at all if it were not for more fortunate humanity at the grass-roots level. On this level they face a strike of the women volunteer workers."

Thus incited, the ladies of Cuyahoga County reacted like an oppressed nation. From the well-nourished grass roots of Gates Mills the revolt spread to humbler back yards and garden apartments. The Gates Mills affair became a prime discussion topic in a dozen towns. Action committees sprang up headed usually by the wives of public officials, officers of women's clubs, and past chairmen of the assorted health drives. Everywhere the motif was the same: the volunteers had stopped volunteering. One weary chairman reported that it had taken 200 phone calls to recruit a captain for her last campaign.

"The situation has deteriorated," said Mrs. Warren North of Middleburg Heights, "to a point where a woman agrees to work only if contacted by a very dear friend. And dear friends are getting fewer by the week."

To all the rebels a combined drive in the Gates Mills style seemed the right solution. Village councils, Rotary Clubs, and Chambers of Commerce seconded the plan enthusiastically. The point was clinched when the ladies circulated a questionnaire and found their neighbors overwhelmingly in favor of having the doorbell ring just once a year in the name of health.

The scattered groups kept in touch with each other by telephone. Sixteen towns to the east of Cleveland set up a joint command post in the home of Mrs. George J. Urban, wife of the Mayor of South Euclid. Here they worked out details, such as a separate listing of the participating agencies on one envelope, allowing the contributor free choice among them. They



agreed also to synchronize their drives which were all staged in May.

Last summer, in the course of a cross-country trip, I stopped off in Cleveland to ask Mrs. Urban how they had made out. A forthright, orderly person, she produced neatly-typed tally sheets with the returns tabulated by towns and causes. The total looked impressive—more than \$200,000.

"We should have done better than that," Mrs. Urban acknowledged. "The business slump hurt us, I think, and some of the towns got started too late to be well organized."

She was disappointed too because the allocation to cancer was less than the yield of the Society's independent drive the year before.

"I don't say we've found the perfect answer," she said. "We have a lot to learn about how you educate people for this kind of appeal. But I do know we can't handle all those drives. It's always the busiest woman who gets stuck with these jobs—the one who's willing to take on one more task. We can never get help from the ones with time on their hands."

The national health agencies see the matter differently.

"Sure the old pros are tired," I was told by Willis Nichols, an able young Cincinnati businessman who is an ardent Heart Association partisan. "But there are thousands of women who have never been asked to do anything. All we have to do is find them."

Some of the agencies are doing this by hiring professional solicitors who pick names at random from the reverse (or geographic) telephone directory and keep calling until they recruit enough hands to blanket a neighborhood with campaign literature. This may be a practical way to raise money. But it seems doubtful that the casual labor so assembled can permanently replace the kind of women who are on strike in Cuyahoga County.

Their tribe is the chief treasure of voluntary philanthropy—the dedicated few who choose to give their leisure to service. Since they believe in the purposes of the health drives why, one may ask, are they unwilling to make the rounds for them? An evening's stroll through the neighborhood is not an arduous task compared to the labor many of these citizens

happily give to the cub scouts, the League of Women Voters, the ambulance corps or, according to their persuasion, to Hadassah or the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The trouble may well be that the health agencies are asking not too much but too little of them. The protest is, in large part, against a form of philanthropy which downgrades the volunteer to a mere messenger and coin-collecting machine manipulated by professionals. The health agencies have not, of course, done this deliberately. If they could dream up worthy projects, most of them would like to keep their volunteers happily employed as the Cancer Society proposes to do in its current mammoth statistical research venture. In general, however, since they do not operate community institutions they are in much the same position as the national committees of political parties which can offer their constituents nothing to do between campaigns.

Resentment against their lowly role in the philanthropic scheme of things appears widespread among women. Although there are few organized resistance movements outside of Cuyahoga County, I have yet to find a housewife who regards door-to-door fund-raising as "a satisfying outlet for creative energy," a claim made by Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall of the Cancer Society.

"It's like falling into a bottomless well," said an energetic young mother of four who is a pillar of civic and charitable causes in Minne-



"Do we want to be Block Chairman of the Heart Fund?"

apolis. "Every year there are new drives and all the old ones keep right on going. You would think a couple of them might quit or get together."

Reasonable as this notion sounds, it is like asking Oklahoma to merge with Texas. Causes can multiply like rabbits, but old agencies never die.

#### THE IMMORTALS

IN THE 1920s the late Julius Rosenwald discovered in a Midwestern city a still flourishing organization with a cozy endowment fund which had been set up to help pioneer families over the Santa Fe Trail. This was one of the experiences which prompted Mr. Rosenwald to provide in his will that his own foundation must be liquidated within twenty-five years of his death.

In contrast, the life span of a good mass fund-raising device is eternal. Today, for example, the TB associations raise and spend more money than ever even though TB mortality has been cut from 200 to 8 per 100,000 and health departments everywhere—thanks largely to the associations' agitation—conduct TB control programs. They are generally grateful for the help the private societies give them. But whether TB is a priority problem for which \$26 million a year should be collected is an academic question so long as the Christmas seal sale is a gold mine.

The insularity of the disease agencies was sharply criticized forty years ago by Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation.

"The health of the community," he said, "is after all not a group of special interests. It is essentially a single interest with different aspects. To exalt one of them, to get it out of focus and to urge it at the expense of other essential factors is unscientific, wasteful, and misleading. No one would seriously undertake to defend the present state of affairs on the score of efficiency, economy, or public welfare."

Thus challenged, the agencies in 1921 adopted the classic defense of beleaguered bureaucracy. They set up a co-ordinating committee which they tightly controlled themselves. Twenty years later this body—the National Health Council—sponsored (and the Rockefeller Foundation paid for) a survey of its members. The report published in 1945 said, among other things, that money was being wasted in duplicate fund-raising campaigns . . . that the public was confused by the multiplicity of appeals . . . and that funda-

mental scientific research was being slighted because of overemphasis on the "conquest" of specific diseases. It also suggested that "health education" consists in teaching people to stay well rather than in giving them the jitters about assorted symptoms. The existing situation was called "preposterous"—analogous to setting up within local government a series of separate health departments to deal separately with smallpox, diphtheria, pneumonia, typhoid, industrial hygiene, and milk inspection.

Recognizing it as a subversive document, the Health Council quietly tabled the report. This came as no surprise to its authors, Philip S. Platt and the late Selskar M. Gunn, who had written that "over the years as they become institutionalized those who work for the agencies become more concerned with the institution than the purpose."

They thus forecast the decision of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which, after fulfilling its original mission with the Salk vaccine, announced last spring that it was switching missions to congenital defects, arthritis, and other assorted ills. Much of the new terrain is already well populated by other agencies. None of these rivals, however, intends to disappear. Though its territory has been annexed, even the

---

#### THOMAS WHITBREAD

##### *A Student, Departing for Christmas Vacation, to Himself*

Go home to Wilmington: what there  
Is waiting for you, find and take;  
And, from the passing moments, make  
A pattern permanent and fair.

Fondle the rose, avoid the thorn;  
Consume the wheat, neglect the chaff;  
Reject all sneers: elect to laugh  
When God is born on Christmas morn

In tinselled, wrapping-papered state  
Under a tree gaudily lit  
Whose trunk does not precisely fit  
Its metal manger. Only hate

Him who is ignorant of the love  
Once felt; at one time, by someone  
For tree, God, wheat, rose, Wilmington—  
By you, the raven, you, the dove.



Rheumatism and Arthritis Foundation is holding its fort, led by its doughty president, General George C. Kenney who has spotted a number of former Air Force buddies in strategic chapters around the country.

"The Cancer Society is a temporary agency," I was told by its executive vice-president, Melford R. Runyon, a forceful man who is, incidentally no kin of Mr. Winchell's Runyon. "Once we have licked this problem we will go out of business."

When this happens, it will be a great day on many counts. But for the foreseeable future we can assume that the Cancer Society and the rest are indestructible. They are ready for a long battle. If the current stalemate is to end, both sides will have to settle for less than their present demands. Some thoughtful combatants hint, in private, that this is not impossible.

#### LESS STRAIN, MORE MERCY

**C**ONVENIENT as it is for contributors and solicitors, the giant super-drive has drawbacks. When a gift package gets too big it is hard to keep track of the contents. Though a United Fund supporter himself, John E. Canady of Lockheed Aircraft recently warned against the danger of "a drying up of the wellsprings of charity by progressive depersonalization of giving."

There is reason to doubt also that a single annual appeal could raise the huge sums needed if the United Funds completely swallowed up the health campaigns. For these reasons, the best way out of the present impasse might be for the health drives to merge—not with the united appeals—but with one another. The result would be two major campaigns a year—a united fund drive and a united health appeal. Besides the disease agencies, a combined health campaign might include voluntary hospitals, clinics, and medical schools—many of which are going broke at present. They would undoubtedly profit from the verve and imagination of the national fund-raisers. On the other hand, the national agencies could not with good grace decline to share their receipts with institutions which are the shock troops of the war against disease. If this should be the outcome of the current mutiny, it will—in addition to abating a national nuisance—have some very useful results, among them these:

##### *(1) Agency isolationism will diminish.*

The participants will be separately listed in a combined drive so that contributors may choose

among them. Many donors, however, will not exercise this right since few laymen feel qualified to judge, for instance, the comparative importance of nephrosis and cystic fibrosis. As a result there will be a large pot not earmarked for any particular disease. Those who want the money will have to justify their budgets to each other and probably to a national budget committee which would include men of broad scientific vision as well as partisan specialists. Imperfect though such a body would probably be, it is bound to make better sense than the current popularity contest between maladies and organs.

##### *(2) Fund raising costs will be reduced.*

At present all the national agencies use different bookkeeping systems; one may charge to "fund-raising" what another calls "health education." Only in Los Angeles are they required by law to follow uniform accounting practices. Figures compiled there show that the health agencies spend from 12 to 30 cents to collect each dollar. This is not an outlandish cost such as, for instance, the 81 cents per dollar the outfit called Disabled American Veterans spends in peddling its car key tags. However none is as low as the 8.5 cents per dollar cost of the Los Angeles Community Chest. Conservative estimates suggest that the health agencies spend no less than \$26 million a year to collect \$170 million. The savings of a joint drive should provide a comfortable cushion against a possible drop in total collections.

##### *(3) Volunteers will resume volunteering.*

Since they will have no need for separate door-to-door brigades, the agencies' constituencies will be cut back to people actually interested in a particular health cause. Largely relieved of the dreary task of seeking alms, the average housewife will be free to express her charitable urges wherever she can find real satisfaction. This may be as a hospital aide, as a volunteer library or school assistant, or in any one of a hundred other urgent tasks crying for extra hands.

She may also, upon occasion, feel that she can best serve as a missionary teaching the rest of us how to lead longer and healthier lives. When in this guise she comes to call, bearing a fistful of leaflets about our hearts, lungs, or livers, we will, I think, be much more inclined to read them if she is not, at the same time, shaking a tin cup in our faces.



By CECIL WOODHAM-SMITH

*Drawings by Tom Funk*

## *the Man who Invented* MODERN COOKING

A French chef who practiced his magic in London a century ago freely gave his secrets to the housewife and saved private and public cookery from a fate worse than mother.

**W**HAT a man eats he is, runs the old proverb, and good cooking ranks among the resources of civilization. "Strange to see," remarked Pepys in the seventeenth century, "how a good dinner reconciles everybody"; while it has also been observed that "radicals seldom have good digestions."

A hundred years ago this year, in 1858, a man died who, while he was perhaps the most celebrated of all chefs, also brought the civilizing influences of good cooking into the home of the "ordinary" man, and the life of the "ordinary" worker. Today we take for granted a high standard of food at home and of mass meals away from home. The office or factory cafeteria, the army and navy mess, the large, inexpensive, and delightful eating places to be found in every town, are conveniences too familiar to provoke either gratitude or wonder. It is perhaps edifying to reflect that our forebears had to manage somehow without them.

Alexis Soyer was a Frenchman, born near Paris and trained in Paris. He was twenty-two when, in 1831, he came to England where his working life was to be spent. England was then the

richest country in Europe and for cooks the streets of London were paved with gold. The enormously wealthy English noblemen loved eating, spent vast sums on their cooks and their kitchens, and three or four chefs would be on the kitchen staff of a great mansion. The Duke of Buckingham, having got into difficulties through his extravagance, was told he must economize and, since he had a French chef for sauces and an English cook for roasts, he must get rid of his Italian pastry cook. "Good God," he exclaimed. "Mayn't a man even have a biscuit with his glass of sherry?"

Every detail connected with the table was provided with lavish profuseness. A favorite story concerns a certain marquis who in a Bond Street silversmith's happened to see a silver napkin ring and asked what it was used for. "You see, my lord," said the shopman, "there are people who don't have a clean table napkin with every meal, but after eating each person rolls his napkin up and puts it into the ring to use again." The marquis said simply, "Good heavens!"

Cooks regarded themselves as artists. The famous chef Carême refused to stay with the Prince Regent because he was asked to cook dishes which he considered middle-class, bourgeois, and beneath his talents. The Duke of Wellington was reputed never to be able to keep a chef because above all things he preferred a plain cut off the joint. A nobleman in Ireland brought a chef all the way from France but he



refused to stay because there was no Italian opera in Dublin.

Thackeray used Soyer as the model for the character of Mirobolant, the French chef in *Pendennis*; and he describes him arriving with his library, pictures, and piano under the charge of his "*aide de camp*."

It was a grand sight to behold him in his dressing-gown composing a menu. He always sat down and played the piano for some time before. If interrupted he remonstrated pathetically. Every great artist he said had need of solitude to perfectionate his works.

Soyer loved fine clothes and when he took the air wore a light-green frock coat, a crimson velvet waistcoat with blue buttons, trousers with a large check pattern, boots with tips of shiny leather, a gold-embroidered cap, and a gilt cane.

In his capacity as chef of the highest rank Soyer was called on to create dishes of incredible deliciousness and extravagance. One such dish cost more than a hundred guineas—roughly four hundred guineas today, or nearly \$1,200. This dish was composed of the *noix*—the choice plump morsels from each side of the back—of capons, grouse, pheasants, partridges, plovers, quails, snipe, woodcock, pigeon, cooked in green turtle fat, garnished with cockscombs, truffles, mushrooms, asparagus, and served with a new sauce. He also delighted in fantasies and created a dessert representing the shipwreck in *The Tempest* with waves of transparent jelly crested with spun sugar, the ship modeled in "*pain d'Espagne*," rich pastry, surrounded by a wrecked cargo of peaches, grapes, apricots, soaked in Chartreuse.

Nevertheless Soyer did not choose to become rich by his skill in tempting the palates of dukes and princes. After five years in noblemen's houses he left in 1836 to become head chef and chief of the kitchens in the newly built Reform Club, with which his name will always be associated.

#### JOY AT THE REFORM CLUB

IT WAS an opportunity which exactly suited Soyer's talents; he had a free hand to design his kitchens exactly as he wished, and to organize his staff on his own lines. Soyer was above all an organizer—he once said, "Cooking is organization"—and at the Reform Club he achieved a nine days' wonder. The use of steam was one of the marvels of Soyer's kitchens; plates were warmed, dishes kept hot, and even spits were turned, all by steam. The kitchens were as airy

and spacious as any reception room and kept in the words of a contemporary "as white as a young bride." All departments centered round Soyer himself, who sat in the middle directing, tasting, and testing. There was no confusion; each member of Soyer's staff went swiftly about his allotted duties; each kind of food, fish, fruit, meat, butter, cream, spices, had its own place. A visit to the kitchens of the Reform Club became one of the sights of London and a huge print was brought out, three feet by one, showing a panorama of the kitchens with Soyer himself in the center.



The period at the Reform Club was probably the happiest in Soyer's life. It was said that Soyer and his kitchens had made the fortune of the Club and that more members joined for the cooking than for the political principles the club represented. Distinguished visitors were taken downstairs to shake Soyer by the hand, his wit was quoted, he was a celebrity.

In 1837, Soyer married. His wife was a well-known painter, Miss Emma Jones, called the English Murillo, delightful to look at, gay, intelligent, with a gift for catching a likeness. I have a delightful portrait of Soyer painted by his wife in 1842. He is wearing a sumptuous black and gold brocade dressing-gown, the red velvet beret which was his trademark is tilted at a rakish angle on his head; he sits at table with a glass of wine beside him, and he is eating one of his most famous dishes—Chicken à la Soyer, chicken threaded with truffles. There is something endearing about the picture: Soyer is smiling, and one sees him as a small, gay, good-humored, and intelligent man.



Alas, the gaiety and the happiness were not to last. On August 29, 1842, Soyer was in Brussels, explaining kitchen design to the King of the Belgians, and Emma, who was expecting a baby, was in London. That evening there was a violent thunderstorm; Emma, who hated thunder, was frightened. She was prematurely confined and both she and the baby died. Soyer's grief was overwhelming. In the first transports of bereavement he attempted to destroy himself and, though ultimately he resumed his life, he never married again.

Soyer differed from many cooks in having no professional secrets, and would pass on a recipe to anyone who enjoyed one of his dishes. Contrary to the practice of most chefs, he objected to the use of any comestible "out of or before their proper season." Nor did he approve of the Victorian fashion for decoration.

"It is against my principle," he wrote, "to have any unnecessary ornamental work in a dinner." Nevertheless he has left an awe-inspiring recipe for a Boar's head à la Soyer made from sponge cake, masked with chocolate icing, with paste tusks, cherry eyes, and eyebrows of pistachio.

Soyer wrote several cookery books, and these too may still be picked up for a shilling or two. *The Gastronomic Regenerator*, which appeared in 1846 and was an instant success, contains nearly 2,000 recipes. It is divided into two parts, "The Kitchen of the Wealthy" and "The Kitchen at Home," and many of the recipes in the second part can be used today.

The most entertaining of his books, however, is *The Modern Housewife*. This tells, with appropriate recipes, the gastronomic story of a young middle-class couple, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, from their first menus—Roast Beef on Sunday, Hash on Monday, Vegetables and Spotted Dick

on Tuesday—to elaborate entertainments. Mr. Baker makes money; costly items—entrees, creams, desserts—begin to be served, until on Mr. Baker's birthday there is a banquet. *The Modern Housewife* was enthusiastically received and sold thirty thousand copies. In 1853 a new edition appeared, and the readers learned that the Bakers were ruined. Mr. B. had speculated unwisely and was now only a clerk, but they were quite as happy as when they were rich and their food just as enjoyable.

"Knowing how to make much of a little is the first of domestic qualifications," writes Soyer. He himself cooked modest dishes with such pains that Thackeray broke a dinner engagement to eat boiled bacon and beans cooked by Soyer.

#### THE HUNGRY THOUSANDS

THE culminating point of Soyer's life was now approaching. Soyer was generous, philanthropic, he had already given his services in making and organizing the distribution of soup in Dublin during the great famine in Ireland of 1845-49 and he had designed and organized an immense soup kitchen in the Farringdon Road in London where eight to ten thousand of London's poor were fed daily.

In 1854 the Crimean war began—that campaign which is taught in the staff colleges of the world as the classic example of how not to run a war—and by the following autumn the Crimean scandal was filling the papers. The British troops had been landed in the Crimea without equipment or supplies and the men were dying in hundreds of sickness caused by bad food and neglect. Florence Nightingale had gone out in the autumn of 1854 but though she was performing miracles in the kitchen of the Barrack Hospital at Scutari her business was with the sick and wounded; she was a nurse, not a cook. In January 1855 Soyer offered his services to the Government, without payment, to organize the supply and preparation of food for the army in the Crimea. His offer was accepted—few Members of the Government had not dined at the Reform—and he set out for Scutari on his own.

The comic touch which distinguished all Soyer's undertakings was not wanting. He took with him as secretary a "gentleman of color." The passport belonging to this gentleman was mislaid at Folkestone; and fearing he would be unable to embark, the gentleman of color took the train back to London. No sooner had he started than the passport was found, Soyer telegraphed along the line, and the stations between



Once a hotbed of radicalism, it is now almost pathetically respectable. But it still bubbles with its own brand of rough vitality . . . its social life and intellectual yearnings are equally intense . . . and its marriage mart operates with a kind of joyful candor.

and outrages of the last class, and the evening students; with their impassive business faces, have not yet arrived.)

Brooklyn College is a subway school, as its students will plaintively tell you. It is directly across the street from Midwood High School, whose architectural scheme harmonizes with the College. Many graduates of Midwood High simply cross the narrow street to enter college.

Nevertheless, the achievements of the College are considerable. About half of its graduates go on to advanced study. Its students do well in garnering scholarships and fellowships (in contrast with its early days of deprivation). It graduates a substantially higher proportion of its entering freshmen than the national average (55 per cent against 39 per cent); its contribution to the ranks of young scholars is astonishingly high. In its statistical index (number of Ph.D.s per thousand of graduates), Brooklyn ranks just below Amherst and Williams.

Among its alumni are Pulitzer Prize historian Oscar Handlin, comedian Sam Levenson, critic Irving Howe, stage star Alfred Drake, and a host of socially-useful people. It includes also a resourceful and lavishly-contoured actress who developed such a superb command of Romance languages at the college that she was able to palm herself off successfully in Hollywood as an Italian bombshell right off the boat.

For thousands of its students, it is Brooklyn College or nothing. This is particularly true of the girls, who have a low educational priority in most families. All in all, Brooklyn College is a stirring testament to America as an open society. Here is an authentic democracy of brains, and it works.

Dr. Harry D. Gideonse, President of the College, who visited the Soviet Union last summer, tells with relish of the Soviet official who fulminated against American colleges as instruments of class division. President Gideonse listened politely, then told him of the hundred-year-old system of free higher education in New York City. The Russian lapsed into stony silence.

Brooklyn College began in five scattered build-

ings in grimy *downtown* Brooklyn, in the bleak economic weather of 1930. The student was constantly jostled by the grubby facts of life as he broad-jumped gutters and dodged cars on his way to class. Novelist Irwin Shaw recently wrote in the College magazine:

We had to ride in elevators crowded with shift-eyed men talking about such low matters as mortgages and criminal nuisances, but the class in Elizabethan Drama Exclusive of Shakespeare was conducted in a room whose windows looked out on the harbor of New York, with the Statue of Liberty rearing up out of the green water and the big ships coming and going with their promise of a wider world than Brooklyn awaiting us. . . . If you were in love and the softness of a spring afternoon became unbearable, you could cut classes with your girl and walk to the end of Montague Street, where there was a small, paved park high over the docks and glittering bay.

And no alumnus, now thickening into middle-age respectability, fails to mention the burlesque house across from one of the buildings where he struggled soberly with General Chemistry II or Eighteenth-century Thought.

#### ANGRY FOR KNOWLEDGE

MOST colleges painstakingly build a tradition. Brooklyn College acquired one early in history, repudiated it, and hardly a trace still exists. The tradition was that of student radicalism. During the 'thirties, the campus reverberated with peace strikes, slogans ("Free Tom Mooney . . . Fight Imperialist War"), and obscure factional disputes. The College newspaper was full of a gloomy and strident rhetoric. An alumnus recalls that some students, in an access of working-class solidarity, picketed a local cafeteria whose workers were on strike. (It had been the hangout of all the little Lenins blueprinting American Socialism over a slow cup of coffee.) A small disorder followed, and some of the students were arrested.

"Sentence was later suspended," the alumnus recalls, "but the police blotter recorded what were perhaps the most unusual names in picketing history: Artur Schnabel, Becky Sharp, Titus Andronicus, and others."

The political activity had elements of adolescent horseplay. Peace strikes were the panty-raids of a solemn depression generation.

There was a fierce immigrant energy about the students then. "They were almost *angry* for knowledge," a faculty member recalls. And the

legend of those intellectually belligerent, doggedly-erudite students still persists.

In 1937 the College moved to its new quarters in Flatbush. It was the real thing—sweet-scented grass, red-brick buildings (however out-sized), a small stadium, a library tower with gently-pealing chimes. For student radicalism, this was the beginning of the end. President Gideonse, new and energetic, descended into the market place of ideas and carried on a tireless polemic against left-wing ideologues. (One of the College's livelier features during its combative days was the President's Bulletin Board in which he would anatomize the latest left-wing manifesto.) What is more, he had in mind a long-range program of developing a college community which could shape values. In the late 'forties, a war-spawned prosperity supervened. More and more the College took on a middle-class coloring.

In 1946 I heard a story which epitomizes the change. A group of Brooklyn College girls were invited that year to one of those perennial student conferences at Vassar. Brooklyn College, a working-class citadel, was viewed as the Holy City of student insurgency. The Vassar girls, uneasy about their wealth, dressed down conscientiously in sloppy jeans. The delegation from Brooklyn College showed up—in Persian lamb and impeccable coiffures!

Small political explosions have occurred from time to time, but since the war, there has been no left-wing student movement of any notable dimensions. However, according to the administration, a handful of radical students held onto key positions in student life because they were the most skillful in campaigning and in parliamentary maneuver. To circumvent this, student government was re-organized. There no longer is a Student Council but rather an Executive Council, elected not on a college-wide basis but rather by representatives of organizations. The balance of power has shifted from student leaders concerned with political ideology to those interested in the college as a college.

#### THE MARGINAL MANY

THE College, in a word, has become respectable. In contrast with its bitter, hungry days, its graduates move easily into medical and graduate schools, and even into businesses formerly closed to them. Yet there is pathos in all these gains. As the College has grown and improved, its image in the minds of students has declined. A distinguished scholar told me that when he went to Harvard for graduate

work after Brooklyn back in the 'thirties, it was with "a sense of letdown." Harvard, after all, was a school for the idle rich, and where but at Brooklyn or City College could one find a pure passion for learning uncontaminated by snobbery or careerism?

The Brooklyn College student today has a sense of marginality. He is denied that special badge of status—the out-of-town school. (He is realistic enough to know, however, that his training is as good as he can get anywhere.) Students talk carpingly about the impersonality of the school ("I didn't know it would be so IBM-oriented. . . . I was Number 14 in my Chem class").

The College administration seems to share this wistfulness for the graces of the sleep-in school. It encourages students to do summer session work elsewhere. Last summer 631 students ran off to other groves of academe. The College also woos students from other campuses for its summer session and last summer proudly announced the presence on campus of 546 academic sojourners. A wasp-tongued student wrote me during the summer:

There are quite a few out-of-towners in attendance; and the school has bent backward to impress them with all sorts of concerts and a special bulletin *printed on rag paper*. Too good for the regular peasants, of course!

One result of this sidelong glance at the out-of-town school is an extra-curricular program which for sheer bulk and diversity may very well surpass any in the country. Both Harvard and Sarah Lawrence are pallid by comparison. There are over three hundred student groups chartered by the College, and the House Plan Association—a system of social clubs which have neither Houses nor formal Plans, despite the name—is a small empire in itself. Among some students, there is an ambivalence about this roaring activity.

"We're imitation Ivy League," a Dean's Honor List student said.

Another boy observed: "There was no feast of ideas my first year. It was all social and House Plan."

The College offers this rationale: The students come from homogeneous backgrounds with limited opportunities for social expression. Moreover, the College is large, the atmosphere impersonal. There are many experiences outside of the classroom which these students need.

The academic program illustrates what David Riesman has termed the isomorphism of Amer-



ican colleges—the tendency to resemble each other. The pattern of General Education—a core of prescribed subjects and a functional major—has always prevailed at Brooklyn College, but it has undergone certain changes. A new curriculum was recently adopted whose principal feature is integrated courses in both social and physical sciences similar to Harvard's. Each freshman is also part of a group having two teachers and a counselor in common.

The College is doing venturesome things with gifted students—an Honors Program and acceleration. There is a limited tutorial in some departments. President Gideonse has stated that "all real education is the fruit of self-study" and that "all effective teaching is concerned with helping the students to study by themselves."

"There is a kind of college within the college," a student remarked. "The faculty gets to know who the good students are, and there is lots of contact."

Many departments have a special ferment of their own. The Speech Department is now the Speech and Theater Department, and real professionals are being brought in to direct and teach. Area studies are being introduced including Arabic and African. Russian courses have been on campus for some time now. In short, it is an alert institution.

What kind of homes do the students come from? Sequestered in fiercely protective families who are comfortable only in their own neighborhoods, college education for them is part of a large pattern of breakout. Their manners are often unpolished. "How do you endure them? They're thugs!" a colleague fresh from a genteel out-of-town college said heatedly. A few months later he was sitting around having coffee with his students in his free hours. He had responded, as other faculty members have, to their warmth and spontaneity and gusto.

They have a quenchless vitality; they are committed to life. A psychiatrist at a distinguished university was working on a study of student suicide rates. He invited Dean Herbert H. Stroup to participate in the study. "But we don't have suicides at Brooklyn College," Dean Stroup pointed out.

Less than half the students come from homes in which both parents are native-born. Most are Jewish (85 per cent), some are Catholic (11 per cent), and a smaller number are Protestant (4 per cent). There is a sprinkling of Negroes. The students come from the world of small

businessmen, increasingly beleaguered and worried, the retail storekeeper in an era of supermarkets, the salesman, and the skilled worker. Family income is likely to be unimpeachably middle-class, around \$7,000 a year, but it is a milieu which does not know the new security of the Organization Man. The families are warm, cohesive, and likely to be packed into a small apartment.

"There was always the TV going," a boy said, "and someone singing in the bathroom. I was going to give up on getting my school work done, but somehow we worked it out."

It is a tight little world despite its big-city setting, carefully shuttered from the outside. Some Brooklyn College girls turned down the opportunity for out-of-town college because of attachment to family and friends. Few of these families have lived outside of New York. The parents hover protectively over their children. (This is as characteristic of Italian parents as of Jewish ones). A father called one of the deans and wanted the "lowdown" on a boy who was courting his daughter. Mothers call the administrative offices with frantic advice for their sons who left their lunch home. A woman whose boy was denied admission threatened: "If I have a nervous breakdown, it'll be on your head." It is a world at once cramped but intense and expressive. It has a disarming candor, a talent for affection, and a passionate respect for learning.

Students are torn between devotion to these marvelously loyal and self-sacrificing parents and resentment of their emotional parasitism.

"As long as I'm home, I'll never grow up," a nineteen-year-old girl said. A husky young man observed sadly: "They don't like it if I do anything away from home. It's so much trouble I don't usually bother."

There has been a change-over from Yiddish- or Italian-speaking parents to *understanding* American ones. But this is merely a substitution of a soft, reasonable tyranny for a hard one—the iron fist in the mental-hygiene glove.

For the Brooklyn College student, the breakout from the cage of family and neighborhood takes place gradually. (For the out-of-town student it is implicit in that first flushed departure from home.) There are, to begin, the sorties into Manhattan, the rapt discovery of Greenwich Village (a quick phase) and the Museum of Modern Art (more enduring), the gastronomic adventures in strange restaurants. There is the strange vocabulary, the garish new



ideas of higher education, which at once impress and discomfit the parents.

But the real breakout for those who don't marry while at school (those who *do* substitute the *gemütlich* despotism of the suburbs) is after college. Financial independence means a new burst of freedom—the summer run to Europe, the weekend ski trip, theater on Wednesday evening. Suddenly, the world lies open. As the final irrevocable step, there is the moving out of the parental home. The Brooklyn College provincial emerges from the chrysalis—a New York sophisticate.

#### TEEMING MARRIAGE MART

**B**ROOKLYN is Herman Wouk territory—as much as the Bronx and Central Park West. Any number of girls, radiant with self-discovery, announce: “I am Marjorie Morningstar.” And indeed they are. There are hordes of nubile young women at Brooklyn College, ferociously determined to marry. Go, girl, go, they say to each other. It is interesting that though the percentage of married students is no higher at Brooklyn than elsewhere—about 30 per cent of the women and 25 per cent of the men in the graduating class—the anxiety of the unmarried has puffed up the estimate. “Almost all the senior girls are married,” students keep saying dogmatically.

While the Radcliffe girl chooses her major on its own merits, then makes modifications if she marries, the Brooklyn College girl often chooses hers—usually teaching—with a canny eye cocked at marriage. On the other hand, a Radcliffe girl said bluntly: “We’re really just as eager to marry as the Brooklyn College girls. We just keep our mouths shut about it.”

In any event, the House Plan Association, with its 150 chapters (men and women separate), is generally regarded as a teeming marriage mart.

The Friday night House Plan party is *de rigueur*, and though students grind their teeth at its awkwardness (“It always starts out with boys on one side and girls on the other”) they keep going. “This is basic training for Grossinger’s,” a girl said grimly.

*Kingsman*, the college newspaper, sells space to jubilant Houses, fraternities, and sororities that have good news to impart. There are boxed announcements of watchings, pinnings, ringings, engagements, and marriages in a carefully graded hierarchy of felicity (“Witt House happily announces the engagement of Fran Horowitz to Erwin Schwartz of Fife House”). If the lucky

girl is marrying an out-of-town student, the boy’s credentials will be duly cited in the box.

There is a healthy rivalry between the House Plan Association and the fraternity-sorority crowd. They vie with each other in good works for college and community. The House Plan, for example, sponsors two annual lectures by distinguished outsiders. However, charity abroad is spite at home. Some fraternity people characterize the House Plan as “the poor man’s fraternity.” House Planners describe the Greeks as “camouflaged Houses.” During rushing season, both groups buy space in *Kingsman* to attract shoppers (“All dolls rush Dahl House”).

Most students agree, however, that at Brooklyn College a House *is* a home. “The House Plan is absolutely essential,” a sophomore told me; “otherwise you’re lost at school.” (This, by the way, is the rationale for the residential Houses at Harvard.) In the meantime, Greek Letter Societies seem to be expanding (“Go Fraternity,” an ad in *Kingsman* exhorts), and some fraternities, sweating out national affiliation, are temporarily leading a schizoid existence (Delta Sigma Pi pending Sigma Delta Tau).

House Plans are often outgrowths of teen-age neighborhood social clubs. However, insularity breaks down in time. A House Plan of girls from Brownsville, a working-class neighborhood, was reputed to have such bright and pretty girls that in time it attracted well-to-do Flatbush co-eds. Most House Plans and Greek Letter Societies tend to be self-segregating by color and religion, but there are some mixed groups.

#### THE DRAMA OF SEX

**A**LMOST a thousand more women than men attend Brooklyn College during the day—a tribute to the academic prowess of the girls in high school. (They do better at college too.) The sexes are keenly responsive to each other, unlike Harvard’s pattern of sedulous restraint. Brooklyn College boys have a frank appreciation of a pretty girl, and “making out,” the inelegant term for getting to know a girl, is a way of building status. However, the sexes complain about each other. The girls talk petulantly about the boys’ lack of gallantry. (A boy retorted: “I tried to hold a door open for a girl, but she was too fast for me.”) The boys, just beginning to taste the heady joys of young manhood, resent the girls’ rage to marry (“They race to the hunt”).

The Brooklyn-College girl is yoked to middle-class respectability, and the drama of her chas-



tity is a solemn matter. Because she lives at home, she is probably less venturesome about sex than many college students elsewhere. It is against this background that one can appreciate an episode that occurred a few years ago. With its usual *éclat*, the theater group was doing a performance of García Lorca's "The House of Bernardo Alba." It was Saturday night, which attracts the student-dating crowd. The climactic moment of the play, heart-rending in its intensity, is when the black-clad mother of an errant maiden shrieks: "Tell them in the city my daughter is a virgin!" There was a stunned silence for a moment, and then the audience of dating couples broke down helpless with laughter.

Brooklyn College is distinctive for not having an *official* drinking place. There are bars nearby, but they are not frequented by students. A drink is something a student nurses along on a Saturday night date at a dine-and-dance place. "I drink to be sociable" is the usual pronouncement. Dancing, however, is another matter. And the Byzantine flourishes one sees in cha-cha-cha or mambo at a Brooklyn College dance would give an Arthur Murray instructor a pained sense of inadequacy.

The topography of the cafeteria is as complex and colorful as that of any Student Union in the country. Through a mysterious process of acculturation, students learn where to sit. The cafeteria is terra incognita to faculty, and only

through a friendly student was I able to get an inside view. One side of the huge, tumultuous room is for students who belong to fraternities and sororities, with "some strays in the back." There is a theater table appropriately located stage front (near the serving line where everyone passes). Then there are the special interest groups—Newman Club, athletes, and even a non-belongers' table. House Plans are everywhere.

The two student lounges reflect the students' straining to be well-rounded. One is called the Popular Lounge, and the other the Classical Lounge. The former is the hangout of the "lounge majors," as well as of the casual student with half-an-hour to kill. There is usually an insistent musical beat as the "hip"-collegiates do their frozen-faced mambos. The Classical Lounge, now converted into a study hall, used to provide serious music, chess sets, and an air of inviolable gravity. *Kingsman* recently suggested that the Popular Lounge turn its back on fun for a few hours a week to play the music of the masters. It asked: "Doesn't a mixture of the classics and pop music go hand-in-hand with the principles of a broad liberal-arts education?"

#### ALONE IN A WIDER WORLD

FAR more individuality shows up at Brooklyn College than I observed at either Harvard or Sarah Lawrence. Personal style has to be tough and rugged to escape being crushed by sheer numbers. The boys range from impeccable Ivy League types, replete with bristling crew-cuts, chinos, and buckskin shoes, to a shaggy-headed youth discussing absurdity in Camus with a cigarette tucked behind his ear truck-driver style. The girls dress with great variety—smartly garbed ones looking as if they have a modeling engagement after class (some do), the great mass of neatly and inconspicuously dressed ones, and those who proclaim their protest by wearing sneakers or desert boots.

Because the college community is large and amorphous—and this is inevitable in a subway school—it does nothing to discourage the rich diversity of its students. There are the House Planners and the grinds; the folk-singers on the library steps on Friday afternoon and the ultra-orthodox Jewish boys wearing skullcaps. And one-third of the school's population has no commerce with extra-curricular activity.

Brooklyn College students start out with only a limited sense of their own possibilities. They



have little to define themselves against—no college tradition (like Harvard's), little knowledge of any milieu but their own. But when they achieve liberation from the tight confines of their past, they are richer for having been immured. There are advantages in changing worlds.

The faculty is well-paid (among the highest in the country), carefully-selected, and able. Teaching schedules are heavier than in other first-rate schools, and this has some effect on scholarly production. Students complain that they do not have sufficient contact with their teachers. ("They race us to the door," one student said.) This, however, is only partly true. A student who wants such contact can find it, especially in his major. But, in truth, the crowds and the bustle, the staff rooms housing five and six instructors, do not encourage a leisurely exchange between faculty and students. Moreover, many of the students work after school and have little time to loaf and invite their souls.

Only the naïve believe that life on a college campus is tranquil. Universities are large bureaucracies today with built-in tensions and anxieties. Brooklyn College is probably no better and no worse than most. Among the administrators, there is a brave show of unanimity. The faculty, however, is merrily schismatic. In a delicious irony, the Philosophy Department has been particularly discordant. A faculty wag, who has watched their Donnybrooks from a safe distance, described them as "lovers of wisdom and haters of each other." In any event, the only way a factional dispute could be resolved was to appoint as chairman a talented outsider, a member of the English Department with a sideline in philosophy. Similarly, a split in the History Department was healed by the appointment of John Hope Franklin, a distinguished scholar and the first Negro to become department chairman in a non-Negro college.

To the ordinary hazards of academic life must be added the Kafka-esque terrors of coping with such faceless entities as city budgets, state legislation, and the Board of Higher Education, all of which influence the New York City colleges.

#### THE NEW MONOLITH

COUNSELING is one of the major devices used to counter the large size and impersonality of the College. Some years ago, a senior asked Dean William R. Gaede for a recommendation to graduate school. The Dean asked who knew him. "No one," the student

answered. That was the beginning of counseling.

It is an ambitious program embracing general (or curriculum) counseling, personal counseling, and guidance in one's major field. To avoid professional parochialism, faculty members are enlisted into the general counseling program on a part-time basis. A recent survey revealed that 52 per cent of the students thought they benefited from the program, 31 per cent were unfriendly, and 16 per cent were undecided. Students in private discussion had varied and vigorous reactions. Much seemed to hinge on the individual counselor. A bright young woman was ablaze with admiration for her counselor's skill and devotion. Another student said peremptorily: "I don't like him. I don't want him, but I can't get rid of him."

The purpose of personal counseling, according to its supervisor, is "to see to it that inefficiencies do not flow from emotional problems." The idea is not to salvage the psychotic, but to help the normal individual to fulfill his potential. Problems may range from minor disturbances—inability to concentrate or family conflict—to the tragi-comic psychic dislocation of the student who wrote:

Request return to Brooklyn College to take Abnormal Psychology provided I can wear shoes and stockings and suit to school, take a shower regularly, and take a strict physical exam from the Hygiene Department.

Because it is a new program, there has been some resistance to counseling on the part of the staff. To some faculty members, Personnel Service is the new monolith on campus. The smiling emissaries from Teachers College are viewed with suspicion. "Too often," President Gideonse explained, "instructors are interested only in the potential little mathematician or economist." It may be that the Department of Personnel Service has too much missionary zeal and is overly enchanted by its grand design. Certainly, its official language has a stubborn gracelessness with phrases like "consultative relationships," "counseling locales," and "goal maintenance." Some people point out that this Department with its twenty-eight members—though it performs administrative duties as well—looms too large in a college in which the Philosophy Department numbers only twelve and Political Science twenty-three.

In all fairness to Brooklyn College, the excesses of *administrationitis* are held in check by what can only be described as a healthy pragmatism on campus.



Recurrently, conflicts crop up between the students and the administration. A school official said grimly: "I run around with a hose like a fireman putting out a blaze." The edginess of the students may be a carrying forward into a non-political era of the old aggressions of the 'thirties. The fight for Bermuda shorts (currently banned for on-campus wear) may well be the student movement debased in the 'fifties. Or, as one faculty member suggested, ambivalences about family are displaced onto the college administration.

Certainly, the old political fervors are dead. Even as respectable an enterprise as "Sane Nuclear Policy" could round up only 175 signatures for a petition. Many were afraid to sign ("Look, I plan to teach; I'll give you money, but don't ask me to sign"), although the College administration did nothing to discourage the campaign. There are about sixty students in all the political groups with about fifteen in a Socialist club—but as a Young Democrat sardonically observed, "All *they* do is sit around and watch their beards grow."

There was a flare-up recently over the school newspaper. Since *Kingsman* is a "monopoly newspaper" supported by student fees, the official policy is that of "multiple simultaneous editorials" to insure presentation of opposing views.

"Brooklyn College does not charter two or more newspapers as is the case in Queens or City College," President Gideonse has argued. "Thomas Jefferson's ideas about freedom did not refer to a monopolistic press that was supported by required fees. They referred to a competitive press which was self-supporting."

Not long ago, *Kingsman's* editors resigned over the workings of this policy. Their parting editorial shot was called dramatically "A Cup of Hemlock": "I learned that freedom of the press is taught in classrooms only to be untaught in the President's office."

A new batch of editors took over determined to "carry on the struggle for independent expression and personal responsibility." But there is no real groundswell of opposition among the students to administrative policy. I recently looked through a batch of questionnaires filled out by last June's graduates. I was struck by their irritation with student leaders who get into fights with the administration. As many students have pointed out, this is the tranquil generation.

There is, however, some inchoate student feeling about being fussed over too much. One wonders if they do not sense some subtle rejection

## COMING...

Many young Americans are beginning to take religion seriously for the first time. Unlike an earlier generation, they are finding it really important to decide for themselves: "What can a modern man believe?" And for the first time in decades young people of all faiths (and of none) are arguing this question—with tough-mindedness and passion.

In February *Harper's* will begin a series of articles on present-day religious beliefs, by four young writers who already are recognized as spokesmen for many of their contemporaries. The first will be "The Faith of a Heretic" by Walter Kaufmann, author of *Critique of Religion and Philosophy*. Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant points of view will be presented—in terms which may startle the orthodox—in the following months by Arthur Cohen, Philip Scharper, and William W. Bartley, III.

tion in the administration's nervous vigilance about their behavior, dress, etc. Some expressed resentment at the presence of hostesses who supervise the lunchroom. (Their job is actually to maintain order.) Others vented animus against the Student Activities Office which, according to one student, has a beatific vision of all Brooklyn College girls in short hair looking like Vassar. Tea has become the symbol of a quiet tug of war. The joke among the rebel fringe, who resist this genteel *Gleichschaltung*, is that all they drink at "teas" is coffee. And one student told with relish of setting up a "tea" for her organization and asking for two urns of coffee. Her adviser was aghast.

"Won't you take even a small pot of tea?" she implored.

These issues in a college in swift transition are complex. The concern about student's dress, for example, grew out of the Placement Office's observation that some students' sloppy looks cost them dearly when applying for jobs. Moreover, Brooklyn College is a tax-supported institution, and in effect, every taxpayer is a trustee, some of them highly vocal ones. Behind the recent dress-up campaign, too, were letters written by subway passengers about the inappropriate dress of a handful of students.

My own experience as faculty adviser of a student magazine is instructive. A relatively mild story about a love affair—far milder than a story in Harvard's *Advocate* which someone there gave me to read—elicited a semi-literate and

hysterical letter from a lady in the community. In a rapture of illogic, she suggested that Brooklyn College students "must be Communists since they are obscene." It was suggested to me by a college official that I ought to encourage "more cheerful stories."

Forty-two per cent of the College's students are preparing to teach in elementary or secondary schools. A sometimes angry debate rages on campus about the effect of this teacher-training program. Some people argue that the intellectual tone of the College has been lowered by the heavy concentration of Education majors. The standard criticism is that "ed" courses are ineffective and sentimental, jargon-ridden and repetitive. ("I'm tired of the whole child, the half-child, and the quarter-child," a prospective teacher said.) There is an ideological bent in the Education Department which some faculty members find disconcerting. There seems to be the implication that there is a crisp right or wrong in every situation, a blatantly happy-ending, upbeat point of view.

Defenders of the Education Department have some telling arguments, although they do acknowledge excesses ("There are progressives and manic-progressives"). For one thing, Brooklyn College represents a pattern of teacher education within a liberal-arts framework. That means that teachers are likely to be a good deal better educated here than they would be in a teacher-training college.

#### THE NIGHT SIDE

THE evening session is steeped in an atmosphere reminiscent of harder times. For here students and faculty share a common martyrdom of late hours, gulped meals, and strenuous intellectual exercise at war with fatigue. Something of the tradition of pure intellectual passion survives here. Students in the evening—generally older than their daytime colleagues of the bright sweaters and scuffed shoes—are regarded as more serious. ("There are *students* in the evening," a student summed up; "in the day they are *pupils*.") Courses are sometimes a little less demanding as a result of faculty compassion, but the students bring maturity and experience to class. The charm of the evening classes is in the rich variety of types—salesmen and police officers, stenographers and housewives exultantly on leave from baby and kitchen. There was one garment center model who used to come sweeping in in a glory of color and perfume. In five years of attendance she be-

came a somber-eyed intellectual drone in flats.

Brooklyn College is a young institution caught up in a fast-paced drama of social change. It may be that the College in response to a genuine need has gone too far in "socializing" its students at the cost of images of daring and sacrifice. Too much, perhaps, is predicated on "getting into graduate school" or being acceptable to employers. At this time, there is little in the College to generate a creative and responsible criticism of society. President Gideonse, a man of incisive mind who is unafraid to adopt an unpopular position, has observed: "Contemporary 'organizational' society has no need of educational programs fitting and adjusting young people to some preconceived consumers' and producers' pattern, designed to promote a painless conditioning for 'prosperous conformity,' including especially the insidious conformity to conventional non-conformity." His own educational philosophy is summed up in Woodrow Wilson's phrase: courses, contacts, and contagions.

A recent episode illustrates the curious student temper of our time. Last spring Jack Kerouac, the high priest of the Beat Generation, came to talk. He arrived at 9:30 p.m. to confront a swarm of students—most of them from the day session—who had waited hours for him. Some were avid apprentices of the Beat Generation, blue-jeaned boys and black-stockinged girls. Hundreds came out of curiosity but not curiosity alone. They came out of some deep yearning for the Word. To my amazement, when the program began notebooks were solemnly opened, pens were poised.

Kerouac was frivolous. "What's your outlook on life?" a student asked. "It's an illusion—not real, man; you ought to know that," the writer answered. A girl asked "Why do you believe in Buddhism?" "Why are you so pretty?" he responded. The students were indignant. They stayed and they listened, but they felt cheated. Underneath what someone has described as "the gloriously contented air" of the contemporary college student, there is an unsatisfied need to know and to believe. These are not rebels, but they would like a cause.

---

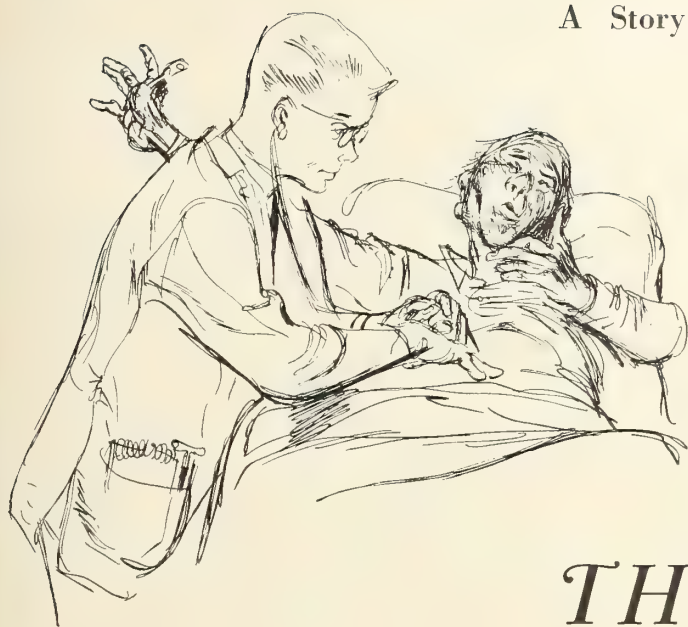
*This is the last of a series of articles on three very different types of Eastern colleges.*

*Some months from now the editors hope to publish a similar series dealing with schools in other parts of the country—including a typical big state university, a denominational college, and one of the small "experimental" colleges.*



A Story by THEODORE JACOBS

*Drawings by Leo R. Summers*



## THE EXTERN

**I**T'S a funny thing about studying medicine. Sometimes you get to know a patient, and sometimes you don't. I mean really know him. Of course, if you do a decent job on your history and your physical, you can usually get a pretty good idea of where the trouble lies. But you can go over a patient all day, in fact you can go over him every day for weeks, and never get to know him, even when you've asked him every question in the whole history-taking manual. Even if he can tell you a story about every sore throat he's ever had, you might not get to know him. That's the way it was with Bluhm and me.

Bluhm was my first patient in medical school—and nearly my last. I was just starting, you understand. I had just finished two years of medical school and I was beginning in the clinics. To tell the truth, I almost didn't get that far. I was in academic trouble my second year, and they were all set to boot me out right then and there. But I told them how much I wanted to be a doctor, and finally they decided to see what I could do with patients. I was on the spot, though, let me tell you. One mistake and bingo—into my father's business.

So what happened? They threw me in with this wise apple Bluhm. My first morning in the hospital they assigned him to me. It was quite a shock. I hadn't even gotten to my locker yet when I heard my name over the telepage. That's the way they do it in our hospital. As soon as

you get assigned a patient, they start paging you. It really threw me when I heard that thing. If you've never heard your name over telepage before, and all of a sudden at eight in the morning, on an empty stomach, someone starts paging you, it can throw you.

As soon as I found out what room Bluhm was in I got myself ready and started up there. There was a mirror on the wall just outside Bluhm's room and before I went in I checked my appearance. The one thing I remembered from the sophomore lectures was that no matter what, you had to look like a doctor. What it really came down to was you had to do a good job of fooling the patients. Of course no one said that, but you got the idea all right. If you looked enough like a doctor people might not catch on that you were a junior medical student.

Seeing myself in the mirror I hoped I might pass for a real doctor. I had on my white coat with a stethoscope slipped into one side pocket and fixed so that just enough of the tubing stuck out. That's a point of style I can't go into now, but take it from me, it makes a difference among doctors how much tubing sticks out. In the other pocket I had a note book, a reflex hammer, and a tuning fork. I had noticed that all the successful clinicians in the hospital had a lot of things sticking out of their breast pockets, so I'd put a couple of pens in there along with a mechanical pencil, a ruler, and a few tongue depressors. It looked impressive all right. The



only trouble was I had to walk slowly so that everything wouldn't jangle.

When I walked into Bluhm's room and saw him, at first I thought he was dead. I mean dead about a thousand years. He looked like one of these guys in an explorer picture that gets lost in a desert without any canteen, and his friends show up in Bermuda shorts later and find him just bones, with vultures flying around and all. Even his pajamas looked sort of pecked at. He was lying there giving me the eye, sort of squinty-like. Not too friendly, I'll tell you. I didn't know what to do. I had come to give this man medical attention, and he was looking at me as though I was intruding on his damn privacy. I felt like getting out of there and going to law school or some place. Finally, though, I asked him how he was feeling. I'd been standing there a couple of minutes without saying anything, and I was getting worried he might think I was a psychiatrist, so I put on this kind of professional cheery voice—you know, the nauseating kind, and I said:

"How are you feeling today, Mr. Bluhm?" Real cheery.

"To tell you the truth, I'm sick in bed today,"

said Bluhm. That's the way he was. You couldn't give him an inch.

Naturally I introduced myself as doctor, but I don't think it went over too well. In fact I *know* it didn't because right away Bluhm asked me what year I was in.

"What year you in?" he said, as though trying to show me he knew something. That burned me. Suppose I was really a doctor. He would have looked pretty stupid saying that. Bluhm could be a real smart alec when he wanted to. I didn't want to give myself away, though, so I said:

"I'm an extern, sir."

"Oh," said Bluhm, "that's different. Why didn't you say so? You should have said so when you first came in. For a minute I was thinking you was a regular doctor."

A real wise guy. The trouble was, Bluhm had been around university hospitals a lot. He knew all the medical school gimmicks.

"What's wrong with you, Mr. Bluhm?" I said. I said this sort of firmly. Not too firmly, understand, but enough to let him know that I wasn't holding any auditions for "Can You Top This?" or anything.

"What am I, an M.D.? Overnight they gave me a license? How do I know what's wrong with me? I'll tell you a secret. I ain't paying twenty-two dollars a day to tell you what's wrong with me."

"Well, what symptoms have you got?"

"What symptoms?"

"Yeah. You got headaches, pains in the stomach? Are you nervous, or what?"

"That's it."

"What's it?"

"I'm nervous. All the time I'm getting nervous."

"Nervous, eh? What are you nervous about?"

"Twenty-two dollars a day and he's asking me what I'm nervous about."

"Have you noticed any unusual sensations in your arms or legs, Mr. Bluhm?"

"Yeah, now you're mentioning it, since I'm here, my arms is feeling like pin cushions."

This guy's sense of humor could really devastate you.

"You've had quite a bit of blood drawn today, I imagine," I said. I was trying to be *cordial*, for God's sake.

"Why not? They see I'm an old man. I'm good to practice on." He always had a crack like that up his sleeve, Bluhm. Always with the kind word.

"It's not a matter of practice, Mr. Bluhm.



That blood is taken for important tests. You'll be glad you had them."

Bluhm looked at me with that squinty eye of his.

"What are you, the chief *macher* around here or something? Maybe you're Dr. Salk from the vaccine, you know so much?"

I FELT like giving him a wise answer when he said that. You know, something real sarcastic to shut him up. Still, I didn't want to antagonize him. After all, he was my first patient and you know how you always imagine that you are going to have a wonderful relationship with your first patient. You don't like to give up that idea. Besides, to tell the truth, I was plenty worried about what was liable to happen in this situation. If the attending doctors found out that I was not getting along with a patient, they'd go hard on me. I knew that. The way things were, it would probably mean the old heave-ho. So I tried to be nice to Bluhm. I laughed at his idiotic jokes, but I still couldn't get a history out of him. All he would tell was this fantastic stuff. With most of the patients on the gastro-intestinal service you get too much history. A lot of people with digestion trouble and constipation and things like to tell you all about it, especially the details. It can get you pretty sore. But not Bluhm. All he would tell me were these wild stories.

"Have you had any major illnesses?" I asked him.

"You don't know the half of it," said Bluhm. "I was born with a defective heart. Had an operation for it in the 'eighties." That was about sixty years before anyone ever heard of that kind of surgery. Whatever disease I asked about, he'd had it. High blood pressure, diabetes, tuberculosis, smallpox, malaria—anything. He'd had them all. If you started breathing in diseases like a chain smoker you couldn't have that many. It would be odds-on you'd never get past kindergarten, no less live to a mean old age, having half these things. But that didn't bother Bluhm. He'd just start telling stories of this or that disease and how it nearly wiped out the whole old country and how he survived by a miracle, and a lot of other lunatic stuff until I was really up to my neck.

"Have you ever had tularemia?" I finally asked him. That's some crazy disease no one ever gets. You have to live with a bunch of rabbits or something to get it.

"No," said Bluhm, "all my friends had it, but I never came down with it."

Well, finally I gave up trying to get the history. I just wasn't doing any business on that score at all. I figured maybe I'd have better luck with the physical.

"I'd like that very much," Bluhm said when I told him I would like to examine him. "It would be a pleasure. Only I can't do it."

"What do you mean, you can't do it?"

"My doctor wouldn't like it. He's the jealous type."

"Look, Mr. Bluhm," I said, "I've been sent here by the medicine department to go over you."

"I tell ya what. Go back to the medicine department and tell them I can't afford it. Blue Cross don't cover no treatment by undergraduates."

"Mr. Bluhm," I said, "in a hospital like this everyone is a student." I heard someone say that once about a British university.

"Would I deny it? Certainly everyone's a student. Only thing, I got a funny quirk. I like better the students around sixty years old. I feel sorry for them they been studying so many years."

I finally got to examine him, though. He did me a big favor and let me poke around, but to tell the truth I didn't get too much information. He had quite a few lumps, but I didn't know whether they were supposed to be there or not. It's hard to tell on old patients, especially if you got a "C" in anatomy to begin with. Besides, all the time he kept saying things to throw me off the track.

"Feel the goiter on my neck?" he asked. "Notice the liver is a little swollen?" Things like that just to mix me up. At first I believed him and I started poking around like mad—it's hell to pay if you miss a thyroid or a liver—but pretty soon I saw this stupid, apple-eating grin come on his face. So I cut it out. I could have kicked myself halfway around the ward and back for being such an idiot.

AFTER I finished the physical I beat it out of Bluhm's room. I figured the best thing I could do for our relationship at that point was to get out of there and stay out. I felt depressed as hell. I had no history and I knew I'd done a pretty stinko physical, even by my flexible standards. It didn't help, either, to think of the bright remarks old Bluhm was liable to make to the doctors about me. They take very seriously any comment a patient makes about a student, even if the patient is a lunatic.

After that I tried to avoid Bluhm, but it seemed as though every time I passed his room to go to the lab or something he'd catch me. I'd

be walking past there, and he'd spot me from his bed and call out. Naturally all he wanted was to aggravate me a little.

"I've got cutting pains across the middle," he'd call to me as I passed by, or, "Feels like that disc of mine has slipped again." Any plausible symptom he could think of to get me in there and give me the business for a little while.

He collected newspaper clippings, and whenever I came, he'd show me ones that he'd saved especially for me. Things like help-wanted ads for veterinarians or stories about people that got jailed for impersonating officers. He said he thought I'd appreciate them.

Actually I had almost gotten used to Bluhm's sterling personality. In fact I had to admit that sometimes he could be pretty clever—in an asinine way, of course. But I was getting a little tired of it all, too. At one o'clock one morning, I was paged and told that I was wanted in Bluhm's room. I was just about to go home for a little sack time after doing lab work all night and I felt like saying the hell with it and leaving, but like a dope, I didn't. I went up to his room.

Do you know what he wanted? You'll never believe this in a million years. He wanted to know if I was Jewish or not. At one o'clock in the morning, I told him I was a Buddhist and I was late for a prayer meeting.

"No kiddin'," he says, "you been Bar Mitzvah?"

I told him I wasn't Bar Mitzvah and good night.

"Why not?" he wanted to know. "What's the matter, you're not Jewish?"

"I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Bluhm," I said, "but I'm a Christian."

"What are you so sorry? You can't help it. Don't worry. Some Christians are very nice."

"Thanks," I said.

I wasn't in the mood for that kind of thing. It was late and I was beat and I wanted to go home. But old Bluhm just kept talking to me. I don't know why. I suppose he just felt like talking to someone that night. You got the idea

he was a kind of lonely character anyway, Bluhm. He told me he had no family and he lived alone in a hotel room and I doubt if he had any real friends. With his personality I don't think anyone could have taken him for very long. Anyway, he just went on like that, talking to me for a couple of hours, until I could hardly keep my eyes open. He talked about all kinds of things. The Jewish religion, politics, television, chess, the movies, history—everything. He wasn't really educated, but it seemed he had ideas on a thousand different things. I listened as best I could, but I couldn't help dozing a little, I was so pooped.

When I finally got out of there, it was after three, and I was disgusted with myself for having stayed that long. It was idiotic. I should have walked out and let him try to trap some other screwball. But I don't know, I just couldn't do it. He looked so damn skinny and pecked at and everything, and I knew that he'd just gotten me up there to have someone to listen to him. So I stayed. I'm a prize ass when it comes to situations like that.

I DIDN'T see Bluhm for a while after that, but about a week later I came into his room with a group of doctors. It was during what they call grand rounds, when the chief of the service takes his residents and a few medical students to see a slew of patients. It's usually quite a time, with the chief showing off to beat the band and everyone else giving him the old "yes sir" until it's enough to stir up a little reverse peristalsis.

\* There were eight of us that morning and we marched into the patients' rooms in regular order. The chief first, the third-year resident second, the second-year resident third, and so on until you got down to the medical students, bringing up the rear. When we got near Bluhm's room, this Dr. Ackman, who's head of the G.I. service and a real brain on bowel problems, suddenly asked me to tell the group what I knew about the case. I was caught by surprise. Usually Ackman didn't do things like that. Most of the time he was too busy to bother with the students' reports. But all of a sudden he wanted me to give him a summary of the case.

Well, I told him what I knew, which took about three minutes, and then for twenty minutes Ackman got me against the wall and started pumping me with questions, and every time I couldn't answer one, he got a little nastier. I really think he got a kick out of making me squirm.

### *A Clarification from Rosebud*

THERE'S nothing wrong with our foreign policy, it's just that the rest of the world isn't made to fit it.

—"The Pond Creek Philosopher," *Rosebud News* (Texas), July 25, 1958.



When that friend of humanity finally got through with me, he led the parade into Bluhm's room. I was feeling awful. You could just tell the residents thought I was a low-grade moron.

As soon as we got in there Ackman took hold of Bluhm's hand and started playing the old family doctor in a voice that sounded as though he was announcing "The Firestone Hour." I really felt like leaving the room, it got so bad. All Ackman really said in the end was that Bluhm would have to have an exploratory operation—in other words that he was in the same situation, diagnostically speaking, as I was—but he threw in ten minutes' worth of polysyllables to make it sound good. Everyone crowded around him as though he was from the Nobel Prize committee, but I stood way in the back. I wasn't very keen on Ackman at that point, and besides I didn't want Bluhm to see me. Under the circumstances I didn't think it would be to my advantage for Bluhm to make one of his bright remarks about me.

He saw me, though. While the chief was talking he kept looking around with this puzzled expression on his face, as if he couldn't figure out who was Jewish and who wasn't. When he spotted me, though, he smiled a little. But I didn't smile back. I didn't want to start anything.

Through most of Ackman's talk Bluhm was quiet, but near the end, when he got to the part about the operation, Bluhm spoke up.

"Pardon me," he said. "I don't think I got that so well. You said an operation I need?"

"I'm afraid it's the only way to establish the diagnosis, Mr. Bluhm," said Ackman.

"I see. You couldn't maybe—maybe do without a diagnosis?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid. After all we cannot treat intelligently if we do not know what entity we are dealing with."

"Sure. Sure, I could see that. But, well, to tell the truth, I wasn't planning it."

"I know, Mr. Bluhm, but it is the best way, believe me."

"You couldn't maybe take a few more pictures?"

"It wouldn't do any good."

"Okay. Well, listen. I don't know. There's something I would like to do first. I'd like to ask

my own doctor, get his opinion. That's okay with you?"

"You have a physician on the outside you would like to consult?" asked Ackman, sounding slightly hurt.

"What on the outside? On the inside. There's my doctor over there." And with that apple-eating grin on his face Bluhm pointed at me.

"Sure that's my doctor right there. Took care of me all the time."

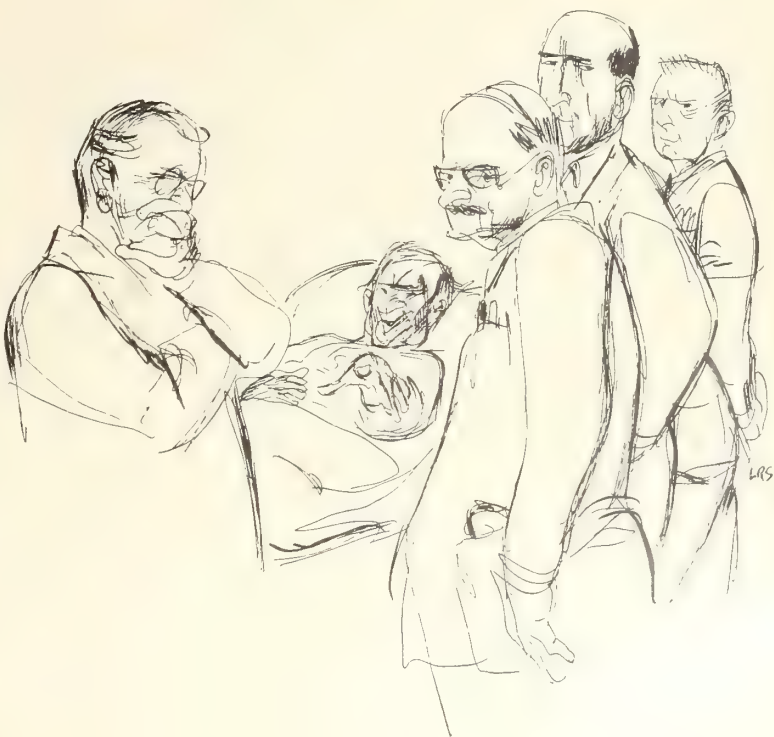
"Is that right?" asked Ackman, grinning.

"Sure. Sure," said Bluhm. "All the time I'm here. Very fine doctor. He has a real heart, that doctor."

"Well, I feel confident he will give us permission to proceed," said Ackman, turning to me. "Won't you, Doctor?"

All I could do was nod. I nodded four times. I wanted to say something; to protest, to explain about Bluhm, but it was as though I'd had a stroke and had lost the ability to speak. I couldn't make a sound. I looked around. The residents were fighting laughter behind coughs and cupped hands. Even Ackman seemed to be smiling. I did not know what to do, or even what to think. All I knew for certain was that Bluhm was an out-and-out lunatic.

But you know, when I glanced over there he looked pretty normal. I swear he did. It was amazing. He didn't even look pecked at.



# *The outraged* OKINAWANS



By BARTON M. BIGGS

*Drawings by John Groth*

Why they hate us, in spite of all we have done for them . . . and how we might still keep the Communists from winning over the people who live on our key Pacific base.

**I**F MONEY alone could win popularity, our vital military base on Okinawa might have pleasant—even cozy—relations with the local population. The United States has invested over a billion dollars in the island and its standard of living is three times as prosperous as it was before the Americans came.

Unfortunately, the fact is that most of the 700,000 Okinawans don't like—and often hate—Americans. They wish our troops would get off their island and in elections held this year they have been voting for Communist-supported politicians who advocate the immediate return of Okinawa to Japan. Last spring, in elections to

the national legislature, the pro-Communist party on the island increased its popular vote by 450 per cent, while votes for the pro-American party were cut to less than half the number received in the previous election.

But no matter how much we are despised we simply can't afford to leave Okinawa. American troops will soon be pulling out of Japan—which doesn't want them either—and Okinawa is now the key to U.S. defensive strategy in the Pacific. From it we can exercise military influence over an area containing one-third of the people in the world. As a missile base, the island functions as a sort of dagger pointed directly at the heart of Communist China, and it is the home of a sizable American force including the Army's principal Pacific supply depot, a naval service and air installation, a huge Air Force Base, and a Marine Division and Air wing.

This Marine Division is, in fact, our only ground force capable of immediate and sustained employment in case of a sudden war in the Far East. It is also the principal means we have to back up our commitment to Korea. SEATO—the South East Asia Treaty Organization—has assembled sizable ground forces on paper, but its effective fighting ability is extremely feeble.



Considering how much of our defensive planning is staked on this island, our right to be there is curiously foggy. The 1951 Japanese Peace Treaty allows us to ask the United Nations to assign trusteeship to the United States, but we have never made the request—presumably because we wanted to avoid charges of colonialist ambition. So the island continues under “provisional American administration”—the Okinawans elect village and city officials and a national legislature, but final authority rests with the senior American military commander. The Japanese government would like to have Okinawa returned to it; if the Okinawans can raise a loud enough protest against the occupation, our position there will be increasingly untenable before world opinion.

#### A PREFERENCE FOR THE DARK AGES

AS LONG as we are on the island it is important that we improve our relations with the Okinawans. Just how important became clear to me during the two years I recently spent there as an officer in the Marines. We were often dependent to a frightening degree on the local population to get a lot of our work done. When I left the island less than a year ago, over 30,000 Okinawans were employed by the American forces, some in such key jobs as the servicing and maintenance of jet aircraft; and Okinawans were standing much of the interior guard for the Army and the Air Force. If Communist leaders decided to organize a slowdown, a strike, or sabotage at a crucial moment, they could hamstring our retaliatory power in the Pacific.

But quite aside from the purely military consequences of our unpopularity, the damage it does to our prestige throughout Asia is incalculable. The Communist radio constantly broadcasts the news that a part of the Orient which has had intimate experience with Americans and their way of life—and has received admittedly large material benefits from them—is bitterly and clearly rejecting them.

When I visited nearby countries on military missions I was accusingly asked about conditions on Okinawa by many Asians, varying from a police officer in Bangkok to a tailor in Hong Kong. And in Tokyo there are frequent editorials in the daily papers expressing grave concern over the continuing Okinawa occupation.

As a matter of fact, Okinawa is very familiar with continuing occupations by invading powers.

Over the last five hundred years it has been occupied by the Malaysians, the Chinese, and finally by the Japanese themselves. Okinawans speak an archaic form of Japanese but they differ from the Japanese in many ways. Physically they are shorter and huskier and have thicker features and a more Mongolian appearance. They have not been as militarily aggressive as the Japanese or as ingenious; but they are intensely proud of their own cultural traditions and their ability to survive successive waves of invasion.

The Okinawans feel no strong cultural or ethnic tie to Japan. On the contrary they often fear and distrust the Japanese, who tend to treat them as poor country relations and have always unmercifully exploited the island. “Even when we fought in their army, the Japanese treated us like dirt,” an Okinawan veteran of World War II told me. Few of the islanders were sorry to see the Japanese leave in 1945, and after the initial apprehensiveness wore off the Americans were treated almost as liberators.

And in many respects there is no doubt that the American occupation has been a kind of liberation for the Okinawans—a liberation especially from medieval drudgery, poverty, and disease. Many an Okinawan who would have been doomed to a lifetime of stooping in a rice paddy now drives a taxi, tends bar, sits at a desk, or works on a jet plane. An American campaign against unsanitary conditions on the island cut the infant death rate from 70 to 10 per cent. Army and Marine engineers have built modern roads, new schools, and a university. Last summer when a typhoon leveled many native homes the military government provided food, blankets, and plenty of money in the disaster area. And any soldier who has been on Okinawa could testify that the military forces officially go out of their way to solicit the good will of the Okinawans by providing children's parties, charity, and free medical care.

The Okinawans seem well aware of what we've done for them. A student at the American-built, American-financed University of the Ryukyus told me: “Over half our people work directly or indirectly for the American forces. They have few illusions. They know that if you left, many of us would starve and our economy would slide back into the dark ages.”

Yet despite the enormous material benefits of the American occupation, despite the unhappy history of relations with Japan, despite the economic crisis which would hit Okinawa if we had to leave, there is no doubt that the majority of



the inhabitants wish we would get out—quickly—and make way for the return of Japanese rule. Why should this be so?

The answer lies both in the personal behavior of our troops and the policy-making of their commanders. Both, I found, were sadly, often brutally—if unintentionally—insensitive to the feelings of the Okinawans, to the way their minds worked, and to their traditions. We have not, to put it mildly, made our way of life very appealing.

#### WHITE SLAVES AND TAPED FISTS

**T**O BEGIN with stark statistics, prostitution has increased 100 per cent since the capture of the islands in 1944; it is estimated that from sixty to eighty thousand women are involved. This is the most blatant and obvious kind of prostitution with girls soliciting openly and loudly in the streets.

In the central area of Okinawa where the big Army Air Force and Marine bases are located one passes through towns and villages where every building is a combination of bar and brothel with families sleeping in back. I saw one such establishment in the town near where I was stationed which was a thriving family operation. The father presided at the bar, the mother and three daughters were the hostesses and prosti-

tutes, and the two younger children solicited business on the streets. Our servicemen tend to consider every woman they see a prostitute and treat them accordingly, and in some areas they are right. But in other parts of the island they only succeed in insulting women and making lasting enemies.

The white slave trade has become an accepted fact of life. One girl said: "My father have bad year in rice and we very poor. Many GIs now on Okinawa, so need more girls. Man that own bar offer my father much money for me, and my father sell me. It make him very sad but we have to eat."

The girl was perhaps fifteen years old and her story unfortunately is typical. When I asked her about politics, she answered simply,

"Now my father is Communist."

As might be expected, venereal disease is rampant in the island. Sometimes the rate would reach as high as 10 or 15 per cent in the company to which I was attached. When a Marine came down with venereal infection he was required to identify the girl and the American medical authorities would pick her up and cure her. Okinawans would note this free treatment—and the fact that the military government makes no attempt to curb or control either prostitution or the white slave trade—and come to the conclusion that Americans condone and encourage prostitution.

Our restless and homesick troops, often without adequate living and recreational facilities, quickly become caught up in the search for excitement; they plunge easily into drunkenness, hoodlumism, and gang street-fighting.

Sometimes it was hard to blame them. In the Marine Division, one regiment lived in tents, two others were packed into quonset huts which the Army condemned as unfit for troops in 1947, and only one regiment lived in respectable quarters. In the quonset hut camp where I was stationed, there was no gymnasium or even a recreation room where the troops could write letters. We were crammed into barracks with rotting floors and leaking roofs which were infested with termites and mosquitoes; the toilet facilities were unsanitary and continuously



breaking down. It was not surprising that the troops, for want of anything better to do, had got into the habit of going into town to get drunk.

When they do go to town the results have often been violent and disastrous. During the last summer I was on Okinawa inter-racial warfare between bored American troops was a nightly occurrence which reached a climax when a white Marine was beaten to death by a gang of colored Marines. Interservice fighting is frequent and bloody—in August of 1956 almost eight hundred men were involved in a Navy *vs.* Marines free-for-all which spread quickly from town to town. That summer it was reported that 30 per cent of the patients in the American hospital were there because of injuries sustained in street fights. One gang of Army toughs calling themselves "the headhunters" wandered through the towns with taped fists and the sole objective of beating senseless as many people, Okinawan or American, as they could in an evening.

I once asked a forty-four-year-old taxi-driver whether he was happier now driving a cab or when he was working fifteen hours a day in a rice paddy before 1944. He answered that although he worked an eight-hour day, had a radio, more money, a tin roof on his house, and a bright red taxicab, he was not sure it was profitable if his wife and daughters were prostitutes, his sons procurers, and his home village the scene of a drunken brawl every night. When our battalion surgeon argued the benefits of the occupation with a native doctor, he was told:

"Yes, you cured our TB, but you gave us VD of the soul."

Anyone who walks through an Okinawan village near a military base at night should be able to understand this feeling that the human price of the prosperity imported by Americans has been too high.

#### ANCESTORS

#### ON THE GOLF COURSE

UNFORTUNATELY the raw misbehavior of our troops and the bad relations it produces are often matched by the superficial and unperceptive policy-making of our military governors.

A flagrant example occurred last year when the capital city of Naha elected a Communist named Kamejiro Senaga to the office of Mayor. Soon after the results were announced, Lt. Gen. James E. Moore, the Armed Forces High Commissioner, summarily changed the election laws, deposing the new Mayor and disqualifying him permanently from office. Mr. Senaga had been elected by a political fluke, without a majority, and many Okinawans were dismayed by the result. But they found it hard to stomach the General's highhandedness. Even the conservatives felt insulted and outraged. Senaga became a kind of martyr and the Communists gained stronger support than they had ever hoped for. A contractor I know—who had every reason to be friendly to Americans—expressed a typical reaction:

"It was a rainy day," he said, "and many of us did not bother to vote. We were ashamed and embarrassed and we would have gotten rid of him as soon as we could. These kinds of mis-



takes happen in America too, yes? You say you are giving us the vote and if you don't like who we elect you change the laws—this is your wonderful democracy? I did not like Senaga either but maybe I vote for his candidate next time.”

And in fact, in the next election for Mayor in January of this year, the American-backed candidate was defeated by Saichi Kaneshi, an extreme leftist with Communist support.

All of our American policy decisions, of course, are not so badly handled. We have, for instance, tried hard to evolve an intelligent and generous policy for both the outright acquisition of land and its temporary use by our troops in training. We have gone to great lengths to prevent interference with farming by soldiers on maneuver—something the local Communists are quick to jump on when it occurs. And, aware that Okinawa is one of the most densely populated areas in the world, the military government has made very large payments to property-owners for the precious land it has had to use.

But here again, despite our generosity, we have succeeded in antagonizing the Okinawans. Instead of a single lump-sum payment for their property, many landowners would much prefer to have a yearly rental. The reason, as one farmer near my Marine base explained to me, is that most Okinawans are Shintoists and believe that the obligation to hold onto the land of one's ancestors is sacred; to lose title to it forever is deeply disturbing to some and might cause hideous complications in the hereafter. This farmer was exceptionally bitter because his land was being used as a golf course. A dispossessed Okinawan peasant whose main problem is feeding his family does not easily understand golf courses, large lawns, spacious flower gardens.

Nor, it must be added, does the employment of thousands of Okinawan women as housemaids by Army and Air Force wives seem to improve relations between the garrison and the natives. (Marines are not permitted to bring dependents.) The local women, of course, welcome the money they receive, but they often complain that their employers are patronizing and overbearing. And, understandably enough, the striking contrasts in living standards cause jealousy.

With so many anti-American grievances already ripe for exploitation, it is not surprising that the Communists should have little trouble in igniting others. They are particularly quick, for example, to play up any racial discrimination by the American forces, pointing out that the Orientals are also a colored race. Okinawans

and Orientals in general seemed to have special affection for our colored troops; they often told me how much they liked their infectious high spirits and humor and their “good hearts.” Communist racial propaganda is thus highly effective, as is Communist propaganda in general. Today about one-third of the towns on Okinawa have Communist Mayors and the party is growing.

#### MAKING LESS MESS

**W**HAT can be done about the mess on Okinawa? It is hard to condemn our troops. Bored, young—the average pfc is eighteen years old—homesick, not really understanding why they are on Okinawa, they are eager for excitement. Their conduct is much the same as that of other soldiers far from their families and homes, but their offenses are aggravated by the isolation and smallness of the island. Many of the same problems existed in Japan but they were spread over a larger area and were less apparent. Better recreational facilities are slowly being built and the Marine Corps is constructing a vast new permanent camp; but more funds are needed badly. These improvements, plus a closer control of troops and a lot more and better education on their responsibilities toward the native population, should certainly help.

Equally important is the need for reform of our military government. Army officers can be good political administrators, but the art of government is not, after all, what they are trained for; and General Moore's great blunder in tampering with the election laws showed how costly government by high-ranking officers can be. One solution might be the appointment of qualified civilians to posts in the military government of the island, by joint decision of the State and Defense Departments.

But beyond changes in the mechanics of our operations, we need most of all to revise the attitudes with which we have approached the Okinawans and other Asians as well.

We must realize that merely raising the standard of living will not create good will in an underdeveloped people if we insult their sense of personal dignity at the same time. We must try hard to cultivate a sympathetic understanding of their attitudes, their sensibilities, their traditions, and we must adjust our behavior accordingly. The elections on Okinawa were a warning signal that if we don't, we risk losing a vital island outpost—and the lesson of Okinawa is one that we would do well to apply wherever we are involved in Asia.



# Extinction by Thruway:

## *the fight to save a town*

What would you do if the engineers insisted—needlessly—on pushing a super-highway smack through the middle of your community? It may happen in hundreds of places as the new 41,000-mile federal road program gets rolling.

IT BEGAN inconspicuously—just a brief legal notice in the newspaper announcing a public hearing to be held in the County Courthouse on January 9, 1957, in regard to the route of a federal super-highway through Broome County. But for us in Hillcrest, where surveyors had already been sighting along the quiet streets, the announcement had a note of doom.

You will probably not find Hillcrest (population approximately 3,000) on your map of upper New York State. It is an unincorporated suburb of Binghamton—and, although it is small, there is an unusually strong community spirit among its middle-class home owners. We have a progressive Board of Education and two new schools of which we are very proud—as we are of most things about Hillcrest.

Most people were too busy with Christmas to see the legal notice, but a few of us were among the hundred or so who turned out for the hearing. I had no idea what to expect and listened with great interest to the District Engineer's technical description of the beautiful expressway that was to cost at least a million dollars a mile. Of even greater interest was the map of Broome County he displayed. Hillcrest was not even marked on it. All I could see clearly was a wide black line cutting a swath through the county.

The Engineer called for statements from or-

ganizations first. Understandably, representatives from the Chambers of Commerce, banks, unions, and auto clubs were enthusiastic about the economic advantages of a new highway that the area badly needs. But in spite of my naïveté, I felt there was a kind of "pre-sold" quality to their glowing endorsements.

There was no such quality in the statements from the Town of Fenton (in which Hillcrest is located). Robert Ford, our politically shrewd supervisor, and cautious but worried Raymond H. Moody, the town attorney, declared they could say nothing unless they knew where the route was to go in relation to Hillcrest.

Clayton Axtell, Jr., the school-board attorney—single-purposed in his causes, caustic in cross-examination—forcefully pressed the point: "This hearing is inadequate by law. Even today the route does not deal with specific localities."

But the District Engineer remained adamant: "Details cannot be given now. The route could go one way or the other."

Since Hillcrest lies between the Chenango River and the hills and is only approximately a mile long and a half mile wide, a mile could mean the difference between bisecting and by-passing.

When the District Engineer asked for individual comments, three or four men tried, without success, to get specific information on the route. I began to feel uncomfortable. I wished more people would say something if this endorsement was all that the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads was to hear. I had never imagined marching to the front of a public hearing to speak, and I wished I had worn a prettier dress, but before I knew it I was on my feet. I don't remember what I said—something along the line that we in Hillcrest were as ready for progress as any

citizens as long as we were given good reasons why—with vacant land outside us—our little mile strip had to be singled out for an expressway.

Hillcresters left the hearing feeling frustrated and helpless. Every time someone asked, "What can we do?" the answer was, almost universally, "Nothing. What chance do we have against the State Department of Public Works and the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads?"

A lot of people all over America are going to feel this same bewilderment and frustration during the next few years, as the \$50 billion-plus federal highway program gets under way. I don't for a minute suggest that everyone who will have his home destroyed by a super-highway should promptly object. But I do believe that citizens have the right to expect good planning from an over-all community point of view.

"The new highway program furnishes a great, if fleeting, opportunity; its new rights-of-way and interchanges will set the basic structure of the metropolitan areas of the future, and whether those areas will be livable will depend on the foresight of the communities involved as much as it will depend on the engineers," says William H. Whyte, Jr. in "Urban Sprawl" in the January 1958 *Fortune*.

"Not to act now," he continues, "is to make a decision. . . . Planners can help, so can more studies. But the citizens must not merely acquiesce; it is they who must seize the initiative. Their boldness and vision will determine the issue."

My own home, according to rumor, would not have been taken, but I felt the community would be ruined. Beyond that, I was concerned with the whole problem of sensible planning. And, for that reason, perhaps my experience—local though it is—may prove useful to others who will soon find themselves in a similar fix.

#### A LETTER OF PROTEST

**I**F Clayton Axtell had not questioned the legality of the hearing, I might never have thought of taking action. Since he had, I called him up and asked if anything could be done. He said he was looking into the legal angles and was in touch with our then representative in Congress, the Honorable W. Sterling Cole.

But I was still not satisfied. I asked if he didn't think the citizens should do something—say, pass a resolution at the meeting of the Hillcrest Community Association which was about to take place.

"Sure thing. Go to it," he said.

The Hillcrest Community Association is primarily devoted to sponsoring youth programs. But my belief—from many years of working in the League of Women Voters—that citizens' efforts *can* count gave me the courage to make my suggestion: "I think the Hillcrest Community Association should write a letter of protest to John W. Johnson, Superintendent of Public Works for New York State, over the conduct of the hearing and request permission to have a statement from Hillcrest made part of the record."

That's how the fight began.

Unfortunately, someone who makes a suggestion often finds himself a chairman. That's what happened to me. William Morgan, the hard-working Association President appointed Clayton Axtell; Joseph Norris, an engineer with Ansco who had just moved to our town; LeRoy MacLeod, an advertising manager; and Jean Darrin, the photogenic mother of three, to serve on a committee with me to draft a letter. The rest of us also persuaded Morgan himself to join.

A lively meeting produced what we felt was a very restrained letter. We tried to make clear that the association was in favor of the general program of construction of the Penn-Can (as it was called at that time, because it was to go from Pennsylvania to Canada) and was not asking that the route be changed from one area to another to protect the homes of association members at the expense of the homes of others. But we did feel that the hearing had not been adequate for an expression of our views.

The wait for the reply seemed much longer than it actually was, but the answer made us jubilant. Johnson said in part, "The official newspaper notice failed to disclose the general location of the route as is prescribed in our Department regulations. . . . The purpose of these public hearings is to permit presentation of all known factors and we would request that you file your statement as soon as possible. . . ."

Then the sentence which we read and reread: "The Department of Public Works will attempt to consider such changes in alignment as may be possible, in order to minimize destruction of property and still maintain an economical route for the project."

The State's willingness to restudy the route made us feel that it would be worth our while to do a thorough job of presenting facts in our behalf. But facts are hard to come by—especially from the Department of Public Works. Repeated visits to the District Office failed to give us the specific route.



Actually, I was the first person to see a detailed map. I happened to be in Albany for a meeting, and I could not bear to be so close to the Department of Public Works without trying to get the information we were so desperate to have. My State Senator, Warren M. Anderson, made an appointment for me. I was not able to see anyone in command, but I did see an assistant deputy engineer who was wonderfully helpful and spread a large-scale map of Hillcrest before my startled eyes. Either the point of view in Albany was different, or else I just happened to hit a psychological moment when there was a general change of heart.

For the first time, we were sure of what we were up against. The worst rumors were, in reality, the truth. You cannot superimpose a six-lane highway with four access roads and four traffic circles on an already developed community the size of ours without making mincemeat of it. A more thorough job could hardly have been done, in terms of destroying the water wells, taking a third of the new elementary-school property, some of the buildings of the Wyoming Conference Children's Home, and knocking out over a hundred new houses, the loss of which would take at least a half a million in assessed valuation from the town tax rolls. There was also an estimated loss of a million dollars in assessed valuation to the Board of Education because the area affected across the river is in our Chenango Valley Central School District.

Worst of all, the community as a community would be destroyed. All available land is already developed, and displaced people would not be able to move from one section to another. Their hardship would be great, and so would that of the people who remained—separated into little “islands” by the limited access expressway and faced with a much heavier tax burden.

We went to work to get as many facts as we could. Our committee had a session in the State's District Office in Binghamton. By now, maps were available for our inspection, and we spotted a line called "Al-

ternate A" which obviously went outside Hillcrest, and, as we later discovered, outside the village of Port Crane as well.

"Why can't Alternate A be used?" asked Bill Morgan.

"The State never really considered that because it is too far from Binghamton," the District Engineer explained to him. "No one would use it."

"But it is only seven miles to the Courthouse at the center of the downtown area," objected Joe Norris. "That's by a four-lane divided highway most of the way. If I could go to Syracuse by a seventy-mile-an-hour expressway, I'd drive farther than that to get on it."

"No one would use it," insisted the District Engineer.

We ourselves studied the two possibilities. We had interviews with civil-defense authorities on locations of defense highways (preferably twelve miles outside of critical target areas like Binghamton). We had interviews with bankers on increased interest rates and the difficulty of getting mortgages; with realtors on the existing housing shortage; and we held a conference with the director of the Broome County Planning Board and all manner of officials. We studied highway law, all earlier arterial plans for the area, the Planning Board's recommended land-use studies near Port Crane, construction maga-



*"You must meet the McDermotts! They, too, are victims of a Thruway!"*

zines, and articles on metropolitan planning. And ceaselessly we kept Albany and the Washington Bureau of Public Roads and our legislators at all levels apprised of what we were doing. I even drove and tramped one bitterly cold Sunday with our subcommittee of engineers to trace out both the Hillcrest and Port Crane routes as far as it was possible to do so.

I admit engineers have their problems with our hills and narrow river valleys, and I think if they had ever told us categorically that Hillcrest was the only possible way that the road could be constructed from the engineering point of view, we would, as public-spirited citizens, have given up the fight. But the two major reasons given for the choice of the Hillcrest route were: (1) Hillcrest was closer to Binghamton by three miles, and (2) the Port Crane route had one sharper curve and hill. For these arguments, we could not see having our community ruined.

The battlefront widened. Our committee felt it would be fairer to have the entire community represented, even though most families already belonged to the Community Association. Every possible group joined with us in a large committee that included Rotary and Kiwanis, churches, the American Legion, PTA, Town Board, Board of Education, Children's Home, and garden clubs. So the Community Association Committee resigned. But the large committee promptly re-elected it to serve as a small executive committee, and we more or less officially became the Hillcrest Committee on the Penn-Can Highway.

In the meantime, we had organized a subcommittee of prominent engineers who live in Hillcrest and work for such companies as General Electric, Ansco, and Link Aviation. What had begun in self-interest as a local protest over the conduct of a hearing had become a plea for more imaginative planning. Incidentally, there was no opposition by citizens to the Port Crane route.

To bring our fellow citizens up-to-date on what we committee members were doing we held a New England style town meeting. Over five hundred residents turned out. Normally, only basketball games can produce this kind of attendance! I served as moderator, Clayton Axtell presented our case clearly and concisely, and Dick Lawrence, chairman of our engineering subcommittee, explained the routes with slides. The Chairman of the Board of Education, the town supervisor, an officer of a Binghamton bank, the supervising principal of the school district, the town engineer, and the town councilman sat

with us, prepared to answer questions in their special fields on how the highway would affect us.

By this time, both daily newspapers—the Binghamton *Press* and the Binghamton *Sun*—were covering the controversy in detail and publishing many letters to the editor. I received all kinds of mail. There was one anonymous clipping: "Good Morning! Being as smart as a steel trap means knowing when to shut up."

But there was also a letter from a prominent Binghamton attorney with "congratulations to a gallant and fearless fighter" and quotations from "Gentleman Jim Corbett" which urged, "Fight one more round." Most letters contained suggestions on where to place the route.

#### THE BATTLE IS JOINED

I HAD a sudden desire to turn ostrich—anything to get away from the constant publicity which was so foreign to my usual role of housewife. Needless to say, another penalty was the neglect suffered by my husband, teen-age daughter, and eleven-year-old son.

Not all the publicity was favorable; we were accused of delaying "progress." But one editorial in the Binghamton *Sun* clearly reflects my own feeling about the whole problem. "Offer of organized citizens of Hillcrest to withdraw their opposition to the Penn-Can Highway . . . if it can be shown that the alternative they have proposed would be less direct, more expensive or impractical for any other reason, reflects a genuine regard for the principle of the 'greatest good for the greatest number' . . ."

"Such an attitude puts the whole issue up to the engineers. . . . Less easily understood is the reluctance . . . of the Department of Public Works in putting all the cards face up on the table. We are told there are some things we do not understand, that once revealed could easily justify the uprooting and virtual annihilation of a community. . . . But Hillcrest is unusual. . . . To slash a wide pathway through the heart of such a neighborhood would be to discourage something our country can't afford to lose.

"But it isn't on sentiment that this opposition has developed. On the basis of hard, cold fact the Hillcrest Committee has presented its case in workmanlike fashion. The points raised . . . are of sufficient importance to everyone to merit definite rebuttal."

The State had agreed to restudy the route and hold an "informational" meeting (not another  
*Continued on page 69*



# NOW HERE IS WHAT YOU MUST LOOK FOR

(continued from page 13)

, to shop at the whiskey store is a glorious experience, to be sure. And a frustrating one. There are so many pretty things to buy that one is like the theoretical horse, equidistant between two piles of hay, who starves to death before he decides which to eat. This will never do, of course.

☞ Therefore we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have gone to no little effort and expense to make pictures of the various bottles so you can "home in on them," as they say. If this catalogue helps you in your quest we will feel richly repaid for our trouble. ☞ Naturally, we can't tell you *which* to choose much as each of us would like to give you a hint. It's maddening to sit here not knowing which one will enjoy your favors. Perhaps the most humane thing would be to try all, in succession. Unless you are rich in which case you can scoop us all up at one time and have a tasting panel or an Irish Whiskey Festival replete with song and witticism. ☞ While Irish Whiskeys have marked, interesting differences, one from another, all share an emphatic deliciousness; a *burnished* distinctiveness of flavor. As you will discover.

☞ Ah, and haven't you the whole great world before you.

© 1958, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND "In union there is strength"



GILBEY'S  
CROCK O' GOLD



JOHN JAMESON



POWER'S  
GOLD LABEL



DUNPHY'S  
ORIGINAL IRISH



TULLAMORE DEW



MURPHY'S



OLD BUSHMILLS



JOHN LOCKE



PADDY



## \$35,000 golf tournament to open Dorado Beach Hotel—

**P**UERTO RICO'S Dorado Beach resort opens on December 1st. Opening events include the Dorado Beach Invitational—a \$35,000 golf tournament.

For five days (Dec. 3 to 7) America's top professionals will pit their skill against the wicked beauty of the new Dorado course. Expect surprises. The course was designed by that crafty architect Robert Trent Jones.

Ed Dudley, Dorado's professional, makes no bones about the challenge. "Dorado is the toughest test for top golfers that I have ever played. *It is much kinder to weekend players.* The greens are so cunningly trapped that

you have to be incredibly accurate to crack par. A man who hits a shorter ball is far less likely to get into trouble."

Developed by Laurance S. Rockefeller, the whole Dorado Beach resort is in a setting that guests will talk about long after the golf tournament is over.

A hundred beach house suites look out across the golden curve of a crescent bay. There are tennis courts, swimming pools, riding trails and even an air service to whisk you off to San Juan's nightlife in minutes. What's more, you can fly from New York at lunchtime and be in Dorado for dinner!





*Approaching Dorado's 18th green. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.*

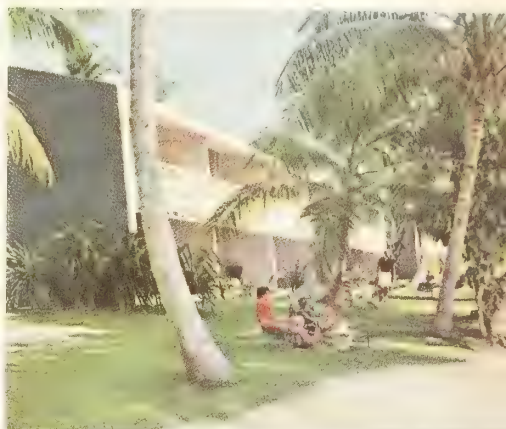
## Puerto Rico's great new resort



Ed Dudley and Russell Gilbert head Dorado's professional staff. The championship course measures 7,115 yards. Par is 72. A number of holes skirt the beach (see big picture).



Electric golf carts glide smoothly over Dorado's manicured turf. Four holes are over 550 yards. One green is 200 feet from edge to edge.



Dorado's beach houses all have sliding glass walls and air-conditioning. At night, spotlights illuminate the surf just beyond your doorstep.

Robert Trent Jones has dreamed up some unexpected hazards. Note the palm in this sand trap. It once cost "Rusty" Gilbert a stroke.



# What's the biggest "woman's club" in your state?

*In state after  
state it's the  
millions of  
trading stamp  
savers.*



PHOTO BY HOWELL CONANT

by **AMY VANDERBILT**

Prominent author and  
lecturer to American women's clubs

FROM what I see and hear traveling about the country, I predict a long life ahead for trading stamps. I base that on a very simple observation. Wherever I go I find that women like them.

Nor do I wonder that the American woman has taken them to her heart. Of course, it's the husband who's generally the family provider. But what housewife who saves trading stamps doesn't think of herself as a "good provider," too. And she is. Through her thrift and diligence in shopping where trading stamps are given, she provides "extras" for the family to enjoy.

Moreover, her devotion to stamps pays off handsomely for America's business firms. Last year she took home from redemption stores about \$500,000,000 worth of appliances, home furnishings and hobby equipment. Making these things gave employment to 75,000 people

in manufacturing plants and on farms.

And often the merchandise the housewife gets with stamps generates other spending. It gives her fresh ideas that send her out to buy other things at local stores.

American women live in an atmosphere where they can be free and independent in their thinking. They can shop where they like. It is significant that the women in 2 out of 3 families (I call them the country's largest "woman's club") shop regularly where they get a discount for cash in the form of trading stamps.

★ ★ ★

NOTE: If you would like to receive research material about the trading stamp industry . . . or answers to specific questions about stamps, simply write to The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

*This message is one of a series presented for your information by  
THE SPERRY AND HUTCHINSON COMPANY which pioneered 62 years ago in  
the movement to give trading stamps to consumers as a discount for paying cash.  
S&H GREEN STAMPS are currently being saved by over 22 million families.*



public hearing) at which their decision would be announced to the people of Hillcrest. There was scarcely another topic of conversation until that day arrived, and eight hundred citizens gathered to hear the outcome.

We on the committee already knew the answer. We had requested an advance meeting, and on the afternoon before, we heard the results from the consulting engineers and the Department of Public Works. That was the night we worked until 2:00 A.M. preparing a rebuttal, for we could see no evidence of a real review of alternate possibilities. No ground survey had been made of the Port Crane route, but we had all seen the surveyors busy again on the streets of Hillcrest.

The informational meeting was charged with excitement. Maps and reports were the first order of the day. Then came the climax: Hillcrest was still the recommended route—because it would be cheaper than the Port Crane route by \$9,500,000!

Inevitably, most of the taxpaying audience was amazed and speechless. The consultants admitted that acquisition costs would be higher for the closely populated Hillcrest route than for the undeveloped Port Crane route. But they argued that if the expressway were built near Port Crane (with the necessary inclusion of a bridge) another \$5 million six-lane bridge would still be needed at Hillcrest. They further claimed that if the highway were built three miles farther out on the Port Crane route, there would be additional costs to the road users which would amount to \$4,500,000 over a twenty-year period.

Then came the people's turn. The District Engineer announced that each person might speak once and only at the time he was offered the microphone by an engineer who went up and down the aisle. No committee member would be allowed to ask questions.

I asked if, in that case, I might read a prepared statement from the committee before the questioning began. Permission was granted. I stood at the dais with my back to the State officials or I could never have done it. Our rebuttal was couched in strong words.

We denied the need of an additional bridge until the Penn-Can bridge could be tested under the resulting new traffic pattern, for the Hillcrest bridge had originally been part of a ten-year-old arterial plan. And we claimed that road users' costs were not properly costs to the taxpayers as such. We thought it only fair, if the State were going to include social costs, that it should also admit all other social and economic costs which

would have to be paid by the people of Hillcrest, residents of the town, and the school district. We estimated them in dollars over the twenty-year period and found they greatly outweighed users' costs.

For the State's District Engineers the matter was ended; they were forwarding their recommendation to Albany. But what was to be our course of action? At the end of my statement I turned to the audience and said, "It is the recommendation of our committee that we continue to seek a genuine consideration of all factors. We will appreciate an expression of your opinion."

Nearly everyone in that huge group spontaneously applauded and stood up. We had our answer.

### CARRYING THE FIGHT TO THE TOP

**S**HORTLY thereafter, I received an answer of another sort from the Director of Public Relations of the State Department of Public Works in Albany, in which he said: "... while we are in complete agreement with your right to be heard on this matter we are somewhat concerned with the lack of factual data to support statements which infer that the department does not have the knowledge, judgment, or know-how to design a highway."

(We had never questioned the design of the highway—only the location of it in terms of good planning.)

He went on, "We would be most interested to know whose judgment is used to substantiate your 'challenge the validity of the District Engineer's analysis' . . . or 'so-called users' costs are based on questionable premises.' This unsupported verbal gymnastics smacks of plain rabble rousing. . . .

"In spite of this type of abuse let us assure you that we are giving this matter a truly impartial study. Our final determination will be based on sound engineering and economical judgment taking into account those legitimate local objections which are offered in a spirit of good will and without malice."

Swallowing our resentment at the charge of rabble rousing, the committee wrote a reply in which our sources were given for every point. But on second thought we never sent it! We decided instead to secure the services of an impartial expert to assess the validity of our position.

Since the issue was not the engineering feasi-

bility of one route over the other but the social and economic costs to the area, we felt that we needed not an engineer but a community planning expert. One of the professors at Harpur, the State's liberal-arts college in nearby Endicott, was Dr. Seymour Z. Mann, who had been active in community and county planning in our general area. We approached him, but he refused to accept unless he was free to draw his own conclusions. To this we agreed.

On Dr. Mann's visit to the District Engineer, he was asked, "How can you deal with these emotional people who run to their elected representatives in Albany and Washington?"

"If people feel strongly about a problem that requires political action, then citizens should use all legitimate means at their disposal," Dr. Mann replied. "It is part of the representative process. This is what I teach my students in political science."

Aside from Dr. Mann, elected representatives now seemed our only hope. Congressman W. Sterling Cole, who had earlier blasted the public hearing as a "Star Chamber procedure," assured us that the position of the community would be given thoughtful consideration by the federal Bureau of Public Roads. Senators Javits and Ives looked into the matter. A petition with over a thousand signatures, telegrams, and letters appealed to Governor Harriman. His office wrote that the Governor was concerned and had been in touch with the State Department of Public Works.

State Senator Warren M. Anderson, after attending a meeting of the Hillcrest Committee on the Penn-Can Highway, decided that our objections were valid and promised to arrange a meeting between some of the committee and Superintendent Johnson in Albany. After considerable pressure from the Senator, Mr. Johnson agreed but only on condition that the Senator be present, that there be no more than three committee members—and that under no circumstances Mrs. Praeger be one of them.

My executive committee was so enraged that a man whose salary we pay with our taxes should so discriminate against the duly elected chairman of a citizens' committee that they thought we should not accept. But I insisted that we must not jeopardize our long-hoped-for opportunity. I could not believe that there was anything personal involved. After all, Mr. Johnson had never seen me!

Dr. Mann's excellent analysis—which upheld our position—was first presented at this meeting. One of the many interesting points he made

was that "citizens who participate in the activities that lead up to the public decisions which affect their individual persons or communities will have less reason and less desire to obstruct improvements for the public good even against their own short-run interests."

After the Albany conference in May, Superintendent Johnson ordered the full review we wanted, and the citizens' committee rested its case.

#### CITIZENS VS.

#### SUPER-HIGHWAYS

FROM January 9 to October 20 is a long time when you are waiting to know the fate of your home or community. But on that day came the eventful words, "Hillcrest 'By-passed,'" and the headlines announcing a totally new concept for two major routes. We read for the first time of a proposed common route for several miles through Binghamton and Johnson City for both the Penn-Can and Route 17 (the East-West State highway). This confluence was to make the area a transportation crossroads and bring great economic prosperity.

The Binghamton *Press* did an outstanding job and devoted many pages to delineating every aspect of the proposed routes. Quite a change from the original legal notice!

Whether the new route is the best possible one is another story—one which I have not studied. At least this time, many community leaders have been consulted. Mayor Burns of Binghamton has given his approval. The Broome County Planning Board, which played no part in the location of the first route, has worked with the engineers and endorsed the new routes as the best possible use of city land. Highly publicized hearings have been held, both Albany and Washington have approved the new routes, and the design contracts have been let.

We Hillcresters will never know how much our stand had to do with the new plan. Our recommended alternate was not chosen, but it is impossible to contrast the new plan with ours because it is concerned with two highways, not one. It seems evident, however, that the original plan failed to consider the relationship of Route 17 to the Penn-Can, although they have been concurrent problems. In fairness, I must say that the District Engineer was new here and it has been said that he inherited the former plan. Perhaps the more thorough study called for by the citizens of Hillcrest gave him an opportunity to develop his own more comprehensive plan. In



any case there is evidence that the State is realizing, belatedly, the need for improved road-building public relations.

Governor Harriman at the eighteenth annual convention of the New York State Association of Highway Engineers called for a better job of public relations on the part of engineers: "We ought to recognize that in government the public is always right." The State Department of Public Works has itself recognized that there is more to the new super-highway program than merely designing good highways.

Better public relations is a step in the right direction, it seems to me. If we expect to build 41,000 miles of interstate highways within the next fifteen years, it is obvious that there will be a tremendous number of persons affected. If the officials responsible for the program do a constant educational job, citizens and super-highways need not be incompatible.

Unfortunately, many bureaucrats are not yet convinced that the home-owning citizen has an important stake in this vast new program. They apparently feel that public hearings and consultation with citizens' groups merely delay "progress," and that we must keep moving at all costs—even if costs include citizens' rights and vital community considerations.

Our experience has convinced me that Congress was wise in providing citizens with the opportunity to be heard on a program that deeply affects so many lives.

It is understandable that many a highway official, beset by a multitude of problems and harassment on all sides, will regard the old approach to highway building with nostalgia. But if the new program is to do its job for

community as well as for the transcontinental road user, citizen and highway engineer must work together.

The new program, as John T. Howard, associate professor of city planning at MIT, has pointed out, forces highway engineers to make decisions that have repercussions far outside their field—the highways to be built during the next twenty years "will have more effect upon all form and pattern of growth, and therefore upon the character and structure of our metropolitan areas, than all of the metropolitan planning done by city planners between 1945 and now." And he added, "Just as wars are too important to be left to generals, so the building of the new super-highways is too important to leave just to engineers."

Fortunately, some engineers recognize the challenge. But when others seem unaware of the consequences, citizen groups should be alert to their responsibilities. What happened in Hillcrest almost certainly will occur in other parts of the country. It is a great temptation to dust off an old arterial plan, which has been waiting for years for the necessary funds, and incorporate it into the federal highway program so that 90 per cent of it will be paid for by the federal government. In some cases, this approach may still bring sound planning, but citizens ought to be very sure.

A network of super-highways across the face of America will be an empty achievement if it kills democratic processes and ignores long-range community planning. There is good evidence that the best in American life has always been achieved through co-operation between citizens and government.

JANE COOPER

## THE INNKEEPER'S STORY

NO, THERE'S no light in the barn down by the hill.  
The straw is sallow and dank and the animals stamp,  
Lifting their heads with a snuffle and then falling still.  
The fellow who stopped here asked me to lend him a lamp.

But with so many rooms to brighten I couldn't spare one:  
You can lie with a woman or calve just as well in the dark.  
I'd have turned them away altogether but she was far gone.  
No, it's the new moon rising makes my dogs bark.

# South Dakota's *CHRISTIAN MARTYRS*

Because they practice a kind of New Testament Communism—and try to live their strict religion every day—the Hutterites are being persecuted by both their neighbors and the state.

**R**ECENTLY, I was appalled to discover that one of America's most classic, inalienable rights—the right to buy land—has been taken away by state law from 1,500 native-born citizens of South Dakota. The “disinherited” are members of a German-speaking, four-hundred-year-old religious sect called the Hutterites. This extraordinary group has kept intact all their ancient cultural and religious customs which include community of goods—*i.e.* pure Communism. In the Dakotas, Montana, and Washington over 8,000 Hutterites live in more than seventy-five colonies, all organized as “communal corporations” under state charters.

The disinheriting process began in 1955 when the South Dakota legislature passed a law denying the sect the right to form any new communal corporations or to extend the “activity or power” of existing colonies. Later the Spink County Hutterite colony purchased eighty acres of land which had been rented prior to 1955. Claiming the purchase to be an extension of “activity and power,” the state sued to have the colony's communal charter revoked.

This summer the state supreme court handed down its decision, ruling simply that since the colony was already renting the land with an option to buy it, the purchase was not an extension of “activity.” But in a non-precedent-setting “aside” called in legal parlance a Dictum, the court gave the Hutterites a strong word to the

wise. The Dictum stated that the court believed the 1955 law to be constitutional and would uphold it in any future test case.

The Dictum is a stern warning. For the present, the Hutterites in South Dakota must search in other states for land to support their rapidly increasing numbers.

While the law suit was being argued in the courts, I visited the Spink Colony. My first impression of the sect came in Redfield, the nearest sizable town to the colony, where I called on state's attorney, Wallace Dunker, who was then pleading South Dakota's case in court. In his hot, paper-piled office Dunker leaned back in a battered swivel chair, pulled a cigarette from the breast pocket of his flowered sports shirt, and explained the conflict to me:

“The Hutterites are very prolific, you know, and the minute one colony gets full, a bunch leaves, buys land, and starts a new one. They can afford to pay a lot more for land than anybody else because none of the members get any money or own anything, so they've got plenty of free labor for their farms. I can imagine that they might eventually take over the whole of Spink County and more, too. They make everything themselves, or buy it wholesale, so with no trade, the towns would die and Hutterites would take them over. I suppose our new state law is like anti-trust laws where you try to keep the big guys from putting too many little guys out of business. If we win this suit, no Hutterite can ever buy an acre of land in South Dakota. If they win, the Legislature will just have to find some other way to stop them.”

“You won't find anybody around here who loves 'em,” a local farm-equipment dealer told me a little later. “They're no good for the community. They buy everything by the truckload and the local merchant doesn't have much chance



to sell them anything. They think 'cause they live together and share everything, they've got a cut rate coming to them. They'll go anywhere they can get a price. There's no loyalty to them like a white man has. They're supposed to be religious, but the almighty dollar is their god."

Later in town, a clerk in a hardware store told me, "They come in here quite a bit, and we don't have no trouble with them; we get along fine." Then he leaned closer to me. "But there's one thing I don't like—the way they keep to themselves. I never know what's going on out there at the colony. If there's a wedding, I don't know about it. If a baby is born, I don't know about it. If somebody dies, I don't know it. Maybe they've got a contagious disease; I don't even know what they do with their dead."

A barber had this to say: "America is a pretty wonderful place, you know. But if they're going to live here, they should do it like the rest of us. If they won't, they should go back to Russia where they came from."

An owner of a clothing store told me, "You've seen the way they dress, those old rags they wear—they make all those themselves. Maybe if they'd fix themselves up and support the retail business and do something for the community, they'd be all right."

A farmer shopping in the store agreed. "I think they're sailing under false colors," he said. "If they were really going to abide by what their founder, that fellow Hutter, told them, they'd be farming with oxen and hoes, and everybody would be sorry for them. But they're doing better than any farmers in the country and they've got the very best equipment. So they don't practice what they preach."

It would not have surprised me if somebody had angrily said, "The only good Hutterite is a dead Hutterite." But the townspeople's hate for the sect did not seem to be on religious grounds. The group was despised, apparently, for being prolific, efficient, and different, and I wondered suddenly how much of the persecution of the earliest Christians, whom the sect imitates, stemmed from simply being different.

I myself did not know what to think about the Hutterites, except that it was time I met them.

#### PATRIARCH ON A TRACTOR

**A**FTER a dusty, fourteen-mile drive along the grid of dirt roads which divide the flat South Dakota farm lands into neatly rectangular sections, I saw in the distance the Spink Colony, the morning sun glinting on its tin roofs.

At the colony I turned in at a gravel road and drove past two parallel rows of white houses toward several low fieldstone sheds. In front of one shed, working on a high-wheeled farm tractor, were my first Hutterites: three men wearing—like uniforms—full black beards, gray shirts, and high-waisted, wide-bottomed black pants supported by green suspenders. They glanced up expressionlessly, then turned back to the tractor.

Walking close, I said, "Good morning!" Three bearded faces, unsmiling and suspicious, regarded me steadily. "Where can I find your Minister?" I asked.

The short, husky member of the trio, wearing an "A.C. Sparkplugs" skull cap, smiled with a flicker of friendliness. "He's up on that rise over there cultivating a bit of corn. You're from Huron?" he finished tentatively, glancing at my license plates.

"No, I'm from Chicago," I said. "I flew in this morning. This is a rented car."

"Came all that way this morning?" exclaimed the Hutterite. "Think of that! That's a long way. I was in Chicago once. Drove a truckload of geese to the market there. That's quite a city; sure are a lot of people there—a lot of bad ones I guess, but a lot of good ones, too."

I did not know what to say to that, so I turned back to the car, and went in search of the head of the colony.

The Minister, John Wipf, turned out to be a heavy man in his fifties, dressed like the others. But with his long, white beard he looked like a Biblical patriarch, incongruously but imposingly mounted on a modern tractor in a corn field. As I walked toward him, I could feel his eyes on my low street shoes, awkward on the rough dirt clods. I felt that everything depended entirely on the next few minutes.

The explosive putt-putt, putt-putt of the two-cylinder tractor engine was deafening. I bellowed my name up to the Minister, who bent down only slightly to allow me to shake his hand. It was like gripping a fistful of corncobs. "May I visit your colony for a day?" I shouted.

"You cannot plant sense in stupid men's minds, so we are quiet, and it works," said the Minister, barely audible above the insistent coughing of the engine.

It was a startling answer. Then I realized he did not see me as an individual, but as part of the hostile world to which he had spoken fruitlessly many times.

"I'm from Chicago," I yelled, hoping this would make me seem neutral.

There was a long, long pause. "We are poorly

in English here," he said finally, "but if you want, you can come to my house."

In his bare, immaculate parlor the Minister sat next to a brightly curtained window, rested his folded hands on his stomach, and said, "Have they had any rain where you are from? It is very dry here."

He relentlessly discussed the rain in South Dakota and the rain in Illinois. When he exhausted these, he turned to the rains of the previous year. All the while, Hutterites of every size and age slipped quietly into the small room. The men sat silent and unblinking on a few chairs, a child's stool, and on a flight of stairs. The women, wearing polka-dot kerchiefs on their heads, stood submissively in the background. From behind their floor-length calico dresses and long aprons peered the wide, bright eyes of little children, dressed as miniatures of their parents. I felt magically transported to a sixteenth-century European village.

During a short let-up in the rain talk, I plunged in with a now-or-never feeling: "Why do people so dislike the colonies? There's certainly a lot of talk."

A gnarled old Hutterite who had just hobbled in, supporting most of his weight on two oaken canes, spoke out angrily, "Yes, we have so many mouthy, terrible people against us, and we never make even a glass of water dirty for them."

His words rang harshly and the Minister, John Wipf, looked embarrassed.

"We are always doing too much for one man, and too little for another," Wipf explained. "Wheat and chaff must grow together and they are not divided until the mill."

"And you live this way to prepare for the 'mill'?"

The preacher's face turned stern, and, as he spoke, heads around the room nodded in a chorus of agreement. "The only reason to live this way is for salvation—eternal life forever with God in Heaven. It is not the only way, but it is the safest. That's the comfort that's in my heart always, every minute. Without that comfort, the Hutterish could not exist. Life is very serious—full of work, full of sacrifice, full of fear. But the Lord Jesus Christ set us an example. We live as the disciples did. We are used to it. We are born in it. It is not so difficult as if we came to it, like you, from the outside world."

The old man, leaning on his cane, said loudly, "If it wasn't for my church and my soul, I wouldn't stay here overnight."

"But why do you practice Communism?" I asked.

Preacher Wipf cocked his head back. "We do not like that word," he said. "It sounds like we are like the Russians. But they do not have real Communism. They have rulers who are very rich. They do not share everything, truly. We have community of goods just like the first Christian Church, and we have as little liking for the Russians as you."

In his Lutheran Bible he laboriously read me Acts 4:32-35, his lips moving in his white beard: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common. . . . Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold. And laid them down at the Apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

"Come," finished Wipf, "I will show you our colony."

#### "ALL THINGS IN COMMON"

THE bulky figure of the Minister led me outdoors into the hundred-yard-long, weed-covered common extending between two parallel rows of neat, white-painted colony houses. Except for the fieldstone structures housing the colony laundry and the dining-hall, most of the buildings were two-story frame homes moved there from neighboring farms bought up by the colony. To the townspeople, the house-movings must have been a fateful sight.

While the Minister, his thirty-five-year-old son, John Wipf, Jr., and I walked along, window curtains twitched and kerchief-covered heads, half hidden, watched us pass. A half-dozen young boys trooped solemnly behind us. Smaller children, pushing each other pell-mell in little red carts like wooden sulkies, came careening and laughing across our path. Young Wipf grinned and said, "Kids sure are the same everywhere in the world, I guess. Here, look at our 'Little School.'"

In a gleamingly clean, entirely varnished room, two dozen little Hutterites sat at a long table and stared at us as they obediently continued spooning noodle soup into their mouths. One of the three women who takes turns as the baby-sitting "teacher" of kindergarten was preparing along the wall a dormitory of beds for the children's afternoon naps.

The screaming wail of an electric siren startled me, sounding a harshly modern note in this old-



world scene. It was lunchtime. I couldn't help thinking of a farmer who had told me, soberly, that the Hutterites ate their dead. From every direction, like spokes of a wheel, Hutterites streamed along worn paths through the sparse weeds on the common, converging on one of the stone buildings. Inside, the dining-room had pale blue plaster walls and two long rows of pine tables and benches. At one row sat the men and at the other, the women. From a large, cement-floored kitchen, in which I could glimpse several modern electric ranges, young Hutterite girls hurried to and fro doing their annual tour of kitchen duty. They carried in heavy platters of roast mutton, boiled potatoes, fresh asparagus, spinach soaked in vinegar, freshly baked bread, pitchers of milk and buttermilk, pots of coffee, plates of butter, and tall jars of honey.

The Minister, as a mark of his office, was served his meals alone at his house. I sat with John Wipf, Jr. There was a brief, muttered grace, and the "amen" was the starting gun of a race. The air was explosively filled with arms and metal forks as each man loaded his tin plate from the heaped platters along the center of the table. But I was courteously passed each platter, and felt obliged to have a helping of everything. Except for the vinegary spinach, I was not sorry. Few spoke during the meal and it was over in fifteen minutes.

Shepherded by the younger Wipf, I continued my tour of the colony. We headed toward a one-room white schoolhouse set symbolically apart from the rest of the colony. Here during the winter a state-certified teacher, paid by the Hutterites, instructed eight grades of grammar school or "English School" in obedience to the state law. I asked if any of the Hutterites ever went to high school in town.

John shook his head. "English School is enough for farming, and you do not have to be educated to be good. If we knew too much about the world, we might fall in love with it."

One reason why the sect has lasted for over four centuries, I reflected, is undoubtedly its very strangeness from the rest of the world. Only through complete isolation in every way—geography, language, education—could the Hutterites maintain their faith and way of life.

John opened the door of the schoolhouse and put his finger to his lips. Just inside, on a folding cot, lay the large form of the Minister, sound asleep and breathing heavily. In the classroom beyond him, the desks had been stacked against one wall. Along another wall, lying on individual cloth mats spread on the floor, were a dozen or so boys in varying degrees of fidget. Carefully segregated along the opposite wall were an equal number of girls, peeping slyly across at the boys.

This was the nap hour of the *Grosse Schule* or Big School for children from five through fourteen. The Minister and his assistant minister supervise *Grosse Schule* as one of their communal duties, keeping the children busy at odd jobs—but often allowing them to roam freely at play.

As we left, John explained the communal organization. The spiritual and administrative head is the Minister who is assisted by a vice-minister and advised by a seven-man board of elders. Next in the chain of authority comes "The Boss" (John Wipf, Jr.), who handles the colony finances. The "Farm Boss" is in charge of the entire farming operation, and subordinate to him are the "hog boss," "sheep boss," "poultry boss," "dairy boss," a blacksmith, a carpenter, and a cobbler.

## Heavenly Bodies



The distaff duties in the colony are organized by a senior Hutterite woman. Every woman has her community chores. Unmarried girls, for example, do weekly stints in the colony creamery, have week-long jobs in the kitchen and vegetable garden, and fill regular baby-sitting assignments with children under two-and-a-half to free mothers for housekeeping.

All the colony elders and bosses are elected by the vote of male Hutterites over the age of twenty-one. Selection of ministers begins with nominations by the elders in secret ballot. The names of men receiving two or more votes are then put in a hat and the minister is picked by drawing a name from the hat. This way, explained John, God makes the final choice.

#### PROSPERITY UNDER GOD

WE HAD reached two long tin sheds and a mammoth quonset hut. With obvious pride, John flung open the doors. The buildings were jammed with tractors, huge self-propelled combines, and every imaginable piece of farm equipment—including some the Hutterites had designed and built themselves. I was reminded of the resentful farmer's remark that there would be no trouble over the colonies—if the Hutterites still used oxen and hoes.

We stood on a knoll above the colony. The afternoon was waning and the clear air hung still. Symmetrical gray, green, and brown swatches of crops stood out in crisp relief. Broad flocks of geese and chickens, herds of cattle, sheep, and hogs touched the earth with white and black. From high overhead came the forlorn cry of diving nighthawks. From the live-stock pens sounded grunts and clucks—both human and animal—as the Hutterites did their chores.

"It's easy to see why your neighbors think you are rich," I said.

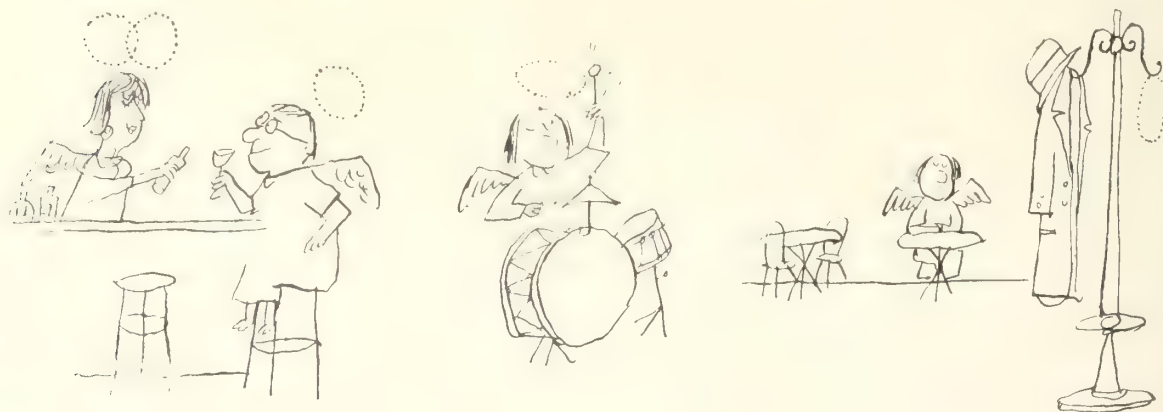
John folded his arms and looked me in the eye. "You figure it out. Seventeen families farm 6,000 acres, which is about 350 acres a family—the smallest size farm you can live off. We have more people to feed than most farmers. There are 135 in the colony—averaging eight to a family. There are thirty-five men over twenty-one and their gross income last year would come to only about \$1,400. There are fifteen colonies in South Dakota, and we're the only one without mortgages."

He paused, chewing rapidly on a stalk of grass. "Anyway," he continued, "if everybody thinks our way of doing things has made us rich, why don't they try it themselves? They know they couldn't do it for one day without religion."

We strolled toward a nearby house. With complete casualness, John threw open the front door and in we marched.

Sitting on the floor was a little girl, with her legs tucked under the round gingham pool of her dress and her velveteen helmeted head bent over a gaily illustrated children's book. She was the only person in the house, and she ignored us.

The house, the home of the sheep boss, was divided into two four-room apartments. I was startled, momentarily, to discover that all the rooms were bedrooms. But since there is no cooking, eating, or party-giving at home—and families average eight members—bedrooms and privacy are the only needs. The home was superhumanly clean and orderly. The walls and ceilings were of immaculate white plaster, and the wood floor and pine furniture, varnished to a glassy sheen, seemed brand-new. Since Hutterites have almost no money of their own, there were virtually no possessions to clutter the room. Almost all the furniture was homemade, but beautifully so. The beds were deep with down





mattresses and patchwork quilts. Bureaus and clothes chests, built by the colony carpenter, had been meticulously decorated by the women of the colony. There were embroidered, flower-patterned table runners, delicately painted floral designs, and, contrived out of wire and pheasant feathers, stylized, branching bouquets of artificial daisies geometrically arranged in vases.

I was surprised. "Doesn't your religion forbid decoration?"

John Wipf looked pensively down at the gleaming floor. "Yes," he said, "strictly they are forbidden. The old men say the flowers should be in your heart, not on your table. And the Bible says you should not make graven images." He raised his head and a defiant note entered his voice. "But I have a picture on my wall, and I don't worry about it. If you keep your road too clean, you have to bend down all the time, picking and picking. Then you never get to stand straight." Then he smiled. "That reminds me, would you like to see our vegetable garden? My father is down cultivating it. That's one of his jobs."

As we walked toward the garden laid out on a piece of bottom land below the colony, John told me more about Hutterite morality. "You got no garden where no weeds grow. We are not perfect. Human is human, and we are often drawn a little off the way. This is one reason we live close to each other—so we can help each other be good. If one makes a mistake, the other is there to tell him while it's still a little mistake. Our duty is to keep the weeds down. That's easiest when you keep them small. Here, let me show you our iceboxes, they're on our way."

Next door to the dining-room were two walk-in refrigerators. In one, floor and shelves were covered with trays of butter, pans of eggs, bags of lettuce, pails of sweet milk and buttermilk,

and cheese. The other was a deep-freeze where turkeys, chickens, and cuts of lamb and beef were heaped like kindling-wood.

#### RENDERING UNTO CAESAR

THE colony also stockpiles its dry goods, John told me. Each fall, the Woman Boss, her husband, and young Wipf (The Boss) drive the colony truck to Minneapolis. In three days at a wholesale house they buy for each member one pair of shoes, for each man six pairs of suspenders, and an allotment of cloth from which the women will make all the clothes for their families.

"When we first moved here from Bon Homme Colony," John said, "we went into some stores in town to buy. The clerks, they'd stare at our beards and our clothes, and get together in the corners and behind the counters and they'd laugh and go 'baaa' and yell 'Santa Claus.' Gosh, that made me feel bad. So we thought, 'If we're that crazy-looking, we'll go elsewhere!'"

"Then you don't spend money locally?"

"Oh, I know that talk," said John, his voice getting angry. "Those guys are either stupid or jealous. The colony expenses last year was over \$50,000 and that mostly was spent in towns right here. We've already spent over \$1,500 this year at Randall's Super Market in Huron. We get a 5 per cent discount there. Every person in the colony gets a regular thirty cents a month for spending money, but any time anybody goes to town to buy something for the colony, he can spend a little of the change for himself—for ice cream, a little toy for his child, a beer in a bar. During harvest, the colony buys two cases of beer for every man over twenty-one. Sure we shop wherever we get the best treatment. Just 'cause we're religious, doesn't mean we aren't in business."



"Do you pay taxes?" I asked.

"I wonder how long we would last if we did not pay taxes," he answered. "Our enemies would eat us up. We pay every tax every farmer pays, even on the beef and poultry we eat ourselves. If you look it up in Washington, we are a religious institution and we are exempt. But we pay taxes to make it easier. Even Jesus did it to get out of trouble."

"You said you buy beer. Are you allowed to drink?" I asked.

"People think because we live by our religion, we're not human. We cannot get drunk, but we can drink, even in bars. Even if we can't dance or have music, we still have good times. In the spring all the couples who got engaged during the year get married in one ceremony. You can be sure we are not solemn that day."

"But your rules are very strict, are they not?"

With a slight smile, John said, "They are God's, not our rules. But, yes, we cannot smoke, have radios, listen to music, dance—things like that. I do hear that some hide radios or sneak a cigarette in a men's room in town. Just like other people, we have no exemptions from temptations. But we try to protect ourselves. We work hard and have little idleness. When we go to town, we only go in pairs."

"If a Hutterite breaks a rule or shirks his work, how is he punished?"

"Until he publicly repents, he is deprived of the love of his brethren. That is punishment enough for a Hutterite. If he will not repent, he is banished from the colony. That has happened."

In the garden the Minister, with the help of three small boys from the *Grosse Schule*, was fitting together long lengths of aluminum pipe for sprinkling the area with water pumped from the nearby river. In another corner three older girls with big pails, assisted by a horde of little girls with little pails, were picking lettuce for

the evening meal. Supervising them all was the Woman Boss.

Preacher Wipf put his head to one side and smiled quizzically at me. "Well?" he asked, "are you learning the truth about us?"

"Yes" was all I could say. "Yes, I am."

What the Hutterites wanted, I thought, was just the "blueberry pie," "America the Beautiful" brand of freedom of which we boast so often. But the state legislature found it impractical to give it to them. South Dakota's lawmakers believed that if 1,500 Hutterites received classic democratic freedom, a fraction of the state's 653,000 citizens would suffer. They had no confidence that it is safe to allow genuine freedom, and that, if it is truly the best way of life, freedom must have a mighty, inborn strength.

Just as the Hutterite religion has been the sublime purpose which has kept the sect going in a hostile world through nine generations, genuine freedom is supposed to be the "rock" upon which a democracy is built. A town or nation without a foundation of genuine freedom is instinctively fearful that a vigorous communal society will prevail.

The result, in the case of South Dakota, has been a show of legal force, not a rebuilding on basic freedom.

#### THE HATTER'S PEOPLE

THE screaming siren split the air. "It's time for church," said Wipf. "Would you like to come?"

The service was held in the dining-room. The tables had been pushed together in the middle of the room and long, high-backed benches were against the blue plaster walls. The black-suited, bearded men sat along one wall. The kerchiefed women faced them woodenly along the opposite wall. At the far end of the hall, the Minister stood at a low table. Without any apparent signal, an ecie hymn began. The men chanted in German a repetitious bass part, and the women sang a simple melody in shrill, nasal voices which made me shudder. On the last note, they all slid forward onto their knees and, with heads bowed over clasped hands, recited a prayer aloud in German.

For the rest of the service the Minister read in singsong German from the "Teach Book," the Hutterites' traditional, handwritten code which lays down everyday rules of conduct based on literal statements in the Bible. The Teach Book, which is the center of each Spartan service, underscored for me that the Hutterites are perhaps



by  
Lorne  
Wipf



the most extreme Protestant fundamentalists in this country.

But the Hutterites are not a product of today's fundamentalist return to the religion of the early Christians, the movement which has brought astonishing growth to the Pentecostal, Holiness, and Adventist groups. They are instead an enduring vestige of the similar historic Reformation of the sixteenth century from which have evolved most of today's conservative, Protestant denominations.

The sect originated in Moravia in 1528 as ultra-fundamentalist dissenters in an Anabaptist sect called the "Swiss Brethren"—the ancestors of today's Mennonites. The dissenters insisted on community-of-goods, and had as their first Minister a Tyrolean hat maker named Jacob Hutter (after the German word for hat). Hutter not only gave his name to the sect, but laid down the laws and customs which still survive.

After two hundred years of persecution, usually brought on by the refusal to bear arms, the small remaining group of communal Hutterites ironically received sanctuary in then monarchist Russia. The Emperor promised the Hutterites one hundred years of freedom from army service. The pact was kept, but was not renewed ninety-nine years later.

In 1874, to avoid military duty, 250 Hutterites emigrated from Russia to South Dakota, forming the Bon Homme and Wolf Creek Colonies near the Nebraska border. In the depression and droughts of the 1930s, the industrious Hutterites were welcomed throughout the Dakotas and Montana as people able to buy farms and bolster the farm industry. But they still refused to bear arms and in both world wars were Conscientious Objectors. Currently there is a continuous crew of Hutterite draftees in C.O. camps building roads and dams in the Black Hills.

#### LIKE MARRIED PEOPLE

AS I stood with the Minister outside on the community common after service, a young man in his early thirties came toward us. He was dressed as a Hutterite and was nearly clean-shaven except for a tiny beard at the end of his chin—evidently the minimum the Hutterite law allows. The Minister introduced us and explained that the young man, who was from a neighboring colony, had run away at the age of seventeen and served in the Navy for nine years. The day he was discharged, he had set out for his colony.

"Why did you come back?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Same as any other serviceman, I just come back home to the place I was born, the place I was raised," he answered.

"Why did you run away, then?" I asked.

"I hadn't been baptized so I hadn't made no promise to stay in the colony," he explained. "I didn't worry. I was just a young punk. You don't get saddled down to religion till older. I wanted to see what the heck goes on. I thought money was all you needed to be happy."

The Minister, who had been nodding his head in agreement, observed, "There's half a dozen leaves from some colony every year. Some marry and never come back, but mostly they're glad to get home. In a year or so they find that money, it ain't so easy to pick up. And their conscience begins to get 'em. When a belief's been preached into you all your life, it don't leave you alone. When they come back, we don't punish 'em amount to anything, just pray a little with them."

"In our religion," continued the younger Wipf, "a sinner apologizes to the church and the Lord forgives him and he is happy again. It is like a child who breaks something in the house. He is shy to get home that night, he feels so bad and guilty. Then he tells his father, say, 'Daddy, I broke that.' Daddy is very mad and says, 'Don't do that again.' Then the child is happy again."

A young, handsome Hutterite whom I had met earlier joined in the explanations. "You asked me before why we are happy in this life," he said. "While I was out mowing hay I been thinking how I could tell you in English how would love be. The Hutterish are like married people. If a man do not love his wife, he has a bitter life on earth, maybe leaves her. If they love each other, they are happy absolutely; they stay together. It is the same way with us. If our love of God and each other go out, and I feel the brothers do not like me, I would have too much down pressure in my heart; I would feel too lowly. I could not live here; I would go away."

I was touched and did not doubt him for a moment. I thought of the townspeople's picture of the Hutterites.

"Don't people come here to visit you and find out how you live and believe?" I asked.

"Many people come here," said the Minister. "To our faces they are nice, and they are welcome. But they do not trust what their eyes see—only what their ears hear in town. King David said, 'They eat at my table, yet they hate me.' We could say that. We really could."

BY *William S. White*

HARPER'S WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Arnold Newman

# EISENHOWER

opens  
the last act

An appraisal of Ike's performance in his big roles . . . the legacy he is leaving to Nixon . . . and his probable place in history

WASHINGTON—The Eisenhower Era is now about to enter its last and most difficult phase. The new Congress arriving in January will put the President to tests that will certainly be new to him and possibly quite dismaying as well. The extraordinary conspiracy of political kindness toward him can endure no longer, if only because the impulse to normal Democratic partisanship inevitably will rise in this prelude to the 1960 Presidential election.

For six years Mr. Eisenhower, of all Presidents, has been least alone with the immense, bleak responsibility of his office. The "Staff System" . . . the eager embrace of powerful well-wishers in every part of our society . . . his luminously gregarious personality which draws so many people to him so strongly—all these have made him more nearly a symbol than a personally functioning leader.

These human and institutional props must now fall away in the climax of his strange personal and political drama. We may now expect the lights to begin to focus directly on the principal actor on a progressively emptying stage.

This seems a good moment, then, to attempt an appraisal of Dwight D. Eisenhower and his Administration, for their mark upon our times and their significance for the future. Some of what follows will be as objective as I can make it. Some will be frankly subjective and impressionistic. But all will be based upon two things: (1) an affection and personal respect for Mr. Eisenhower and veneration for his office; (2) a conviction that the Eisenhower tenure has warned the nation that we ought not to try soon again the experiment of putting a political amateur—however decent—into the White House.

The wisest thing I ever heard about Mr. Eisenhower was said before he became a candidate by a man who liked him. One night at dinner, in early 1952, Speaker Sam Rayburn of Texas was being pressed by enthusiastic Eisenhower-for-President talk. Rayburn turned his bald head toward the window, flicked his lips in the quick, nervous way of a man expelling fragments of cigarette tobacco, and said of the personage he had known fondly for years only as Captain Ike:

"No. No. Won't do. Wrong business."

This was then a prophecy; it is now, I think, a proper epitaph for an administration.

All men in public life both benefit and suffer from inaccurate—that is, overblown or underblown—public images of themselves. And none, surely, more than Mr. Eisenhower.

There is, for example, the undying assumption



that he is a "soldier" or a "military man." In truth he was never really either, except in name. The latter part of his Army career was one of an earned distinction; it was not, however, the distinction of soldiering. Eisenhower was a superb politico-general—an able, high-level public-relations man in the good sense of a term that is deservedly unpopular.

As Supreme Allied Commander in Europe his main function was to serve as the flexible joint between two massive pistons. These pistons were Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston S. Churchill, each of whom thought he knew very well how to win the war.

Men like Bernard Montgomery and Omar Bradley and J. Lawton (Joe) Collins—not to mention such lesser commanders as the late Maurice Rose, who flung our Third Armored Division across Belgium with the passionate flair of a Stonewall Jackson—knew far more about fighting than Eisenhower ever could. They had the instinct for grand homicide. This Eisenhower never had.

#### A GOOD SECOND-STRINGER

HE NEVER really had, moreover, the basic soldier's attitudes. In 1943 in England I was present when he paid an official visit to one of our camps. He went into what could only be called a gruffly paternal routine by striding up to a file of enlisted men and asking, solicitously and loudly, about the quality of the chow. Now many might suppose that this was a mighty fine way to treat "our boys." Maybe it was, but it was *not* "Army."

Again, Congress was in a colossal row some years ago in an investigation involving the old B-36 bomber and the services' rival concepts of high strategy. Of the dozens of wearers of gold braid who came to testify from Army, Navy, Air, and Marines, only one hesitated to identify himself firmly with his own service. This one was General Eisenhower. He found that there was a great deal to be said for both sides. George Marshall, in contrast, went all the way in support of the Army position. Eisenhower left his old service and his old comrade, General Bradley, measurably short of such backing.

This is not to suggest that Eisenhower gave anything but his honest opinion; it is only to suggest that his opinions often are hardly firm. Moreover, at that precise moment I knew he was going to be "available" for the Presidency one day. His testimony was a mediator's, not a soldier's.

I should have preferred not to serve in a regiment commanded by Eisenhower—not because he lacked courage, but simply because he was made for concord and conciliation rather than combat. He was both less and more than a soldier. He was a genius on a particular job of immense value. Eisenhower held the American and British Armies together—as Montgomery once told me and other correspondents in Normandy in an almost comically desperate loyalty to this Johnny-Come-Lately Yank—and it was in this way that he incontestably helped win the war.

Probably no other Allied officer—not even George Marshall, who might have had the Supreme Command—could have done that as well as *he* did. And it was more vital to the cause than running any single Army, no matter how ably. All the same, his was a highly specialized task, and while it was a great position, it was not, after all, at the summit of responsibility. Two gentlemen who thought very well of themselves—and with good reason—jointly occupied that lofty place: Roosevelt and Churchill.

Thus it is fair to say that Eisenhower's contribution was unique—one that a man who was *only* a soldier could not have made—but that it has been unduly inflated in the Eisenhower legend. (The President himself is entirely innocent of such inflation. It is true that the hucksters have endlessly got at him, but it is also true that he has never huckstered himself in this regard—just as it is true that he told the people with total honesty how much and how little of a day-to-day President he would attempt to be if they chose to re-elect him after his heart attack.)

The qualities that enabled him to make his special contribution to the war were precisely those qualities—great flexibility, a graceful bending to the winds blowing from other quarters—that have caused him dangerously to diffuse and dilute the responsibilities of the Presidency. He had, and has, an appealing boyishness (for all that he is now in his late sixties) that made him an incomparably good second man but hardly a top-rank first man.

He has, moreover, that odd quality we call glamor, which is usually suggested in the word photogenic. This is seldom a characteristic of those who stand on the chill and lonely pinnacle of power. FDR had charm, in a way; but it merely covered an inner steeliness that could break an enemy's back in the most graceful way. People greatly liked Churchill, but not because he ever asked them to. He made it plain that

he couldn't care less whether they liked him or not. Harry Truman is very sociable—but he is also very tough. Power and decision most of all emanated from these men. Pleasantness and decency most of all emanate from Eisenhower.

Again, it has been increasingly my opinion that he has a strong streak of pacifism—West Point background and all. This, if true, is a matter of capital irony for those who had feared Eisenhower as “a military man in the White House.” It probably explains why Eisenhower has so often met foreign crises with a sort of missionary attitude of just “sitting down and talking things over.” He is indeed far less martially inclined than his Secretary of State, who never wore a uniform in his life.

The President's boyhood was spent in a religious atmosphere that was, so far as one can make out, about half Old Testament and half Quaker. Consequently one of the deepest parts of his nature rebels against even contemplating the use of force. Perhaps this is why once he left the Army, the President became almost aggressively forgetful of Army tradition, old Army ties, and even—to some extent—of old Army friends.

George Marshall also held far grander places in mufti than he ever held in khaki. All the same I shall never forget his horror and incredulity when once I asked him: “I suppose, sir, that your greatest satisfaction came when as Secretary of State you restored the Western World through the Marshall Plan?”

“Good God, man!” Marshall replied, looking at me as though at an unaccountable lunatic. “Don't you realize that I spent forty years in the United States Army?”

#### THE SCHOOLBOOK PRESIDENT

ONE of my strong impressions of Eisenhower press conferences is that on one subject he always seems absolutely cogent, interested, and attentive. That is “peace,” and such aspects of foreign policy as may seem to be intertwined with strong prospects for peace. The President is never happy with strictly military questions. Equally, he does not relish getting down into the sweaty arena of purely domestic questions such as farm subsidies and labor legislation. He is quite capable of suggesting that such matters are far too trivial to bother him about. Sometimes he will ask almost plaintively that the interrogator go to the Secretary of Agriculture, or somebody—anybody but the President.

More than once, when some one of his department heads has been in public dispute with another, the President has amiably indi-

cated that surely nobody would suppose this to be any of *his* affair. He likes, in a word, to be *unengaged*. He was honestly troubled, for an example, by McCarthyism. But it is sheer nonsense to say that *he* ever did much to break McCarthy—though as a man rather than as a President he did usually set an example of decency and tolerance—if sometimes rather vaguely so. He would, on one occasion, seem to be saying flatly that he deplored the book-burning atmosphere of those times. But then again, perhaps a week later, he would draw back from the whole controversy, saying almost in so many words: “Who, *me?*”

His notion of the role of the Presidency is curiously schoolbooky. I mean no disrespect in saying that he is like a man who has read a civics text late in life, and takes with great literalness what it says about the separateness of the three branches of government.

This has brought him a great deal of criticism—not all of it justified. True, it has led him to fail grievously to give proper leadership on some matters—notably foreign policy and the assaults upon the Bill of Rights made by hysterics in his own party. But it has also caused him—and wisely so, in what is no doubt my distinctly minority opinion—to refuse to use his office as a sounding board for extremists on the segregation issue.

And his concept of the separation-of-powers doctrine has shown at least one excellent result. His respect for the Supreme Court—in his appointments to its bench and in his properly impersonal attitude toward its controversial decisions—has seemed to me in the highest Constitutional tradition.

Also the President's record as a binder-up of national wounds is good, even though it has often appeared to rest more upon a personal doctrine of *laissez faire* than upon anything else. In view of the nature of his war service—as an unguent at the highest level—this later record is easily understandable.

#### WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

TO SUM up: Here is a man whose private background has been essentially reformist, rural-humanist, and to that extent “liberal.” Though he has been passionately supported by most of the rich and by many of the well-born, he is in the old measure of “family” the least aristocratic President in history except Lincoln. Too, his is the first truly “foreign” name to appear upon our roster of Presidents; all the rest belong to the early wave of English, Scotch-Irish, and Dutch settlers.



## EISENHOWER

He is most of the time both an appealing and vital person, but a man whose power of persuasion is far higher than his power of consecutive logical thought and expression. It is amazing how clear it all sounds when one hears him talking discursively, and how utterly unclear it all is when read later in print. He is inordinately impressed by men of wealth—rather more, I should say—than by men simply of position. I have been told by an old Eisenhower associate that this is because Wall Street friends showed him how to make money both fast and honorably—while he was still a private citizen, of course—and that Mr. Eisenhower's response was like that of a delighted small boy:

"Golly, these guys are smart!"

Here is a man whose public background has been that of a military bureaucrat—with much of the "front man" in the good sense thrown in—and of a high civil-service worker and symbolic university head. The aura of it all is goodness and decency—but no grandeur and very little expertness. Here is much kindness, public and private, if perhaps in the sterilized, Community Chest fashion. Here is an embodiment of the calm, relaxed, somewhat precious country club life—golfing, cooking sometimes by the man of the house in his funny apron, good fellowship, and great tolerance. Here is a man (and an administration) that would never in the world burn a single witch—but would never dream a single high or daring dream.

The Truman Administration had little to do with country clubs and less with golf. It was anything but calm, but in all the clack and clamor there arose a good many striking ideas—along, of course, with a good many scandals. There was much hell-raising; but there was also much that was large and grand.

And the Administration that might have been—that of the late Senator Taft—would have looked equally different. Undoubtedly much less kindness, almost certainly much more expertise; a more dangerous foreign policy, but a more coherent one. We should always have known exactly where we stood, though perhaps we would not have liked the stance.

The Republican party, moreover, would have been a whole party (assuming that Taft had lived) and it would have been identifiably different from the Democratic party.

## THE LEGACY

**W**HAT I have described as the aura of Mr. Eisenhower and his Administration has, of course, been the aura in recent years of the United States itself. Thus it is risky to suggest that he has permanently altered the Republican party (and thus the two-party system), for national auras are subject to change.

Still, I do believe that whatever history may say about Eisenhower's leadership of the country, it is likely to say that he led his party into an odd schism that will change its whole structure for the foreseeable future. Eisenhower was not really a Republican when the Republicans nominated him in 1952—as he was not a politician then and is not now. He was the personification of an attitude—the type figure of a coalition, the expression of a middle-class view of life—that can add nothing in the long run to the strength or continuity of the Republican party.

For Mr. Eisenhower and his Administration have been neither liberal nor conservative, neither Republican nor Democratic. They have only been a kind of movement in popular consent. In this there has been much that was good for the country, in these particular times. There also has been much that was genially weak and confused. A man of many good qualities had no political quality to give to what is, after all, a political office.

In fact there has been no Republican President since Herbert Hoover—the party has yet to win the office since Franklin Roosevelt came to power a generation ago. The legacy of Vice President Nixon, the heir apparent, will by no means be all fortunate. It includes a Republican party that has for eight years been largely unused—a garaged machine, not wanted by Mr. Eisenhower. And yet, now, in these last two years, he must dust the thing off and somehow make it run. My own earnest hope is that he somehow does.



THE VERY BEST  
IN SCOTCH WHISKIE

# CATTO'S

Known as the best...  
wherever the best are sold

## GREY SEAL

*A choice light whisky  
of delicacy and finesse*

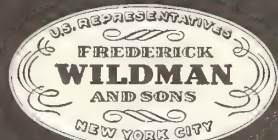
## GOLD LABEL

12 year old

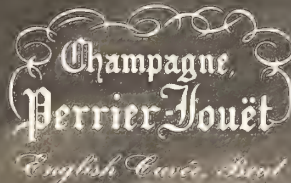
*A superb aristocrat  
for a special occasion*

WHY NOT ENJOY THE VERY BEST  
WHERE ALL TRUE PLEASURE LIES.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES—86 PROOF



THE VERY BEST  
IN CHAMPAGNE



Preference for individual  
Champagnes is largely a mat-  
ter of taste—or habit, with  
each brand following its own  
special style over the years.

Our beloved Perrier-Jouët  
has long stood foremost for  
sheer elegance and finesse  
on the exacting London and  
Paris markets, holding like  
allegiance from generations  
of American wine lovers. No  
finer Champagne is produced.

WHY NOT ENJOY THE VERY BEST...  
WHERE ALL TRUE PLEASURE LIES.

MR. HARPER'S

## After Hours

### COSMIC CHESS

ART movies (*i.e.* movies based on works of art or on the careers of artists) have in my opinion established a record of boredom unequaled even by travelogues. With very few exceptions they have been sentimentalized visual aids to visual arts that could speak better for themselves. The idea seems to have been that to make art interesting it had to be improved on by subjecting it to theatrical techniques, jazzed up, that is, and made to act like animated cartoons. Do you remember the film about Van Gogh? Do you remember "The Titan"? Would you be willing to sit through them again? I wouldn't.

But I have just seen another kind of art film that is unlike any that I have seen before and I would happily sit through it again. It is called "The Seventh Seal" (it opened in mid-October at the Paris theater in New York) and it was made last year in Sweden by Ingmar Bergman who wrote and directed it for Svensk Filmindustri, Sweden's oldest and largest movie studios. It contains all of the elements which usually are guaranteed to keep movie-goers away in droves. It is an allegory; it raises a great many questions that it doesn't answer; it is macabre without being melodramatic (which is the very opposite of the "horror" film); it moves at a leisurely pace, pauses

not infrequently to look at the landscape or seascape, and occasionally speaks in a kind of poetic language and with visually poetic images. The remarkable thing about it is that it never drags, never dwells too long on anything, and—for all the abstractness of the ideas with which it deals—it is never without suspense.

"The Seventh Seal" is laid in Sweden in the middle of the fourteenth century at a time when the Black Plague was ravaging all of Europe and had driven men to frenzies of superstition and of suspicion of their neighbors. Its plot is very simple. A knight, returned from the Crusades with his squire, meets the figure of Death on a stony seacoast and makes a deal with him. The knight suggests a game of chess. Though there is no doubt that Death must inevitably win this game, it gives the knight a respite in which to try to find the faith which the disillusionment of the Crusades has taken away from him. He hopes in the short time left to him to perform a single significant act. This is the simple theme, and though the outcome is obvious, the when and how of Death's ultimate triumph create an inevitable tension.

But why is it an "art film"? Its scenes are all based unobtrusively on a medieval mural that depicts a "Dance of Death." Early in the film there is a brief sequence of the artist at work on the mural. It depicts in an extremely simple and primitive

manner the behavior of the artist's contemporaries in the face of the plague, a scourge which they believe has been visited on them because of their sins. There are scenes of flagellation, of witch burning, of Death sawing down a tree in which a man has taken refuge. There are the knight playing chess with Death and wandering players who afford a kind of comic, humane, and hopeful relief to the horrors that beset the world. The film is an enactment of the scenes in the mural: the story of the knight's quest, of the innocent wandering player (who sees visions and his wife and baby, of a young woman accused of being a witch and her burning, of thieves who steal from the dead, of the agonies of death from the plague, of the brutality for its own sake to which people are driven by a fear which they can name but which they do not understand).

If that doesn't sound like a concoction specifically brewed for the purpose of driving people out of a theater, I'll drink it. Indeed I did drink it, to the very last bitter drop and I would not have left the theater with the cup half full. The conflict between reason and faith, between disillusionment and hope, and between the knight and Death had the excitement of a sort of cosmic game of cops and robbers, played for keeps.

The film won a prize at the Cannes film festival in 1957 for "the most artistic film." Don't let that





# HOURS

Emily  
all the wa  
her del  
hen it comes to your  
ter or film society. It  
rtistic" (a mealy word)  
reat many of the qual-  
It does not shy away  
th, it speaks with econ-  
ce, it is visually sugges-  
tive and satisfying, and it leaves you  
guessing.

—Russell Lynes

# FIT TO BE TIED

WE HAD come to Ludlow, Vermont, to find a tie factory, and we were lost. It is not easy to get lost in Ludlow, and we had passed the object of our search several times. It had no street number, no identifying sign, and it was not until we queried an elderly gentleman rocking on a porch that we found that Taylor Ties was in "the dirty-looking yellow building with the red curtains."

Outside was the cool green of Vermont; inside, a dazzling display of orange, red, and blue ties hanging on racks suspended from the ceiling. And to greet us, in a plain yellow cotton dress, there was the creator of the unusual and successful business. Mrs. Julie Taylor, an attractive, soft-spoken mother of three children, does not look like a revolutionary, but as she told us about her experiences we realized (and this impression was later confirmed by tie experts in New York) that she had been responsible for startling changes in the field of men's ties.

The Taylor story started six years ago. Julie Taylor, then living in New Haven and seeking ways to supplement the family income, had followed the suggestion of friends that she utilize her skill at sewing to make men's ties. "I had long felt," she told us over a glass of orangeade, that ties were too sumptuous and tentatious. They were made for people who rode in Cadillacs and limousines. I was looking for something for people with Volkswagens." Her first ties were made by hand and taken to specialty shops in New York. Here they received a quick reception among those New Yorkers who are willing to accept something a little unconventional—"artists, intellectuals, and doctors," she explained. Encouraged, she began to build up a staff. I deliberately avoided profes-

For extra Thrift Season savings

See Italy first



ORTISEI - DOLOMITES



# ... with the popular ITALIAN TOURIST ECONOMY PLAN

You'll be delighted by Italy's gentle, sunny climate . . . superb scenery . . . wonderful winter sports . . . her sparkling winter program of concerts, opera, social activities. And now your winter holiday in Italy costs less than ever, thanks to the thrifty

**I.T.E. PLAN, OFFERED ONLY THROUGH TRAVEL AGENTS HERE IN THE U. S. BEFORE YOU LEAVE, IN EFFECT FROM NOVEMBER 1ST 1958 TO MARCH 15TH 1959.**

The I.T.E. Plan provides a 20% reduction on ordinary rail and other transportation tickets . . . and saves you 10% on listed hotel, restaurant and night club bills.

**See your Travel Agent now!**



**ITALIAN STATE TOURIST OFFICE—E.N.I.T.**  
**Palazzo d'Italia, 626 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.**  
 CHICAGO: 333 N. Michigan Ave.  
 NEW ORLEANS: International Trade Mart  
 SAN FRANCISCO: St. Francis Hotel

**Will you help us put a nuclear reactor into orbit?**

"Develop a nuclear power plant so compact it can be carried by a reconnaissance satellite."

That's the newest project we're working on at Atomics International. We're excited by the scientific advances it will make possible . . . sobered by the magnitude of the job.

That's why we're appealing to senior-level engineers and scientists for help. We need your knowledge, your single-minded enthusiasm, to speed the day this reactor becomes a reality.

This is a rare opportunity for the dedicated engineer or scientist. You'll be working with one of America's major builders of power reactors. Advancement can be rapid. Ability is recognized—and rewarded. We'd like to talk with you—about your future and ours.

Please write to Dr. J. Conway, Professional Placement Office, Atomics International, 21600 Vanowen Street, Canoga Park, Calif.

**Atomics International**  
 A Division of North American Aviation, Inc.

**GIVE THE GIFT OF LANGUAGE**

**IT'S FUN TO LEARN**

by **LINGUAPHONE**  
 The World's Standard Conversational Method

**SPANISH (American or European) • FRENCH • GERMAN**  
**JAPANESE • ITALIAN • RUSSIAN**  
**MODERN GREEK • ICELANDIC**

—any of 34 languages available AT HOME

A Linguaphone Recorded Language Set is a lasting gift for young and mature—can invaluable asset in business, travel, school, armed services and social life.

**You Can Speak in 20 Minutes a Day**

You listen to Linguaphone's life-like conversational recordings and you learn another language AT HOME the same easy, natural way you learned to speak English long before you went to school.

**No Textbook Can Teach You To Speak**

Only LINGUAPHONE brings you 12 of the world's best native language teachers into your home. You hear both men and women speak about everyday matters in their native tongue. YOU understand. You SPEAK correctly as they do. It's like living in another country.

Linguaphone is used round the world by educators, governments, business firms. Over a million home-study students of all ages have learned another language this practical conversational way.

Send today for the FREE Brochure describing "The Gift of Language"; also details on how you may obtain a COMPLETE course unit in the language of your choice on FREE TRIAL. Linguaphone Institute, P.O. Box 1128, Radio City, New York 20.

In Canada: 901 Bleury St., Montreal.

**LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE**  
 T-4128 Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me: ☐ FREE Book ☐ FREE Trial, No Obligation Course

My language interest is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

World's Standard Conversational Method for Over Half a Century

## FOR MORE VACATION FUN

Get The **GIMLET**

## 30 YRS. TRAVEL-WISE TRAVELERS GUIDE

Where and How to Go. What to see. The Costs. CANADA thru FLORIDA, and Enroute Nassau, Cuba, West Indies. Includes N.Y.C. 220 PAGES illus. Price \$1.00\* postpaid. Address The Gimlet, Dept. 24-H, 745-5th Ave., N.Y.C. 22.

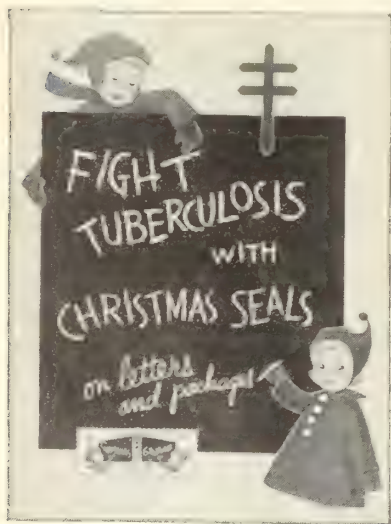
## Typical Hotels Recommended &amp; Described

## MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

**SEA VIEW HOTEL**, Gay, Exclusive, Comfortable. Featuring Private "Sky Balconies" Far North of Noise and Crowds. Superior Cuisine and Entertainment. Something New in Resort Luxury. Olympic Swimming Pool, Cabanas, Private Beach. Advanced "half hexagonal" plan, faces southeast for more sun and sea breeze. Rates Reduced during April and December. European Plan. Winter Season Only. Advance reservations advisable. Color Brochure on request. Fred L. Abel, Manager.

## TAMPA, FLA.

**HOTEL FLORIDAN**, Tampa's NEWEST and LARGEST HOTEL. Located in the heart of downtown Tampa. 400 rooms, each with private bath. COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED, including lobby, dining rooms, cocktail lounge, and meeting rooms. You will enjoy every courtesy and convenience in this modern hotel that features gracious Service and Real Hospitality, offering 19 FLOORS of solid comfort. Delicious food served in the Delightful atmosphere of the Crystal Dining Room, one of Florida's most beautiful places to dine. Free orange juice every morning. Connecting garage. James B. Pickard, Manager.

ALWAYS USE YOUR **ZONE NUMBER**

The Post Office has requested that you use zone numbers—wherever necessary—to effect prompt handling and delivery of magazines.

## AFTER HOURS

sional advice. Ties are made inside out and then reversed, an operation I performed with a pencil until I learned there was a machine designed to do it."

She insisted that we see the machine. A half-made tie was slipped over a rod, a lever pulled, and there was Mrs. Taylor with a finished tie in her hand and a look of triumph on her face.

The company's real start came when the first salesman to go out called back with some surprisingly large orders from the New England territory, and Julie Taylor was embarked on a business career that has continued to grow. As business got too big for its Connecticut quarters, the factory was moved to a Vermont farmhouse, then to a century-old gristmill in Chester, and finally to an abandoned butter-tub factory in Ludlow.

A necktie is an essentially uncomplicated bit of apparel, but to make a good one demands special attention and real creative thought, and both of these Mrs. Taylor was able to give. Her initial step was to discard the pointed tie for one with a square end; her next contribution was to see that the design (ties are cut from larger pieces) was centered on each tie. She also added a loop to secure the small end of the tie in place. Her major contribution, however, was in the quality and variety of her designs. She broke away from the regimental stripes, foulards, and plaids; and, unlike other tie-makers who release a group of designs twice a year, she averages a new design a day. She has created more than two thousand different designs since the firm began.

As the designs come in, older ones are retired, and these become, in a real sense, collector's items. There are men who boast they have complete collections. These men own not only the abstract and colorful designs (and particularly the broad horizontal stripes) which first caught my attention, but even what Mrs. Taylor calls her "conversation pieces." These are ties with Signs of the Zodiac, prints of old cars, liquor labels, theater posters, fishing flies and, to be introduced this fall, rebus designs, with pictures and words spelling out sentiments.

Also new to the tie world this fall

will be two other tions. One is a tie pocket in which to cache a house key, b quilters, or—and this evoked another delight from Mrs. Taylor for the young man in love, a ring for the night of the crucial question. T



other departure is bow tie for men who can't tie bows around their necks and who don't like ready-made ones. This is a tie which may be tied around the leg, just above the knee, where the width is usually about the same as the neck. The bow is then unclipped at the back and re-clipped in position on the neck.

Ties, I found out, are seldom selected by their wearer;

per cent of them are bought for, not by, men. This undoubtedly explains why, in addition to the regular outlets, Taylor Ties are sold by gift shops, "contemporary" stores, florists and in one case, a women's store. Women, Mrs. Taylor theorizes, save their consciences when they go shopping by picking up a present for the man who is picking up the bill.

Among the regular wearers of Taylor Ties are Dave Garroway and Bob Grauer and, a loyal patron of horticultural industries, Governor Joseph Johnson of Vermont. Mrs. Taylor also designed an "influential" tie for the recent promotion campaign of the *Saturday Evening Post*. But the company's greatest thrill came when one of its ties appeared on the cover of *Time*, around the neck of David McDonald of the United Steelworkers, proof that these ties are not the exclusive property of the aesthete.

Anyone interested in seeing the ties can find them at modest prices in good stores in any part of the country. For the name of the nearest outlet, drop a card to Mrs. Julie Taylor in Chester, Vermont (she has moved back to the gristmill since my visit). "Men who let store clerks select their ties are insecure," said Julie Taylor.

—Pyke Johnson, Jr.



Emily Kimbrough's **AND A RIGHT GOOD CREW** is perfect pleasure all the way — afloat on England's canals with the author of *Forty Plus* and her delightful and famous companions. Drawings by Mircea Vasiliu: \$3.95



The most beautiful picture book in years — Ylla's **ANIMALS IN INDIA**, with 24 pages of color and 68 pages of black and white photographs magnificently reproduced in gravure. The complete text of Ylla's Indian diary records her impressions of India and the circumstances in which the photographs were taken. \$10.00

In **ON MY OWN** Eleanor Roosevelt and private, since the death of F. D. R. "Her page."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*. 16 pages



shares her experiences, public zest for life crackles from every of photographs. \$4.00

"A merry book . . . It stirs laughter effortlessly," says the *N. Y. Times* of **MR. ROBBINS RIDES AGAIN**, Edward Streeter's story of the perils of dude ranching. Illustrated by Marc Simont. \$3.00



**ASK ME NO MORE** is the best novel yet written by Pamela Frankau, author of *The Willow Cabin*. It is the story of three passionate, vulnerable people in a glamorous — and conscienceless — world. \$3.95



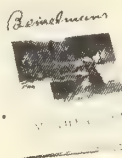
For Christmas everybody wants **THE NEW YORKER SPORTS AND GAMES** — some 400 cartoons and drawings decades of the active life, from an urbane (and essentially



**ALBUM OF** covering three urban) view. \$5.00

For everyone who wants to know what is *really* happening **INSIDE RUSSIA TODAY**, John Gunther's fascinating best-seller provides "more easily acquired information than any other single volume."—*N. Y. Times*. 550 pages. 5 maps. \$5.95

A book to delight the **MY LIFE IN ART**. With black and white drawings.



spirit and enchant the eye — Ludwig Bemelmans' 34 pages of paintings in full color and many Ideal for Christmas giving. \$5.95

**ALL IN ONE LIFETIME** is James F. Byrnes' inside story of his unique career in government and his wise and often sardonic memories of a crucial half-century. "Rich in observation and anecdote."



—WALLACE CARROLL, front page, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. Photographs. \$5.00



The gift for people who like to laugh and know how to think! James Thurber's **ALARMS AND DIVERSIONS**, containing 32 stories and essays and 180 Thurber drawings. \$4.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES *Harper & Brothers*

# the new BOOKS

PAUL PICKREL

## Academics, Owners, Artists, and Others

USUALLY it is as much a waste of time to find fault with a book's title as to quarrel with the advertising copy on its dust jacket, but when Paul Lazarsfeld and Wagner Thielens, Jr. call their new book **The Academic Mind** (The Free Press, \$6.50), they seem to me to lay themselves open to a charge of mislabeling. The book is a report on a very intricate piece of investigation undertaken in 1955 at the behest (and of course the expense) of The Fund for the Republic; it was an investigation designed to discover how much the red scare of the late 1940s and early 1950s intimidated or coerced or otherwise unfavorably affected the teachers of social science in American colleges. It is an interesting question, and an important one, but it is at most a fragment of the whole subject of "the academic mind."

The investigation began with the selection of a sample of American colleges; next professional interviewers from two different commercial polling agencies were hired to administer extensive questionnaires to all the teachers of the social sciences at the colleges selected; then the completed questionnaires were returned to the central office, where they were coded and classified in various ingenious ways by Lazarsfeld and Thielens and their research associates. *The Academic Mind* is essentially a series of graphs based on these codings and classifications, and a running commentary on them.

When so much expensive and highly trained manpower has been invested in a book, a mere reviewer who has also done time as a college teacher has to have considerable temerity to raise his voice in criticism. I confess that I am the kind of reader in whom a graph is likely to inspire more humility than understanding, that my grasp of statistical method is on a par with my grasp of nuclear physics, and that for me to question the results achieved by men as distinguished and successful in such matters as Lazarsfeld and Thielens is like a pig raising a squeal of protest at a pork-judging contest presided over by Messrs. Swift and Armour.

Yet I find myself a good deal annoyed and

disconcerted by the book. Its main contention—that teachers of social science in American colleges felt themselves to be under a good deal of pressure from right-wing critics in the years immediately preceding 1955—is established beyond dispute. Whether it was worth all the time and work and money that went into *The Academic Mind* to document what any alert observer of the academic scene already knew in a general way may be open to question, though I am willing to grant that it was.

Perhaps that is enough to say about the study; after all, it is not a book that many people will read, and interest in the subject may now be little more than academic, in at least two senses of the word. But I suspect that the book will have an influence far beyond its rather limited circle of readers; it is an example, and a very professional example, of a way of looking at society that now enjoys an enormous vogue; and it is the kind of intellectual enterprise that can attract talent and money in quantity in America. Apart from the occasion that called it into being, the book has a certain significance as a cultural artifact, as a big expensive piece of work that enough people believed in enough to get it done, like a Roman aqueduct or St. Paul's Cathedral or the Triborough Bridge.

## LOST DISTINCTIONS

ONE annoying thing about the book is that it makes almost no effort to distinguish between genuine victims of political pressure and the free-loaders of distress. In academic circles (as elsewhere), there is a good deal of free-floating anxiety, generalized dissatisfaction, sense of neglect, and mild paranoia, all of which tend to cluster around the most legitimate cause of discontent available at the moment. Teachers love to complain, and I suspect that there is a tendency in all of us to attach our complaints to the issue that will win us the largest, most attentive, and most sympathetic audience. Certainly that issue in the years 1948-55 was McCarthyism. Probably no survey can distinguish with strict accuracy between the victim chosen



by society and the victim chosen by himself, but Lazarsfeld and Thielens seem hardly to recognize that there is a difference, though with slightly better questions they could have established at least a crude distinction.

In addition, the authors go far beyond their primary task of discovering who was scared; they have constructed an elaborate typology of college professors which seems to me to have almost no foundation in their investigations. The key to their typology is the concept of "permissiveness"; they call it the "pivotal attitude" of the social scientists interviewed, which means that it is the quality of temperament by which they separate the sheep from the goats.

The term *permissiveness* undergoes a rather slippery evolution in the course of the book. Originally Lazarsfeld and Thielens use it because they regard it as a less confusing synonym for liberalism, but later it seems to take on an independent meaning; at least they are pleased to discover a "marked correlation" between permissiveness and liberalism, a correlation which would hardly be surprising if the two were synonymous. Still later any pretense that *permissiveness* is merely a descriptive term disappears, and it becomes frankly a term of approbation.

Yet I cannot see that Lazarsfeld and Thielens made much effort to find out who was or was not permissive in their sample. Unfortunately the word *permissiveness* has come into use too late to make any dictionaries, but it must mean something like "toleration of a wide variety of behavior"; a permissive parent is one who allows his children to do a lot of the things they want to do without subjecting them to correction or coercion. But Lazarsfeld and Thielens never tested the members of their sample to see if they tolerated a *variety* of behavior; they tested them to discover if they tolerated one kind of behavior, and *only one*.

A typical question, and it is very typical, asked if the teacher interviewed thought that "a controversial figure like" Owen Lattimore should be permitted to speak on the college campus. If the teacher gave an affirmative answer it might mean that he was permissive (that he disagreed with Lattimore but thought he had a right to be heard) or it might mean simply that he agreed with Lattimore and wanted students indoctrinated with Lattimore's point of view. With a question that involves only one name, there is no way of telling. But nothing would have been easier than to ask the professors how they would feel about inviting a variety of controversial figures to speak—a leading white supremacist, an officer of the NAACP, an advocate of socialized medicine, the president of the AMA, Robert M. Hutchins, William F. Buckley, Jr., and so on. From their answers to such a question it would be possible to tell how permissive the men inter-

viewed really were, or at least how permissive they liked to appear in the eyes of an interviewer (the question would still have been hypothetical and the answer anonymous).

#### RELUCTANT GUINEA PIGS

I AM struck by how much opposition the questionnaire encountered in the persons interviewed ("respondents"). Part of this resulted from the fact that the respondents were themselves social scientists, many of whom had administered polls and most of whom had used the results of polls. Any doctor is likely to resent having to take a dose of his own medicine, and, a cynic might add, his reluctance will not be reduced if he knows all the tricks for adulterating it. Part of the reluctance, too, doubtless arose from what I regard as an eminently healthy distaste for seeing one's loyalties and doubts turned into graphable numbers, a dislike for seeing the irreducible ambiguities of one's own position turned into statistics. And part of the opposition came, I suspect, from a feeling that to reduce the problem of academic freedom to a single pattern of liberalism (*permissiveness*) *versus* conservatism is to oversimplify it to the point where a teacher's own experience of freedom or constraint is largely irrelevant.

A college teacher, even more than most men, lives in a whole series of communities—his department, his college, his university, his field of scholarship and research, his family, his town, his region. Each of these communities is dominated by a group of orthodoxies, the generally accepted attitudes and ways of doing things. Some orthodoxies are political but many are intellectual and social; some deal more generously with dissenters than others; but all tend to perpetuate themselves by favoring their adherents. For most teachers, year in and year out, academic freedom lies only partly in their ability to utter unpopular political opinions; ultimately it is a man's freedom to be himself—politically, socially, intellectually—among the competing and often conflicting orthodoxies of the various communities in which he lives.

In one way *The Academic Mind* makes an attempt to cope with the complexity of this situation far better than most books dealing with academic freedom, for the authors realize that there is no such thing as "the college" in America; they recognize that there are many different kinds of colleges and that to treat a great university and the tiniest degree-granting girls' finishing school as if they faced the same problems and could solve them in the same way is unrealistic.

*The Academic Mind* contains a pleasant surprise in the form of a postscript-essay of more than a hundred pages (and more than a hundred footnotes) by David Riesman. Very quietly



# Give the books you



**WOMEN AND THOMAS HARROW** by John P. Marquand. One of the year's great fiction successes, the new Marquand novel is "spell-bindingly readable."—*N. Y. Times*. Many consider it "Marquand's best." \$4.75

\***AND PROMENADE HOME** by Agnes De Mille. Catherine Drinker Bowen and Jean Kerr, Phyllis McGinley and Emily Kimbrough, Ogden Nash, Joseph Welch, Mainbocher—everyone says Agnes de Mille's new book is "wonderful." Illus. with photographs. \$5.00

**THE PIG IN THE BARBER SHOP** by H. Allen Smith. A very funny, salty account of the famous humorist's travels through Mexico—crammed with good stories. "I read it avidly and gleefully."—HELEN HAYES. "Hilarious."—CARLETON BEALS. \$3.95

\***THE ATLANTIC BOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETRY.** Edited by Dame Edith Sitwell. "Magnificent . . . a cornerstone book that belongs on everyone's basic shelf."—JOHN CIARDI, Poetry Editor, *Saturday Review*. The best of poetry in English from earliest times to the present. 855 selections. 1130 pages. \$12.50

\***OUNCE DICE TRICE** by Alastair Reid, amusingly illustrated by Ben Shahn. A new kind of fun with words marks this charming book that's proving such a hit with parents, teachers, children, editors, advertising men, and just about everybody else. \$3.50

**THE VERSE OF OGDEN NASH.** "A perfect—indeed pluperfect—Treasury of Nashery, droll, delightful, delicious, dazzling."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*. Six volumes, boxed. \$20.00

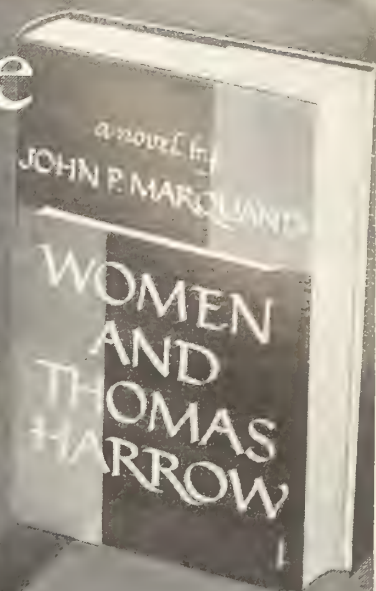
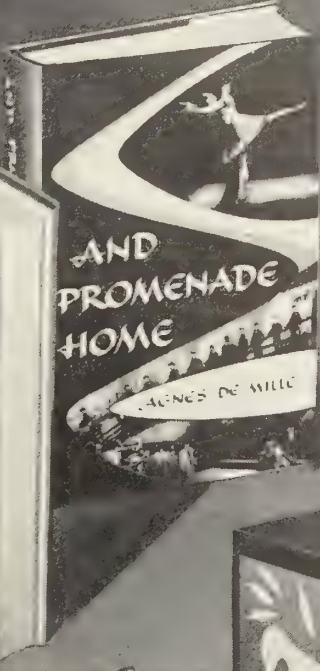
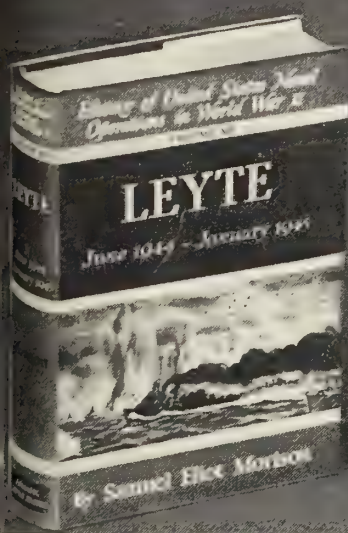
**BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.** Always a warmly appreciated Christmas gift. The new, completely revised Centennial Edition contains 1068 pages of quotations with an index of more than 115,000 entries. \$10.00

\*Atlantic Monthly Press Books

## LITTLE, BROWN



# would like to receive



**LEYTE: June 1944-January 1945** by Samuel Eliot Morison. Volume XII in Admiral Morison's celebrated *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II* gives the full story of the greatest naval battle of all time. Illustrations and Maps. \$6.50

**THE BOUNTY TRILOGY** by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. With illustrations in color by N. C. Wyeth. In a single volume, the sea adventure masterpieces of our time: *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Men Against the Sea* and *Pitcairn's Island*. \$6.50

*For Boys and Girls*

**JACK AND JILL ROUND THE YEAR BOOK.** Edited by Ada Campbell Rose. The best from America's popular young people's magazine, *Jack and Jill*. Illustrated. \$3.95

**GEORGE GOES TO TOWN** by Phyllis Rowand. More adventures of that wonderful dog, George, with drawings in color by the author on every page. \$2.75

*For All Who Love Good Cooking*

**FANNIE FARMER'S BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL COOK BOOK.** "Modern Kitchen" Edition. \$3.95

**COOKING FOR TWO** by Janet McKenzie Hill. Completely revised by Sally Larkin. \$3.75

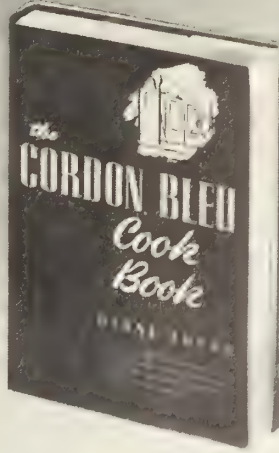
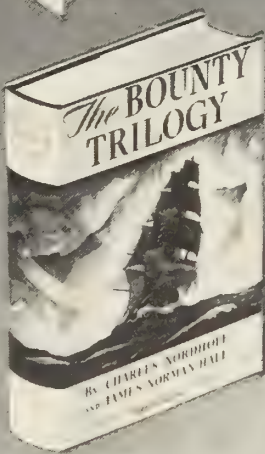
**CORDON BLEU COOK BOOK** by Dione Lucas. The finest French recipes adapted for American home cooking. \$3.95

*Especially for Christmas!*

**TORTEN'S CHRISTMAS SECRET** by Maurice Dolbier. A modern classic. With colorful pictures on every page. \$3.00

**THE CHRISTMAS THAT ALMOST WASN'T** by Ogden Nash. A Christmas story in verse for the whole family. Illustrated by LINELL NASH. \$3.00

**THE CHRISTMAS COOKIE BOOK** by Virginia Masley. Scores of tempting recipes. \$3.50



See these gift books  
at your bookstore

## COMPANY



## THE NEW BOOKS

Riesman dissociates himself from the fancy superstructure built up in the body of the book—for instance, he uses the word *permissiveness* only twice (once in a footnote), and both times he puts it between quotation marks, as if he wouldn't care to handle it without tweezers.

Riesman's assignment was to see how well the pollsters did their job; he sent out some follow-up questionnaires by mail, and in company with a colleague he went around to some of the campuses and talked to people who had been interviewed to see how they felt about the whole thing. He concludes that the pollsters did a pretty good job, but such a summary hardly does justice to his essay.

Riesman rarely touches social science without leaving it somewhat less scientific and considerably more interesting than he found it. He is a man fascinated by human behavior (especially his own), a disappointed novelist. What he really does in his essay in *The Academic Mind* is to rehumanize the whole subject; while officially confirming the accuracy of the survey he actually makes one wonder why it should have been undertaken, because its graphs and statistics are such a clodhopperish substitute for intelligence, perception, sympathy, and imagination.

**IN The Academic Marketplace** (Basic Books, \$4.95) Theodore Caplow and Reece J. McGee use the statistical method to investigate another aspect of academic life—the turnover in professors in certain educational institutions. When I read the book I thought it not very good, but after *The Academic Mind* it seems so modest in its pretensions and expenditure of funds that I feel quite kindly disposed toward it.

The study is characterized by a tone of innocent shrewdness (or perhaps "misplaced knowingsness" would be better) which is fairly common in writing in the social sciences. When, for example, the authors were told that a certain professor made a sacrifice in changing jobs, they know better: they know that people do not make sacrifices; the new job must have carried more prestige. On the other hand, when a department head said that a certain man had been hired because he played

the recorder ("Because he played the recorder?" "Yes, we thought that would be nice"), the possibility that anybody's leg was being pulled seems not to have occurred to them.

But it would be unjust to multiply examples. *The Academic Marketplace* contains a good deal of useful information, and its chief faults are those of incompleteness. The book ends with a series of sensible suggestions for improving the hiring of college teachers. Most of the suggestions are obvious, but that does not mean that they are in the least unnecessary, or that their adoption would not be an improvement.

## SPEAKING OUT

**AFTER** these two studies of the problems of the academic bureaucracy it is a comfort to turn to a book concerned with the quality of education offered in American colleges—*Some of My Best Friends Are Professors*, by George Williams (Abelard-Schuman, \$3.95). The title strikes me as corny, and some of the writing carries a little more of the accent usually associated with the cracker barrel than I care for, but nonetheless this is a wise book.

At the expense of ignoring much that is long considered, deeply felt, and well put, I would say that Williams is primarily concerned with the problems raised by the conflict of two different educational economies in our colleges. Most present-day professors grew up in an era of educational scarcity—they think of education as a privilege, a hazardous and unpleasant initiation into a mystery whose gate-keepers they have now become. Their students, on the other hand, are living in an era of educational abundance; the goods they are offered in the classroom no longer have the value of scarcity; teaching must recommend itself to them on other and, Williams thinks, saner grounds.

Williams believes that learning is nothing if not a joyous activity, and his book is essentially an invitation to professors to cast off their bad manners, their cultism, their efforts to use the classroom as an arena to get back at the world, and rediscover joy.

This is not quite as simple-minded as I make it sound. Williams' book

"No book can be more timely"

—RAYMOND SWING



## Eisenhower: Captive Hero

by Marquis Childs

NATIONAL BEST SELLER • ILLUSTRATED • \$4.75

"There are some women whose emotionalism must be reckoned at gale force. To judge by her memoirs, Alma Mahler Werfel has been one of them."

—Newsweek

## And the Bridge is Love

by Alma Mahler Werfel

The autobiography of the woman who was wife to Gustav Mahler and Franz Werfel. Illustrated, \$5.95



A literary event  
— the first book of verse from the distinguished scholar, critic, and teacher

I. A. Richards  
Goodbye Earth  
and other poems

\$3.75

"One of the most significant books on public affairs of the last ten years."

— ROBERT G. SPIVACK,  
Washington correspondent, N.Y. Post

## BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS

A Personal History of the Atomic Scientists  
by Robert Jungk

\$5.00







This book contains the testimony of forty-two witnesses, those who knew Anne Frank. It winds to school and through dreams, across the borders of exile to a hiding place, and at the end follows the pathway to death. Anne was gracious, capricious, tender. She felt deeply and knew fear. But she had her own special kind of courage.

*Anne Frank*

A PORTRAIT IN COURAGE  
by Ernst Schnabel

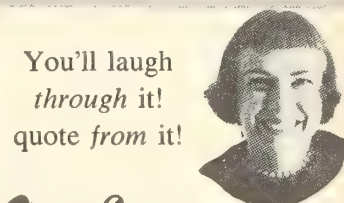
Illustrated with photographs \$3.95

# GEORGE ORWELL'S THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER

"is a masterpiece . . . a basic document in the intellectual history of this century."

—Richard H. Rovere

ILLUSTRATED • \$4.50



You'll laugh  
through it!  
quote from it!

# Confessions of Mrs. Smith

RECKLESS RECOLLECTIONS,  
TRUE OR OTHERWISE

by Elinor Goulding Smith \$2.95

With rare wisdom, sophistication and reverence, the author of *The Screwtape Letters* discusses one of the best loved books of the Bible.

**C.S. LEWIS**

# Reflections on the Psalms

\$3.50



**HARCOURT, BRACE  
AND COMPANY**

presents

# 14

superb Christmas  
gifts

"... about half a dozen young Americans in love and in Florence . . . I am beginning to ask myself if there has been a better-written or more originally personable first novel by a young American—miss or mister — since *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*."

—ROBERT PHELPS,  
N. Y. Herald Tribune

# Water Music

A novel by  
**Bianca VanOrden**  
\$3.95



*The Origins of the Avant-Garde  
in France, 1885 to World War I*

# THE BANQUET YEARS

by Roger Shattuck



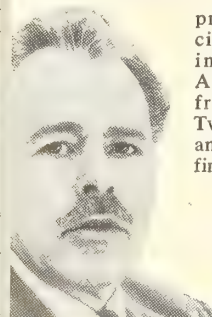
"The next time anybody says he doesn't know what this modern stuff is all about, tell him: 'Read Shattuck.'" — W.G. ROGERS,  
Associated Press  
Illustrated, \$8.50

# National Book Award Winner WRIGHT MORRIS

presents an audaciously penetrating interpretation of American letters — from Thoreau and Twain to Hemingway and Faulkner — in his first nonfiction work.

the  
territory  
ahead

\$4.50



You'll enjoy  
New England  
more . . .

A GUIDE TO  
THE  
Art Museums  
OF  
New England  
by S. Lane Faison, Jr.

\$5.00

... with this  
magnificent  
guidebook to its  
art treasures and  
museums

Covers an astonishing wealth of art: 61 museums and collections in 6 states • locations, hours, maps, fees • over 400 reproductions, illuminating discussions. Foreword by Perry T. Rathbone.

"One of the supreme  
American biographies."

—CARL SANDBURG

# SHERMAN

Fighting Prophet  
by LLOYD  
LEWIS

A re-issue of a modern classic of Civil War literature, with a new appraisal by  
**BRUCE CATTON**  
707 pages, illustrated,  
\$8.00



e. e. cummings'  
new collection  
of verse

# 95

poems

\$4.00



is highly unmethodical, but it is also (perhaps no more than half-consciously) a pioneer effort. Other writers have been aware of how changes in our economy affect the mechanical aspects of education—the numbers of students to be expected, buildings, costs, etc. But so far as I know, no one else has suggested how the motivation to learn is affected when opportunities to learn become very much greater. In a society committed by statute to full employment, presumably no one will be driven to learn by fear of his inability otherwise to make a living; perhaps learning will come to resemble virtue, by being its own reward.

## COLLECTORS COLLECTED

IN *The Proud Possessors* (Random House, \$5.95) Aline B. Saarinen has written a very ingratiating account of a group of American art collectors, from Mrs. Potter Palmer, the queen of the Chicago Fair of 1893, to the present generation of Rockefellerers. Mrs. Saarinen follows no particular line of analysis—she does not attempt to write a history of American taste, though she casts considerable illumination on the subject. Nor does she attempt to investigate collecting as either a psychological or sociological phenomenon, though on occasion she offers some shrewd observations on the relation between the collecting mania and the social setting in which it manifests itself. Mrs. Saarinen obviously loves 'works of art, she obviously enjoys people, and she tells what has happened in some of the more dramatic encounters between the two. The result is a highly enjoyable book.

I prefer the chapters dealing with dead collectors; Mrs. Saarinen tends to muffle her irony and wit (as who would not) when her subject is still, as it were, looking over her shoulder. Or it may be that some of the earlier collectors had a grandeur as characters that their followers can hardly equal. Certainly it would be difficult to find such another pair of imperious brigands as the tart-tongued Isabella Stewart Gardner, who left behind her own museum in Boston as a permanent monument to the brilliance of her personality, and the

## Free List of Recommended CHILDREN'S BOOKS

### Best Buys for Ages 3 to 16

Approximately 1,500 new books for children have been published this year. The editors of *Harper's* 1958 Holiday Book List for Children, Barbara A. Thacher and Jane V. Wylie in consultation with Gertrude B. Herman, librarian of a large New York school, have weeded and winnowed this crop to present for *Harper's* readers a list of some 100 books, briefly reviewed to help with individual Christmas problems. All three editors of the list are veteran book reviewers and are parents of young, middle-aged, and grown-up children. The list emphasizes books to please and interest boys and girls from three to sixteen years.

If you would like a free copy, write to Katherine Gauss Jackson, *Harper's Magazine*, 49 East 33d Street, New York 16, N. Y.

gimlet-eyed J. Pierpont Morgan, who spent \$60 million on art in twenty years—perhaps the most open-handed and rapacious collector the world has ever seen.

Yet not all great collectors have been colorful; neither Mrs. Saarinen nor any other writer has succeeded in making the personality of Andrew Mellon very dramatic or exciting, yet by building the National Gallery, by giving it his own superb collection, and by leaving lots of handsome blank walls to attract the holdings of other leading collectors, Mellon probably did more than any other one man to make great works of art available to the American people. (His large purchases from Russian collections in the early depression years when he was Secretary of the Treasury had to be kept secret.)

Not all of Mrs. Saarinen's subjects were rich; some, like Katherine S. Dreier and Gertrude Stein and her brothers, made modest means go far by buying the works of young and little-known artists at bargain prices. But most great collectors have of course been wealthy, and often a moralist must be puzzled as he reads *The Proud Possessors*, puzzled at

## The Swivel Chair



No mood music on this page, just the crispest possible shopping list for everyone who wants to give a present sure to be opened more than once.

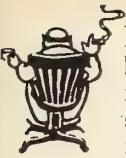
Five novels by writers familiar with bestsellerdom — a safe bet as gifts for those who already know them and know how good they are — meaty enough for those who normally prefer non-fiction. We give you below suggestions for those additional recipients. **The Winthrop Woman** by **Anya Seton** (\$4.95) — also for those who usually take their history from the non-fiction table. "This, one feels, is how it actually was." — *NYHT*. **Venus in Sparta** by **Louis Auchincloss** (\$3.50) — also for the reader who usually prefers the critical study of contemporary fiction to its source material. "... obviously high time someone pointed out that he is one of our very best young novelists ..." — *NY Times*. **The Accounting** by **Bruce Marshall** (\$3.95) — also for the devotee of the intricate puzzle who wants "a first rate novel into the bargain ..." — *Sat. Rev.* **Syn. Gazella** by **Stuart Cloete** (\$3.50) — also for the reader looking for "... insight on a variety of unhackneyed subjects ..." — *NY Times*. **Playback** by **Raymond Chandler** (\$3.00) — also for the connoisseur of style, the lapidary prose of Mr. Chandler has raised the reportage of death by misadventure to a new literary plane.



This should work in reverse, too, over from the non-fiction. **The Affluent Society** by **John Kenneth Galbraith** (\$5.00) has probably been the title of the year most discussed by lecturers, political and academic. Our suggestion — it's a book for women, too — give it to one of the sex that owns 51% of the national wealth, gets out the vote and rocks the local PTA. **J.B. A Play in Verse** by **Archibald MacLeish** (\$3.50) is also for the theatre-goer — Broadway or armchair. "... may well become one of the lasting achievements of art and mind in our time." — *Sat. Rev.* **Dorothy Thompson's The Courage to Be Happy** (\$3.50) is also for every woman who reads the *Ladies' Home Journal* where these essays first appeared.



# The Swivel Chair Continued



Four writers who have known the upper atmosphere of the best-seller list in the past now present books in unusual vein. **C. Northcote Parkinson**, promulgator of the inescapable Law has done a more obviously-serious study of the changing face of government **The Evolution of Political Thought** (\$5.00). **Agnes Sligh Turnbull**, author of *The Bishop's Mantle* and *The Golden Journey* has written an intimate, reflective book on the wisdom that a lifetime of experience — as daughter and student, as wife and mother, as successful author, as widow — has won for her. **Out of My Heart** (\$3.00.) **Mary Lasswell**, ebullient creator of the winsomely beery old parties who sashayed through *Suds in Your Eye*, et al, has written a loving daughter's tribute to her paternal state — **I'll Take Texas** (\$5.00.) **Carson McCullers'** novel *The Member of the Wedding* was converted into an equally magnificent drama. Her new book, written as a play is now presented just as she wrote it and not as given on Broadway. **The Square Root of Wonderful** (\$3.00.)

First novelists usually have to starve patiently; yet the best of them get reviews that the seasoned pro might well envy. Give any of these to your literary-discovery minded friends. **The Fume of Poppies** by **Jonathan Kozol** (\$3.00.) "... absolutely true-ringing descriptions of the ethereal bliss, the desperate jealousies, and the enormous loneliness involved in such an affair." — *Newsweek*. **The Riddle of Genesis County** by **Lynne Doyle** (\$3.00) "... an exquisite understanding of human values ..." — *Dallas News*. **The Cross of Baron Samedi** by **Richard Dohrman** (\$4.50) "... it has been a long time since I have read a novel that has impressed me as much." — *NY Times*.



For people who will read absolutely anything — provided it is history authentic in every detail and written with a sense of immediacy that presents the past as a potential present. **Portrait of a Golden Age** — *Innate Papers of the Second Vis-*

count Palmerston, Courtier under George III — by **Brian Connell** (\$6.50.) **An End to Valor** — *The Last Days of the Civil War* by **Philip Van Doren Stern** (\$5.75.) **Napoleon's Russian Campaign** by **Philippe-Paul de Segur** (\$5.00.) **Commitment to Freedom** — *The Story of the Christian Science Monitor* — by **Erwin D. Canham** (\$4.85.) **The Naked Face of Genius**, **Béla Bartók's American Years by **Agatha Fassett** (\$5.00)**



And now for the books that will move into the lamplight of the living-room table, their illustrations alone would make them conversation pieces. **Edwardian Promenade** by **James Laver** (\$6.50) — for everyone who was fortunate enough to procure one of the sadly-limited editions of *Victorian Vista* and particularly for those who tried and failed. **Here, Of All Places!** (\$5.00) **Osbert Lancaster** at his best — A brief and much-too-frivolous view of human habitation inside and out in word and picture from Stonehenge to Manhattan. **The Romance of North America** edited by **Hardwick Moseley** (\$5.00.) Among those present are **Ernest Gruening**, **Bernard de Voto**, **Wallace Stegner**, and **Walter Havighurst**. **The Death of Manolete** by **Barnaby Conrad** (\$5.00) "... will hold you completely spellbound from front to back." — *Boston Herald*.

Sui generis — **The Rainbow Comes and Goes** by **Lady Diana Cooper**, (Diana Manners) (\$5.00) "Poetic, idiosyncratic, poignant, stylish; not the book of the season, or of the bedside table; a book for the library, to be read and reread, and loved for a lifetime." — *Evelyn Waugh*.



And the books destined to be most used, the great reference books with a long-life expectancy. Two new titles in the famous **Roger Tory Peterson Field Guide Series** — to **Reptiles and Amphibians** by **Roger Conant** (\$3.95) — to **Trees and Shrubs** by **George A. Petrides** (\$3.95.) **Thoughts for Buffets**

— Companion volume to *Thoughts for Food* (\$5.00.) **The Guide to Garden Flowers** by **Norman Taylor** (\$4.95.) **The Times Atlas of The World** (\$25.00) — three volumes already published. Your bookseller will have a gift certificate for the one to come in March.

And now we yield the chair to a more articulate commentator —

It's a self-ish grown-up indeed who doesn't spend some thought and — well — money on good books for younger readers. We have a novel about colonial Connecticut that should give pleasure to all ages. **The Witch of Blackbird Pond** by **Elizabeth George Speare** (\$3.00) has even been compared to the novels of Anya Seton and Esther Forbes.



Unbelievably inexpensive and dazzlingly deluxe is our new line of **North Star Books**. The best authors in America are at work on them; they are superbly illustrated with two color half-tones throughout; and they sell for only \$1.95. North Stars are about famous events and men in American History. They are accurate, exciting and written with a proper respect for growing minds. **Henry Beetle Hough**, **Paul I. Wellman**, **Sterling North**, **Mary Ellen Chase**, **David Lavender** and **Ralph Moody** have written the first six — just out this fall.

What to say about our picture books for younger readers? You must see them to appreciate their quality, so we'll have to rely on your bookstore. If you want the best schools for your children you should also want the best books — e.g. **Rudi and The Mayor of Naples** by **Maurice Osborne**, (\$2.50), **Camembert** by **Nancy de Angelis** (\$3.00), **Just Pepper** by **Robert Barry** (\$2.50) and **Curious George Flies a Kite** by **Margret and H. A. Rey** (\$2.75). (By the way we've sold over 1,000,000 copies of Rey's books.)

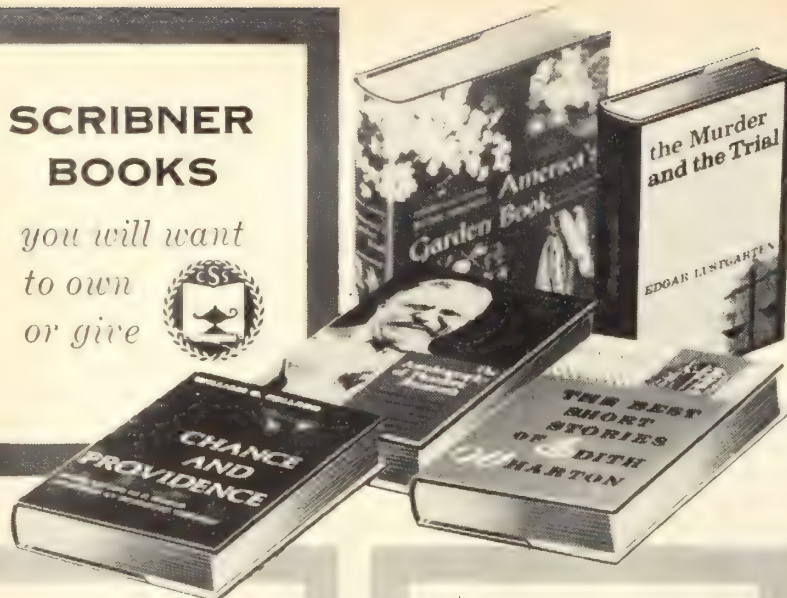


They all expand a sense of humor as well as a sense of taste.

Houghton Mifflin, Publishers

## SCRIBNER BOOKS

you will want  
to own  
or give



William G. Pollard

### CHANCE AND PROVIDENCE

The well-known nuclear physicist, who is also an ordained minister, examines the question of God's guidance in a world governed by scientific law. Timely and stimulating reading for anyone concerned with his own faith in this scientific age.

\$3.50

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Centennial Edition

Edited with an introduction by Wayne Andrews

A special condensed version of TR's famous autobiography, with an added selection of his most interesting speeches, letters and other writings. A gift for anyone who prefers American history first hand.

\$4.95

James and Louise Bush-Brown

### AMERICA'S GARDEN BOOK

This standard book on all phases of gardening in the United States is revised, completely up-to-date, with many new illustrations. The Christmas gift for every gardener. 768 pp.

\$7.95

Edgar Lustgarten

### THE MURDER AND THE TRIAL

Seventeen classic cases. "By the sheer magic of his craftsmanship Edgar Lustgarten has raised these true crime and courtroom stories to the realm of literature. I am green with envy."—Robert Traver, author of *Anatomy of a Murder*.

\$5.50

### THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF EDITH WHARTON

Edited by Wayne Andrews

Here, once again in print, are the best short stories of an unparalleled chronicler of the age of elegance. "An experience in artistry... In this period when so many short stories are fragile moods or anecdotes, hers are sturdy, full-fledged tales."

—*Newsweek* \$4.50

## THE NEW BOOKS

the complex relationships between money and power and beauty, at how a name that once was hated and feared may in time be remembered because it is inscribed as donor on a picture in a gallery. But Mrs. Saarinen wisely refrains from moralizing, and a reviewer of her excellent book would do well to follow her example. (Numerous illustrations.)

## ARTS AND ARTISTS

**Mine Enemy Grows Older** (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50) is the free-flowing autobiography of a man named Alexander King, who identifies himself as an artist, a former editorial worker on *Life* and other periodicals with less stamina for survival, a reformed drug addict, and any number of other unlikely things. I had never heard of him before reading this book, but my ignorance is a loss, since King is an extraordinarily uninhibited, amusing, and high-spirited man. Now very ill, he says that he has written his book for his grandchildren, but it may prove a rather heady brew for the little ones; certainly King is nobody's idea of a grandfather.

King has a lively wit (he calls the celebrated sculpture in front of Rockefeller Center "a piece of athletic plumbing") and a superb ear for dialogue. In the course of *Mine Enemy Grows Older* he tells at least half-a-dozen flawless anecdotes, some of them very funny but some moving and horrifying.

In temperament and style of life King seems to have anticipated what is best in those of his juniors who are known as the beat generation. His great commitment has been to freedom, to being himself; his proudest boast is that he has never owed anybody anything but money. At the very beginning his book threatens to be cute, but once a certain initial uneasiness is conquered, the prose rushes forth with wonderful vitality and freshness.

WHEN the late James Agee's novel, *A Death in the Family*, appeared, and again when it won the Pulitzer Prize this spring, many of his admirers had hopes that his motion picture reviews would be collected and published in book form. Now it has been done, in Agee on Film





# BORZOI BOOKS

[TIMELESS AND FLAWLESS]

## THE PLAGUE by Albert Camus

A tremendous novel—a major creation of postwar Europe. \$3.95

## DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

by Willa Cather

A moving story of the early days of the Church in the American Southwest. \$3.95

## COME HITHER

by Walter de la Mare

A new edition of the famous anthology of rhymes and poems. \$7.50

## THE WALL by John Hersey

Without doubt one of the truly great novels of our generation. \$5.95

## WINES OF FRANCE

by Alexis Lichine

Everything anyone could possibly want to know about French wines. \$4.50

## JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS

by Thomas Mann

A one-volume edition of the brilliant Biblical tetralogy. \$7.50

## A MENCKEN CHRESTOMATHY

by H. L. Mencken

A bountiful selection from Mencken's out-of-print books, magazine articles and newspaper pieces. \$5.95

## THE FOOD OF FRANCE

by Waverley Root

A book for gourmets to read and savor. Beautifully illustrated. \$10.00

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

by Benjamin P. Thomas

A standard one-volume life of the Great Emancipator. Illustrated. \$5.75

## KRISTIN LAVRANDATTER

by Sigrid Undset

A handsome edition of this great novel of medieval Norway. \$6.50

*for people who still can read  
and are not ashamed of it*

## C. W. CERAM

### THE MARCH OF ARCHAEOLOGY

A picture book to be read! Here, in a setting of unsurpassed splendor, the author of *Gods, Graves, & Scholars* tells the enthralling story of man's explorations into his most ancient past. With 96,000 words of text and more than 300 pictures, a number in full color, many presented here for the first time. \$15.00

## TIMES OF TRIAL

edited by Allan Nevins for American Heritage

Twelve great crises in the American past, told by such writers as Bruce Catton, C. Van Woodward, and J. K. Galbraith, and lavishly illustrated by contemporary engravings, photographs, cartoons, etc. \$5.95

## THE LAND GOD GAVE TO CAIN

by HAMMOND INNES

A marvelously exciting story of peril, disaster and search that portrays one of the world's last wildernesses—Labrador—and the hard, Spartan men who are subduing it. By the author of *The Wreck of the Mary Deare*. \$3.95

## H. L. MENCKEN

### THE BATHTUB HOAX

and Other Blasts and Bravos from the *Chicago Tribune*

With an introduction and explanatory notes by Robert McHugh. A collection of characteristic and dateless pieces which H.L.M. wrote during the 1920's, together with the famous 1917 bathtub hoax. \$4.50

## LISTENING POINT

by SIGURD F. OLSON

Reflections on nature by the author of *The Singing Wilderness*. "The color, breath, and sounds of the North Country are here in vivid form. . . . Sigurd Olson is our modern Muir and Thoreau."—JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS 28 magnificent drawings by Francis Lee Jaques. \$4.50

## THE JUNE PLATT COOK BOOK

by JUNE PLATT

A treasure chest of recipes for the gourmet. Samuel Chamberlain says, "Her discriminating and carefully tested recipes are a joy to all who follow them." 512 pages \$5.00

*At most bookstores*

ALFRED • A • KNOPF • PUBLISHER

## WASHINGTON IN LINCOLN'S TIME

by Noah  
Brooks

*Edited with an introduction by Herbert Mitgang • A classic portrait of the capital torn by civil war, of Lincoln, of the tragedy in the White House, written by the newspaper correspondent who was a friend and intimate of the President. Herbert Mitgang, is editor of Lincoln as They Saw Him. Illustrated. \$4.95*

## HURRICANE

by Marjory  
Stoneman Douglas

Everything man knows about hurricanes—what creates them, how they grow to be monsters, why they die, how we can protect against them— and their history. *Illustrated. \$5.95*

## HENRY KNOX:

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S  
GENERAL

by



North Callahan

The man for whom Fort Knox and Knoxville were named, Washington's friend, wartime chief-of-staff and our first Secretary of War, Henry Knox was one of the Revolution's most important figures. This exciting biography offers the first portrait of a man who greatly influenced his times. *Illustrated. \$6.00*

## THE MERRIMACK

by Raymond P. Holden

52nd in the famous *Rivers of America* series, THE MERRIMACK tells the story of an important New England river and towns such as Lawrence, Lowell and Manchester, on its banks. Raymond Holden, poet and New Englander, is uniquely qualified to be historian of this river. *Illustrated. \$5.00*

Rinehart  
& Co.



## THE NEW BOOKS

(McDowell, Obolensky, \$5), and the result is a book that will fascinate anyone who is interested in either films or reviewing, or—for that matter—anyone interested in seeing an acute, vigorous, resourceful intelligence confronting popular art and reporting on it in a fine free-swinging style.

Most of the book is made up of reviews Agee contributed to the *Nation* during the 1940s, but there is also a generous sample of the reviews he was writing anonymously in the same years for *Time*, as well as a couple of essays on the movies he wrote for other periodicals. Obviously Agee felt constrained in the *Time* reviews; the writing tends to take on a hard surface glitter, the range of sensibility is narrowed, the wit often degenerates into wisecracks, though these can be funny.

The *Nation* reviews are much freer. As a reviewer Agee had superb advantages. He loved the thing he was writing about, movies—loved them enough so that it really mattered to him whether they were good or bad. He had a remarkable capacity to put himself completely at the disposal of the film he was watching, to let it work its way with him, and yet to stand aside and judge it. He had a command of language that enabled him to express his reactions tersely and sensitively. And, without ever becoming doctrinaire or Procrustean, he had standards; as Ortega said of life itself, Agee's judgments are always "personal, circumstantial, untransferable, and responsible"; they are responsible to the particular picture that provided their occasion, they are expressive of a particular taste, yet they are firmly based on a commitment to excellence.

In the earlier reviews Agee tended to use words like *honesty* and *simplicity* and *seriousness* to indicate the qualities he was looking for in motion pictures, but as time went on he seems to have realized that to many people honesty means literal-mindedness, simplicity is confused with stupidity and sentimentality, and seriousness stands for pretentiousness or mere earnestness. More and more honor came to be acknowledged as the key concept of his criticism; he hated whatever dishonored life, whatever dealt dishonorably with a character or a



## A History of Japan to 1334

GEORGE SANSOM. The first volume of a 3-volume work by the most distinguished historian now writing on Japan. Illustrated. \$8.50

## Marie, or Slavery in the United States

GUSTAVE DE BEAUMONT. A novel of Jacksonian America by Tocqueville's companion on his travels in the United States. \$4.95

## The Diplomacy of India

ROSS N. BERKES and MOHINDER S. BEDI. India's foreign policy as revealed by her actions in the United Nations. \$5.00

## French West Africa

VIRGINIA THOMPSON and RICHARD ADLOFF. The first comprehensive study of this area in over twenty years. Illustrated. \$8.50

## The Uniting of Europe

ERNST B. HAAS. Political, Social, and Economic Forces, 1950-1957. The first 5 years of the European Coal and Steel Community. \$8.00

## Principles of College and University Administration

LLOYD S. WOODBURN. \$5.00

\* STANFORD \*  
UNIVERSITY PRESS



# band of brothers By Ernest Frankel



This major novel about U. S. Marines in Korea during the nightmarish retreat from the Yalu River tells the gripping story of one company and its C. O. who is violently transformed from an inexperienced, mistrusted leader into a battle-hardened veteran.

"... a magnificent and stirring testimony to American courage that will do much to reassure our faith in ourselves... This is a great novel and will at long last end the literary famine of the Korean War."

—Leon Uris, Author of *Battle Cry*.

\$4.50

## Modern Art: A Pictorial Anthology

Edited by

Charles McGurdy,

The Museum of Modern Art  
Library, New York

Here is a handsome volume offering the most complete pictorial survey of modern art ever published. 1,044 magnificent photographs survey the contributions of European, American and Latin American painters, sculptors, architects and designers from the 1850's to the present. An invaluable bibliography of 700 entries provides detailed information on artists and movements.

496 pages 8 1/4 x 11 \$9.50

## JUSTICE OF THE HEART

By E. Arnot Robertson

Author of *The Signpost*, *Three Came Unarmed*, *Four Frightened People*, *Devices and Desires*



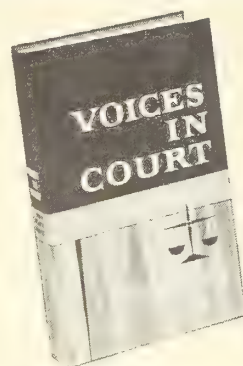
Miss Robertson's new novel relates the adventures of Louise Downes, a war widow turned journalist, who undertakes a most peculiar crusading mission in Zanzibar as an expiation for an act of personal betrayal. How this attractive young woman works out her self-imposed sentence is the essence of this richly human story which, despite the gravity of its theme, is steeped in the delicious comedy for which the author is famed. \$4.50

## VOICES IN COURT

A Treasury of the Bench, the Bar, and the Courtroom

Edited by

William H. Davenport



A stimulating anthology of the law featuring forty-four rich and varied selections by such renowned authors as Carl Sandburg, Alexander Woolcott, John Marshall, Felix Frankfurter, Benjamin N. Cardozo, James Gould Cozzens, Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, and Oliver Wendell Holmes. A veritable banquet for lawyers, "armchair lawyers," and general readers! 588 pages \$6.95

## THE MAGIC MAKER: E. E. Cummings

By Charles Norman

Author of

*The Genteel Murderer*

This distinguished critical biography of one of the twentieth century's most original poets is an important literary event. For the first time to anyone, Cummings has permitted Charles Norman—a friend of many years—complete access to his invaluable family papers and correspondence. From these and from intensive research, the author has written an exciting narrative, tracing the life and development of an outstanding creative genius. Illustrated \$8.00

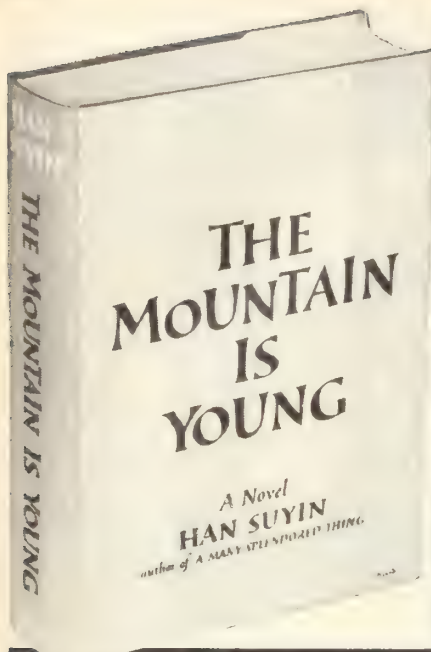
*The Macmillan Company* 60 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

NATIONAL BESTSELLER!  
THE NEW TESTAMENT  
IN MODERN ENGLISH

Translated by J. B. Phillips \$6.00

150,000 copies in print





Han Suyin, the author of **A MANY-SPLENDORED THING**, has an extraordinary new novel set in fabulous Nepal. John Hutchens of the N. Y. Herald Tribune says, "You will have that sense of exotic places that only the masters can give you, a Conrad, a Melville, or a Kipling...a flair for detail that suddenly illuminates a whole culture." *Saturday Review's* Harrison Smith calls it "one of the most fascinating and erotic novels of the year." It throbs with the passion of life and ecstasy of love.

## THE MOUNTAIN IS YOUNG

2nd printing

\$4.95

In preparation for motion picture production by Paramount Pictures.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

### THE NEW BOOKS

scene or an idea or an audience. A critic could have a worse basis for judgment.

OSBERT LANCASTER is a British cartoonist best known in this country for *There'll Always Be a Draynesflete*, an extremely funny take-off on English local history in text and drawings. His new book, *Here, of All Places!* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5), is a swift survey of styles in architecture and interior decoration from Stonehenge to the present. Each style is illustrated with a full-page drawing and commented on in a page of facing text. (A selection of these drawings appeared in *Harper's* this October.)

Occasionally there is a snide quality in both words and pictures that I do not find endearing; the prose, to use labels as Lancaster himself does, is Late Rococo merging into Early Coy; and the insularity of British taste may become a little annoying to the American reader.

Yet *Here, of All Places!* is frequently genuinely amusing, and it is certainly a painless way to pick up a rough acquaintance with a variety of architectural styles.

### TWO FOR THE ROAD

*Journey to Poland and Yugoslavia* (Harvard, \$3) is a brief but entertaining and informative diary that John Kenneth Galbraith kept while he was lecturing in Central Europe last spring. (He believes that he gave the first comprehensive series of lectures on capitalism to be delivered by a non-Socialist in a Communist country since the Russian Revolution.) In both Poland and Yugoslavia he was warmly welcomed; there seems to be no anti-Americanism in either country—for which we have Russia to thank, Galbraith says. Both countries contain many pro-American Communists.

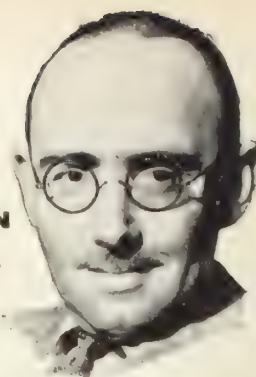
The main trouble with life in Poland, according to Galbraith, is its drabness, shabbiness, lack of variety and color. Alcoholism is a major problem, even among small children, because people need some release from the dreariness of their lives, and because they have few other things to buy with what little extra money they may have. All the intellectuals dream of a trip to Western

Charles A.

Fenton's

life of

STEPHEN  
VINCENT  
BENÉT



A heartwarming biography of the author of *John Brown's Body* and "The Devil and Daniel Webster"—the man who returned American history to the world of letters and who brought poetry to America's best-seller lists.

\$4.50



### THE ART OF NAVIGATION

IN ENGLAND IN  
ELIZABETHAN AND  
EARLY STUART TIMES

by D. W. Waters, Lieut.-Commander, R.N.

For every collection of books on the sea and for every sailor interested in the rich background of modern seamanship.

This remarkable book, which spans the key period in which the mariner's art became a science, investigates and gives detailed explanation of the practical basis of the great age of exploration.

Foreword by Admiral of the Fleet the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, K.G. 696 pages; 87 halftone plates; 43 figures and diagrams.

\$12.50

"Treasure trove indeed; raw material, real notebooks, reflections, records of conversations. Not a page is dull."  
— The (London) Times.

ALEXIS DE  
TOCQUEVILLE'S

Journeys to  
England and  
Ireland

edited by J. P. Mayer

First translation and full publication of an important manuscript by the author of *Democracy in America*.

\$4.50

at your bookseller

**Yale** UNIVERSITY PRESS  
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT





## THE NEW BOOKS

Europe or the United States, apparently at the expense of the Ford Foundation, whose work in Poland Galbraith admires greatly. The intellectuals have a good deal of freedom and not much else; the people who have profited from the people's democracy are the farmers.

One of Galbraith's oddest encounters was with a former American Communist who had either been deported from these shores or had fled to anticipate deportation. The deportee's faith in Socialism seems to have become a bit dim; he described himself to Galbraith as "homesick as hell."

Yugoslavia presented a more attractive face than Poland, not because it is more prosperous (actually, the standard of living is lower) but because the distribution of goods is less egalitarian, and consequently some people have enough money to live well. In Galbraith's account, Yugoslavia seems to be generally the happier, more vigorous, and more hopeful country.

*Journey to Poland and Yugoslavia* is written with the author's usual grace and wit, and Galbraith has managed to incorporate several political jokes that are making the rounds in the countries he visited. Example: "Under capitalism, man exploits man. Under Socialism, it is just the reverse." The discussions of the economies of Poland and Yugoslavia do not require that the reader have any previous acquaintance with the dismal science.

**IN *Brave New World Revisited*** (Harper, \$3) Aldous Huxley has gone back to the imaginary society he envisaged in his famous satire first published in 1931; the object is to see how good a prophet he really was. But the result of the return journey is a little pallid and professorial in comparison with the original. The new book is written with the disembodied lucidity that characterizes most of Huxley's later work; it entirely lacks the original's sardonic wit and wild fertility of invention.

The main trouble is simply that history has caught up with Huxley. In *Brave New World*, for example, he boldly imagined a society in which people calmed their anxieties with an as-yet-undiscovered drug he called

# ...nothing is so fascinating as the revelation of personality...

## "A gay journal of greatness in privacy..."

of humor in the midst of momentous events....Here, I think, is the single most revealing document about Franklin Roosevelt the man."

—From the Preface by JONATHAN DANIELS

Unique in the history of wartime presidents, this way-off-the-record diary by one of Roosevelt's closest aides was jotted down when he accompanied the President on secret trips away from Washington. Full of revealing anecdotes, wit, and warmth, and accompanied by many personal photographs. \$6.00

## OFF THE RECORD WITH F.D.R.

1942-1945

by William D. Hassett



## "The most original contribution to O'Neill criticism in a long time."

—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Combining traditional literary and dramatic criticism with modern psychoanalytic theory, Miss Falk brilliantly demonstrates how the pull between opposites in the playwright himself gave power and conviction to his portrayal of human suffering. An absorbing study of the question of why a creator creates. Index and notes \$4.50

## EUGENE O'NEILL and the Tragic Tension

by Doris V. Falk



## "...what no French critic has been able really to feel...."

As Miss Brée explores the ideas and techniques of Nobel-Prize-winner Camus, she makes excitingly clear that his strength lies in a new, very personal approach to living. "Your book benefits happily from our common memories of Africa. This has allowed you to see and define what no French critic has been able really to feel."

—ALBERT CAMUS

\$5.00

## CAMUS by Germaine Brée

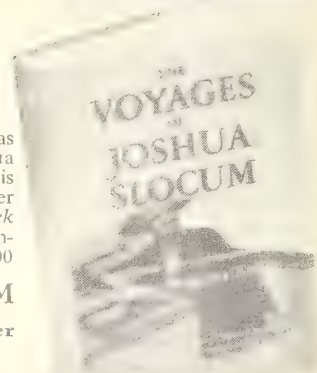


## The superb sea sagas of a legendary American captain....

The first man to sail alone around the world, a being as individual and nonconformist as Thoreau, Joshua Slocum wrote with the gusty vigor he threw into his incredible sea-faring adventures. Now, editor Teller brings all his writings together, including the *Aquidneck* correspondence, along with his own fascinating commentary. Illustrations, maps \$6.00

## THE VOYAGES OF JOSHUA SLOCUM

Edited with Commentaries by Walter Magnés Teller



RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Brunswick, New Jersey

Represented in Canada by The Ryerson Press, Toronto, Ontario

*The informal  
journal kept by  
the author of*  
**THE AFFLUENT  
SOCIETY**

**John  
Kenneth  
Galbraith**

*on his*  
**JOURNEY TO  
POLAND AND  
YUGOSLAVIA:  
1958**

\$3.00 Ask your bookseller



**HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS**

**THE UNITED STATES  
AND CHINA**

**Completely Revised Edition**

*By John King Fairbank*

"This is an indispensable book for thoughtful people who wish to examine intelligently the perplexing problem of America's relations with Communist China."—C. MARTIN WILBUR, *New York Times Book Review*  
\$5.50

**POLITICAL POWER  
AND SOCIAL THEORY**

*By Barrington Moore, Jr.*

Analyzing both pre-industrial and modern society against a broad historical background, this book discusses to what extent one can hold industrial advance responsible for political repression and social conformity.  
\$4.50

**BOOKS IN BRIEF**

Soma, but with such tranquilizers actually on the market, the whole idea no longer seems very inventive.

*Brave New World Revisited* is not another *Brave New World*, and anyone who reads it in the expectation that it will be is bound to encounter disappointment. But it is a good survey of the present status of the major social problems Huxley touched upon in the earlier book, as well as a few he now thinks he should have included but did not. As between his own prophecy of the society to come, in which people were to be lulled into submission by pleasant devices, and the kind of society George Orwell foresaw in *1984*, in which people were to be cowed into submission by brutality, Huxley still thinks that a soothing tyranny (the soft sell-out) is the more likely.

**BOOKS** *in brief*

KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON

**FICTION**

*One to Grow On*, by Nathaniel Benchley.

A contemporary novel about the tenants of a New York boarding house who overcome their own solitude and misery because a pregnant unmarried mother among them is about to have her child. What they do for her and the baby and themselves makes a gay and touching bit of whimsy rather in the manner of the early Robert Nathan.

McGraw-Hill, \$3.95

*The Darkest Bough*, by Anne Chamberlain.

Miss Chamberlain has already proved her ability in the field of the psychological suspense novel. Her *The Tall Dark Man* was a best seller and was adapted as a TV thriller as well. This new story of the nicest kind of people caught in what seems an insoluble trap of human circumstance is also full of a terror and anxious uncertainty that insist on the reader's following to the end. The book—gracefully written and ably conceived—tells of the influence of



**Paul  
Claudel...**

In this prose work, Claudel the great French poet contemplates the Cross—the symbol and reality of all his writings. A bold and moving work revealing its author's unshakeable faith, outspoken criticism, and profound humility.

**A POET  
BEFORE THE  
CROSS**

*translated by Wallace Fowlie*

300 pages \$6.50

*At Your Bookstore*



*Henry* **REGNERY** Company  
CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS

**The explosive novel  
about wild, reckless  
teen-agers and their  
frightened parents**



**Strike  
Heaven  
on The  
Face**

A novel by CHARLES CALITRI

\$3.95, now at your bookstore  
**CROWN PUBLISHERS**



## BOOKS IN BRIEF

an unknown stranger on the lives of three members of a closely knit family. If I felt a little cheated and even a little unsure at the denouement, I can't tell why without revealing the plot and perhaps other readers will be more discerning than I. In any case I can guarantee an absorbing evening to anyone who starts the story. Bobbs-Merrill, \$3

**One Ulysses Too Many**, by Storm Jameson.

Into a colony of exiled Poles and Russians on the Riviera comes suddenly the one they have revered most—a poet whose work has inspired them in the darkest hours and whom they count on to spark and lead the literary review they hope to publish. But Nadzin, the poet, has been back to Poland since the war, as the others have not, and his idea of what exiles may write for Poles behind the iron curtain differs widely from theirs just as his compassion for the weaknesses of individual people makes his ardor for "causes" less intense. Is this a strength or a weakness? It is the human predicament. . . . This is essentially a "novel of ideas" and reading it is a stimulating intellectual experience, but it is also, as Mrs. Jameson's stories always are, full of narrative excitement and romantic interludes. Harper, \$3.50

## NON-FICTION

**The Seven Fat Years**, by John Brooks.

A collection of dramatic and pithy articles on aspects of the American financial scene which Mr. Brooks has been writing for the *New Yorker* since 1950. He has added an ingratiating introduction explaining what it is like for the uninitiated to confront the mysteries of Wall Street in a boom period such as the recent years, 1950-57. Not all "uninitiated" folk would see what Mr. Brooks does. To the complicated deals and financial maneuvers he brings not only his good reporter's talent for clarity and simplification, but the novelist's gift for characterization and narrative, so that whether he writes of the reatest proxy fight of the 'fifties, involving Robert Young and the New York Central, or of the intricacies of huge stock issues, one is always aware that they are essentially excit-

# The complete letters of VINCENT VAN GOGH



*I know scarcely a single figure since St. Francis whose life lays such hold on the imagination. If he lived tragically he also lived to a purpose. The moral is incomplete perhaps; but it lies open on every page of the letters.*

LEWIS MUMFORD

The final, definitive and only complete edition of the correspondence of Vincent van Gogh. The clearest exposition of the trials and triumphs of the creative life ever written. Nowhere else in literature will you find such an account of the development of a man and of an artist. Here is everlasting proof that art is a great and sometimes terrible taskmaster.

A major publication. 1888 pages in three volumes. 194 tipped-in facsimile reproductions of the drawings and watercolors from the correspondence. Beautiful binding and slip case.

Mail to your favorite bookstore or  
**NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY • GREENWICH, CONN.**

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ sets of *The Complete Letters of Vincent van Gogh*

☐ I enclose \$50 per 3-volume set ☐ Bill me on my regular account

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

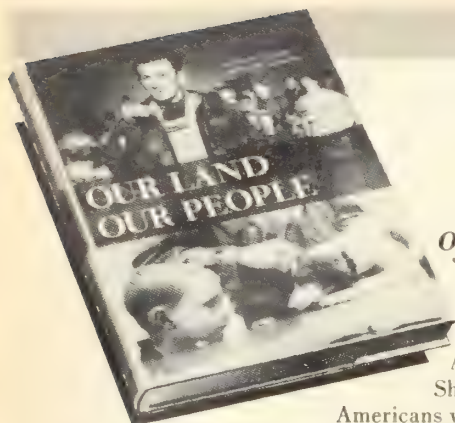
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



**NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY**  
Greenwich, Connecticut  
Publishers of the UNESCO World Art Series





## A unique, exciting book of photography...

of more than 150 unforgettable photographs by America's finest photographers. Share the wonder and warmth of Americans working... dreaming... loving... playing... of people celebrated and unknown.

From 20 years of leading photojournalism by LOOK Magazine... from the "Look At America" photographic exhibit,\*... here, truly, is the scope and pulse of American life in all its variety... in all its intensity and significance... for your own library, or as a stunning gift.

A Technical Appendix includes type of camera, film rating, shutter speed and lens apertures for each photograph.

# OUR LAND, OUR PEOPLE

Edited by EDWARD A. HAMILTON and CHARLES PRESTON

\$4.95 at all bookstores • PRENTICE-HALL, New York

\*circulated under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts.

## SUPERB POSTERS

AMERICAN 19th CENTURY  
Unusual, Decorative, In Color

A COLLECTION of six illustrated Early American posters which will appeal to decorators, art connoisseurs and those of discriminating taste. Large (approx. 2x3 feet). Handprinted in color on finest appropriate papers. First edition limited to 750 numbered posters—each issued with collector's registration certificate. A marvelous and original decoration which will give character to den, library, bar or family room. An unusual gift!

Poster No. I: "THE MURDERER OF OUR LATE BELOVED PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN IS STILL AT LARGE. \$100,000 REWARD!" Illustrated with likeness of Surratt, Booth and Herold. Raven black and rust brown on egg shell vellum. Poster No. II. THEATRICAL—Jesse James and horse. III. ELECTION POSTER—Teddy Roosevelt. IV. CIVIL WAR—Cavalry recruiting poster. V. THE GOLD RUSH—Travel via river boat. VI. Commercial—A quaint, colorful snuff poster.

Each poster \$4.50—Set of Six \$22.50 or  
SEND FOR FREE PROSPECTUS  
~ FLAGHOUSE, INC. ~  
2010H 3rd Ave., New York 29, N. Y.

## ATHEIST BOOKS

32-page catalogue free.

TRUTH SEEKER CO. 38 Park Row, New York 8, N. Y.

## OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

—AT LOWEST PRICES:  
You name it—we find it! Fast service. No obligation  
Send us your wants!

INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS  
Box 3003-H, Beverly Hills, Calif

Whether you are changing your address for a few months or permanently, you will want to receive every issue of Harper's promptly. When advising us of a change of address please indicate both the old and new address. Please allow six weeks for effecting this change.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE  
49 East 33d St. New York 16, N. Y.

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

ing stories, and stories about people. He makes the reader participate as a spectator with the result, as he says in his introduction, "just as in any other sport, the role of spectator breeds the illusion of personal proficiency."

Harper's, \$4

This Christmas book season is especially designed for those who have theater-loving friends.

**The Gershwin Years: The Story of George and Ira Gershwin in Words and Pictures**, by Edward Jablonski and Lawrence D. Stewart.

A charming and intimate story of the rise of the Gershwins, gracefully told and as quietly underplayed as such a dramatic success story can be. Fully illustrated with photographs and paintings of and by the brothers and their glamorous friends, and with reproductions of musical scores and letters in their handwritings. Informative, gay, nostalgic, and good to look at. Introduction by Carl Van Vechten.

Doubleday, \$6.95

**George Gershwin, Man and Legend**, by Merle Armitage.

It is natural that the author who was also the manager of Gershwin's last concerts and the first to produce "Porgy and Bess" after his death, should concentrate more on his work than on either the man or the legend. Here is first of all a note on the author; then a short note "on my brother" by Ira Gershwin; chapters on his nature, his inventions and discoveries, his critics, and the legend. Finally there are two chapters on "Porgy and Bess" with an amazing list of its performances with dates; a list of George Gershwin's concert works, great songs, stage productions, motion-picture scores. Very useful, not as entertaining as the Jablonski-Stewart book.

Duell, Sloane & Pearce, \$4.50

**Complete Book of the American Musical Theater**, by David Ewen.

George and Ira Gershwin naturally reappear in these pages, too, since this volume is a kind of encyclopedia of the American musical from the early imitations of European light opera by Reginald de Koven in the nineteenth century, through George

**WHAT IS THE WORLD?**  
BETTY MILES, author  
REMY CHARLIP, artist  
"When you play with your friends and make jokes and giggle, and jump and wiggle, that's the world."  
Ages 3 to 5 \$3.00 at most bookstores  
Borzoi Books for Young People  
Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher

## OUT-OF-PRINT and HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS

All subjects, all languages. Also Genealogies and Family and Town Histories. Incomplete sets completed. All magazine back numbers supplied. Send us your list of wants. No obligation. We report quickly at lowest prices.

(We also supply all current books at retail store prices—Postpaid, as well as all books reviewed, advertised or listed in this issue of Harper's Magazine.)

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE  
117 West 48th Street, Dept. H, New York 36, N. Y.  
N.B. We also BUY books and magazines.





# the new RECORDINGS

Edward Tatnall Canby

## A CHILD'S CHRISTMAS

Are children so caught up in TV and rock 'n' roll that other entertainment hasn't a chance? Not necessarily. Most kids have a quicker imagination than their literal-minded parents, and they can be led easily into new experiences—especially if grownups choose something that both can enjoy. A genuine shared experience is worth any number of TV westerns for most children, once they get the idea. Marvelous for their elders, too.

But look out! Kids aren't scared at all by modern dissonance or Bach-like counterpoint, yet they seldom really understand the familiar high-Romantic music we grownups still crave. Tchaikowsky, for example, is emotionally over their heads and lacks the timeless universality that they sense in Mozart, in Vivaldi, in Hans Christian Andersen and Joel Chandler Harris, in Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and in the "Play of Daniel" out of the twelfth century, not to mention the "Reluctant Dragon" à la Boris Karloff. Try these things on them—with them—as a special Christmas treat.

**The Play of Daniel.** New York Pro Musica production, Greenberg. Decca DL 9402.

The excitement of medieval art—its pagentry, mystery, violence, and chivalry—fascinates almost every well-educated

child at nine or ten years or later. The expressive remains of that time are equally inspiring to adults: the Gothic cathedrals, the field of Agincourt, the unicorn tapestries, the wry woodcuts, and the "primitive" paintings. Only the actual living sound of medieval music has been missing in all this array—not because (as we once thought) the music was crude and undeveloped but because the old notation was too imprecise for restoration and performance.

Progress in musical "archaeology," moving backwards in time with every year, has brought us now to the start of a real medieval revival that will restore the music to its original equality with other expressions. This "Play of Daniel" is an imaginative step forward that will make us more aware of the actual sound of the music. Imaginative because, necessarily, it is a hypothetical reconstruction, done freely within strict scholarly bounds. The original manuscript gives only the pitch and the text, but skilled conjecture supplies rhythm, tempo, instruments, solos, and chorus to recreate a vivid semblance of the original splendid production. There is no other way.

There isn't a single modern chord or harmony in the Daniel play but neither you nor your child will be disturbed a bit. The music is in a sort of decorated unison, the strong, often ornamental melodies decked out with a profusion of instrumental sounds, the sung parts spread among a dozen or so soloists, a

boys' choir, a men's choir. There is intense color in the music like the bright colors of medieval art—cymbals, bells, tambourine, a portable organ (used in processions), miniature bagpipes and kettledrums, old fiddles (vielle and rebec), triangles, recorders, and a fine clear straight trumpet, the herald sort with banner.

The sacred play concerns the prophet Daniel, interpreting the handwriting on the wall, thrown into the lions' den and saved by God's angel, prophesying the birth of Christ. The entire Latin text is printed with parallel English, so that a child who reads may follow the musical story as it unfolds. For parents there's added background commentary by several notables plus the free-verse Daniel "sermon" by W. H. Auden that was spoken as part of the stage production. Illustrations add to the interest—cuts from a medieval Bible, a gorgeous twelfth-century stone Daniel and lions photographed in Arles, pictures of the New York Cloisters production.

**Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf; Lieutenant Kijé Suite.** Boris Karloff; Vienna State Opera Orch., Rossi. Vanguard Stereolab VSD 2010.

"Peter" in stereo! The friendly, if sepulchral tones of Boris Karloff are matched by a very big orchestral sound, spread out in a huge concert hall. This, then, is more a concert performance than an intimate, home-style one—but that will hardly bother most people.

The now-familiar little "Kijé" Suite has no spoken text but its tunes are good for any ear, an easy follow-up for playing after "Peter."

**The Pied Piper & The Hunting of the Snark.** Read by Boris Karloff. Caedmon TC 1075.

**The Reluctant Dragon.** Read by Boris Karloff. Caedmon TC 1074.

Boris Karloff is a splendid solo reader, who can somehow combine an exciting, warm, imaginative delivery with a dignity that won't embarrass even the most sophisticated teen-ager. Not, at least, in the utterly delightful "Reluctant Dragon," which takes up a whole LP and will hold any audience from five years to eighty. The comfortable and lazy dragon tries to get out of a fight with good old Saint George himself, the two of them end up the best of friends, as the village celebrates.

"The Pied Piper" and "Snark," in verse, are more old-fashioned and must, necessarily, be read that way. These won't please the hard-boiled modern generation quite as much—but tolerant oldsters and wide-eyed youngsters will follow with delight.





## THE NEW RECORDINGS

Stravinsky: *Petrouchka*. Cento Soli of Paris, Rudolf Albert. Omega Stereodisc OSL-8.

There's a touch of the medieval, as well as the universal, in the *Petrouchka* story and in its music too. I can't imagine a child who would not enjoy the brilliant Stravinsky score in this beautifully recorded stereo disc. The Russian carnival spirit is rampant in it—the great, slouching tame bear, the hurdy-gurdy, the crowds of merry-makers. The tale of the spunky little puppet who comes half alive, along with the Moor and the Ballerina, will sweep you off your feet.

The playing, led by a young German conductor, is generally excellent, but it is the gorgeous clarity of Stravinsky's complex score in stereo that puts him over. Never heard anything like it.

Uncle Remus Stories, Vol. 1. (Joel Chandler Harris). Read by Remus Harris. Jubilee Records 1065 (1650 B'way, N. Y. 36).

Uncle Remus, read by a grandchild of Joel Chandler Harris—and we of the generation that grew up on Br'er Rabbit

## WORTH HEARING...

### Gift Suggestions

Brahms: *Magelone Songs*, Op. 33. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau; Jorg Demus, pf. Decca DL 9401.

Mozart: *Requiem*, K. 626. Soloists, St. Hedwig's Choir, Berlin Philh., Kempe. Capitol-EMI G-7113.

Bach: *Art of the Fugue* (string transcription), Arthur Winograd String Orch. M-G-M 2-E3 (2).

Fauré: *Shylock Suite*. Lalo: *Divertissement*. Philharmonica Orch. of Hamburg, Steinecke. M-G-M E3520.

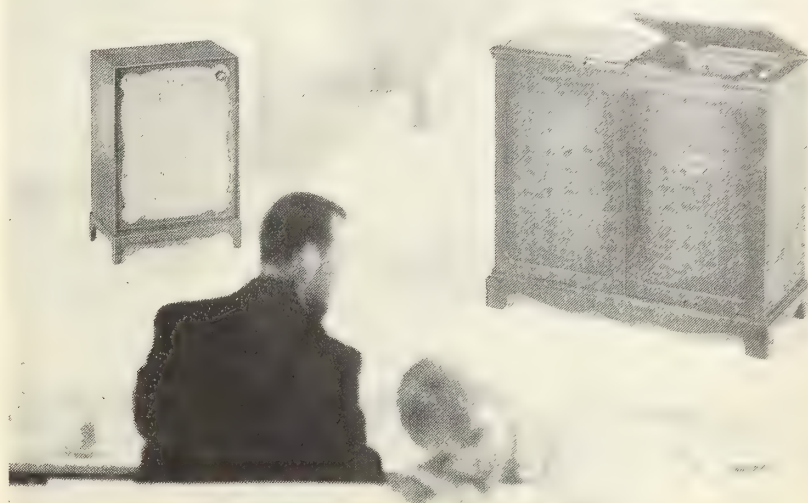
Rimsky-Korsakoff: *Scheherazade*. London Symphony, Monteux. RCA Victor LM 2208.

Berlioz: *Symphonie Fantastique*. Cento Soli Orch. of Paris, Fourestier. Omega Stereodisc OSL-9.

Die Dreigroschenoper (*Threepenny Opera*). Lotte Lenya as Jenny, other solos, cho., orch. conducted by Bruckner-Ruggeberg. Columbia O 2L 257. (Also in stereo.)

An Evening in Sapsucker Woods (bird songs). Cornell Univ. Records (10").

# STEREO FONOGRAPHS BY WEBCOR

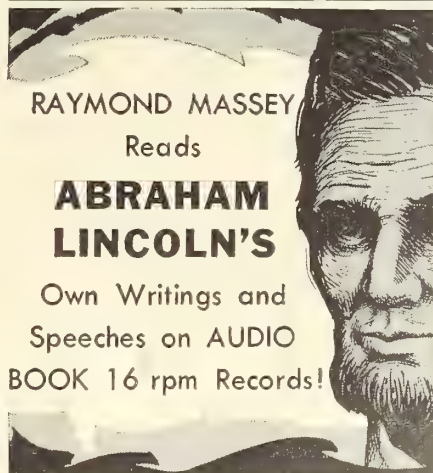


## A most thrilling family Christmas gift— a new Webcor Stereofonic Fonograf!

Superb Webcor stereo music literally *duplicates* the original. Choose a new 1959 Webcor console from an impressive array of beautiful period and contemporary designs. Webcor

18th Century Stereo-Fidelity Radio-Fonograf (above), about \$450. Matching Stereo Mate IV external amplifier-speaker system, about \$125. Visit your Webcor dealer's showroom now!

## STEREO MUSIC SOUNDS BETTER ON A WEBCOR!



RAYMOND MASSEY

Reads


## ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S

Own Writings and  
Speeches on AUDIO  
BOOK 16 rpm Records!

To many a film- and theatre-goer, Raymond Massey virtually *is* Abraham Lincoln. No better choice could be found to read Lincoln's own words in what is in effect the Great Emancipator's audible biography. From it emerges a living and very human Abraham Lincoln, a Lincoln still very much a force in modern America.


8 Records — 7½ Listening Hours — \$8.95  
Audio Book 16 rpm records can be played on any four-speed phonograph. Speed Reducer, \$1.95, adapts 33½ rpm phonographs to play Audio Book Records.

THE ULTIMATE GIFT  
FOR THE LINCOLNIANA COLLECTOR!  
AT YOUR RECORD DEALER'S NOW,  
**AUDIO BOOK COMPANY**  
ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN




**SAVE \$1\***

Rachmaninoff  
**CONCERTO NO. 3** • Janis  
Boston Symphony Munch




Save \$1 on this December Red Seal Save-on-Records selection. The 3rd Concerto, written for the composer's first American tour, is performed here with keen understanding, flawless beauty. Recorded in finest New Orthophonic sound!

\*off manufacturer's advertised price



**RCA VICTOR**





AR<sup>INC.</sup>

## Quotation from

AUDIO ETC.

Edward Telles, audio

"...I find the AR-2 remarkably like the AR-1 in over-all sound coloration. Its cone tweeter is not the same, but there isn't much difference in sound. (It costs less, but that doesn't prove much.) On direct comparison, given a signal with plenty of bass component in the very bottom, you can tell the difference between the two in bass response. Most of the time, in ordinary listening, I am not aware of it at all.

"...I find AR-2, as with AR-1, remarkably clean and unobtrusive in its sound, easy on the ears for long-period listening, easy also to ignore in favor of the music itself. Either speaker has a way of simply fading into the surroundings (the size helps) leaving the music unattached and disembodied in the room. Excellent illusion!..."

Prices for Acoustic Research speaker systems, complete with cabinets, (AR-1 and AR-2) are \$89.00 to \$194.00. Size is "bookshelf." Literature is available from your local sound equipment dealer, or on request from:

ACOUSTIC RESEARCH, INC. Dept. H  
24 Thorndike St., Cambridge 41, Mass.

A MAN WHO FOUND GOD

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of a

AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
OF A  
YOGI

YOGI

by

PARAMAHANSA  
YOGANANDAA Spiritual  
Classic

"These pages reveal, with incomparable strength and clarity, a fascinating life, a personality of unheard-of greatness. The author undertakes the unique task of instructing the Western reader in the practical application of yoga, setting the example in his own life... in these pages is undeniable proof that only the mental and spiritual striving of man has lasting value, and that he can conquer all material obstacles by inward strength... We must credit this important *Autobiography* with the power to bring about a spiritual revolution." SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEINISCHE TAGESPOST, daily newspaper of Germany.

SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP  
(Dept. AH-12) Los Angeles 65, California

At All Bookstores \$4.00

## THE NEW RECORDINGS

and Br'er Fox (I did) should jump at the chance to hear it all again.

Remus Harris is not a professional reader and at first his narration is a bit forced; the diction and dialect are not easy to follow. But—as so often happens in these long LP readings—once he warms up to the story he is excellent. There's a fresh, boyish enthusiasm to his narration, almost cracking his tenor voice, that is a nice touch after so many professional actor-readers. I had a good time listening.

If you can persuade your kids to play this a few times to get the lingo, it ought to be sure fire. (For you, too.)

**Vivaldi: The Four Seasons.** Solisti di Zagreb, Janigro. Vanguard Stereolab BGS 5001.

These programmatic concertos of the seasons, from Spring through Winter, have already become favorites through sheer musical charm and imaginatively simple "tone painting." This is the best current recording and in stereo form it has a delightful immediacy that should make things easy for kids. The accompanying sonnets, in English translation, are printed along with a guide to the musical equivalents, but most people, of all ages, will prefer simply to listen.

**Mozart: Four Horn Concertos.** James Stagliano; Zimmler Sinfonietta. Boston BST-1002, 1003 (stereo).

These relatively simple Mozart works have the same sort of universal appeal as the Vivaldi above, to young and old. "Tuneful" is too dull a word to account for their straightforward, un-Romantic but wonderfully polished effect. Like most universal expressions, they are both simple and effortlessly complex.

The standard LP of these contains all four; in stereo form they have been divided two and two, for a pair of rather skimpy discs. But if you have stereo playing equipment the greater expense is worth it in the easy realism of the sound.

**German University Songs.** Erich Kunz. Male Chorus, Orch. Vienna State Opera, Paulik. Vanguard Stereolab VSD 2009.

Perhaps this is a bit childish for sedate adults and rather grown-up for kids, but the genial tunes could make a good halfway meeting ground if you aren't looking for anything very heavy.

Again, the stereo effect is the big thing; the lovely Viennese orchestra is in back, the men's chorus to one side, and Herr Kunz, an amiable solo bass, on the other; the whole bathed in a big, golden liveness. It's in German, of course.

## JAZZ notes

Eric Larrabee

LIMBO

And then there is that old business, which keeps coming back to make trouble, about jazz and classical music. Nobody ever got out of this argument half of what he put into it, but it goes on. Increasingly we are confronted by a raft of records that can be defined only as falling somewhere between the two—a distinction both arbitrary and useless, but we are stuck with it.

Consider the problem of the serious musicians who are willing to join hands across the abyss—Gunter Schuller, John Lewis, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Harold Shapero, Charlie Mingus, and the like. They have no out but to concoct artificial situations in which a "concert" of new compositions can be presented, in circumstances sufficiently imposing to make a whole LP seem justified. Then the scavengers descend.

This is a music wholly lacking in friends sufficiently amoral to defend it automatically; it does not, like the vast preponderance of recorded noise to reach the market, get the benefit of the doubt. Worst of all are the critics who lacerate it on the grounds that it is neither good "classical" nor good jazz, for who can deny them?

Alec Wilder has been in this squeeze longer than most, and bears its scars—the result, in the absence of an audience both critical and appreciative, of falling back on facility. Alonzo Levister, too, is one of those individualists bound to suffer from trying to open an era single-handed. Only John Lewis sounds as though he were getting full benefit from both traditions—the light fluency of jazz and the power of symphonic organization.

**Modern Jazz Concert.** Six Compositions commissioned by the 1957 Brandeis University Festival of the Arts. Orch. cond. by Gunther Schuller and George Russell. Columbia WL 127.

**Music for Brass.** Brass Ensemble of the Jazz and Classical Music Society, cond. by Gunther Schuller and Dimitri Mitropoulos. Columbia CL 941.

**New Music of Alec Wilder.** Mundell Lowe and his orch. Riverside RLP

**Manhattan Monodrama.** Alonzo Levister. Debut DEB-125.

**European Windows.** John Lewis and members of the Stuttgart Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LPM-1742.



